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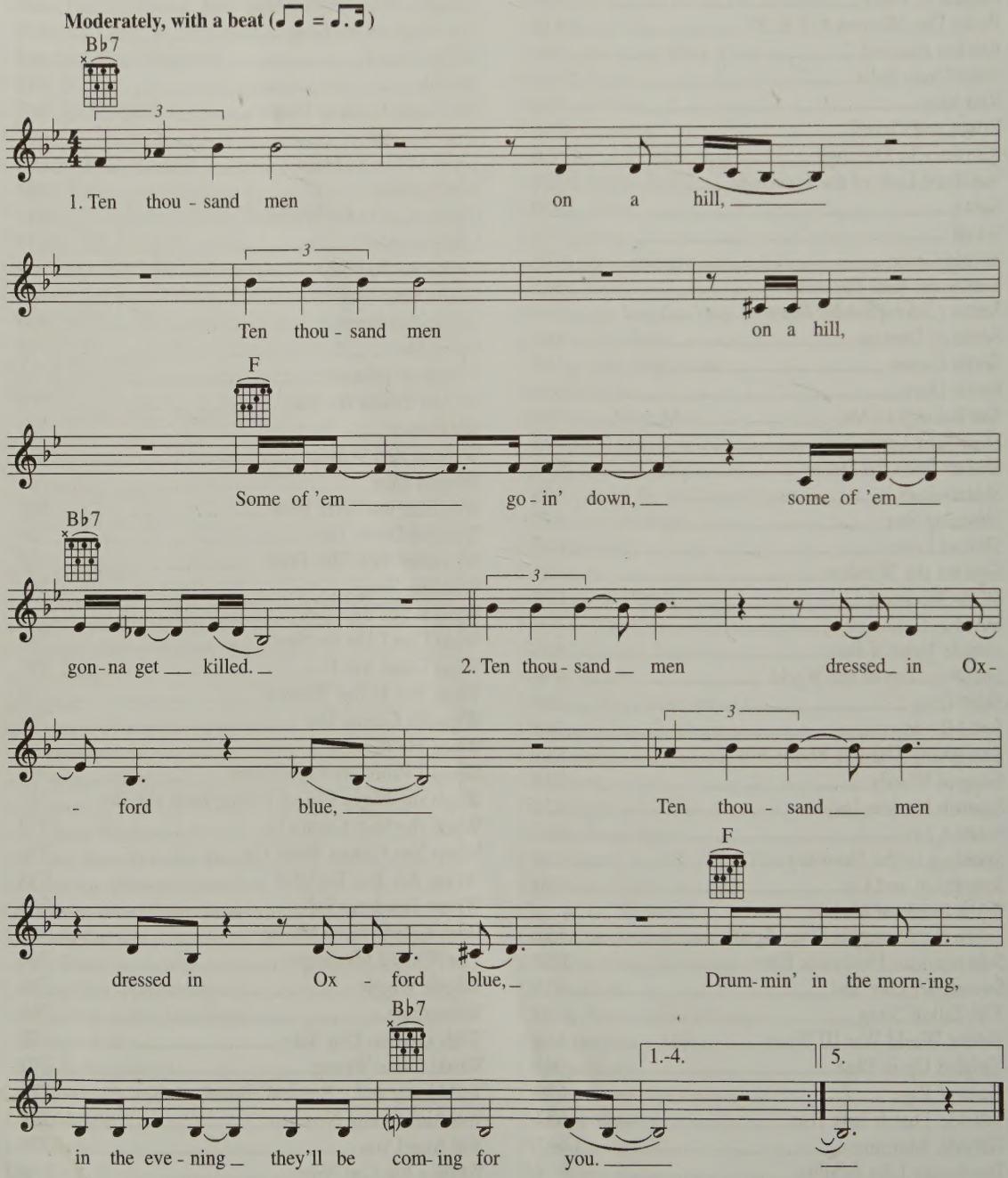
10,000 Men

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately, with a beat (♩♩ = ♩.♪)
B♭7
1. Ten thou - sand men on a hill,
Ten thou - sand men on a hill,
F
Some of 'em go - in' down, some of 'em
B♭7
gon - na get killed.
2. Ten thou - sand men dressed in Ox -
- ford blue,
Ten thou - sand men
F
dressed in Ox - ford blue,
Drum - min' in the morn - ing,
B♭7
1.-4.
5.
in the eve - ning they'll be com - ing for you.

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Additional lyrics

3. Ten thousand men on the move,
   Ten thousand men on the move,
   None of them doing nothin' that your mama wouldn't disapprove.

4. Ten thousand men digging for silver and gold,
   Ten thousand men digging for silver and gold,
   All clean shaven, all coming in from the cold.

5. Hey! Who could your lover be?
   Hey! Who could your lover be?
   Let me eat off his head so you can really see!

6. Ten thousand women all dressed in white,
   Ten thousand women all dressed in white,
   Standin' at my window wishing me goodnight.

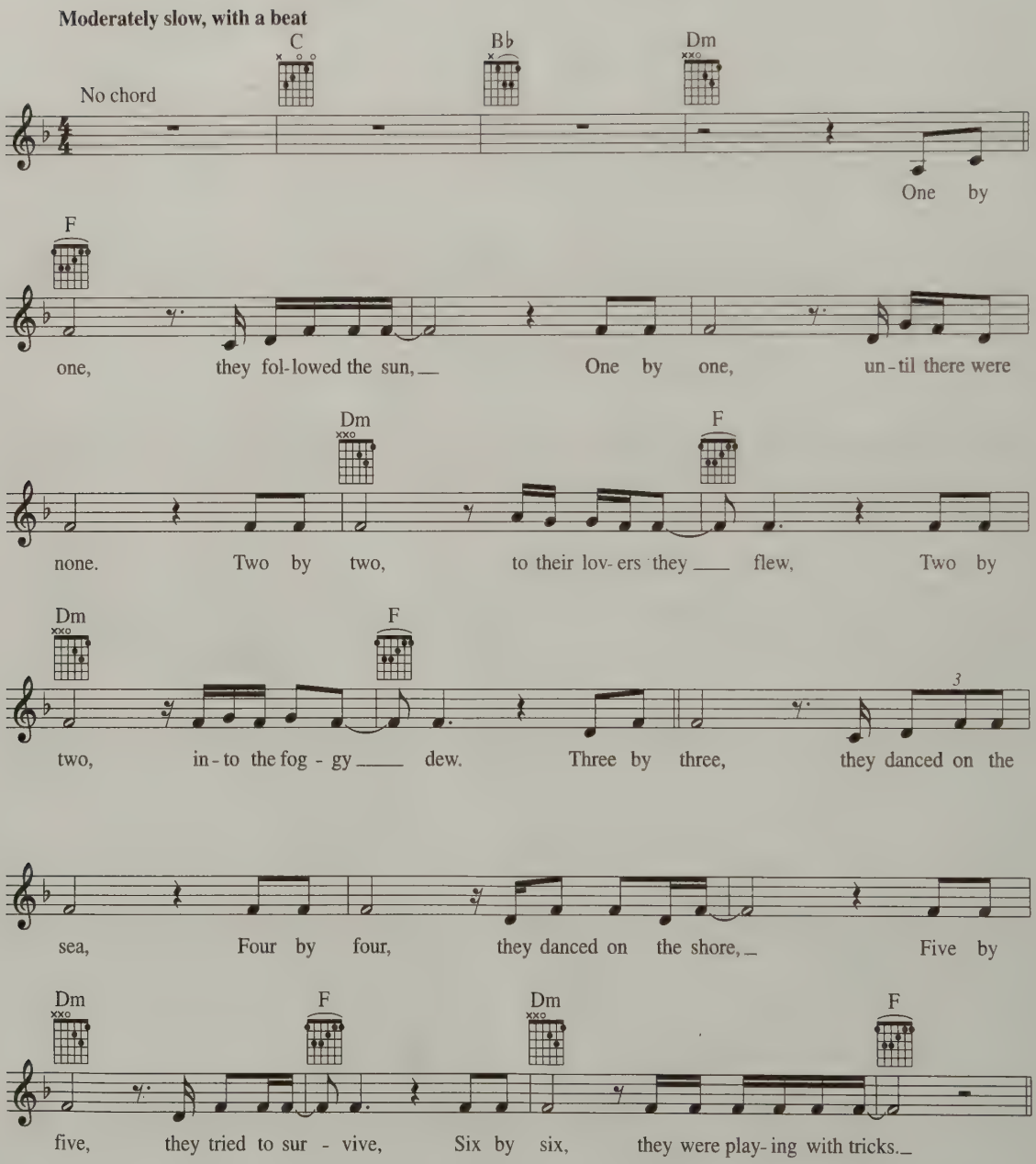
7. Ten thousand men looking so lean and frail,
   Ten thousand men looking so lean and frail,
   Each one of 'em got seven wives, each one of 'em just out of jail.

8. Ten thousand women all sweepin' my room,
   Ten thousand women all sweepin' my room,
   Spilling my buttermilk, sweeping it up will a broom.

9. Ooh, baby, thank you for my tea!
   Baby, thank you for my tea!
   It's so sweet of you to be so nice to me.

2 x 2

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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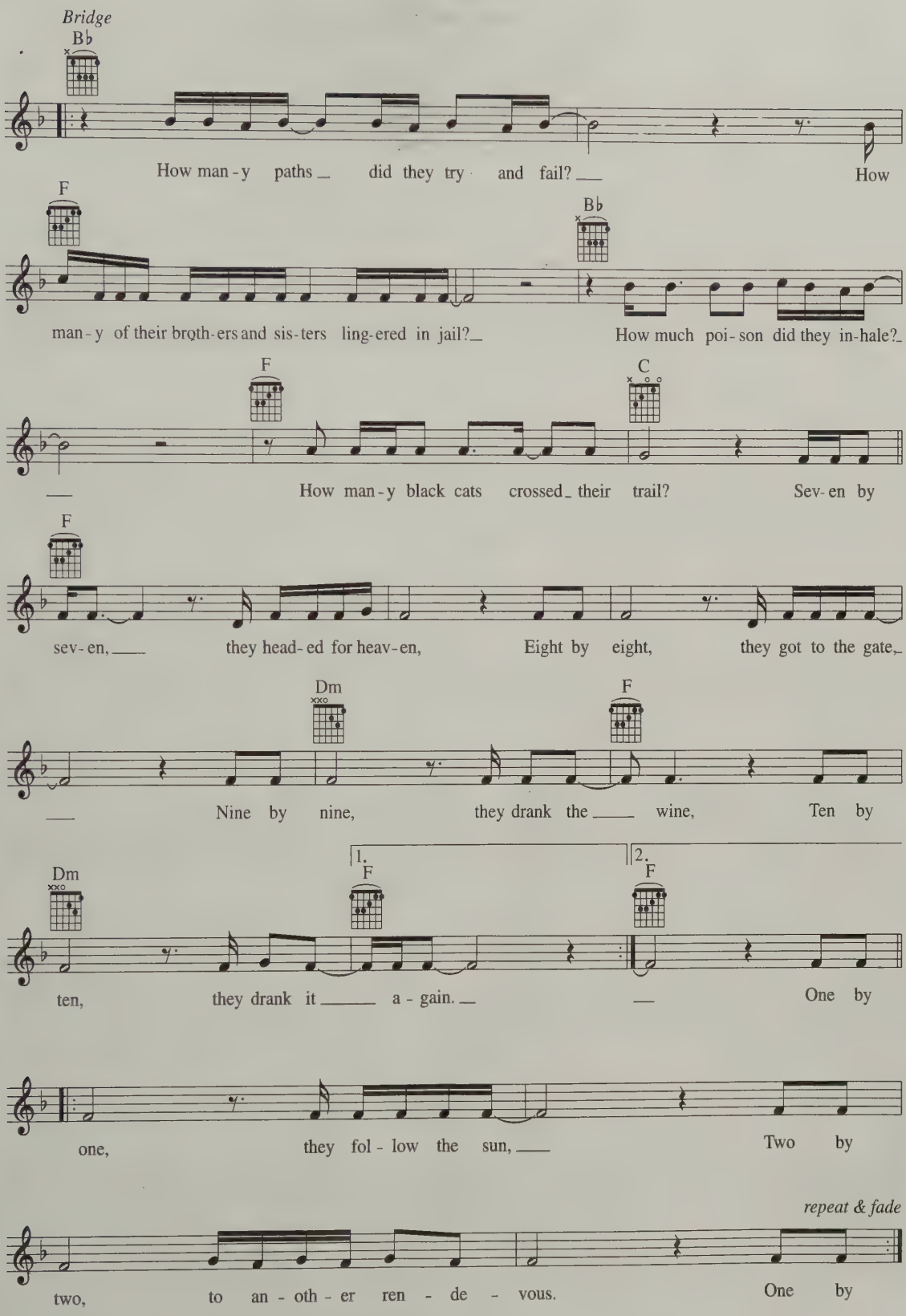

Bridge
B♭
How man-y paths did they try and fail? How
F
B♭
man-y of their broth-ers and sis-ters ling-ered in jail? How much poi-son did they in-hale?
F
C
How man-y black cats crossed their trail? Sev-en by
F
sev-en, they head-ed for heav-en, Eight by eight, they got to the gate,
Dm
F
Nine by nine, they drank the wine, Ten by
Dm
1.
F
2.
F
ten, they drank it a-gain. One by
one, they fol-low the sun, Two by
repeat & fade
two, to an-oth-er ren-de-vous. One by

Additional lyrics

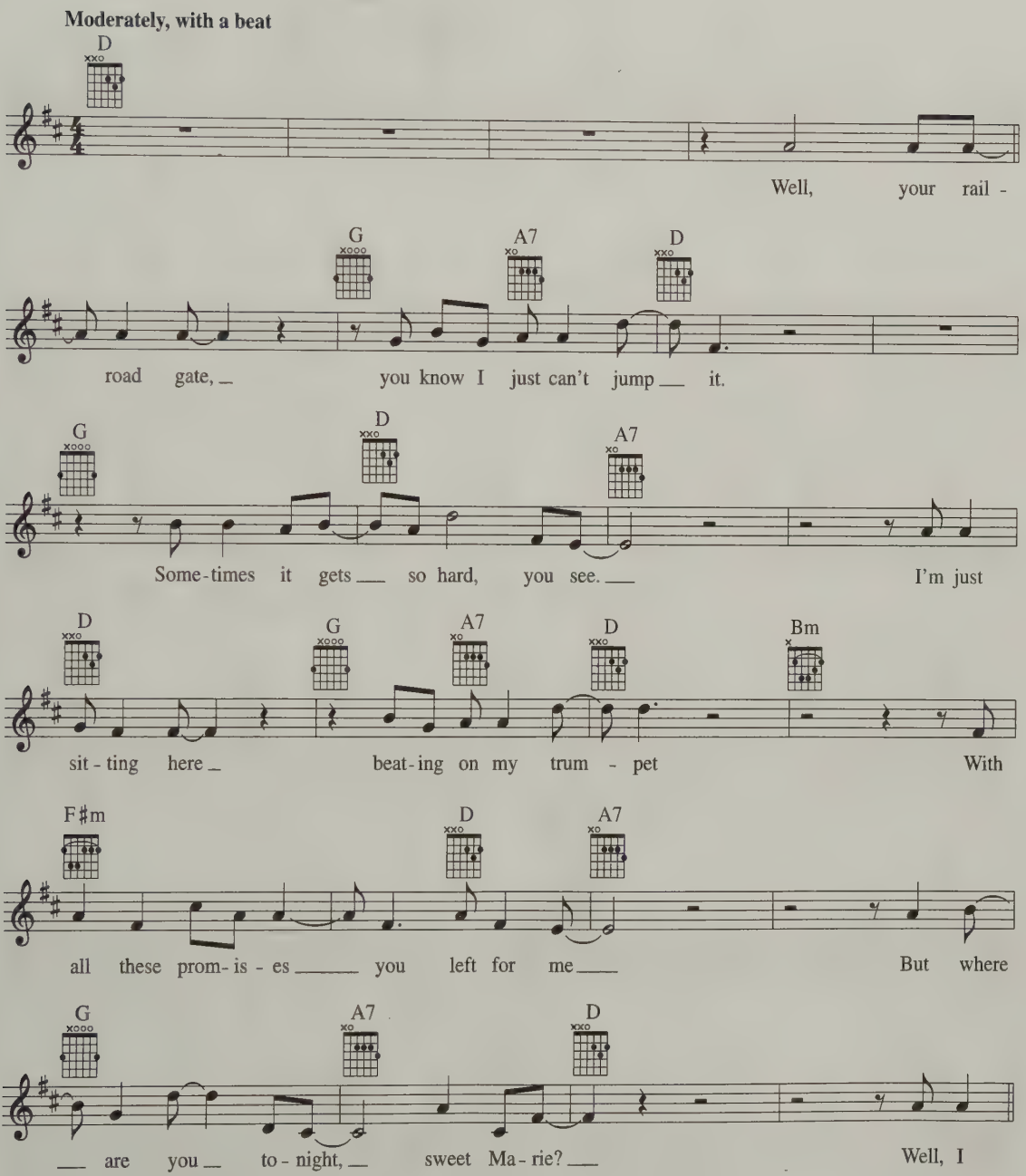
Bridge #2:
How many tomorrows have they given away?
How many compared to yesterday?
How many more without any reward?
How many more can they afford?

Two by two, they stepped into the ark,
Two by two, they step in the dark.
Three by three, they're turning the key,
Four by four, they turn it some more,

One by one, they follow the sun,
Two by two, to another rendezvous.

Absolutely Sweet Marie

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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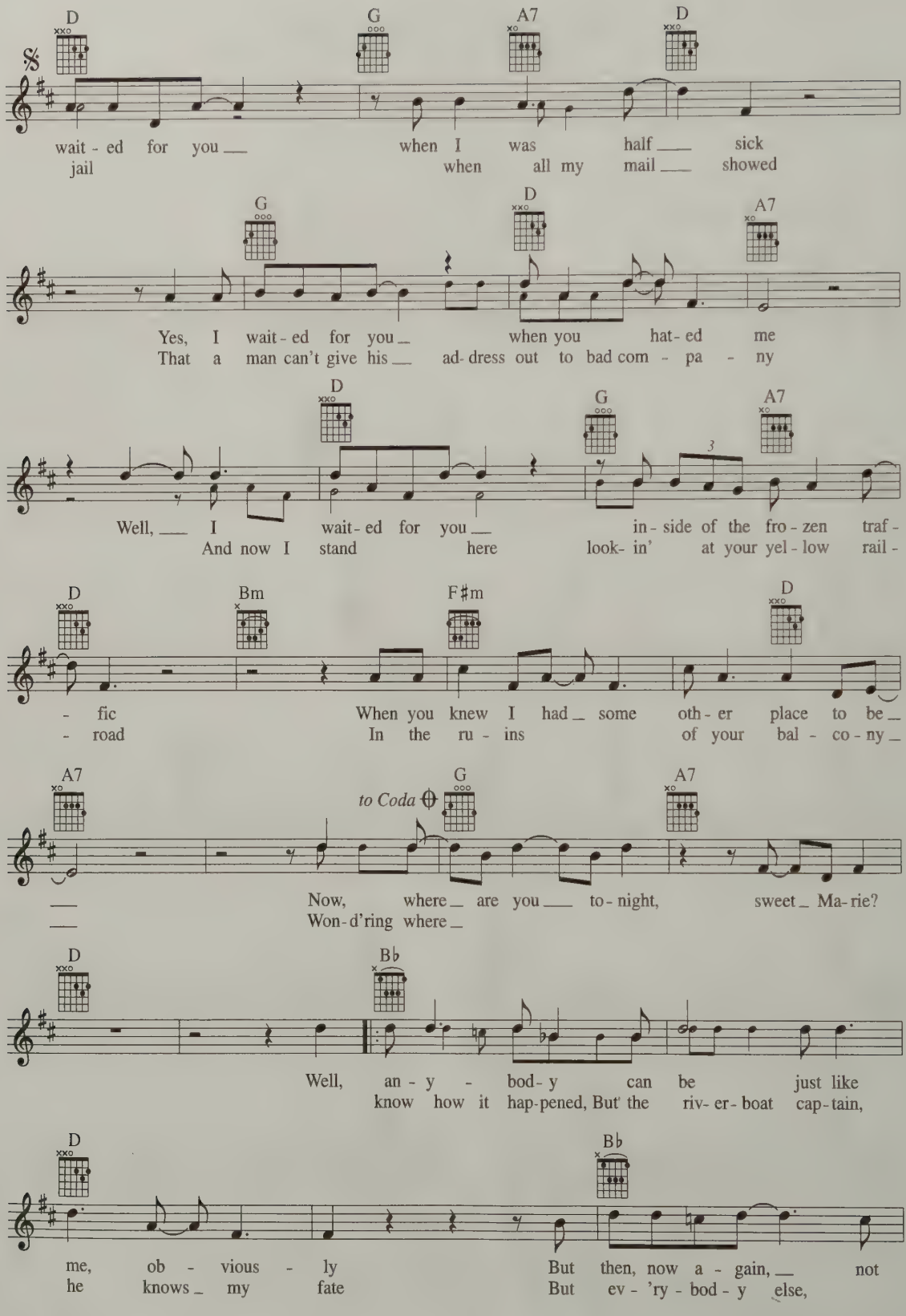
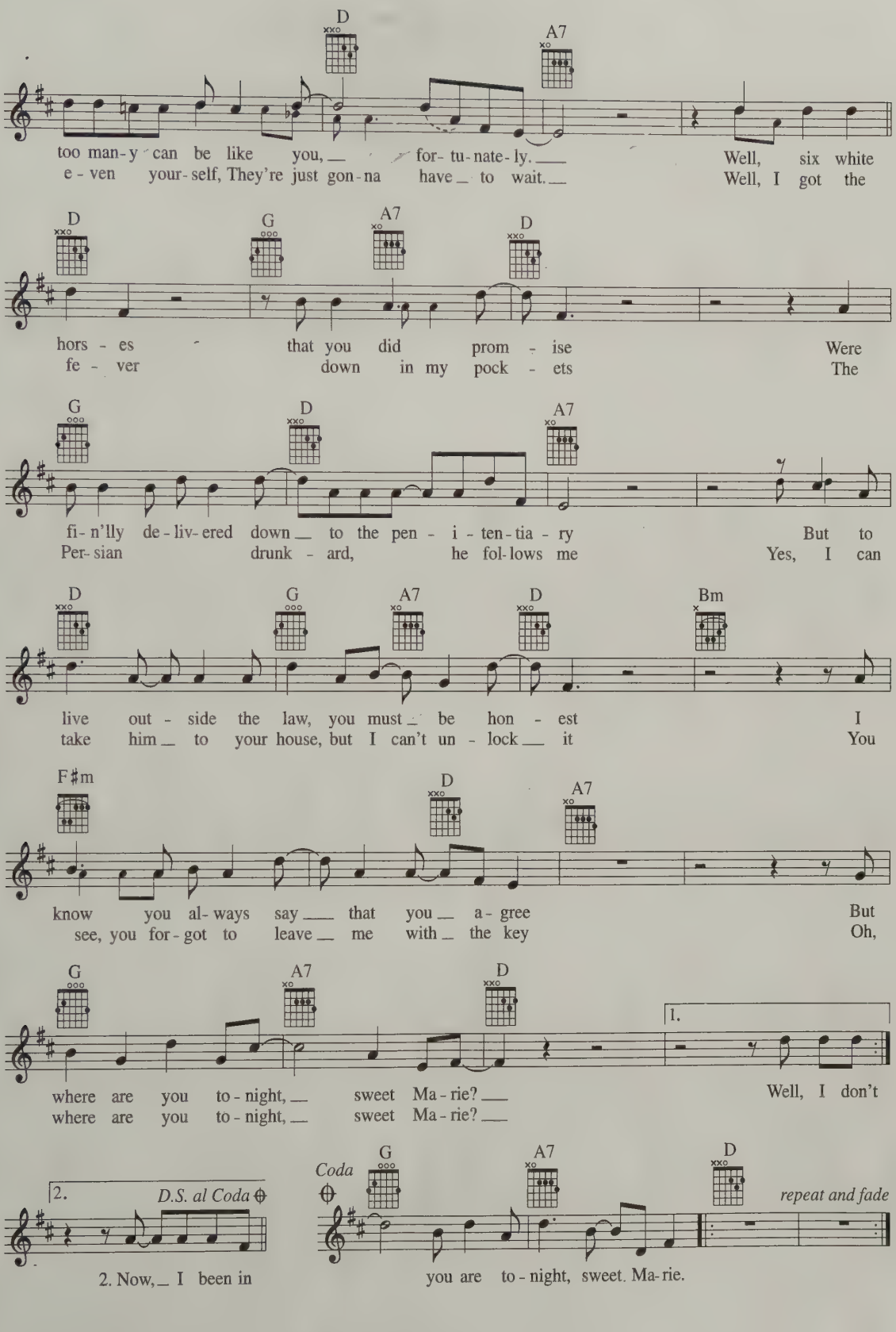
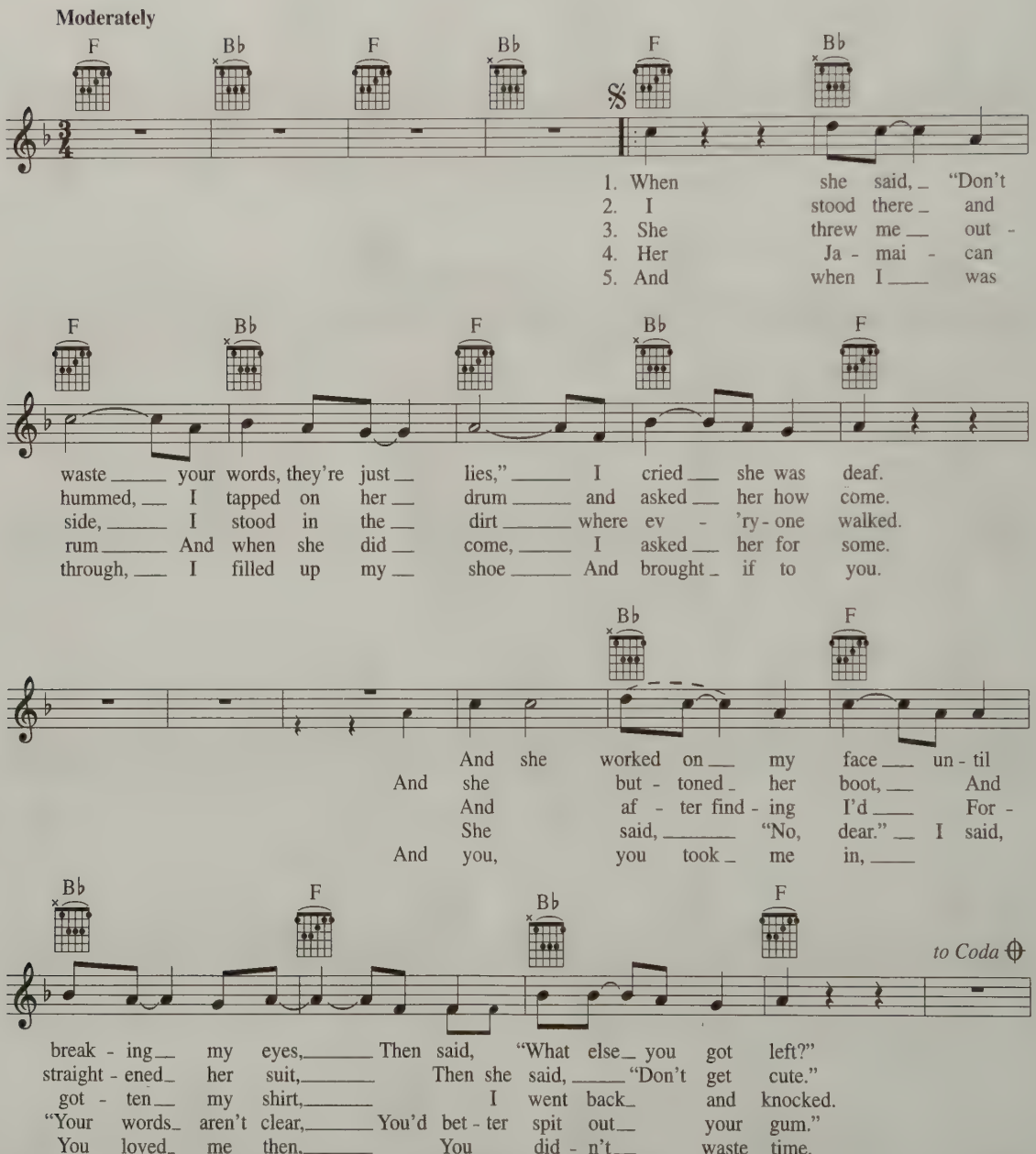

D G A7 D
wait - ed for you when I was half sick
jail when all my mail showed
G D A7
Yes, I wait - ed for you when you hat - ed me
That a man can't give his ad - dress out to bad com - pa - ny
D G A7
Well, I wait - ed for you in - side of the fro - zen traf -
And now I stand here look - in' at your yel - low rail -
D Bm F♯m D
- fic When you knew I had some oth - er place to be
- road In the ru - ins of your bal - co - ny
A7 G A7
to Coda
Now, where are you to - night, sweet Ma - rie?
Won - d'ring where
D B♭
Well, an - y - bod - y can be just like
know how it hap - pened, But the riv - er - boat cap - tain,
D B♭
me, ob - vious - ly But then, now a - gain, not
he knows my fate But ev - 'ry - bod - y else,


D
A7
too man-y can be like you, for-tu-nate-ly.
e-ven your-self, They're just gon-na have to wait.
Well, six white
Well, I got the
D G A7 D
hors-es that you did prom-ise
fe-ver down in my pock-ets
Were
The
G D A7
fi-n'lly de-liv-ered down to the pen-i-ten-tia-ry
Per-sian drunk-ard, he fol-lows me
But to
Yes, I can
D G A7 D Bm
live out-side the law, you must be hon-est
take him to your house, but I can't un-lock it
I
You
F♯m D A7
know you al-ways say that you a-gree
see, you for-got to leave me with the key
But
Oh,
G A7 D
1.
where are you to-night, sweet Ma-rie?
where are you to-night, sweet Ma-rie?
Well, I don't
2. D.S. al Coda
2. Now, I been in
Coda
G A7 D
repeat and fade
you are to-night, sweet Ma-rie.

4th Time Around

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
F
B♭
F
B♭
F
B♭
1. When she said, "Don't
2. I stood there and
3. She threw me out -
4. Her Ja - mai - can
5. And when I was
F
B♭
F
B♭
F
waste your words, they're just lies," I cried she was deaf.
hummed, I tapped on her drum and asked her how come.
side, I stood in the dirt where ev - 'ry - one walked.
rum And when she did come, I asked her for some.
through, I filled up my shoe And brought if to you.
B♭
F
And she worked on my face un - til
And she but - toned her boot, And
And af - ter find - ing I'd For -
She said, "No, dear." I said,
And you, you took me in,
B♭
F
B♭
F
to Coda
break - ing my eyes, Then said, "What else you got left?"
straight - ened her suit, Then she said, "Don't get cute."
got - ten my shirt, I went back and knocked.
"Your words aren't clear, You'd bet - ter spit out your gum."
You loved me then, You did - n't waste time.

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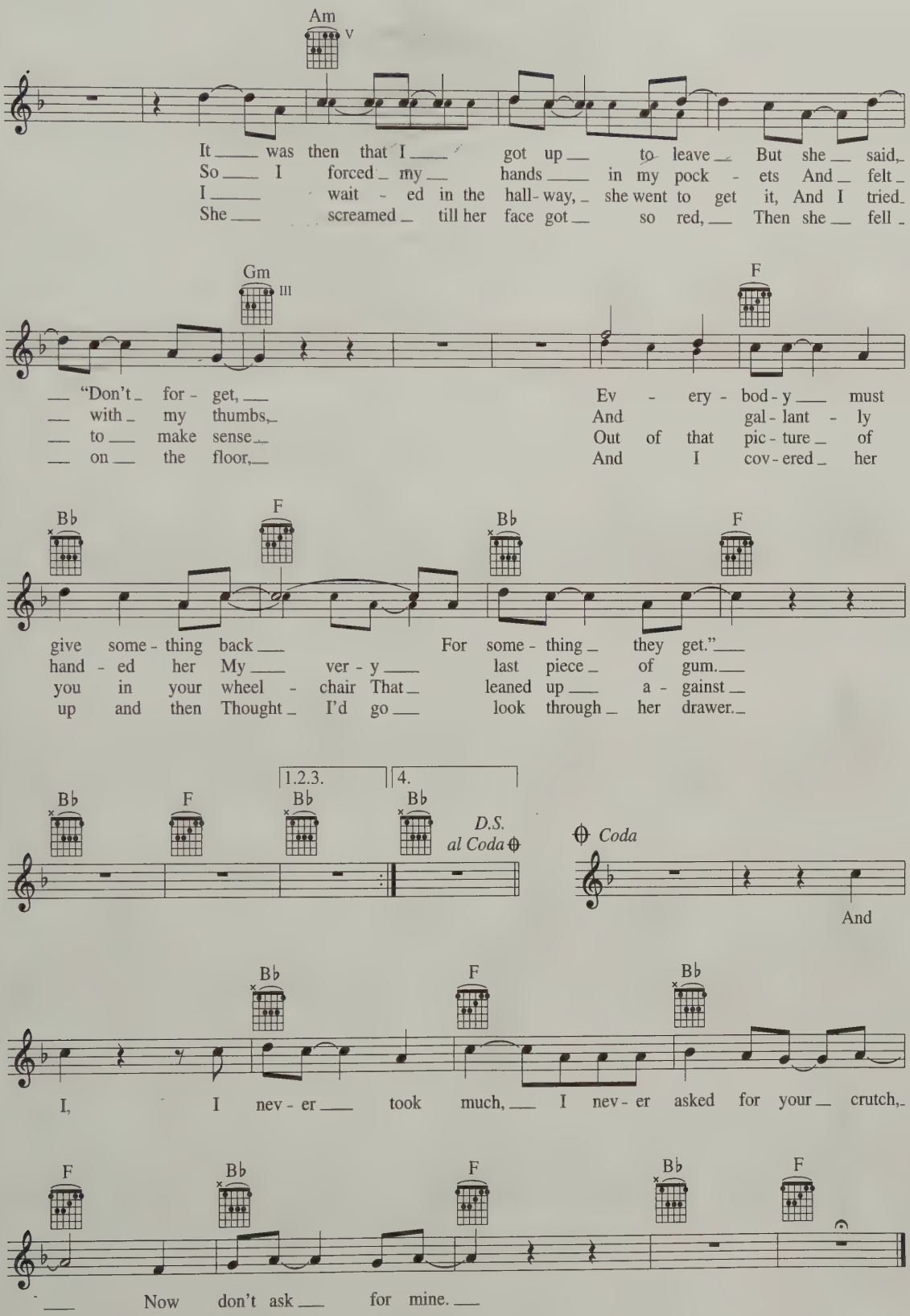
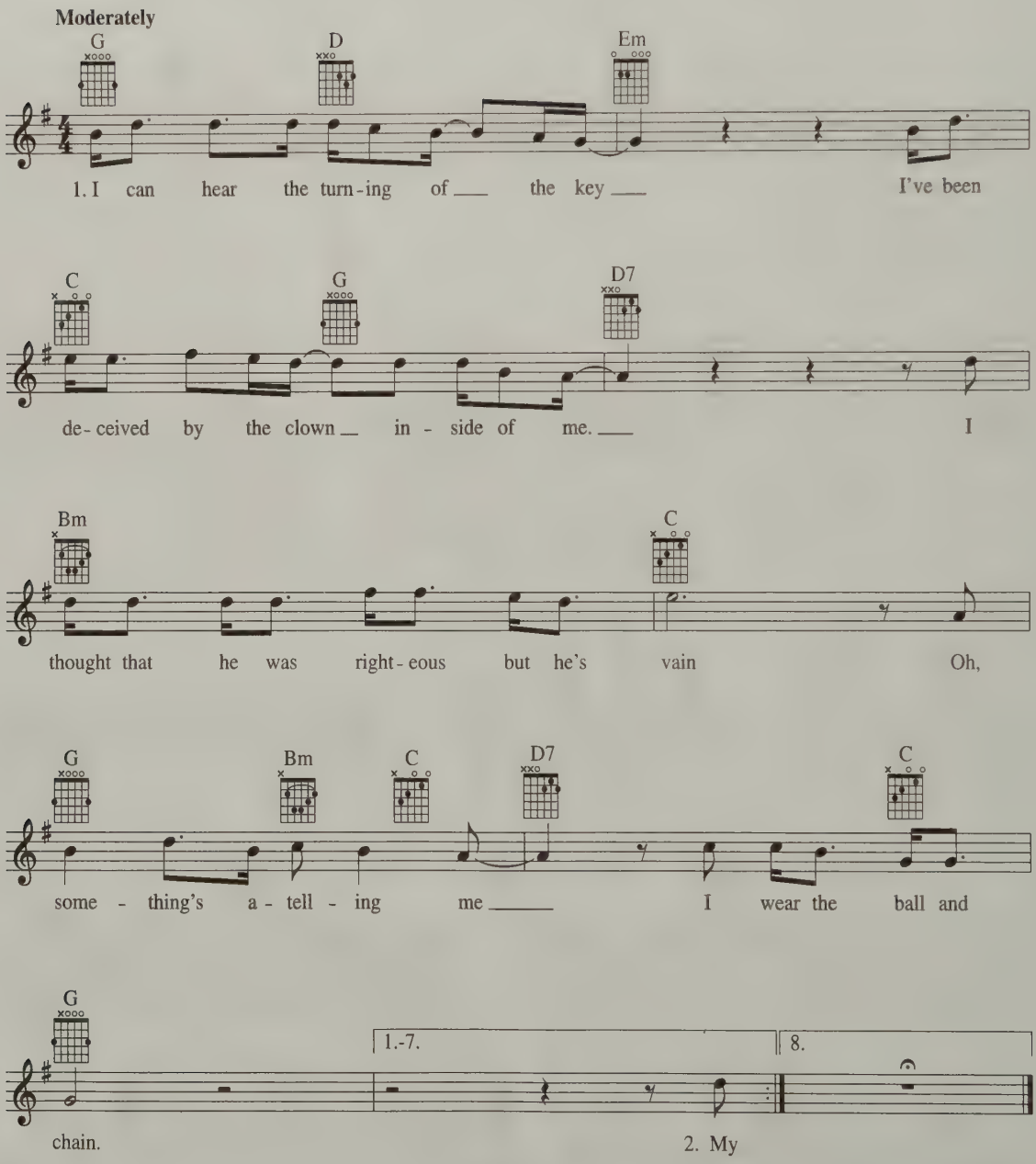

Am
V
It was then that I got up to leave But she said,
So I forced my hands in my pock - ets And felt
I wait - ed in the hall - way, she went to get it, And I tried
She screamed till her face got so red, Then she fell
Gm
III
F
"Don't for - get,
with my thumbs,
to make sense
on the floor,
Ev - ery - bod - y must
And gal - lant - ly
Out of that pic - ture of
And I cov - ered her
B♭
F
B♭
F
give some - thing back
hand - ed her My ver - y
you in your wheel - chair That
up and then Thought I'd go
For some - thing they get."
last piece of gum.
leaned up a - gainst
look through her drawer.
1.2.3.
4.
B♭
F
B♭
B♭
D.S.
al Coda
Coda
And
B♭
F
B♭
I, I nev - er took much, I nev - er asked for your crutch,
F
B♭
F
B♭
F
Now don't ask for mine.

Abandoned Love

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. My patron saint is a-fighting with a ghost
   He's always off somewhere when I need him most.
   The Spanish moon is rising on the hill
   But my heart is a-tellin' me I love ya still.

3. I come back to the town from the flaming moon
   I see you in the streets, I begin to swoon.
   I love to see you dress before the mirror
   Won't you let me in your room one time 'fore I finally disappear?

4. Everybody's wearing a disguise
   To hide what they've got left behind their eyes.
   But me, I can't cover what I am
   Wherever the children go I'll follow them.

5. I march in the parade of liberty
   But as long as I love you I'm not free.
   How long must I suffer such abuse
   Won't you let me see you smile one time before I turn you loose?

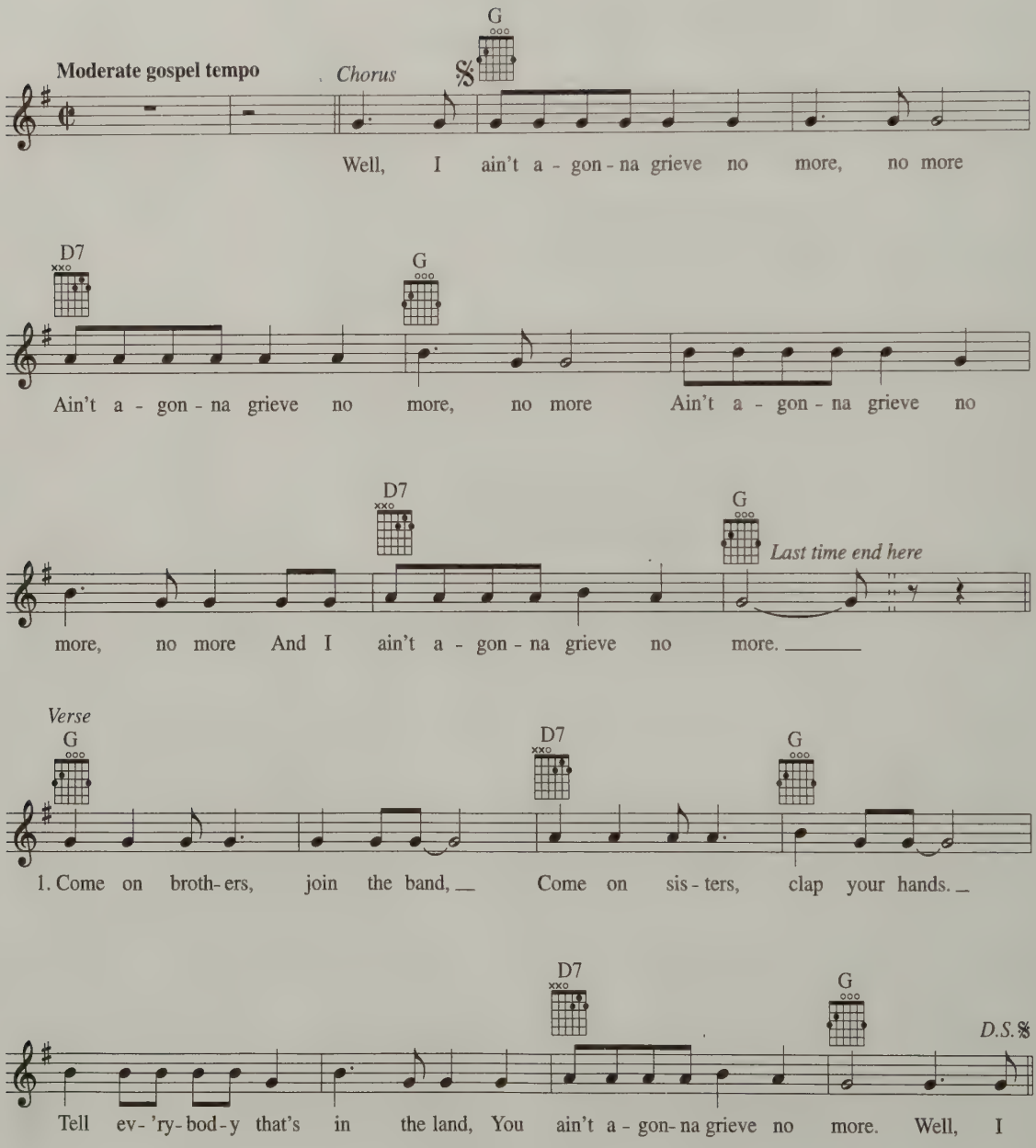
6. I've given up the game, I've got to leave,
   The pot of gold is only make-believe.
   The treasure can't be found by men who search
   Whose gods are dead and whose queens are in the church.

7. We sat in an empty theater and we kissed,
   I asked ya please to cross me off-a your list.
   My head tells me it's time to make a change
   But my heart is telling me I love ya but you're strange.

8. One more time at midnight, near the wall
   Take off your heavy make-up and your shawl.
   Won't you descend from the throne, from where you sit?
   Let me feel your love one more time before I abandon it.

Ain't Gonna Grieve

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate gospel tempo
Chorus
G
Well, I ain't a - gon - na grieve no more, no more
D7
G
Ain't a - gon - na grieve no more, no more Ain't a - gon - na grieve no
D7
G
Last time end here
more, no more And I ain't a - gon - na grieve no more.
Verse
G
D7
G
1. Come on broth - ers, join the band, Come on sis - ters, clap your hands.
D7
G
D.S.
Tell ev - 'ry - bod - y that's in the land, You ain't a - gon - na grieve no more. Well, I

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Additional lyrics

2. Brown and blue and white and black,
   All one color on the one-way track.
   We got this far and ain't a-goin' back
   And ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

   Chorus

3. We're gonna notify your next of kin,
   You're gonna raise the roof until the house falls in.
   If you get knocked down get up again,
   We ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

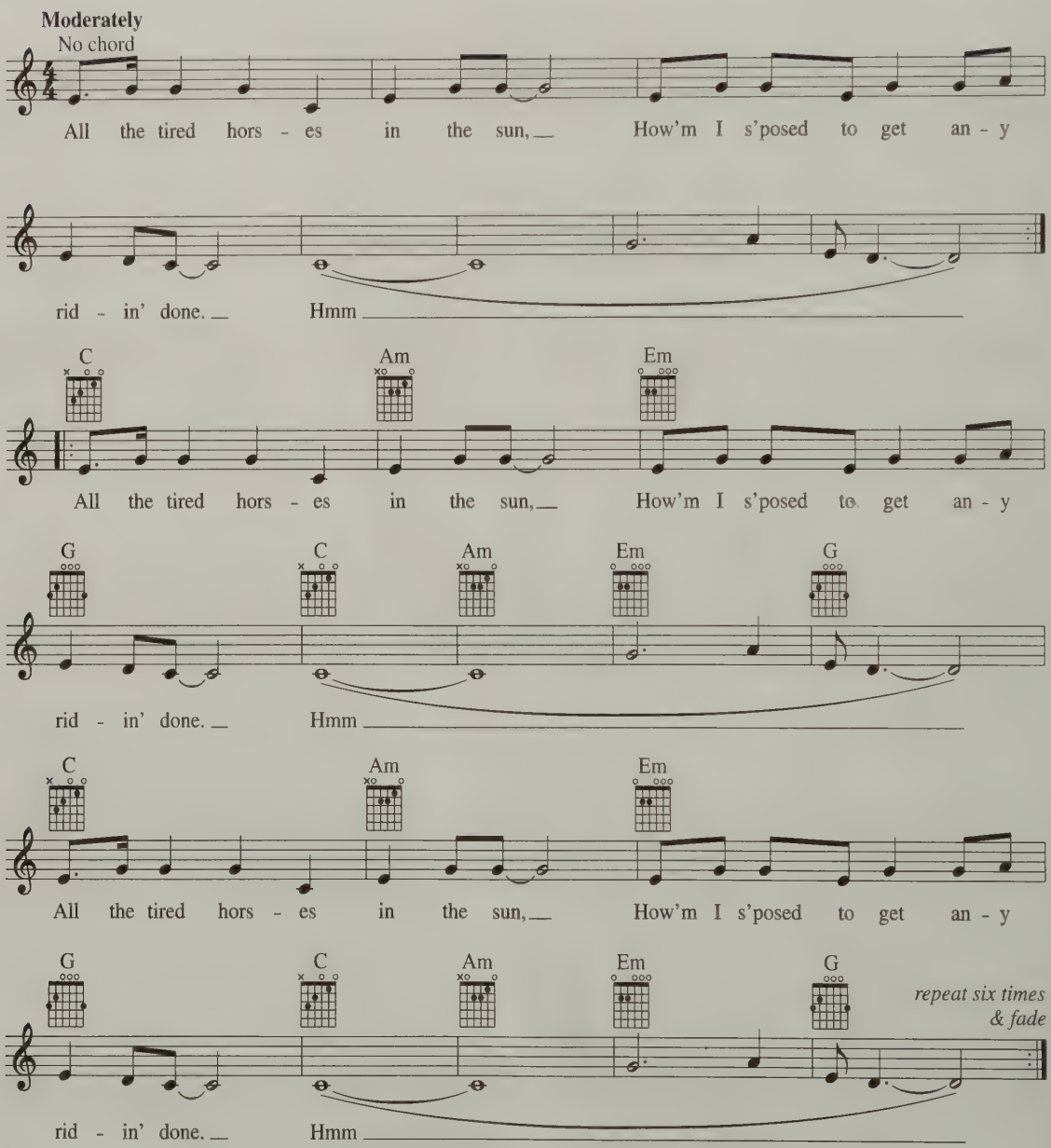
   Chorus

4. We'll sing this song all night long,
   Sing it to my baby from midnight on.
   She'll sing it to you when I'm dead and gone,
   Ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

   Chorus

All the Tired Horses

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
No chord
All the tired hors - es in the sun, How'm I s'posed to get an - y
rid - in' done. Hmm
C Am Em
All the tired hors - es in the sun, How'm I s'posed to get an - y
G C Am Em G
rid - in' done. Hmm
C Am Em
All the tired hors - es in the sun, How'm I s'posed to get an - y
G C Am Em G
repeat six times & fade
rid - in' done. Hmm

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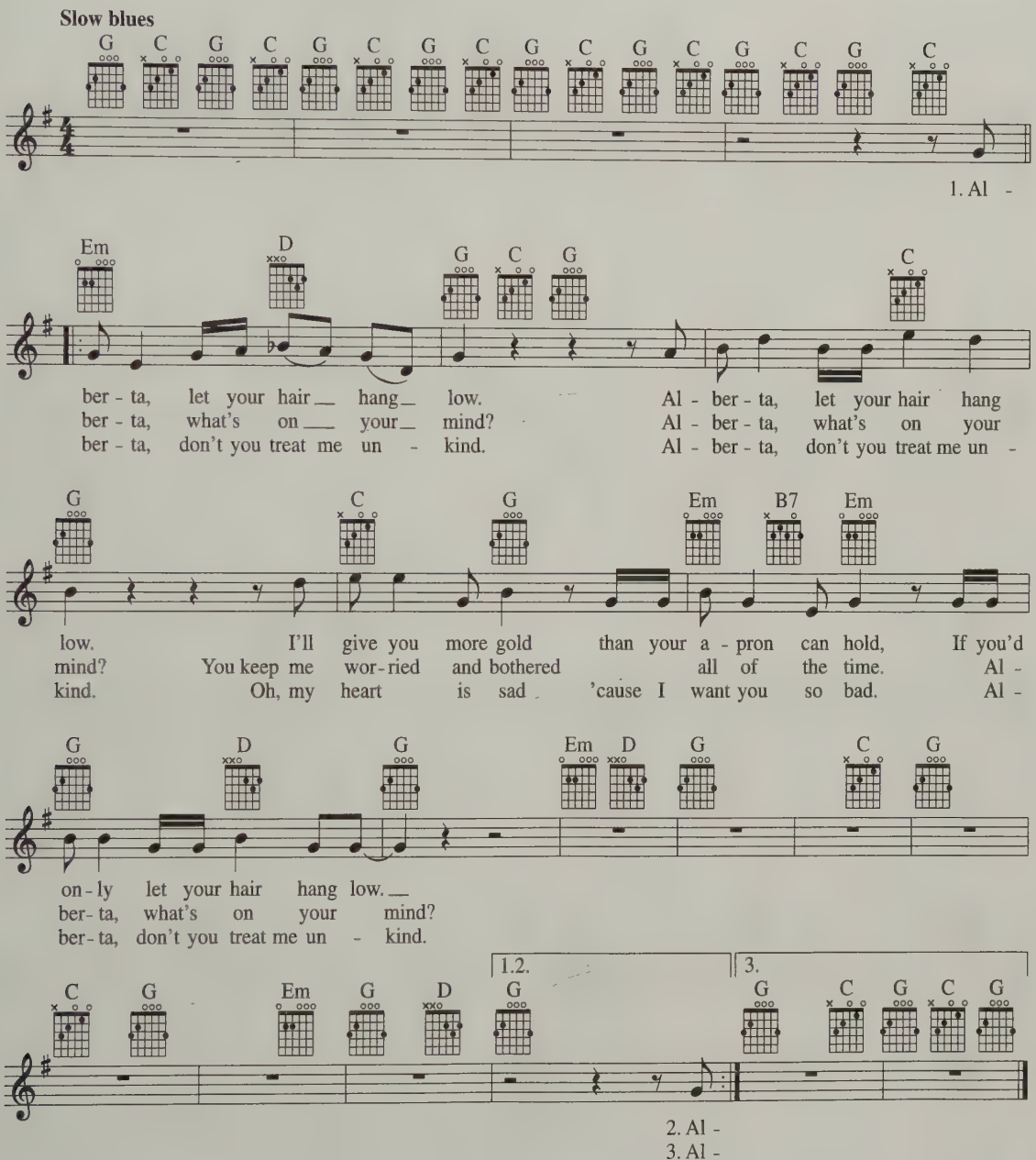
Alberta #1

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slow blues
G C G C G C G C G C G C G C G C G C
1. Al -
Em D G C G C
ber - ta, let your hair hang low.
ber - ta, what's on your mind?
ber - ta, don't you treat me un - kind.
Al - ber - ta, let your hair hang
Al - ber - ta, what's on your
Al - ber - ta, don't you treat me un -
G C G Em B7 Em
low. I'll give you more gold than your a - pron can hold, If you'd
mind? You keep me wor - ried and bothered all of the time. Al -
kind. Oh, my heart is sad 'cause I want you so bad. Al -
G D G Em D G C G
on - ly let your hair hang low.
ber - ta, what's on your mind?
ber - ta, don't you treat me un - kind.
1.2.
3.
C G Em G D G G C G C G
2. Al -
3. Al -

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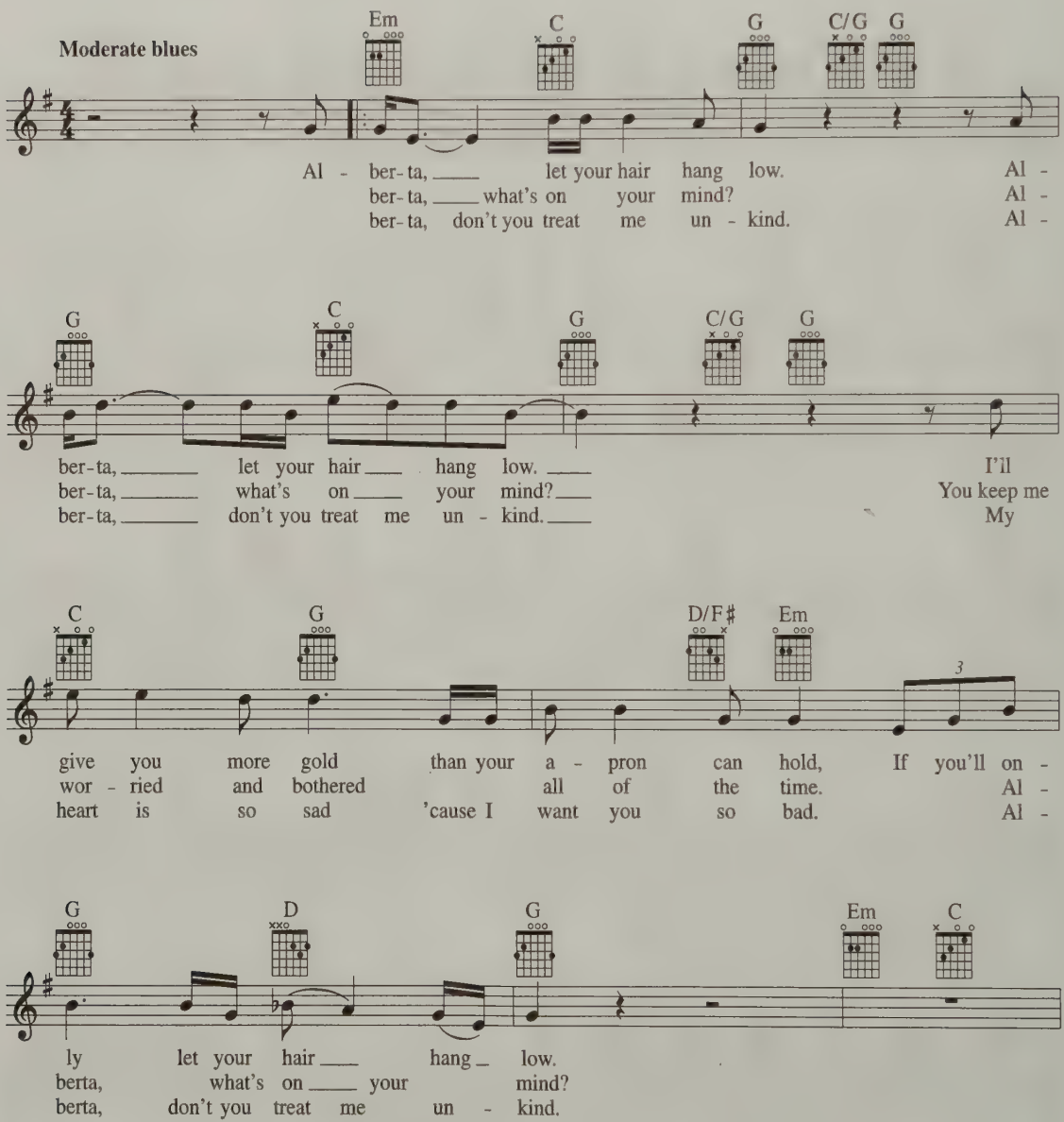
Alberta #2

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate blues
Em C G C/G G
Al - ber-ta, let your hair hang low. Al -
ber-ta, what's on your mind? Al -
ber-ta, don't you treat me un - kind. Al -
G C G C/G G
ber-ta, let your hair hang low. I'll
ber-ta, what's on your mind? You keep me
ber-ta, don't you treat me un - kind. My
C G D/F# Em
give you more gold than your a - pron can hold, If you'll on -
wor - ried and bothered all of the time. Al -
heart is so sad 'cause I want you so bad. Al -
G D G Em C
ly let your hair hang low.
berta, what's on your mind?
berta, don't you treat me un - kind.

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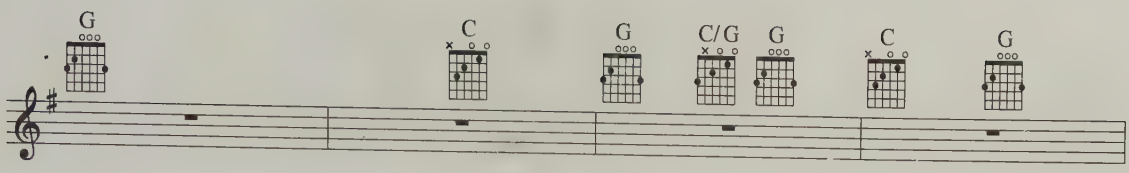
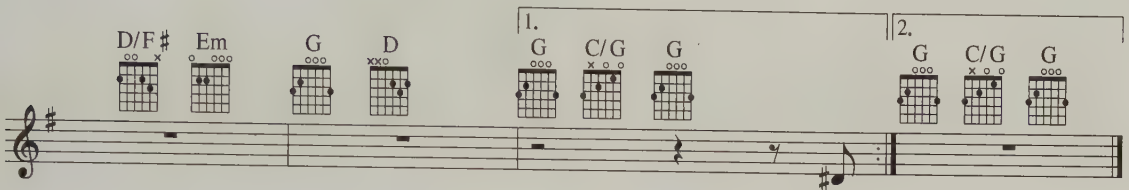
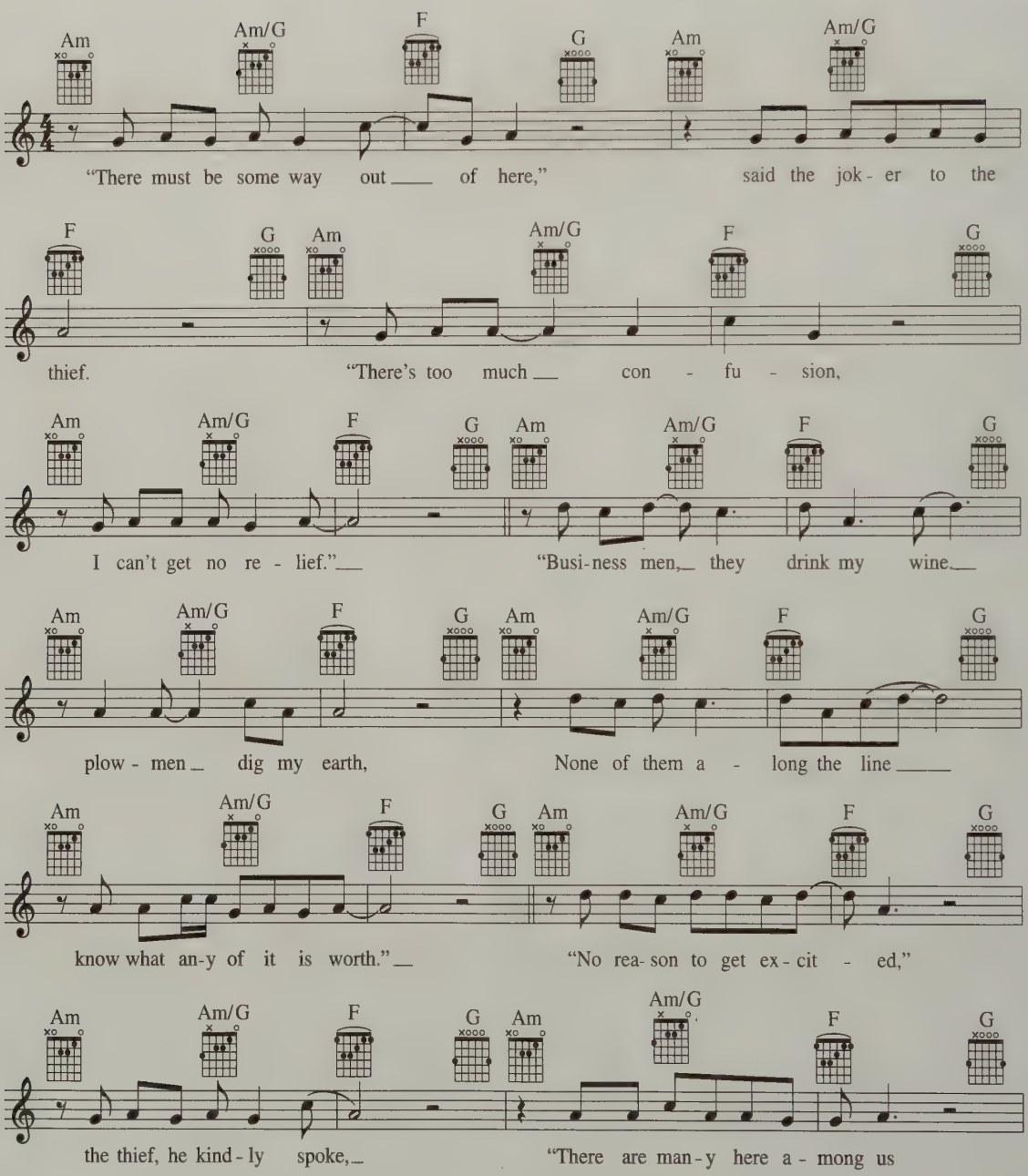




2. Al -
3. Al -

All Along the Watchtower

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
"There must be some way out of here," said the jok - er to the
F G Am Am/G F G
thief. "There's too much con - fu - sion,
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
I can't get no re - lief." "Busi-ness men, they drink my wine.
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
plow - men dig my earth, None of them a - long the line
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
know what an-y of it is worth." "No rea- son to get ex - cit - ed,"
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
the thief, he kind - ly spoke, "There are man - y here a - mong us

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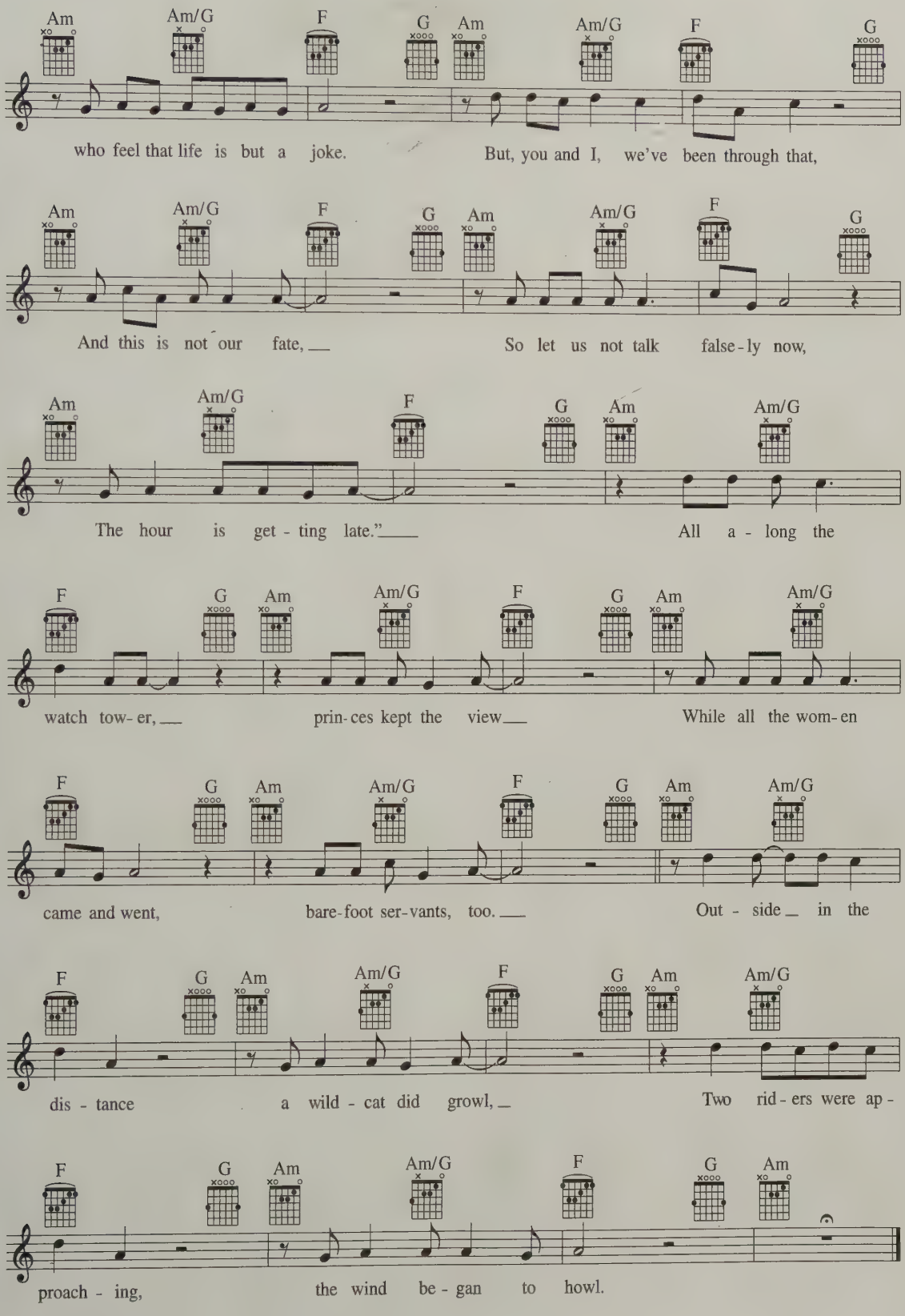
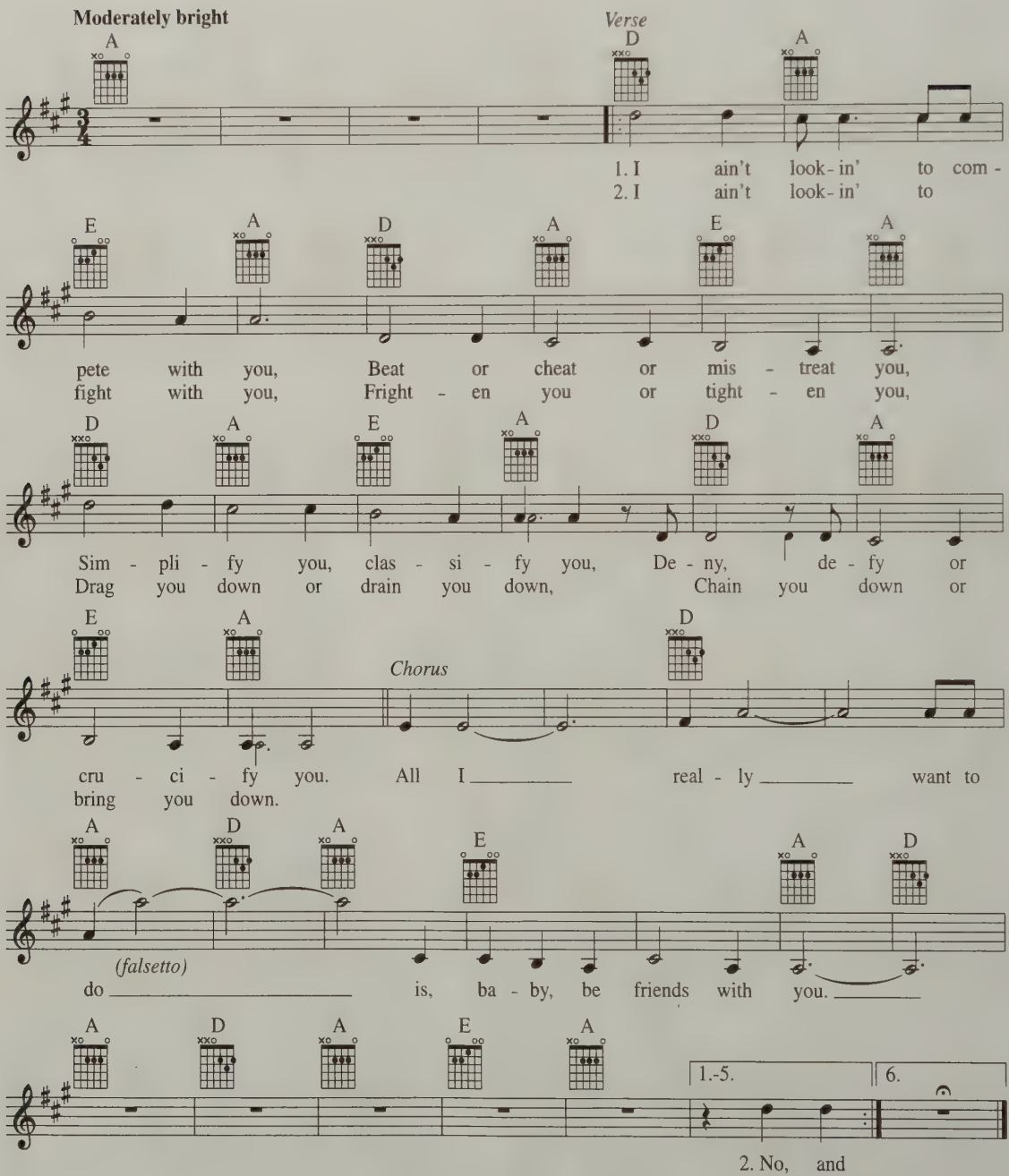

Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
who feel that life is but a joke. But, you and I, we've been through that,
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G F G
And this is not our fate, So let us not talk false-ly now,
Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
The hour is get-ting late." All a-long the
F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
watch tow-er, prin-ces kept the view While all the wom-en
F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
came and went, bare-foot ser-vants, too. Out-side in the
F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G
dis-tance a wild-cat did growl, Two rid-ers were ap-
F G Am Am/G F G Am
proach-ing, the wind be-gan to howl.

All I Really Want to Do

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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Additional lyrics

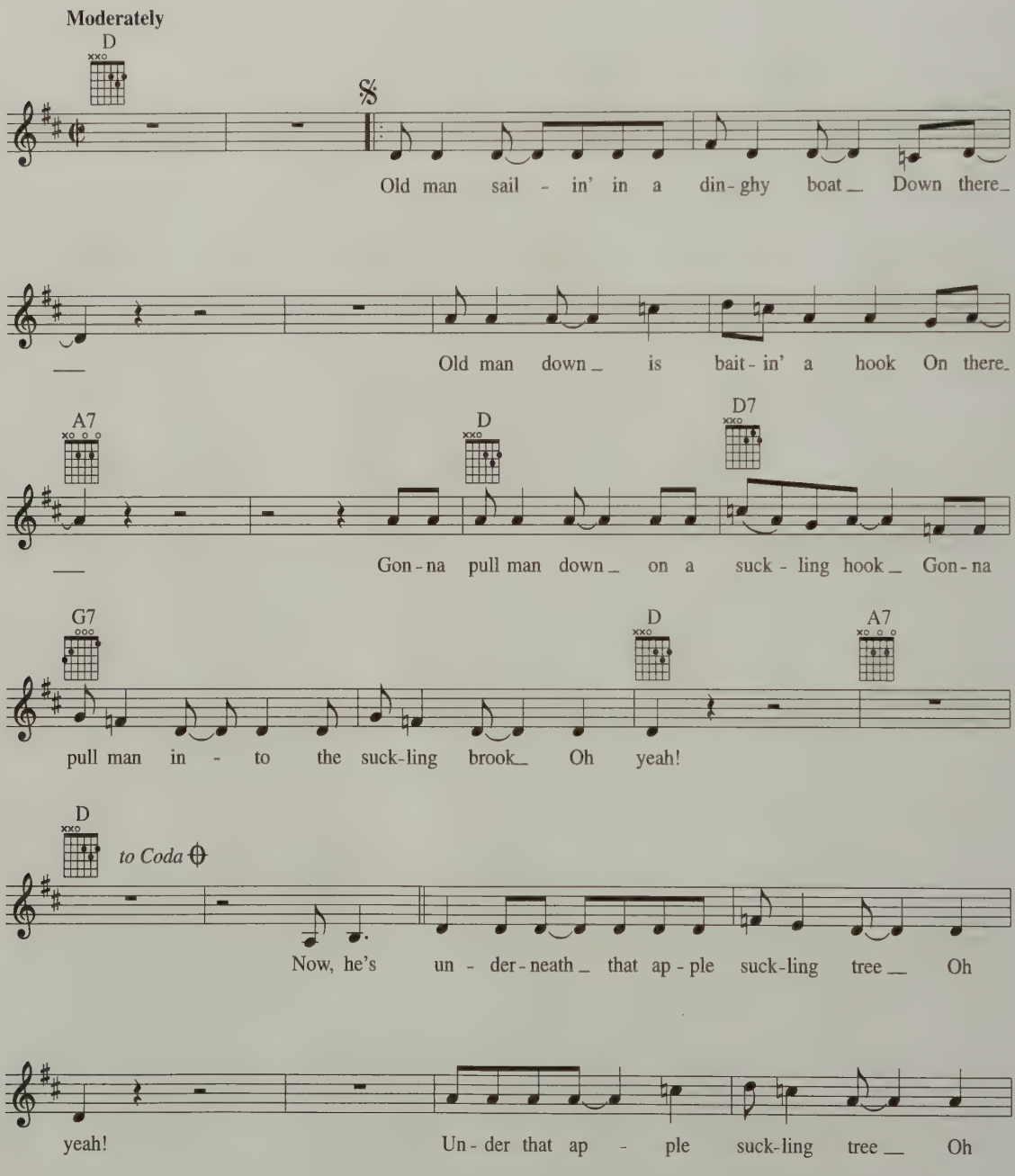
3. I ain't lookin' to block you up
Shock or knock or lock you up,
Analyze you, categorize you,
Finalize you or advertise you.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

4. I don't want to straight-face you,
Race or chase you, track or trace you,
Or disgrace you or displace you,
Or define you or confine you.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

5. I don't want to meet your kin,
Make you spin or do you in,
Or select you or dissect you,
Or inspect you or reject you.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

6. I don't want to fake you out,
Take or shake or forsake you out,
I ain't lookin' for you to feel like me,
See like me or be like me.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

Apple Suckling Tree

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately
D
Old man sail - in' in a din - ghy boat Down there
Old man down is bait - in' a hook On there
A7
D
D7
Gon - na pull man down on a suck - ling hook Gon - na
G7
D
A7
pull man in - to the suck-ling brook Oh yeah!
D
to Coda
Now, he's un - der - neath that ap - ple suck-ling tree Oh
yeah!
Un - der that ap - ple suck-ling tree Oh

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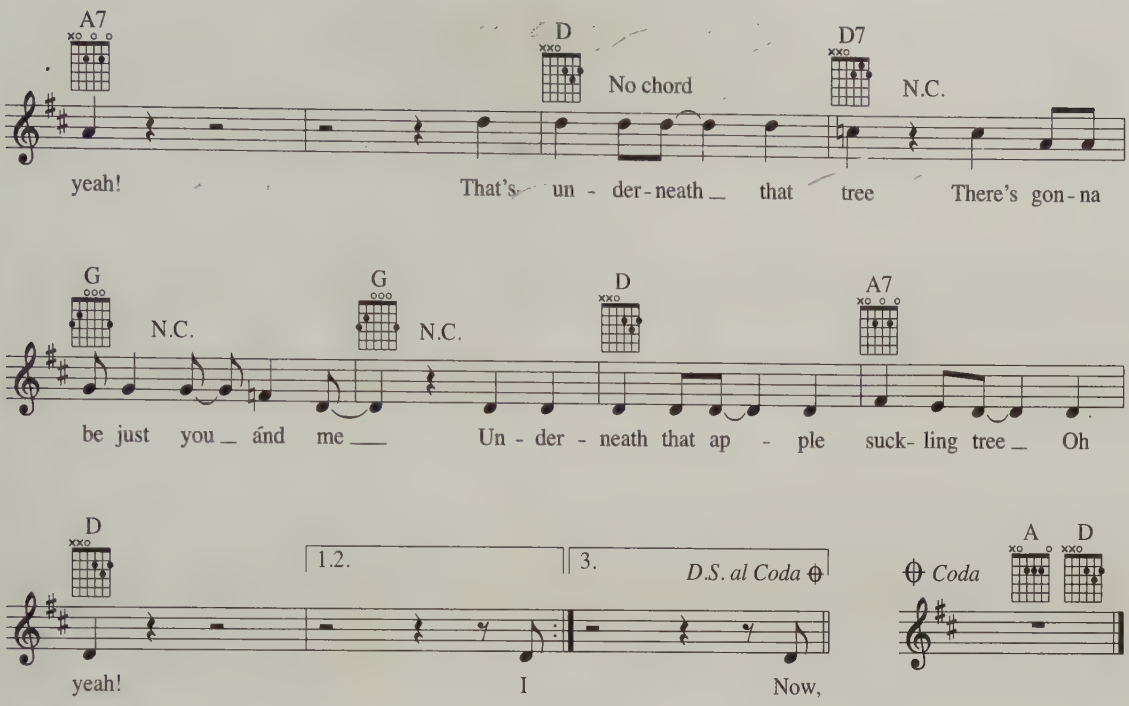


Additional lyrics

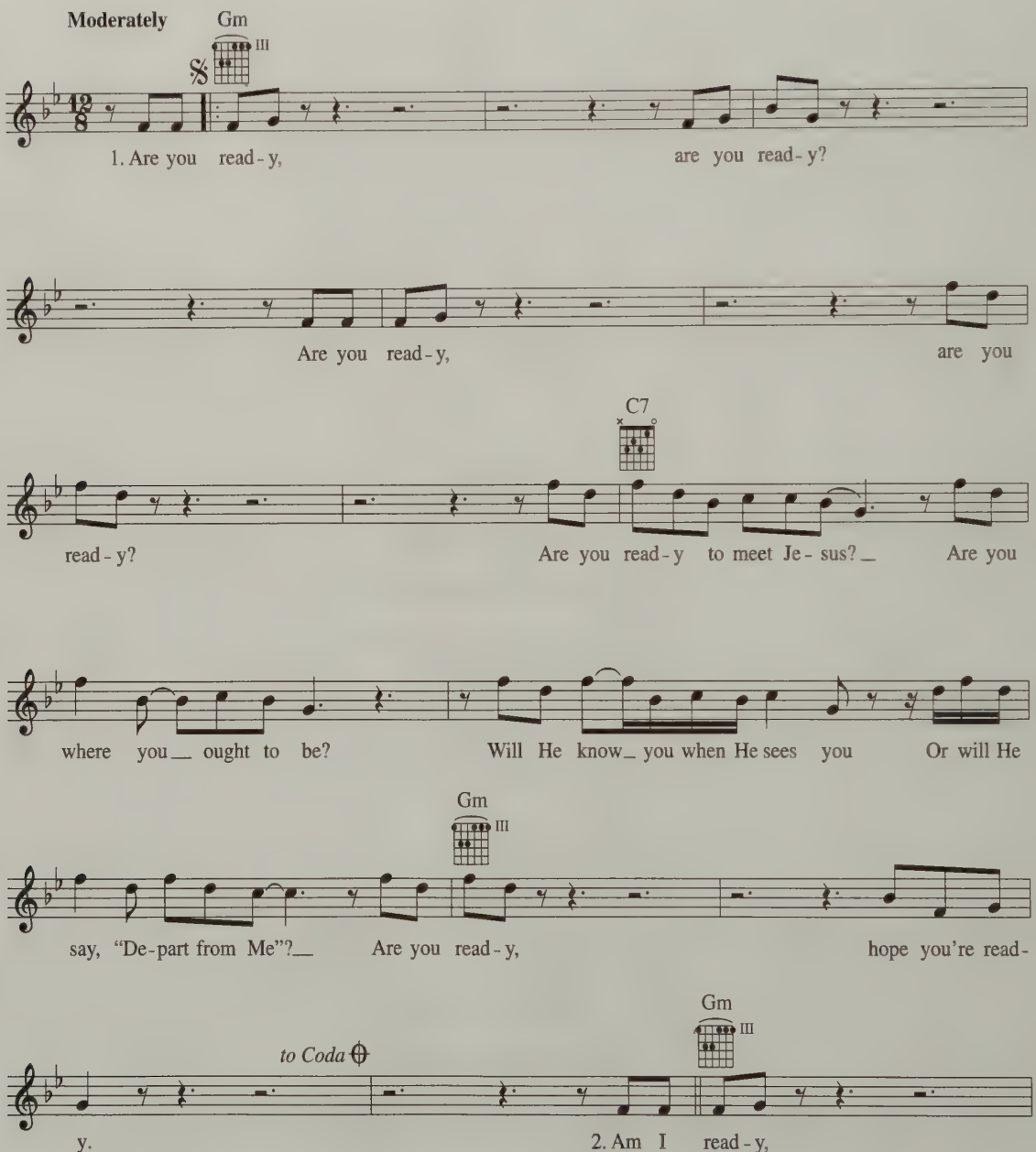
3. I push him back and I stand in line
   Oh yeah!
   Then I hush my Sadie and stand in line
   Oh yeah!
   Then I hush my Sadie and stand in line
   I get on board in two-eyed time
   Oh yeah!

4. Under that apple suckling tree
   Oh yeah!
   Under that apple suckling tree
   Oh yeah!
   Underneath that tree
   There's just gonna be you and me
   Underneath that apple suckling tree
   Oh yeah!

5. Now, who's on the table, who's to tell me?
   Oh yeah!
   Who's on the table, who's to tell me?
   Oh yeah!
   Who should I tell, oh, who should I tell?
   The forty-nine of you like bats out of hell
   Oh underneath that old apple suckling tree

Are You Ready?

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
Gm
III
1. Are you read - y, are you read - y?
Are you read - y, are you
C7
read - y? Are you read - y to meet Je - sus? Are you
where you ought to be? Will He know you when He sees you Or will He
Gm
III
say, "De - part from Me"? Are you read - y, hope you're read -
to Coda
Gm
III
y. 2. Am I read - y,

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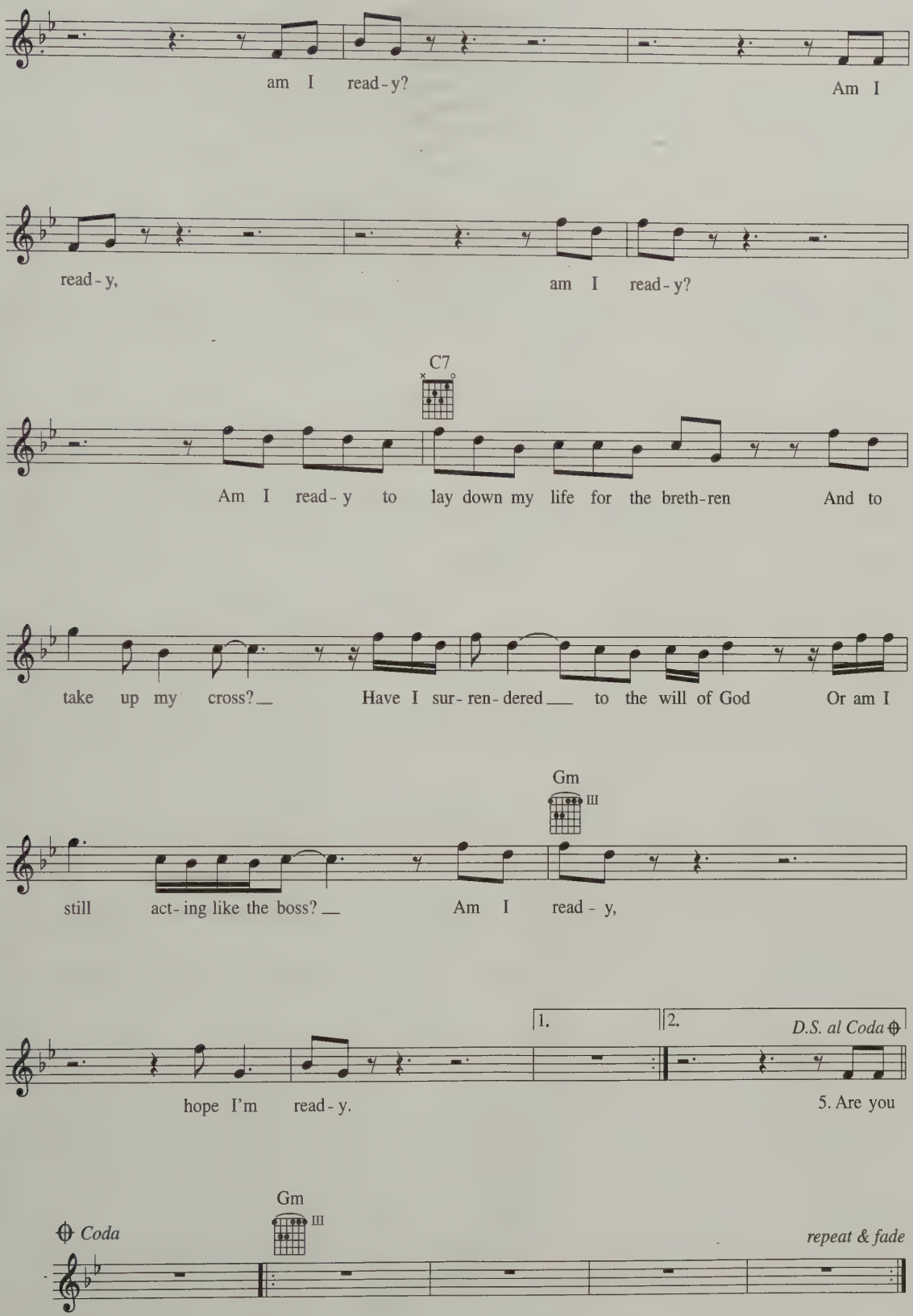

am I read-y?
Am I
read-y,
am I read-y?
C7
Am I read-y to lay down my life for the breth-ren And to
take up my cross? Have I sur-ren-dered to the will of God Or am I
Gm
III
still act-ing like the boss? Am I read-y,
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda
hope I'm read-y.
5. Are you
Gm
III
Coda
repeat & fade

Additional lyrics

3. When destruction cometh swiftly
   And there's no time to say a fare-thee-well,
   Have you decided whether you want to be
   In heaven or in hell?

   Are you ready, are you ready?

4. Have you got some unfinished business?
   Is there something holding you back?
   Are you thinking for yourself
   Or are you following the pack?

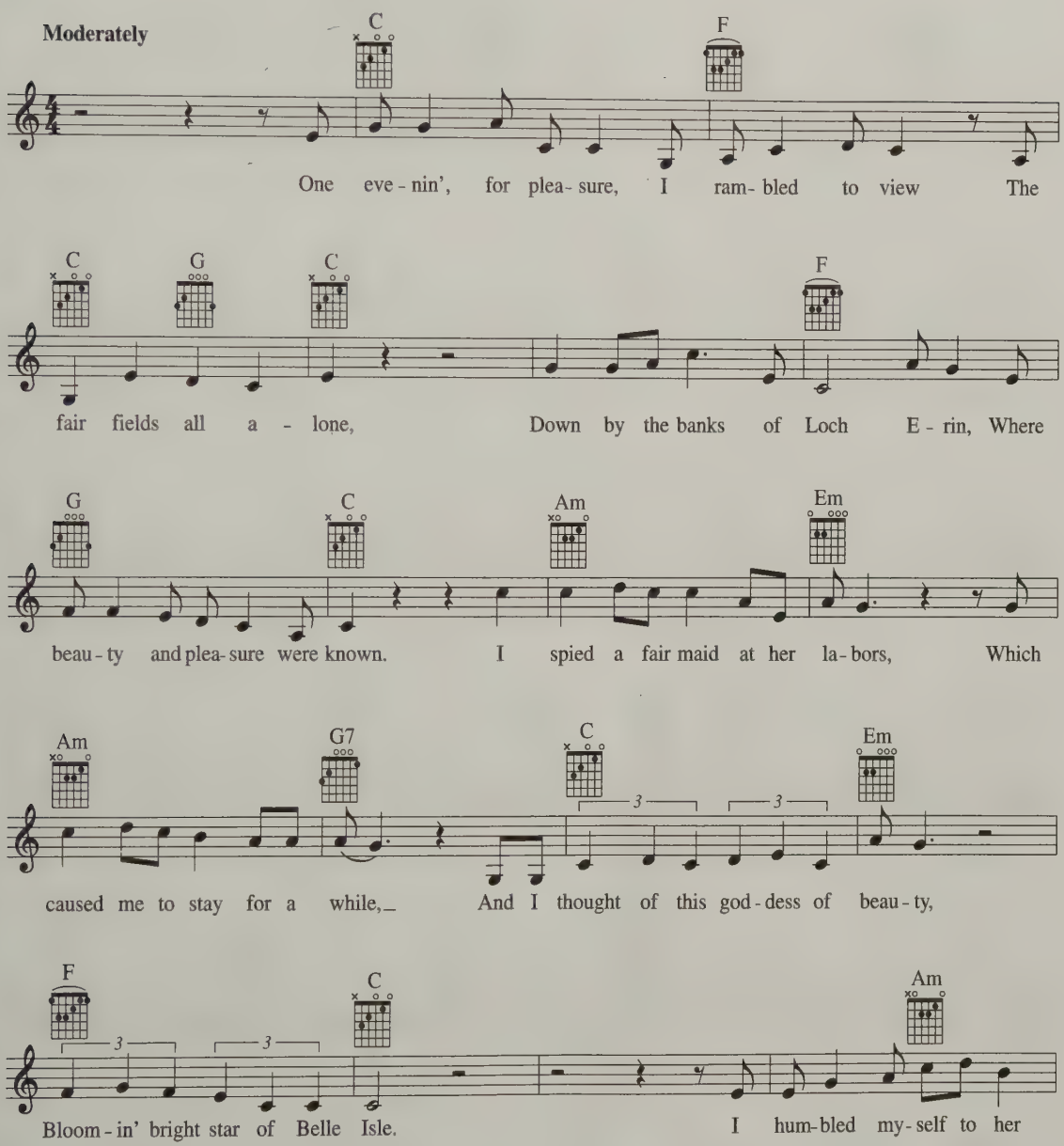
   Are you ready, hope you're ready.
   Are you ready?

5. Are you ready for the judgment?
   Are you ready for that terrible swift sword?
   Are you ready for Armageddon?
   Are you ready for the day of the Lord?

   Are you ready, I hope you're ready.

Belle Isle

New Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
C
F
One eve - nin', for plea - sure, I ram - bled to view The
C
G
C
F
fair fields all a - lone, Down by the banks of Loch E - rin, Where
G
C
Am
Em
beau - ty and plea - sure were known. I spied a fair maid at her la - bors, Which
Am
G7
C
Em
3
3
caused me to stay for a while, And I thought of this god - dess of beau - ty,
F
C
Am
3
3
Bloom - in' bright star of Belle Isle. I hum - bled my - self to her

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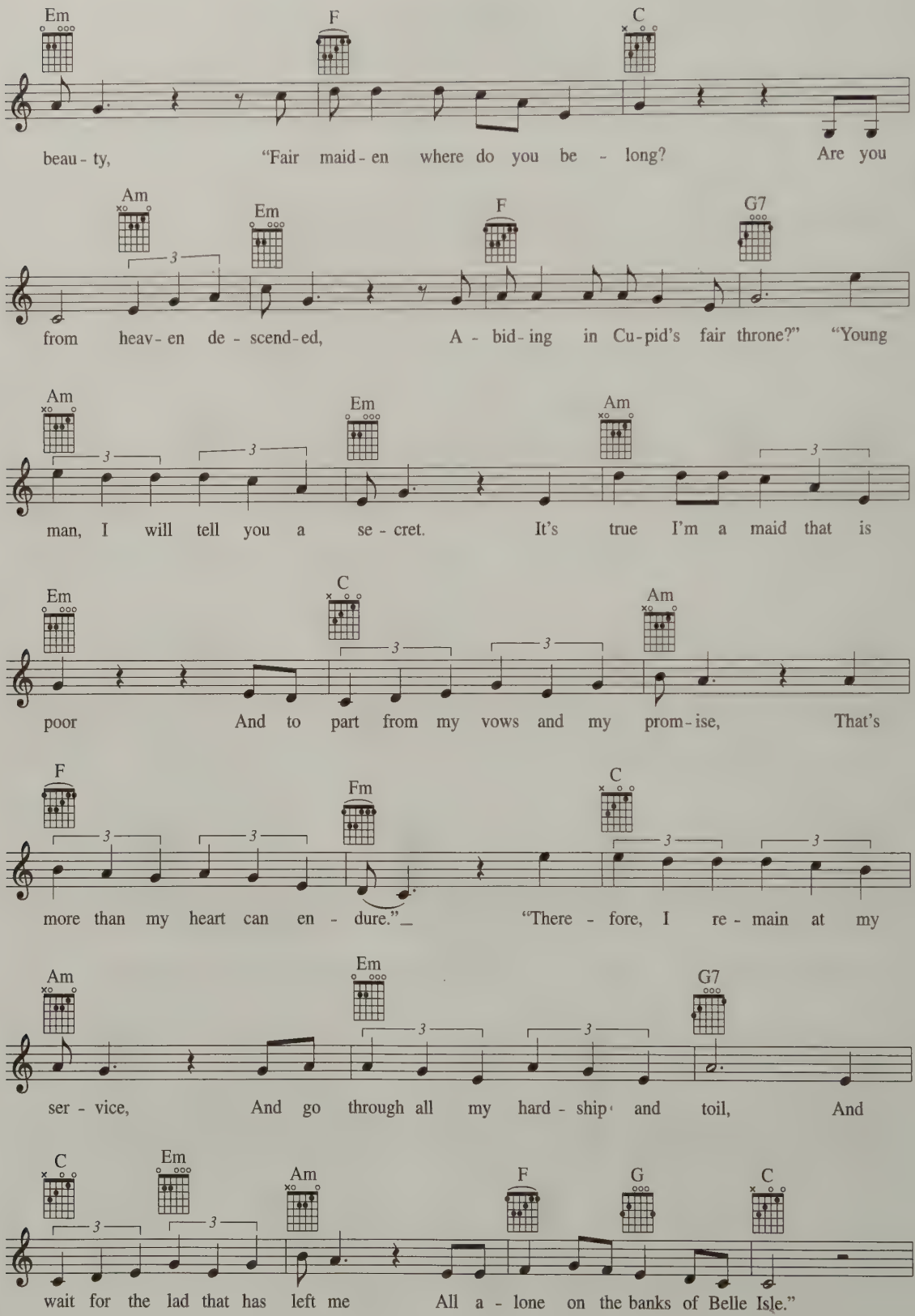
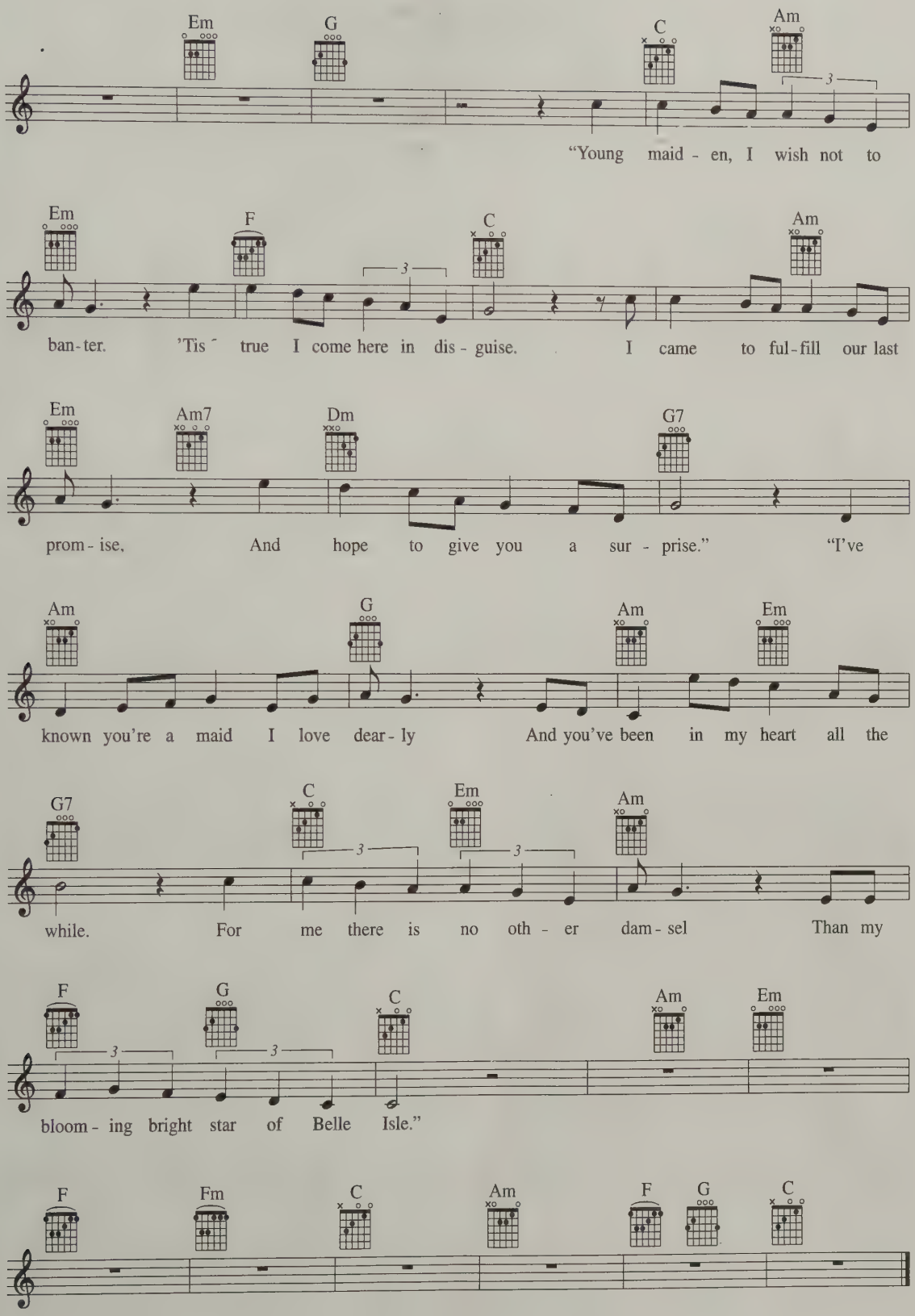
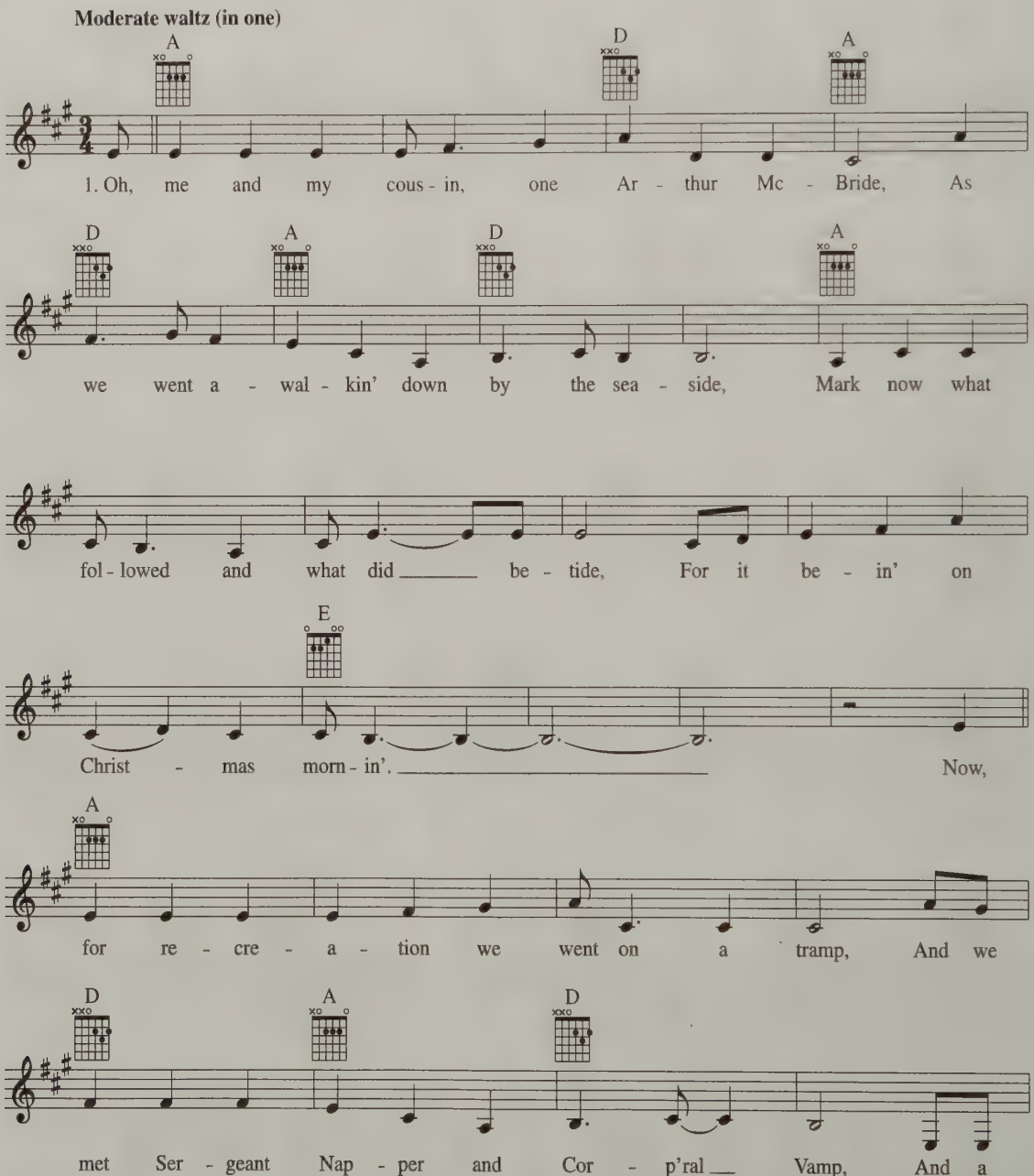

Em F C
beau - ty, "Fair maid - en where do you be - long? Are you
Am Em F G7
from heav - en de - scend - ed, A - bid - ing in Cu - pid's fair throne?" "Young
Am Em Am
man, I will tell you a se - cret. It's true I'm a maid that is
Em C Am
poor And to part from my vows and my prom - ise, That's
F Fm C
more than my heart can en - dure."_ "There - fore, I re - main at my
Am Em G7
ser - vice, And go through all my hard - ship and toil, And
C Em Am F G C
wait for the lad that has left me All a - lone on the banks of Belle Isle."


Em G C Am
"Young maid - en, I wish not to
Em F C Am
ban - ter. 'Tis ´ true I come here in dis - guise. I came to ful - fill our last
Em Am7 Dm G7
prom - ise, And hope to give you a sur - prise." "I've
Am G Am Em
known you're a maid I love dear - ly And you've been in my heart all the
G7 C Em Am
while. For me there is no oth - er dam - sel Than my
F G C Am Em
bloom - ing bright star of Belle Isle."
F Fm C Am F G C

Arthur McBride

Words and Music Arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderate waltz (in one)
A
D
A
1. Oh, me and my cous - in, one Ar - thur Mc - Bride, As
D
A
D
A
we went a - wal - kin' down by the sea - side, Mark now what
fol - lowed and what did ___ be - tide, For it be - in' on
E
Christ - mas morn - in'. ___ Now,
A
for re - cre - a - tion we went on a tramp, And we
D
A
D
met Ser - geant Nap - per and Cor - p'ral ___ Vamp, And a

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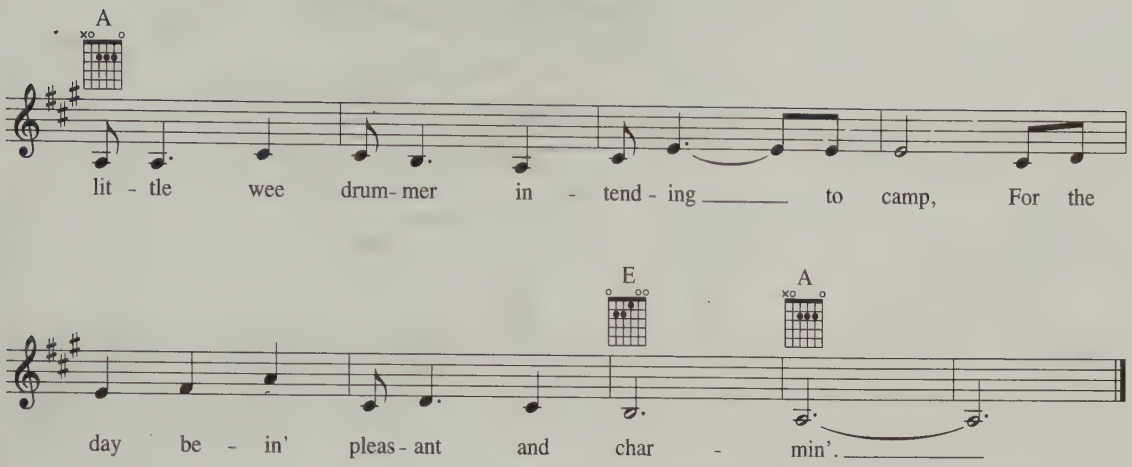


Additional lyrics

2. "Good morning, good morning," the Sergeant he cried,
"And the same to you, gentlemen," we did reply,
Intending no harm but meant to pass by,
For it bein' on Christmas mornin'.
"But," says he, "My fine fellows, if you will enlist,
Ten guineas in gold I'll stick in your fist,
And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the dust,
And drink the king's health in the morning.

3. "For a soldier, he leads a very fine life,
And he always is blessed with a charming young wife,
And he pays all his debts without sorrow or strife,
And he always lives pleasant and charmin'.
And a soldier, he always is decent and clean,
In the finest of clothing he's constantly seen,
While other poor fellows go dirty and mean,
And sup on thin gruel in the morning."

Instrumental

4. "But," says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of your clothes,
For you've only the lend of them, as I suppose,
But you dare not change them one night, for you know
If you do, you'll be flogged in the morning.
And although that we're single and free,
We take great delight in our own company.
We have no desire strange places to see,
Although that your offers are charming.

5. "And we have no desire to take your advance,
All hazards and dangers we barter on chance,
For you'd have no scruples for to send us to France,
Where we would get shot without warning."
"Oh no," says the Sergeant, "I'll have no such chat,
And neither will I take it from snappy young brats,
For if you insult me with one other word,
I'll cut off your heads in the morning."

6. And Arthur and I, we soon drew our hogs,
And we scarce gave them time to draw their own blades
When a trusty shillelagh came over their head
And bid them take that as fair warning.
And their old rusty rapiers that hung by their sides,
We flung them as far as we could in the tide.
"Now take them up, devils!" cried Arthur McBride,
"And temper their edge in the mornin'!"

7. And the little wee drummer, we flattened his bow,
And we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow,
Threw it in the tide for to rock and to roll,
And bade it a tedious returning.
And we havin' no money, paid them off in cracks.
We paid no respect to their two bloody backs,
And we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks,
And left them for dead in the morning.

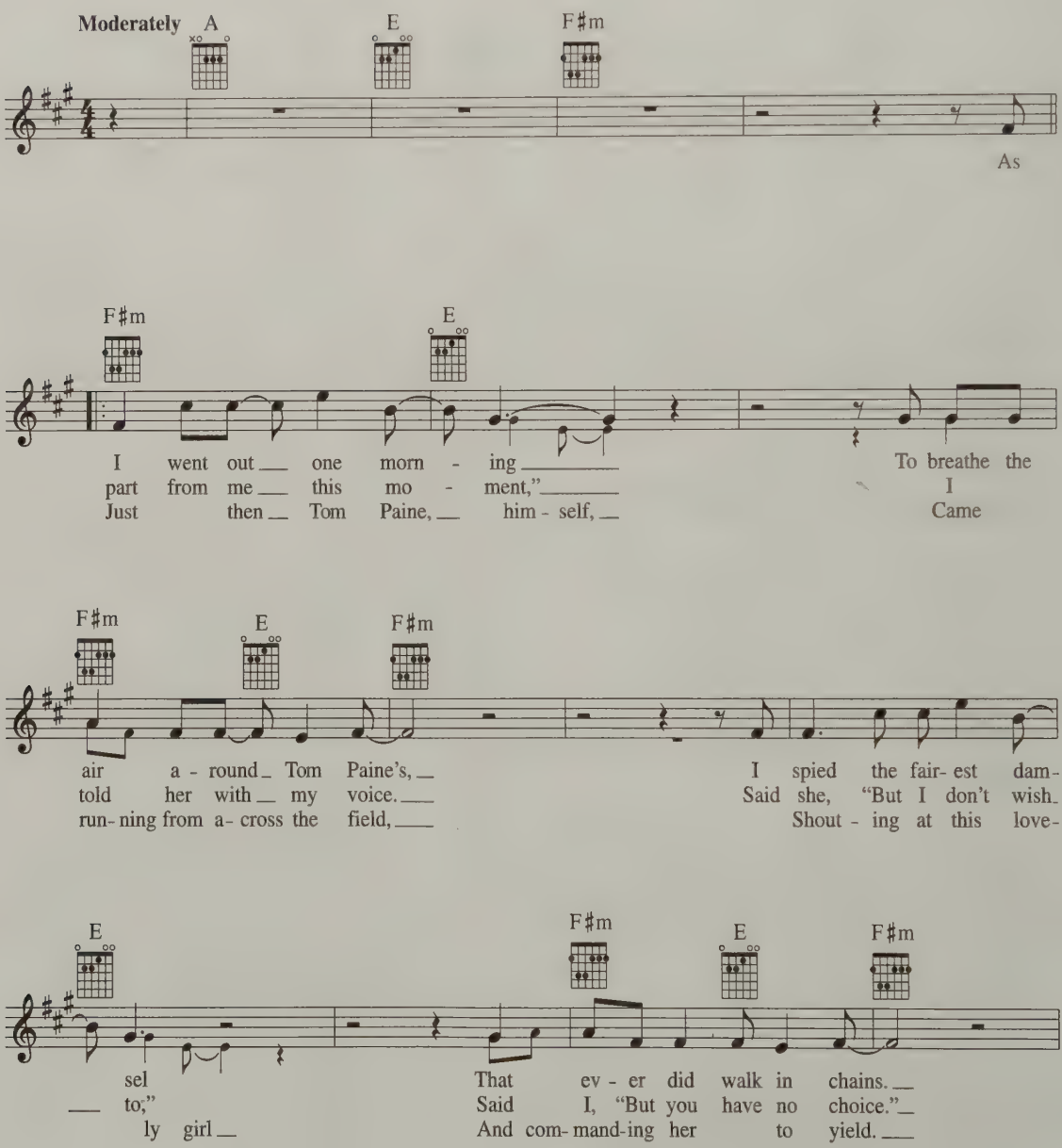
8. And so, to conclude and to finish disputes,
We obligingly asked if they wanted recruits,
For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts
And bid them look sharp in the mornin'.

Instrumental

9. Oh, me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride,
As we went a-walkin' down by the seaside,
Mark now what followed and what did betide,
For it bein' on Christmas mornin'.

As I Went Out One Morning

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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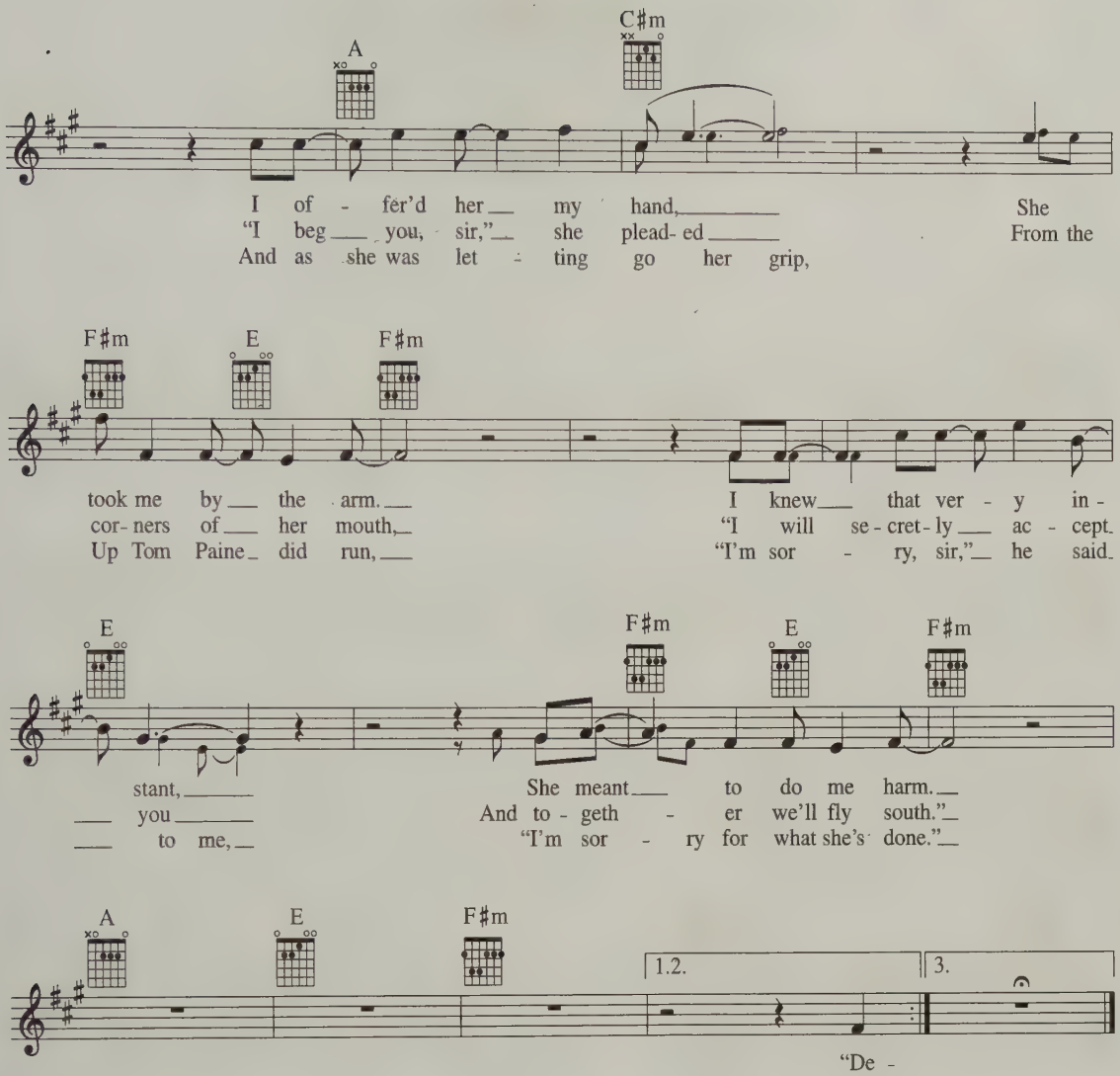
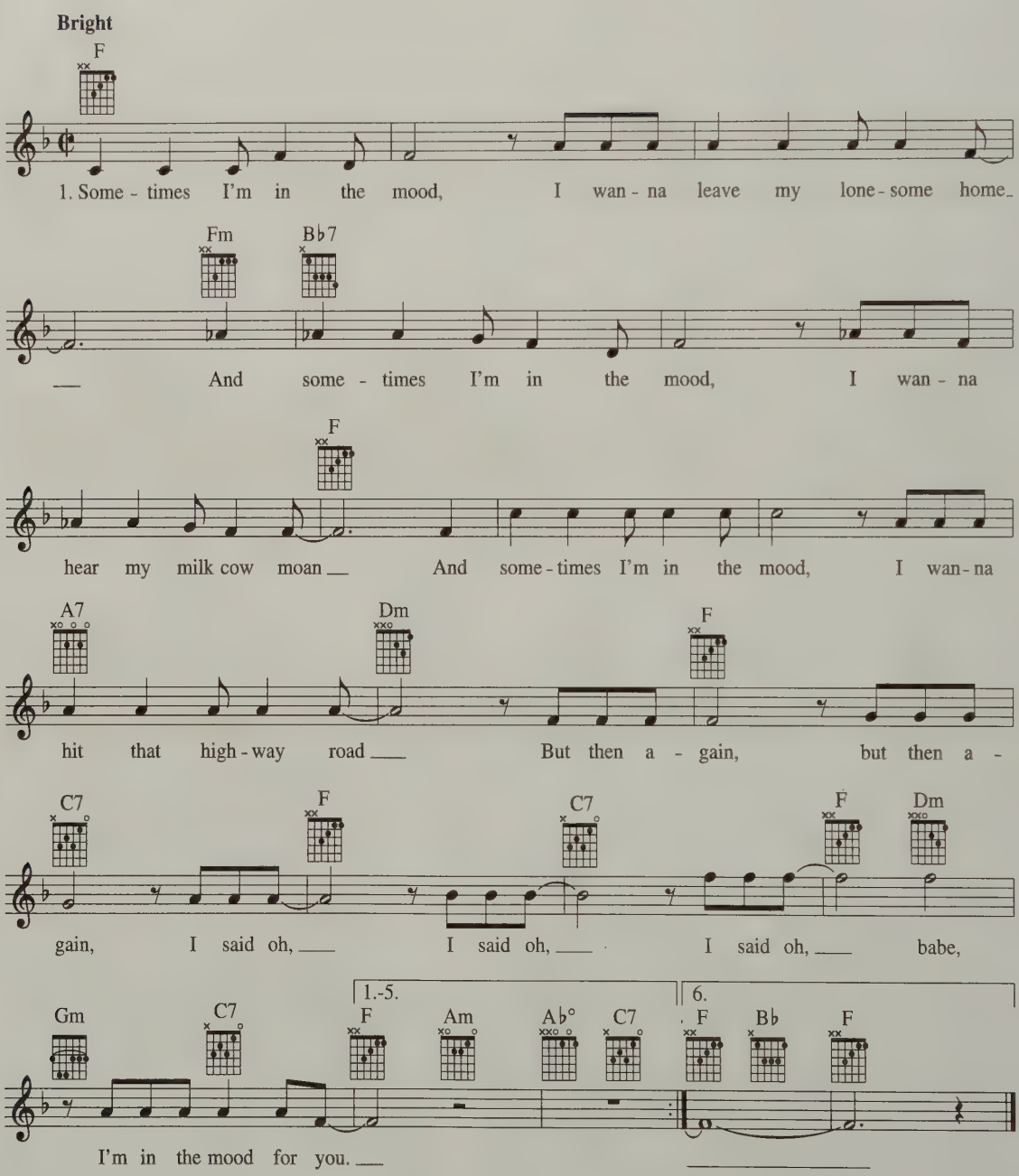

A
C♯m
I of - fer'd her my hand, She
"I beg you, sir," she plead- ed From the
And as she was let - ting go her grip,
F♯m
E
F♯m
took me by the arm.
cor- ners of her mouth,
Up Tom Paine did run,
I knew that ver - y in -
"I will se - cret - ly ac - cept
"I'm sor - ry, sir," he said.
E
F♯m
E
F♯m
stant,
you
to me,
She meant to do me harm.
And to - geth - er we'll fly south."
"I'm sor - ry for what she's done."
A
E
F♯m
1.2.
3.
"De -

Baby, I'm in the Mood for You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Sometimes I'm in the mood, Lord, I had my overflowin' fill
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna make out my final will
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna head for the walkin' hill
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

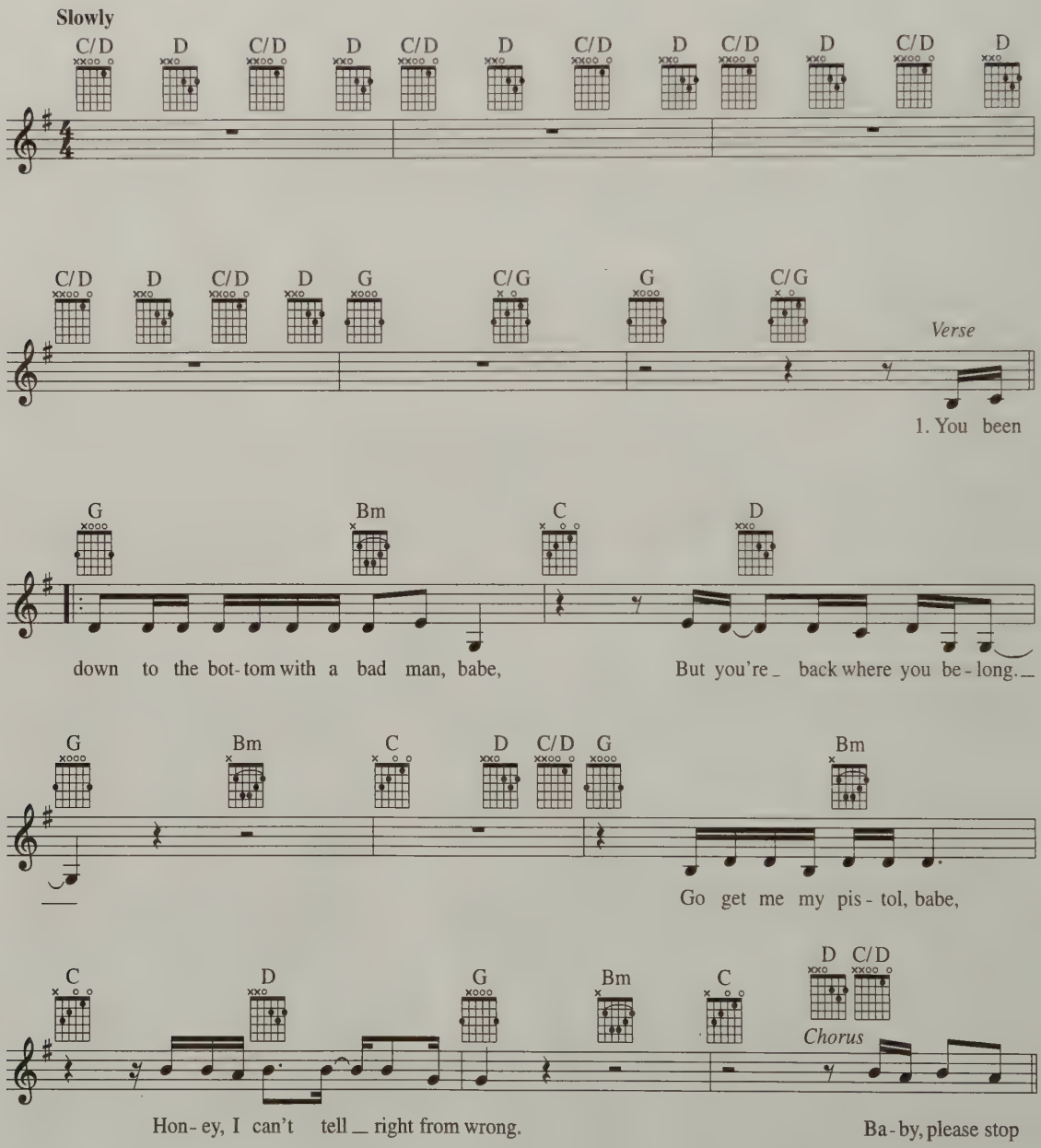
3. Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna lay right down and die
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna climb up to the sky
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna laugh until I cry
But then again, I said again, I said again, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

4. Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna sleep in my pony's stall
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I ain't gonna do nothin' at all
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna fly like a cannon ball
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

5. Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna back up against the wall
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna run till I have to crawl
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I ain't gonna do nothin' at all
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

6. Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna change my house around
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna make a change in this here town
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna change the world around
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

Baby, Stop Crying

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Slowly
C/D D C/D D C/D D C/D D C/D D C/D D
C/D D C/D D G C/G G C/G
Verse
1. You been
G Bm C D
down to the bot-tom with a bad man, babe,
But you're back where you be-long.
G Bm C D C/D G Bm
Go get me my pis-tol, babe,
C D G Bm C D C/D
Chorus
Hon-ey, I can't tell right from wrong.
Ba-by, please stop

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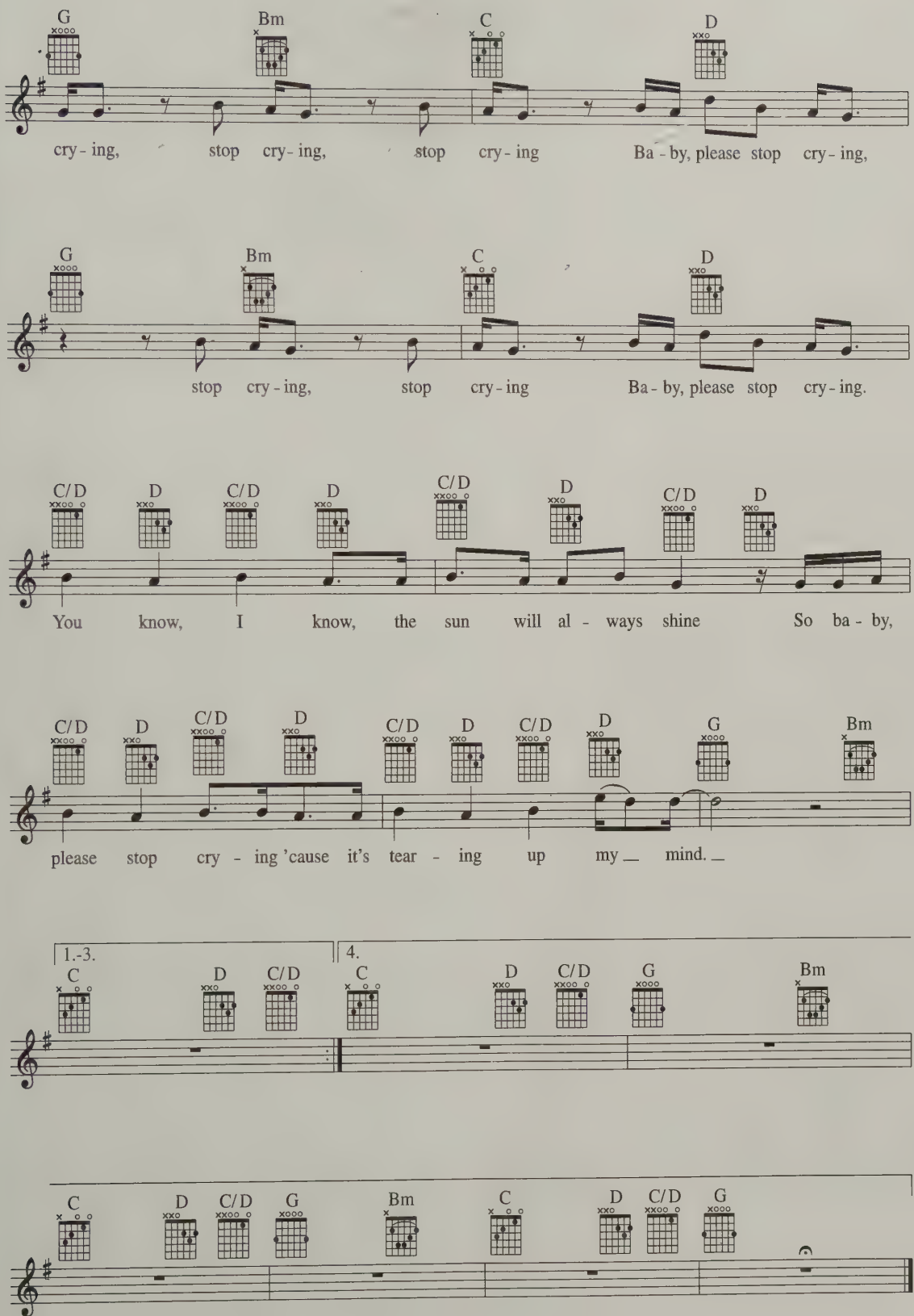

G Bm C D
cry - ing, stop cry - ing, stop cry - ing Ba - by, please stop cry - ing,
G Bm C D
stop cry - ing, stop cry - ing Ba - by, please stop cry - ing.
C/D D C/D D C/D D C/D D
You know, I know, the sun will al - ways shine So ba - by,
C/D D C/D D C/D D C/D D G Bm
please stop cry - ing 'cause it's tear - ing up my mind.
1.-3.
C D C/D
4.
C D C/D G Bm
C D C/D G Bm C D C/D G

Additional lyrics

2. Go down to the river, babe,
   Honey, I will meet you there.
   Go down to the river, babe,
   Honey, I will pay your fare.

   Chorus

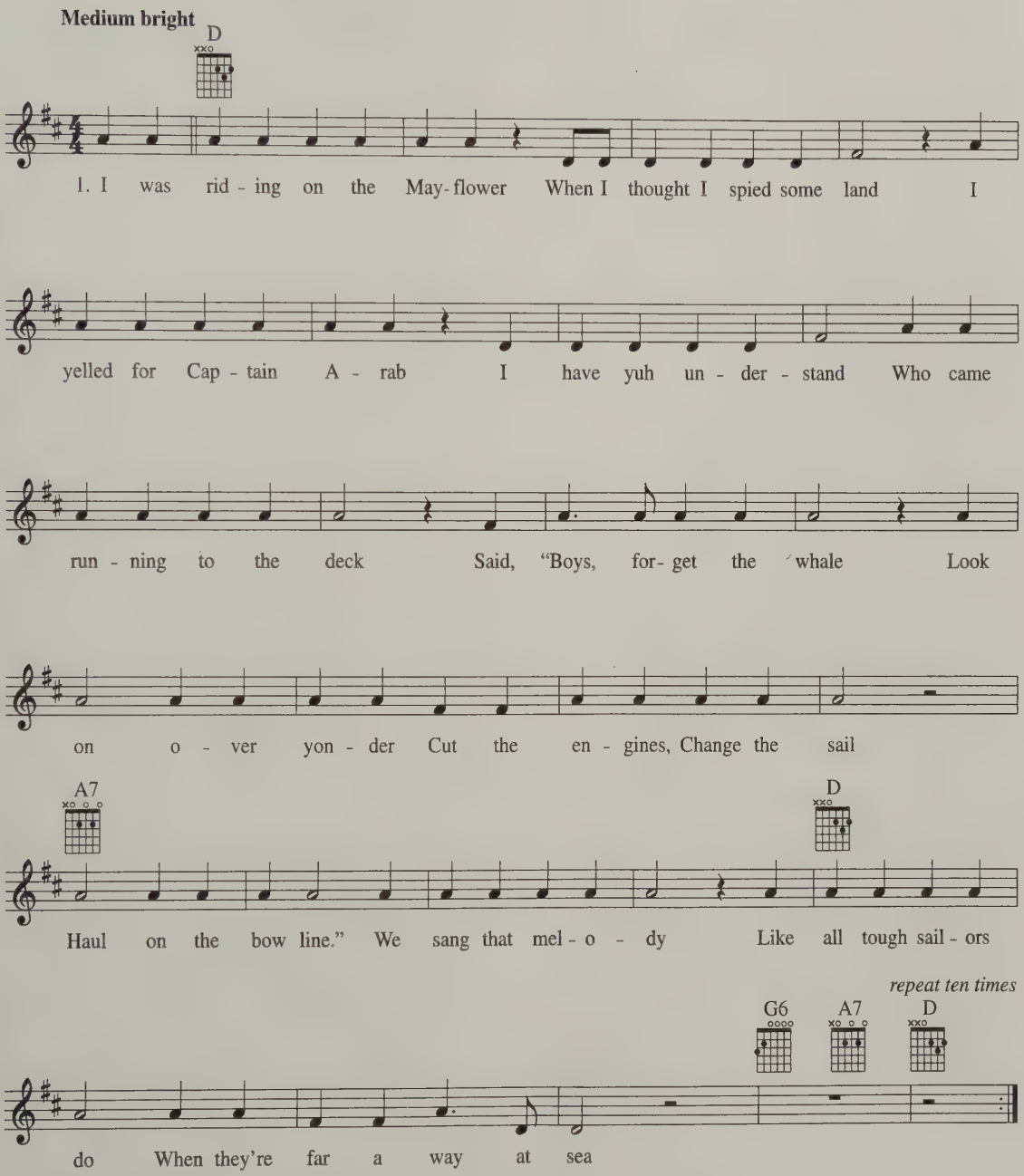
3. If you're looking for assistance, babe,
   Or if you just want some company
   Or if you just want a friend you can talk to,
   Honey, come and see about me.

   Chorus

4. You been hurt so many times
   And I know what you're thinking of.
   Well, I don't have to be no doctor, babe,
   To see that you're madly in love.

   Chorus

Bob Dylan's 115th Dream

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Medium bright
D
1. I was rid - ing on the May - flower When I thought I spied some land I
yelled for Cap - tain A - rab I have yuh un - der - stand Who came
run - ning to the deck Said, "Boys, for - get the whale Look
on o - ver yon - der Cut the en - gines, Change the sail
A7
D
Haul on the bow line." We sang that mel - o - dy Like all tough sail - ors
repeat ten times
G6
A7
D
do When they're far a way at sea

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Additional lyrics

2. "I think I'll call it America"
I said as we hit land
I took a deep breath
I fell down, I could not stand
Captain Arab he started
Writing up some deeds
He said, "Let's set up a fort
And start buying the place with beads"
Just then this cop comes down the street
Crazy as a loon
He throw us all in jail
For carryin' harpoons

3. Ah me I busted out
Don't even ask me how
I went to get some help
I walked by a Guernsey cow
Who directed me down
To the Bowery slums
Where people carried signs around
Saying, "Ban the bums"
I jumped right into line
Sayin', "I hope that I'm not late"
When I realized I hadn't eaten
For five days straight

4. I went into a restaurant
Lookin' for the cook
I told them I was the editor
Of a famous etiquette book
The waitress he was handsome
He wore a powder blue cape
I ordered some suzette, I said
"Could you please make that crepe"
Just then the whole kitchen exploded
From boilin' fat
Food was flying everywhere
And I left without my hat

5. Now, I didn't mean to be nosy
But I went into a bank
To get some bail for Arab
And all the boys back in the tank
They asked me for some collateral
And I pulled down my pants
They threw me in the alley
When up comes this girl from France
Who invited me to her house
I went, but she had a friend
Who knocked me out
And robbed my boots
And I was on the street again

6. Well, I rapped upon a house
With the U.S. flag upon display
I said, "Could you help me out
I got some friends down the way"
The man says, "Get out of here
I'll tear you limb from limb"
I said, "You know they refused Jesus, too"
He said, "You're not Him
Get out of here before I break your bones
I ain't your pop"
I decided to have him arrested
And I went looking for a cop

7. I ran right outside
And I hopped inside a cab
I went out the other door
This Englishman said, "Fab"
As he saw me leap a hot dog stand
And a chariot that stood
Parked across from a building
Advertising brotherhood
I ran right through the front door
Like a hobo sailor does
But it was just a funeral parlor
And the man asked me who I was

8. I repeated that my friends
Were all in jail, with a sigh
He gave me his card
He said, "Call me if they die"
I shook his hand and said goodbye
Ran out to the street
When a bowling ball came down the road
And knocked me off my feet
A pay phone was ringing
It just about blew my mind
When I picked it up and said hello
This foot came through the line

9. Well, by this time I was fed up
At tryin' to make a stab
At bringin' back any help
For my friends and Captain Arab
I decided to flip a coin
Like either heads or tails
Would let me know if I should go
Back to ship or back to jail
So I hocked my sailor suit
And I got a coin to flip
It came up tails
It rhymed with sails
So I made it back to the ship

10. Well, I got back and took
The parkin' ticket off the mast
I was ripping it to shreds
When this coastguard boat went past
They asked me my name
And I said, "Captain Kidd"
They believed me but
They wanted to know
What exactly that I did
I said for the Pope of Eruke
I was employed
They let me go right away
They were very paranoid

11. Well, the last I heard of Arab
He was stuck on a whale
That was married to the deputy
Sheriff of the jail
But the funniest thing was
When I was leavin' the bay
I saw three ships a-sailin'
They were all heading my way
I asked the captain what his name was
And how come he didn't drive a truck
He said his name was Columbus
I just said, "Good luck."

Ballad in Plain D

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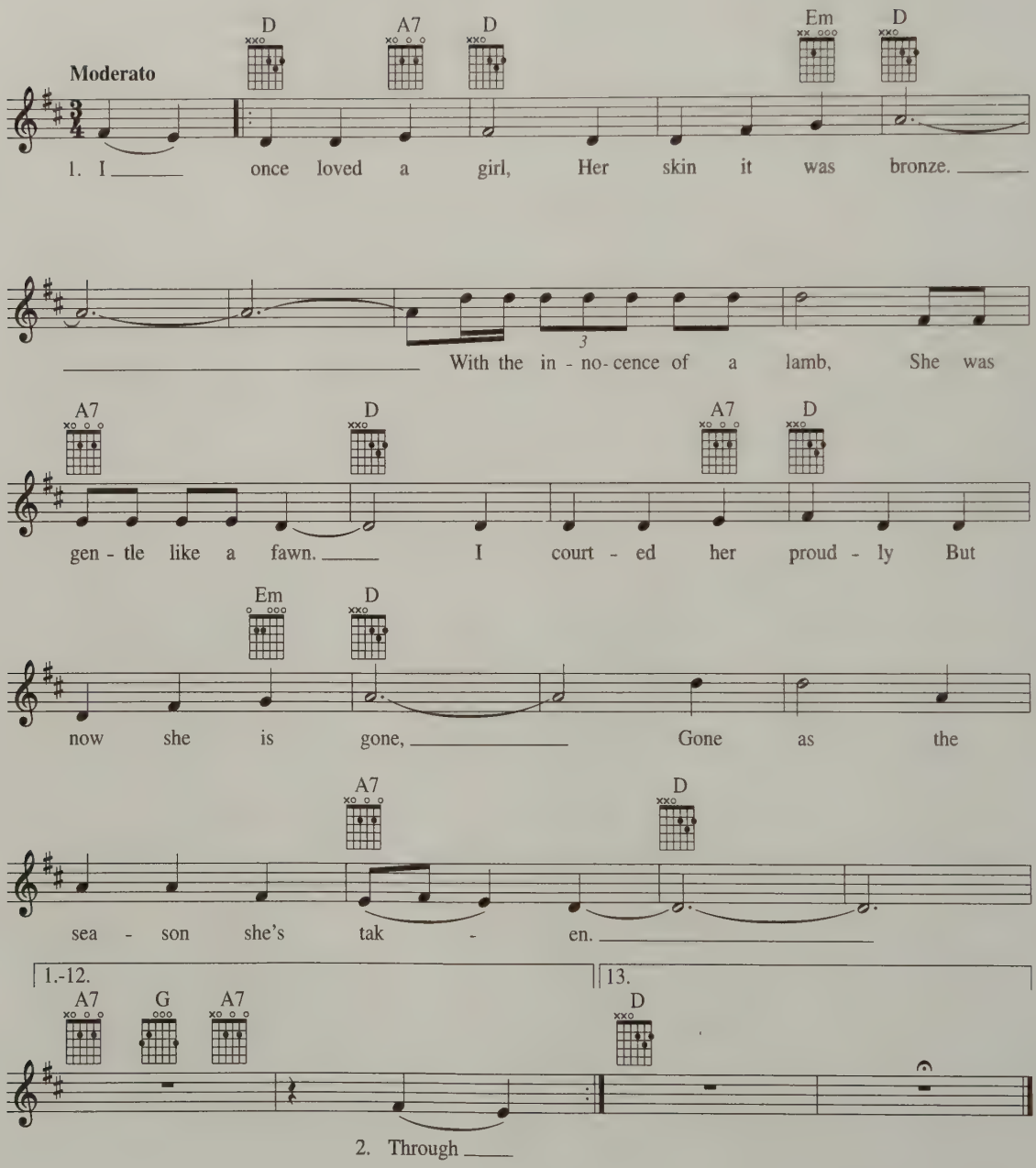
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Additional lyrics

2. Through young summer's breeze, I stole her away
From her mother and sister, though close did they stay.
Each one of them suffering from the failures of their day,
With strings of guilt they tried hard to guide us.

3. Of the two sisters, I loved the young.
With sensitive instincts, she was the creative one.
The constant scapegoat, she was easily undone
By the jealousy of others around her.

4. For her parasite sister, I had no respect,
Bound by her boredom, her pride to protect.
Countless visions of the other she'd reflect
As a crutch for her scenes and her society.

5. Myself, for what I did, I cannot be excused,
The changes I was going through can't even be used,
For the lies that I told her in hopes not to lose
The could-be dream-lover of my lifetime.

6. With unknown consciousness, I possessed in my grip
A magnificent mantelpiece, though its heart being chipped,
Noticing not that I'd already slipped
To a sin of love's false security.

7. From silhouetted anger to manufactured peace,
Answers of emptiness, voice vacancies,
Till the tombstones of damage read me no questions but, "Please,
What's wrong and what's exactly the matter?"

8. And so it did happen like it could have been foreseen,
The timeless explosion of fantasy's dream.
At the peak of the night, the king and the queen
Tumbled all down into pieces.

9. "The tragic figure!" her sister did shout,
"Leave her alone, God damn you, get out!"
And I in my armor, turning about
And nailing her to the ruins of her pettiness.

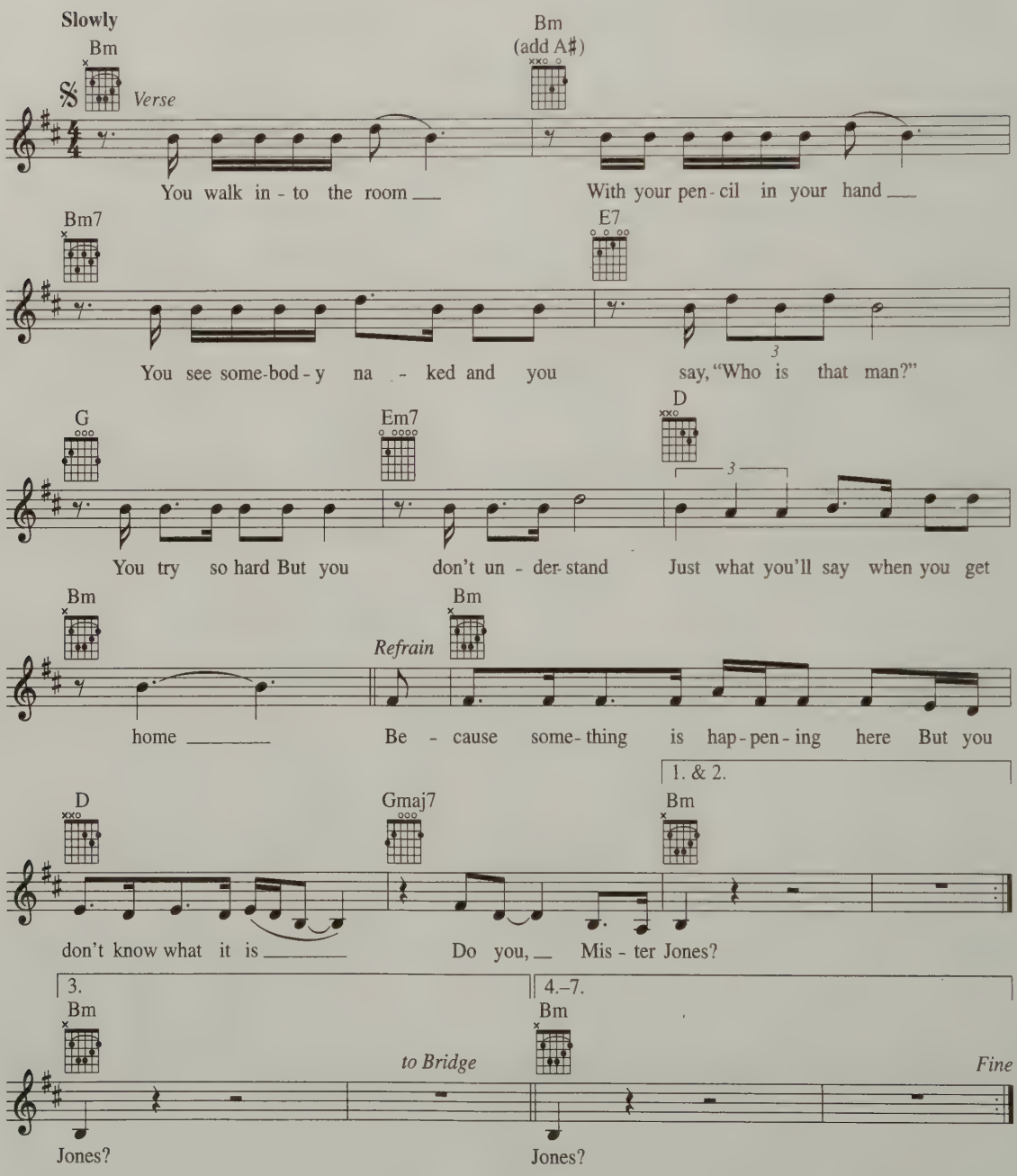
10. Beneath a bare light bulb the plaster did pound
Her sister and I in a screaming battleground.
And she in between, the victim of sound,
Soon shattered as a child 'neath her shadows.

11. All is gone, all is gone, admit it, take flight.
I gagged twice, doubled, tears blinding my sight.
My mind it was mangled, I ran into the night
Leaving all of love's ashes behind me.

12. The wind knocks my window, the room it is wet.
The words to say I'm sorry, I haven't found yet.
I think of her often and hope whoever she's met
Will be fully aware of how precious she is.

13. Ah, my friends from the prison, they ask unto me,
"How good, how good does it feel to be free?"
And I answer them most mysteriously,
"Are birds free from the chains of the skyway?"

Ballad of a Thin Man

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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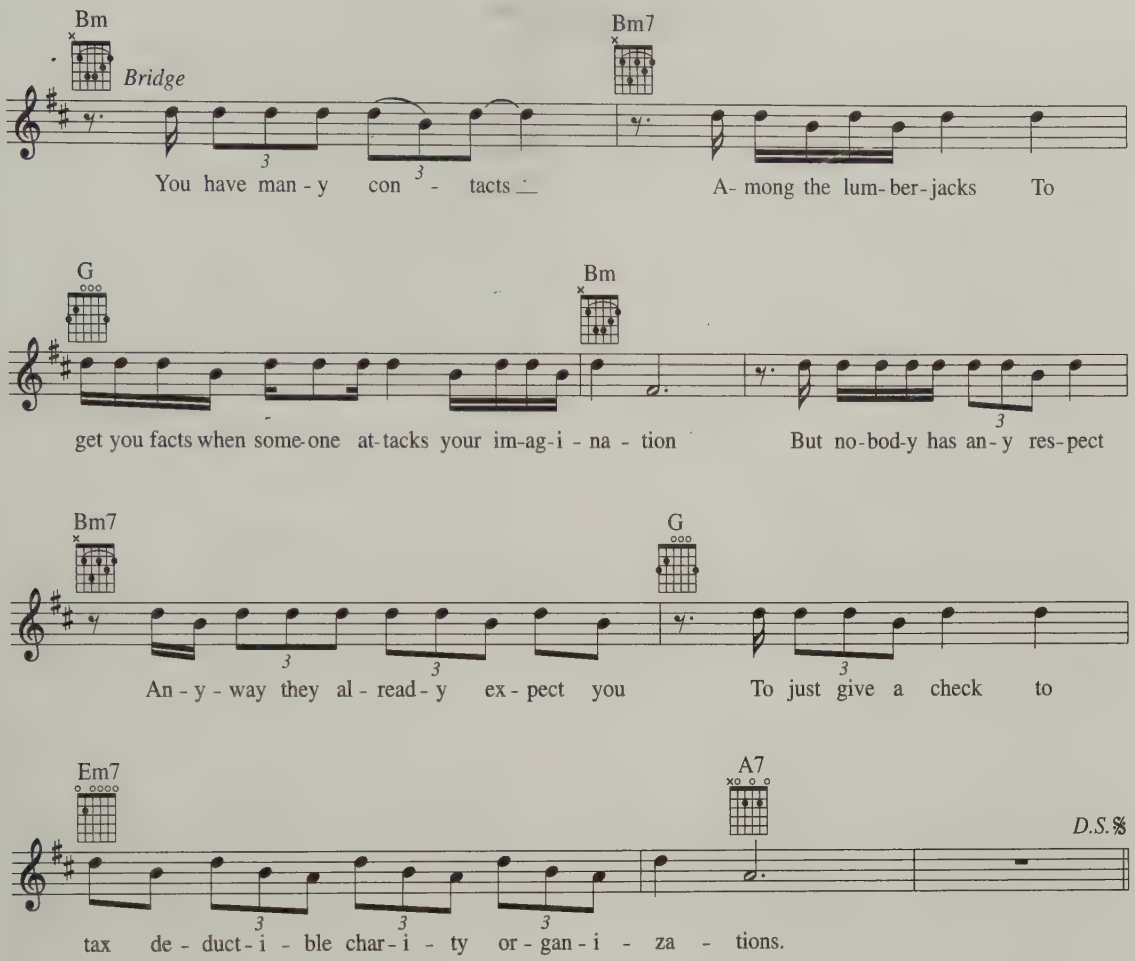

Bm
Bm7
Bridge
You have man - y con - tacts
A- mong the lum- ber- jacks To
G
Bm
get you facts when some-one at-tacks your im-ag-i - na - tion
But no-bod-y has an- y res-pect
Bm7
G
An - y - way they al - read - y ex - pect you
To just give a check to
Em7
A7
D.S.%
tax de - duct - i - ble char - i - ty or - gan - i - za - tions.

Additional lyrics

2. You raise up your head
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
And somebody points to you and says,
"It's his."
And you say, "What's mine?"
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God
Am I here all alone?"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

3. You hand in your ticket
And you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you
When he hears you speak.
And says, "How does it feel
To be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible,"
As he hands you a bone

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Bridge:
You have many contacts
Among the lumberjacks
To get you facts
When someone attacks your imagination
But nobody has any respect
Anyway they already expect you
To just give a check
To tax-deductible charity organizations

4. You've been with the professors
And they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers you have
Discussed lepers and crooks
You've been through all of
F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read
It's well known

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

5. Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you
And then he kneels
He crosses himself
And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice
He asks you how it feels
And he says, "Here is your throat back
Thanks for the loan"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

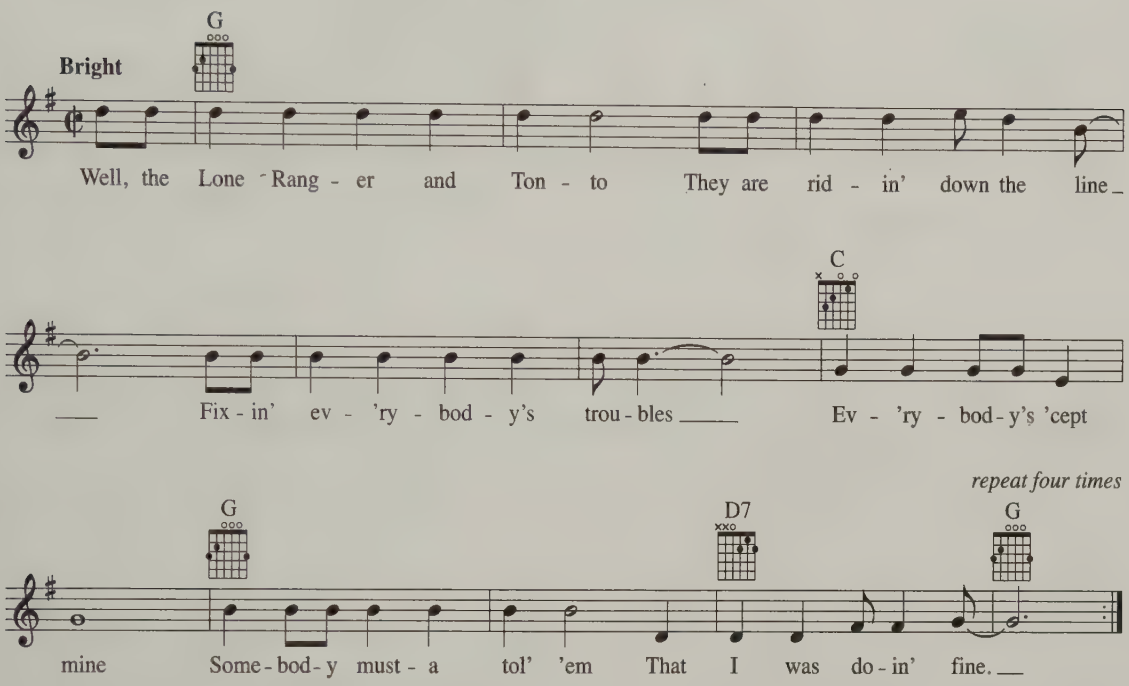
6. Now you see this one-eyed midget
Shouting the word "NOW"
And you say, "For what reason?"
And he says, "How?"
And you say, "What does this mean?"
And he screams back, "You're a cow
Give me some milk
Or else go home"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

7. Well, you walk into the room
Like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket
And your nose on the ground
There ought to be a law
Against you comin' around
You should be made
To wear earphones

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Bob Dylan's Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

G
Bright
Well, the Lone Rang - er and Ton - to They are rid - in' down the line
C
Fix - in' ev - 'ry - bod - y's trou - bles Ev - 'ry - bod - y's 'cept
repeat four times
G
D7
G
mine Some - bod - y must - a tol' 'em That I was do - in' fine.

Additional lyrics

2. Oh you five and ten cent women
With nothin' in your heads
I got a real gal I'm lovin'
And Lord I'll love her till I'm dead
Go away from my door and my window too
Right now

3. Lord, I ain't goin' down to no race track
See no sports car run
I don't have no sports car
And I don't even care to have one
I can walk anytime around the block

4. Well, the wind keeps a-blowin' me
Up and down the street
With my hat in my hand
And my boots on my feet
Watch out so you don't step on me

5. Well, lookit here buddy
You want to be like me
Pull out your six-shooter
And rob every bank you can see
Tell the judge I said it was all right
Yes!

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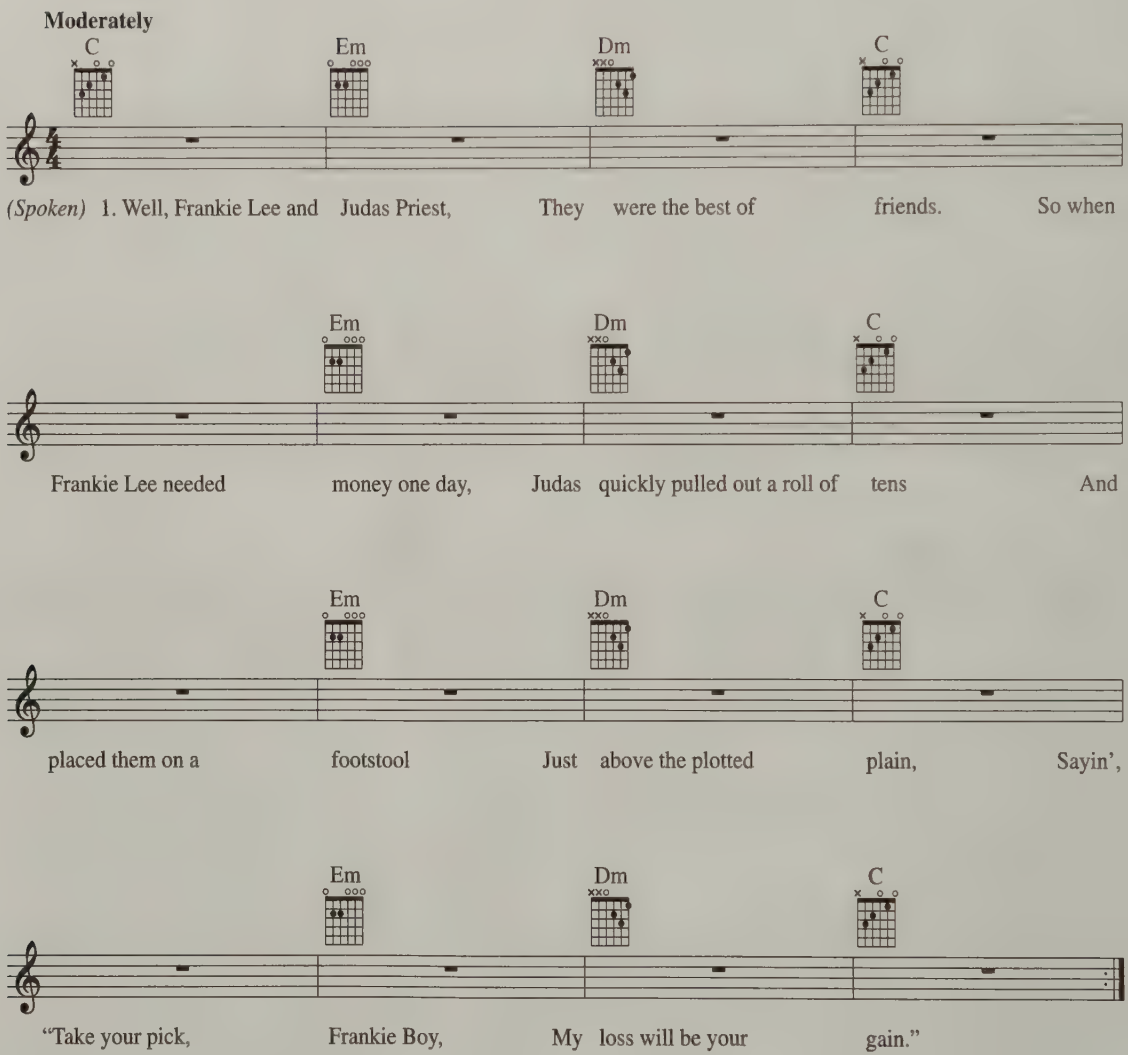
The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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Additional lyrics

2. Well, Frankie Lee, he sat right down
And put his fingers to his chin,
But with the cold eyes of Judas on him,
His head began to spin.
"Would ya please not stare at me like that," he said,
"It's just my foolish pride,
But sometimes a man must be alone
And this is no place to hide."

3. Well, Judas, he just winked and said,
"All right, I'll leave you here,
But you'd better hurry up and choose
Which of those bills you want,
Before they all disappear."
"I'm gonna start my pickin' right now,
Just tell me where you'll be."

4. Judas pointed down the road
And said, "Eternity!"
"Eternity?" said Frankie Lee,
With a voice as cold as ice.
"That's right," said Judas Priest, "Eternity,
Though you might call it 'Paradise.'"

5. "I don't call it anything,"
Said Frankie Lee with a smile.
"All right," said Judas Priest,
"I'll see you after a while."

6. Well, Frankie Lee, he sat back down,
Feelin' low and mean,
When just then a passing stranger
Burst upon the scene,
Saying, "Are you Frankie Lee, the gambler,
Whose father is deceased?
Well, if you are,
There's a fellow callin' you down the road
And they say his name is Priest."

7. "Oh, yes, he is my friend,"
Said Frankie Lee in fright,
"I do recall him very well,
In fact, he just left my sight."
"Yes, that's the one," said the stranger,
As quiet as a mouse,
"Well, my message is, he's down the road,
Stranded in a house."

8. Well, Frankie Lee, he panicked,
He dropped ev'rything and ran
Until he came up to the spot
Where Judas Priest did stand.
"What kind of house is this," he said,
"Where I have come to roam?"
"It's not a house," said Judas Priest,
"It's not a house . . . it's a home."

9. Well, Frankie Lee, he trembled,
He soon lost all control
Over ev'rything which he had made
While the mission bells did toll.
He just stood there staring
At that big house as bright as any sun,
With four and twenty windows
And a woman's face in ev'ry one.

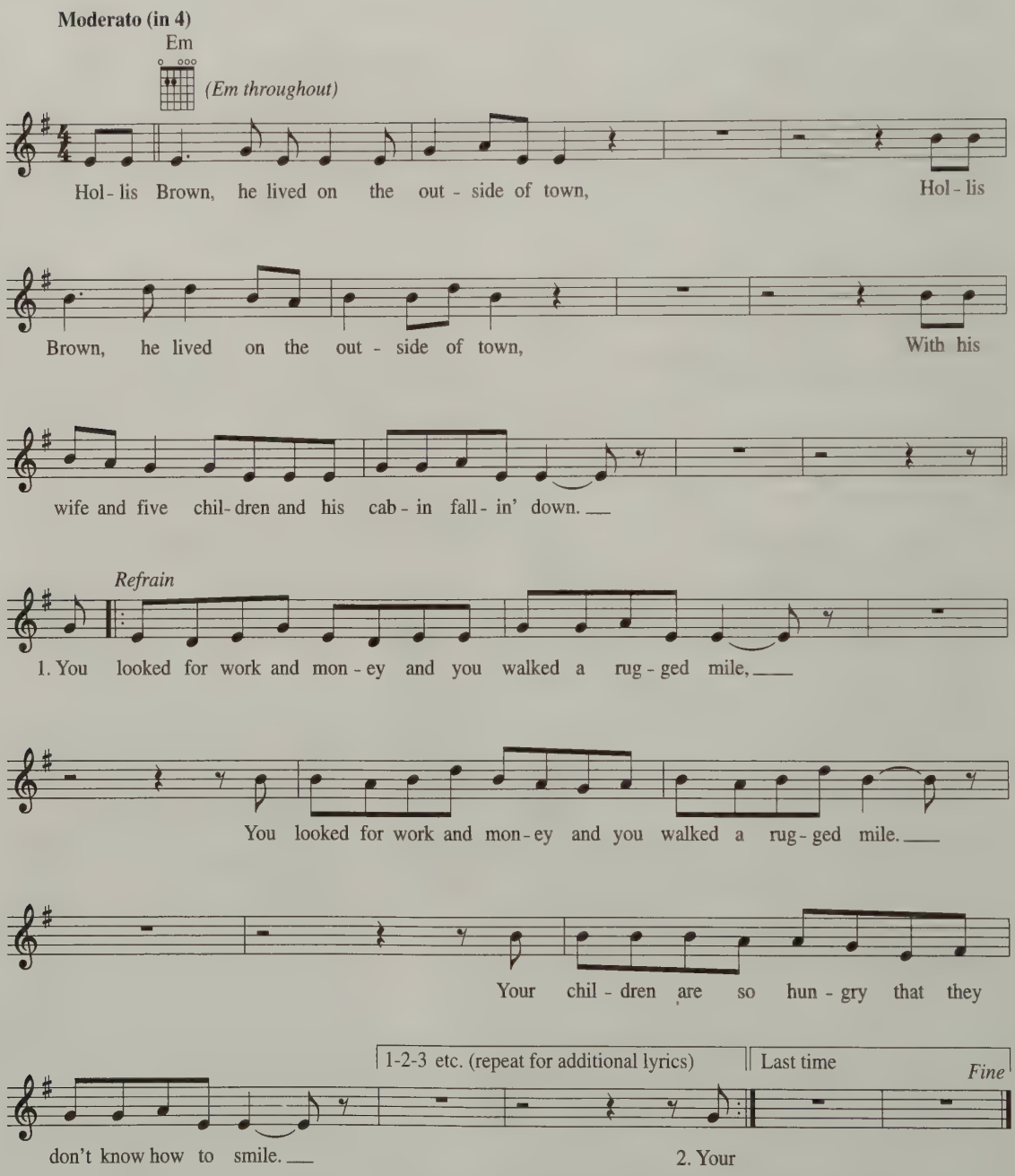
10. Well, up the stairs ran Frankie Lee
With a soulful, bounding leap,
And, foaming at the mouth,
He began to make his midnight creep.
For sixteen nights and days he raved,
But on the seventeenth he burst
Into the arms of Judas Priest,
Which is where he died of thirst.

11. No one tried to say a thing
When they took him out in jest,
Except, of course, the little neighbor boy
Who carried him to rest.
And he just walked along, alone,
With his guilt so well concealed,
And muttered underneath his breath,
"Nothing is revealed."

12. Well, the moral of the story,
The moral of this song,
Is simply that one should never be
Where one does not belong.
So when you see your neighbor carryin' somethin',
Help him with his load,
And don't go mistaking Paradise
For that home across the road.

Ballad of Hollis Brown

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato (in 4)
Em
(Em throughout)
Hol - lis Brown, he lived on the out - side of town,
Hol - lis
Brown, he lived on the out - side of town,
With his
wife and five chil - dren and his cab - in fall - in' down.
Refrain
1. You looked for work and mon - ey and you walked a rug - ged mile,
You looked for work and mon - ey and you walked a rug - ged mile.
Your chil - dren are so hun - gry that they
1-2-3 etc. (repeat for additional lyrics)
Last time
Fine
don't know how to smile.
2. Your

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Additional lyrics

2. Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
You walk the floor and wonder why
With every breath you breathe

3. The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
If there's anyone that knows
Is there anyone that cares?

4. You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
Your empty pockets tell yuh
That you ain't a-got no friend

5. Your babies are crying louder
It's pounding on your brain
Your babies are crying louder now
It's pounding on your brain
Your wife's screams are stabbin' you
Like the dirty drivin' rain

6. Your grass it is turning black
There's no water in your well
Your grass is turning black
There's no water in your well
You spent your last lone dollar
On seven shotgun shells

7. Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That's hangin' on the wall

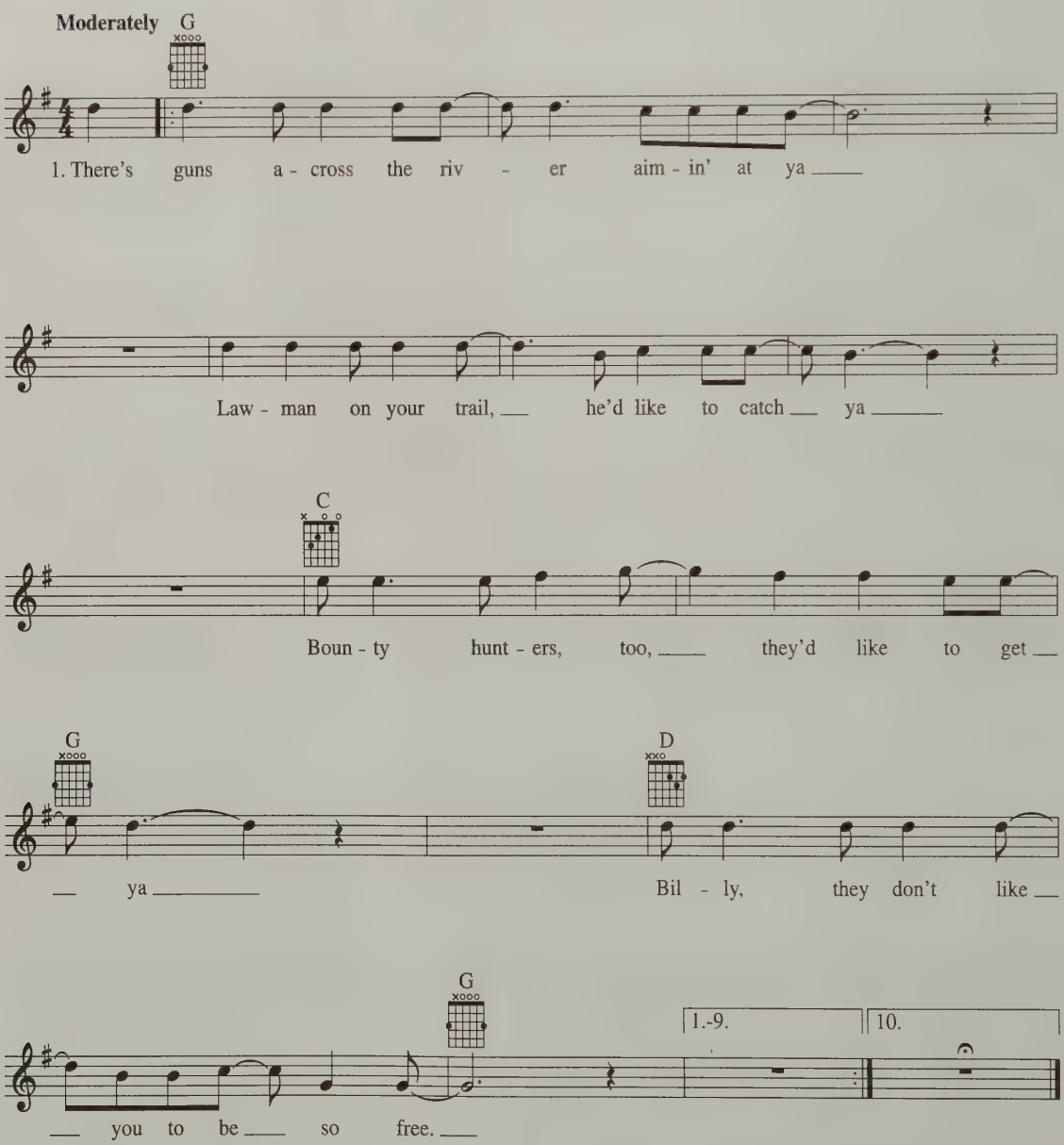
8. Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That you're holdin' in your hand

9. There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
Seven shots ring out
Like the ocean's pounding roar

10. There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
Somewhere in the distance
There's seven new people born

Billy

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
G
1. There's guns a - cross the riv - er aim - in' at ya
Law - man on your trail, he'd like to catch ya
C
Boun - ty hunt - ers, too, they'd like to get
G
D
ya
Bil - ly, they don't like
G
you to be so free.
1.-9.
10.

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Additional lyrics

2. Campin' out all night on the berenda
Dealin' cards 'til dawn in the hacienda
Up to Boot Hill they'd like to send ya
Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

3. Playin' around with some sweet señorita
Into her dark hallway she will lead ya
In some lonesome shadows she will greet ya
Billy, you're so far away from home.

4. There's eyes behind the mirrors in empty places
Bullet holes and scars between the spaces
There's always one more notch and ten more paces
Billy, and you're walkin' all alone.

5. They say that Pat Garrett's got your number
So sleep with one eye open when you slumber
Every little sound just might be thunder
Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

6. Guitars will play your grand finale
Down in some Tularosa alley,
Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley
Billy, you're so far away from home.

7. There's always some new stranger sneakin' glances
Some trigger-happy fool willin' to take chances
And some old whore from San Pedro to make advances
Advances on your spirit and your soul.

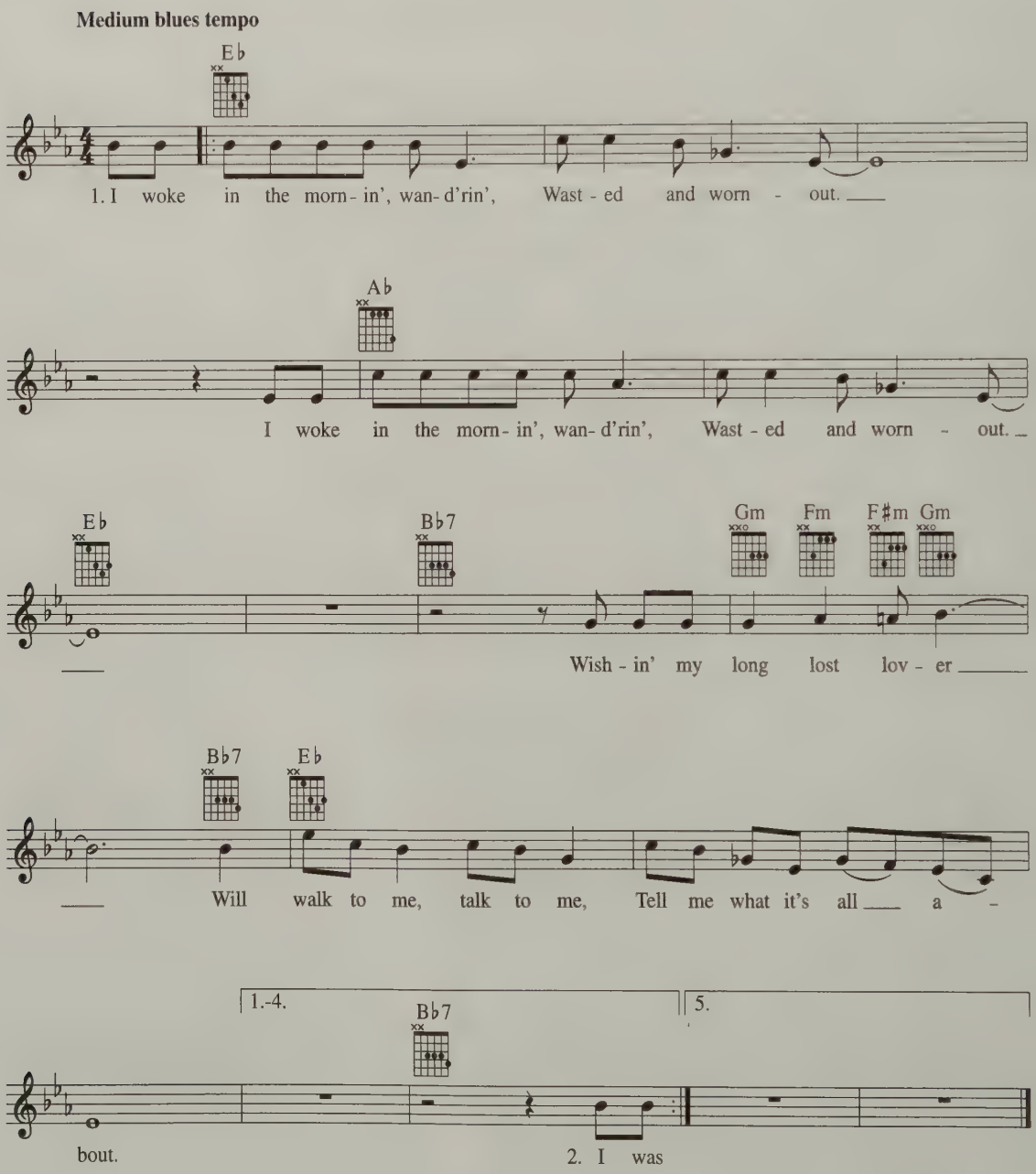
8. The businessmen from Taos want you to go down
They've hired Pat Garrett to force a showdown.
Billy, don't it make ya feel so low-down
To be shot down by the man who was your friend?

9. Hang on to your woman if you got one
Remember in El Paso, once, you shot one.
She may have been a whore, but she was a hot one
Billy, you been runnin' for so long.

10. Guitars will play your grand finale
Down in some Tularosa alley
Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley
Billy, you're so far away from home.

Black Crow Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. I was standin' at the side road
Listenin' to the billboard knock.
Standin' at the side road
Listenin' to the billboard knock.
Well, my wrist was empty
But my nerves were kickin',
Tickin' like a clock.

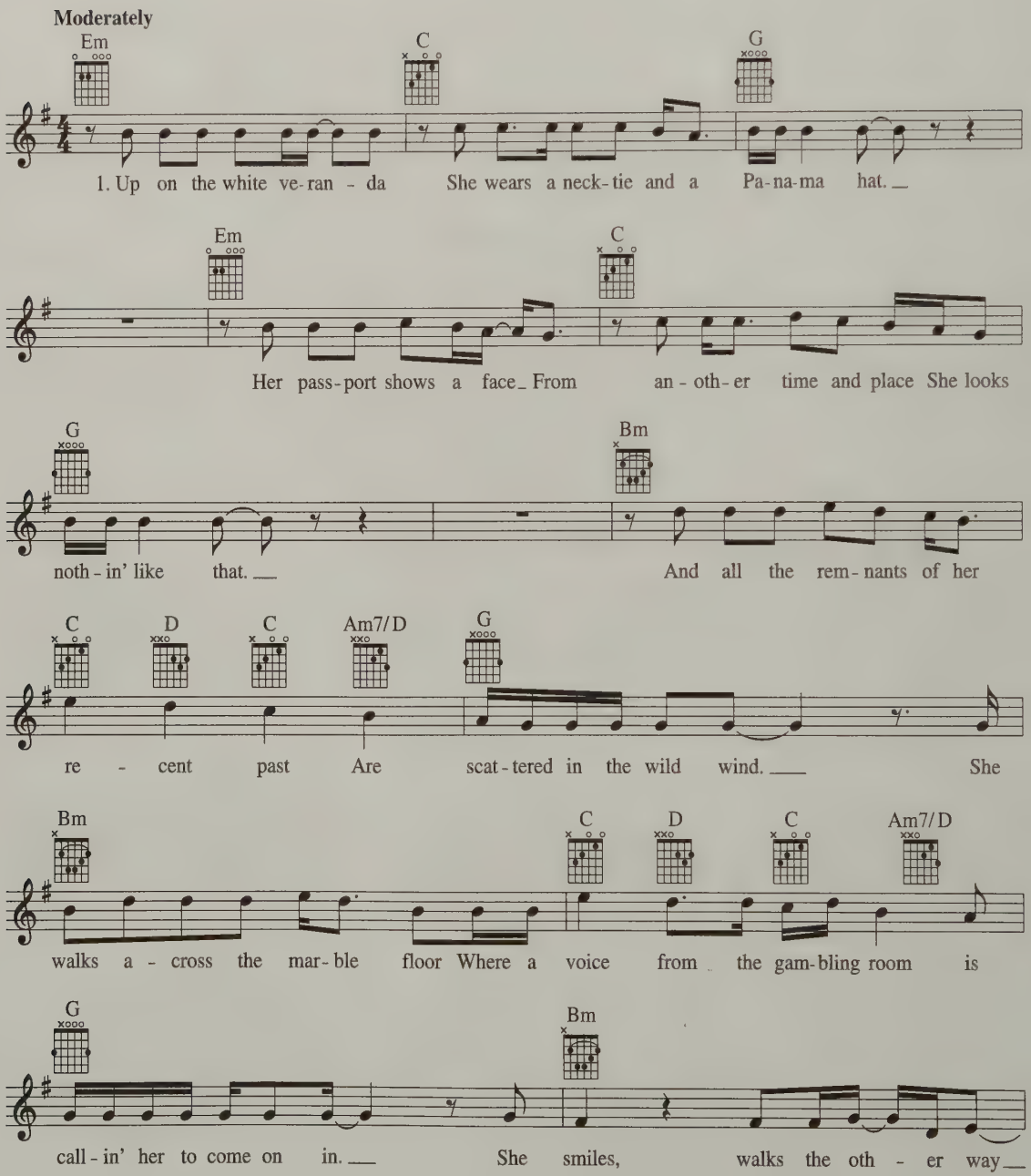
3. If I got anything you need, babe,
Let me tell you in front.
If I got anything you need, babe,
Let me tell you in front.
You can come to me sometime,
Night time, day time,
Any time you want.

4. Sometimes I'm thinkin' I'm
Too high to fall.
Sometimes I'm thinkin' I'm
Too high to fall.
Other times I'm thinkin' I'm
So low I don't know
If I can come up at all.

5. Black crows in the meadow
Across a broad highway.
Black crows in the meadow
Across a broad highway.
Though it's funny, honey,
I just don't feel much like a
Scarecrow today.

Black Diamond Bay

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy



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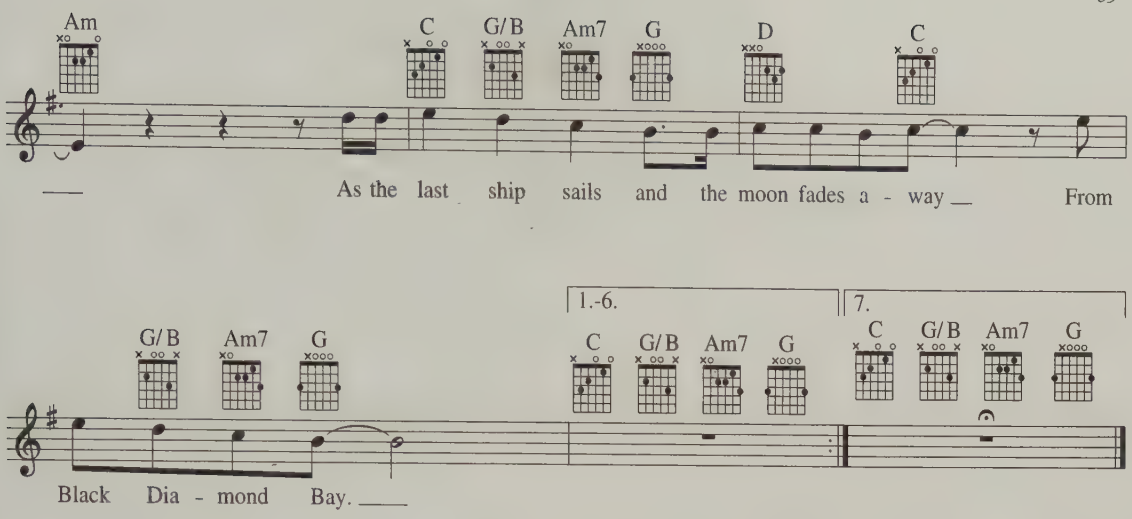


Additional lyrics

2. As the mornin' light breaks open, the Greek comes down
And he asks for a rope and a pen that will write.
"Pardon, monsieur," the desk clerk says,
Carefully removes his fez,
"Am I hearin' you right?"
And as the yellow fog is liftin'
The Greek is quickly headin' for the second floor.
She passes him on the spiral staircase
Thinkin' he's the Soviet Ambassador.
She starts to speak, but he walks away
As the storm clouds rise and the palm branches sway
On Black Diamond Bay.

3. A soldier sits beneath the fan
Doin' business with a tiny man who sells him a ring.
Lightning strikes, the lights blow out.
The desk clerk wakes and begins to shout,
"Can you see anything?"
Then the Greek appears on the second floor
In his bare feet with a rope around his neck,
While a loser in the gambling room lights up a candle,
Says, "Open up another deck."
But the dealer says, "Attendez-vous, s'il vous plait,"
As the rain beats down and the cranes fly away
From Black Diamond Bay.

4. The desk clerk heard the woman laugh
As he looked around the aftermath and the soldier got tough.
He tried to grab the woman's hand,
Said, "Here's a ring, it cost a grand."
She said, "That ain't enough."
Then she ran upstairs to pack her bags
While a horse-drawn taxi waited at the curb.
She passed the door that the Greek had locked,
Where a handwritten sign read, "Do Not Disturb."
She knocked upon it anyway
As the sun went down and the music did play
On Black Diamond Bay.

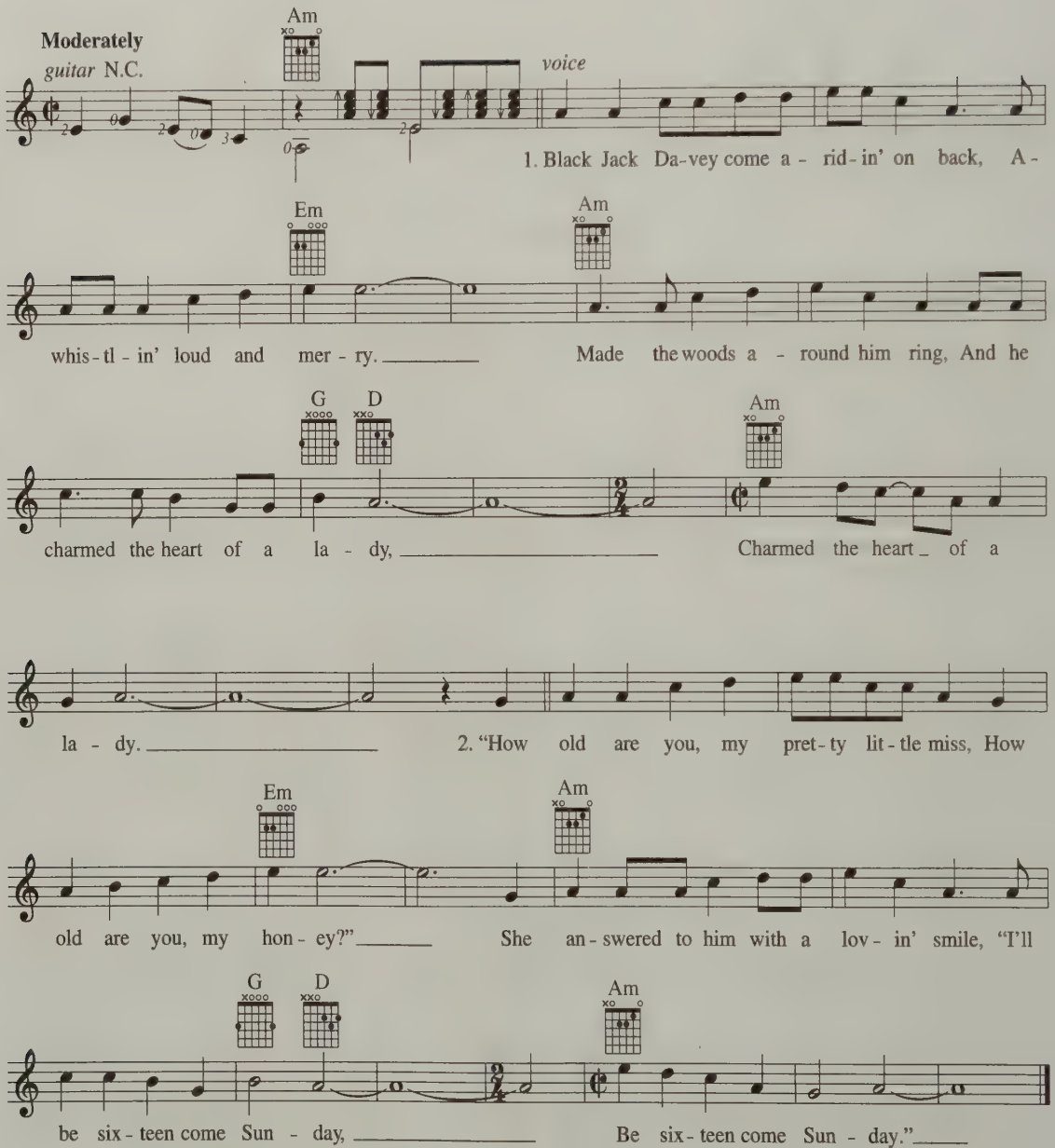
5. "I've got to talk to someone quick!"
But the Greek said, "Go away," and he kicked the chair to the floor.
He hung there from the chandelier.
She cried, "Help, there's danger near
Please open up the door!"
Then the volcano erupted
And the lava flowed down from the mountain high above.
The soldier and the tiny man were crouched in the corner
Thinking of forbidden love.
But the desk clerk said, "It happens every day,"
As the stars fell down and the fields burned away
On Black Diamond Bay.

6. As the island slowly sank
The loser finally broke the bank in the gambling room.
The dealer said, "It's too late now.
You can take your money, but I don't know how
You'll spend it in the tomb."
The tiny man bit the soldier's ear
As the floor caved in and the boiler in the basement blew,
While she's out on the balcony, where a stranger tells her,
"My darling, je vous aime beaucoup."
She sheds a tear and then begins to pray
As the fire burns on and the smoke drifts away
From Black Diamond Bay.

7. I was sittin' home alone one night in L.A.,
Watchin' old Cronkite on the seven o'clock news.
It seems there was an earthquake that
Left nothin' but a Panama hat
And a pair of old Greek shoes.
Didn't seem like much was happenin',
So I turned it off and went to grab another beer.
Seems like every time you turn around
There's another hard-luck story that you're gonna hear
And there's really nothin' anyone can say
And I never did plan to go anyway
To Black Diamond Bay.

Blackjack Davey

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
guitar N.C.
Am
voice
1. Black Jack Da-vey come a - rid-in' on back, A -
Em
Am
whis-tl - in' loud and mer - ry.
Made the woods a - round him ring, And he
G
D
Am
charmed the heart of a la - dy,
Charmed the heart of a
la - dy.
2. "How old are you, my pret-ty lit-tle miss, How
Em
Am
old are you, my hon - ey?"
She an-swered to him with a lov - in' smile, "I'll
G
D
Am
be six-teen come Sun - day,
Be six-teen come Sun - day."

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Additional lyrics

3. "Come and go with me, my pretty little miss,
Come and go with me, my honey.
Take you where the grass grows green,
You never will want for money,
You never will want for money.

4. "Pull off, pull off them high-heeled shoes
All made of Spanish leather.
Get behind me on my horse
And we'll ride off together,
We'll both go off together."

5. Well, she pulled off them high-heeled shoes
Made of Spanish leather.
Got behind him on his horse
And they rode off together,
They both rode off together.

6. At night the boss came home
Inquiring about this lady.
The servant spoke before she thought,
"She's been with Black Jack Davey,
Rode off with Black Jack Davey."

7. "Well, saddle for me my coal-black stud,
He's speedier than the gray.
I rode all day and I'll ride all night,
And I'll overtake my lady,
I'll bring back my lady."

8. Well, he rode all night 'til the broad daylight,
'Til he came to a river ragin',
And there he spied his darlin' bride
In the arms of Black Jack Davey,
Wrapped up with Black Jack Davey.

9. "Pull off, pull off them long blue gloves
All made of the finest leather.
Give to me your lily-white hand
And we'll both go home together,
We'll both go home together."

10. Well, she pulled off them long blue gloves
All made of the finest leather,
Gave to him her lily-white hand
And said good-bye forever,
Bid farewell forever.

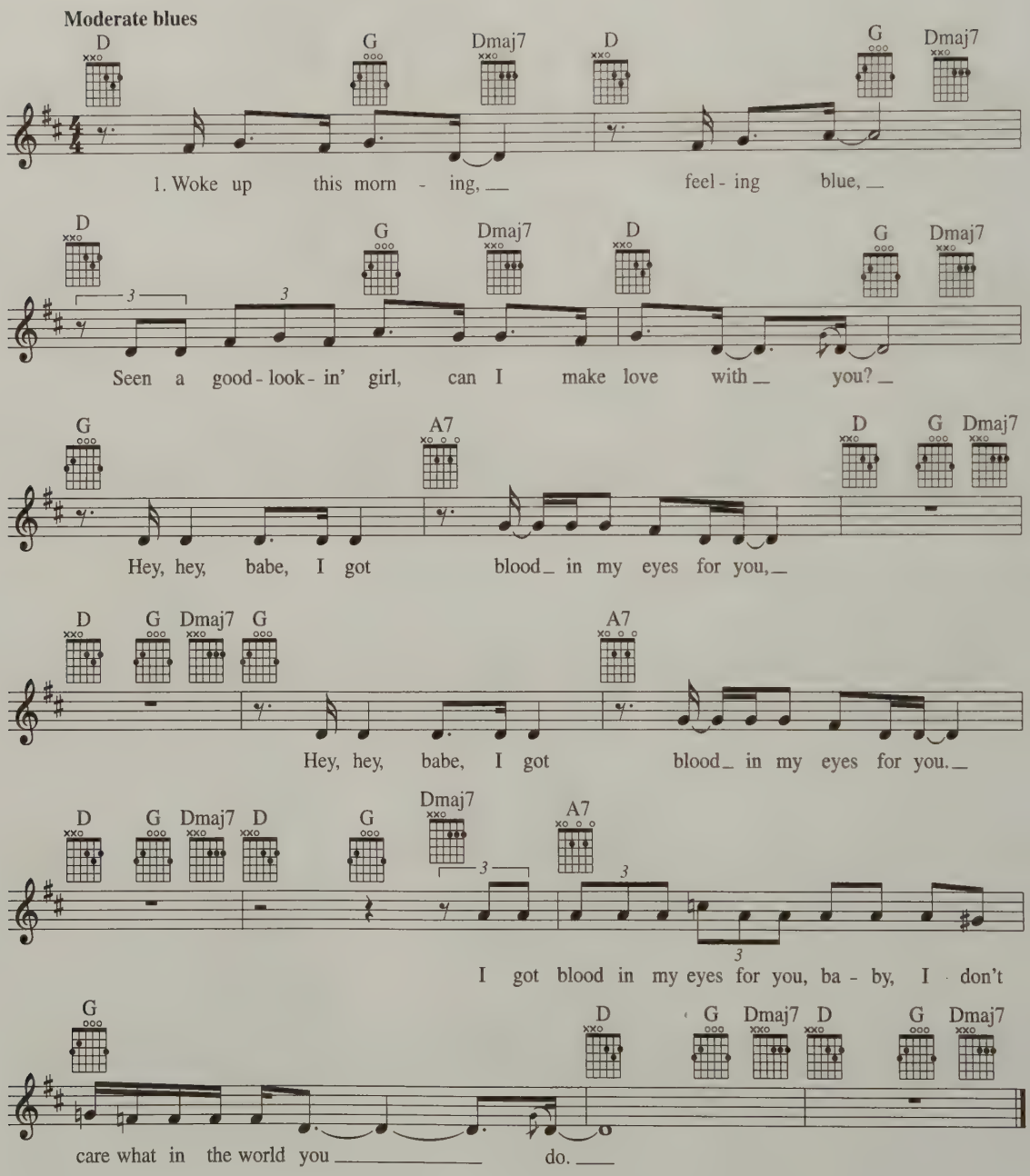
11. "Would you forsake your house and home,
Would you forsake your baby?
Would you forsake your husband, too,
To go with Black Jack Davey,
Ride off with Black Jack Davey?"

12. "Well, I'll forsake my house and home,
And I'll forsake my baby.
I'll forsake my husband, too,
For the love of Black Jack Davey,
Love my Black Jack Davey."

13. "Last night I slept in a feather bed
Between my husband and baby.
Tonight I lay on the river banks
In the arms of Black Jack Davey,
Love my Black Jack Davey."

Blood in My Eyes

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderate blues
D G Dmaj7 D G Dmaj7
1. Woke up this morn - ing, feel - ing blue,
D G Dmaj7 D G Dmaj7
Seen a good - look - in' girl, can I make love with you?
G A7 D G Dmaj7
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you,
D G Dmaj7 G A7
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
D G Dmaj7 D G Dmaj7 A7
I got blood in my eyes for you, ba - by, I don't
G D G Dmaj7 D G Dmaj7
care what in the world you do.

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Additional lyrics

2. I went back home, put on my tie,
Gonna get that girl that money will buy.
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you,
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
I got blood in my eyes for you, babe,
I don't care what in the world you do.

3. She looked at me, begin to smile,
Said, "Hey, hey, man, can't you wait a little while?"
No, no, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you,
No, no, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
Got blood in my eyes for you, babe,
I don't care what in the world you do.

Instrumental

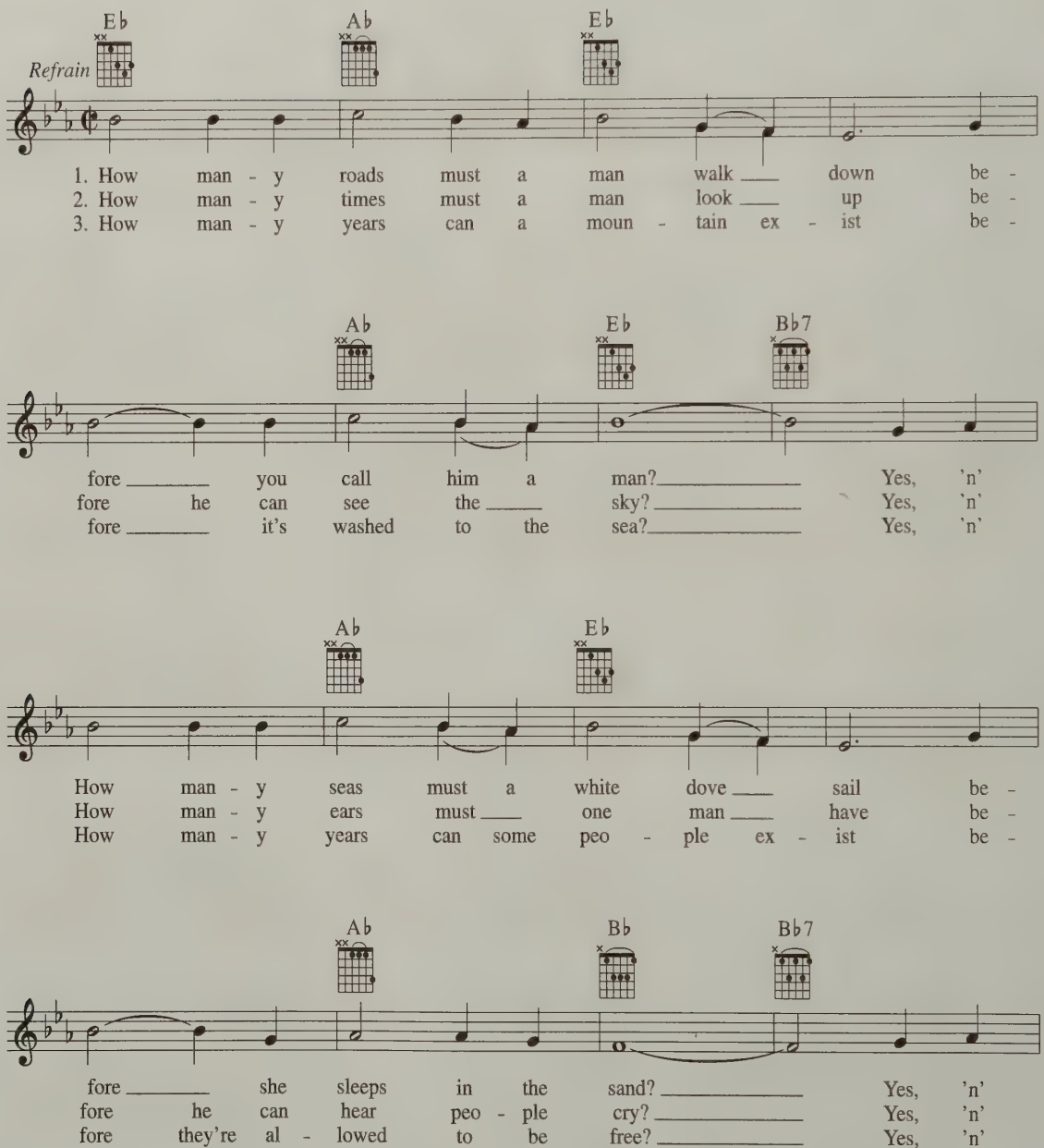
4. No, no, ma'ma, I can't wait,
You got my money, now you're trying to break this date.
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you,
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
I got blood in my eyes for you, babe,
I don't care what in the world you do.

5. I tell you something, tell you the facts,
You don't want me, give my money back.
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you,
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
I got blood in my eyes for you, babe,
I don't care what in the world you do.

Instrumental

Blowin' in the Wind

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Refrain
E♭
A♭
E♭
1. How man - y roads must a man walk ___ down be -
2. How man - y times must a man look ___ up be -
3. How man - y years can a moun - tain ex - ist be -
A♭
E♭
B♭7
fore ___ you call him a man? ___ Yes, 'n'
fore he can see the ___ sky? ___ Yes, 'n'
fore ___ it's washed to the sea? ___ Yes, 'n'
A♭
E♭
How man - y seas must a white dove ___ sail be -
How man - y ears must ___ one man ___ have be -
How man - y years can some peo - ple ex - ist be -
A♭
B♭
B♭7
fore ___ she sleeps in the sand? ___ Yes, 'n'
fore he can hear peo - ple cry? ___ Yes, 'n'
fore they're al - lowed to be free? ___ Yes, 'n'

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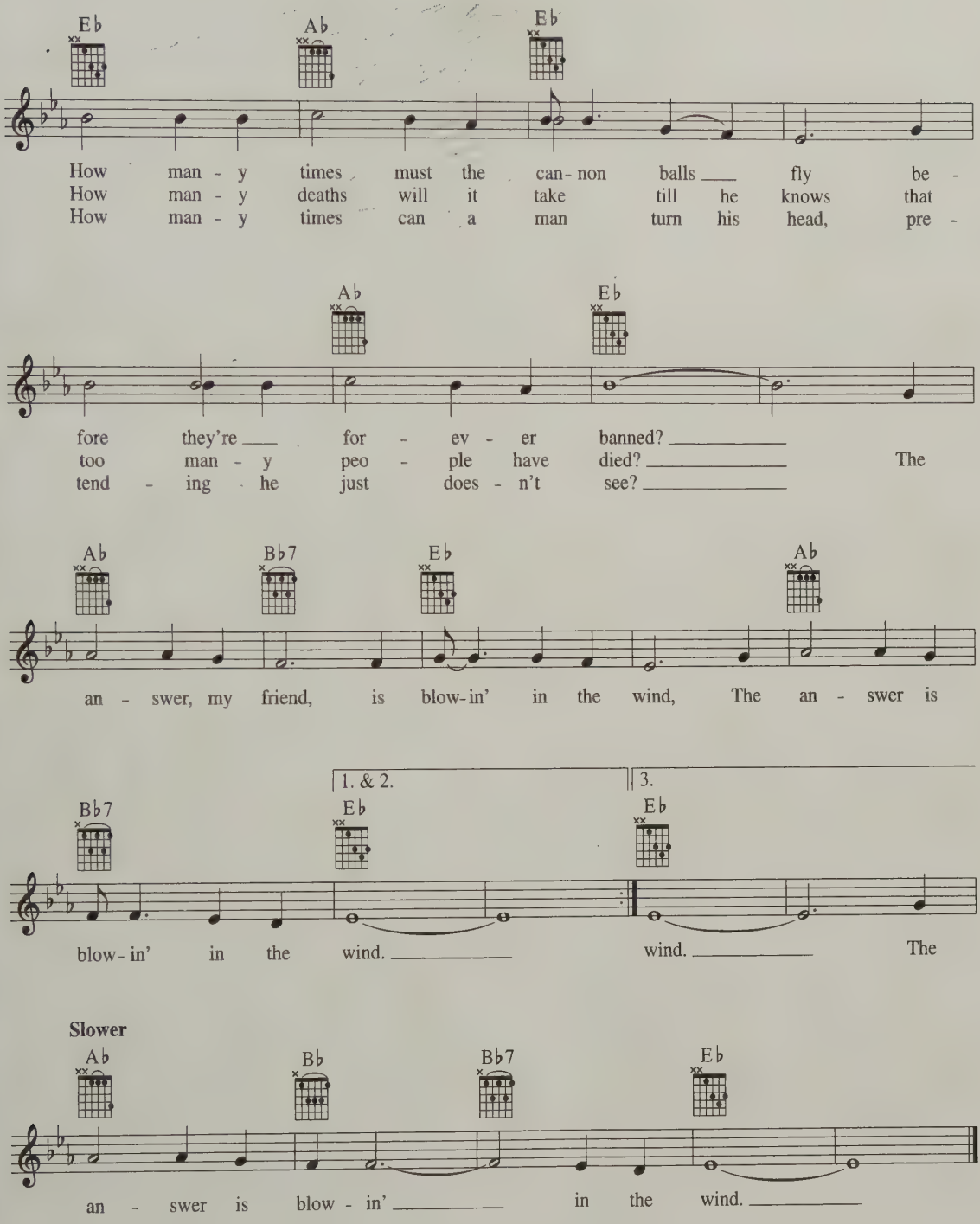
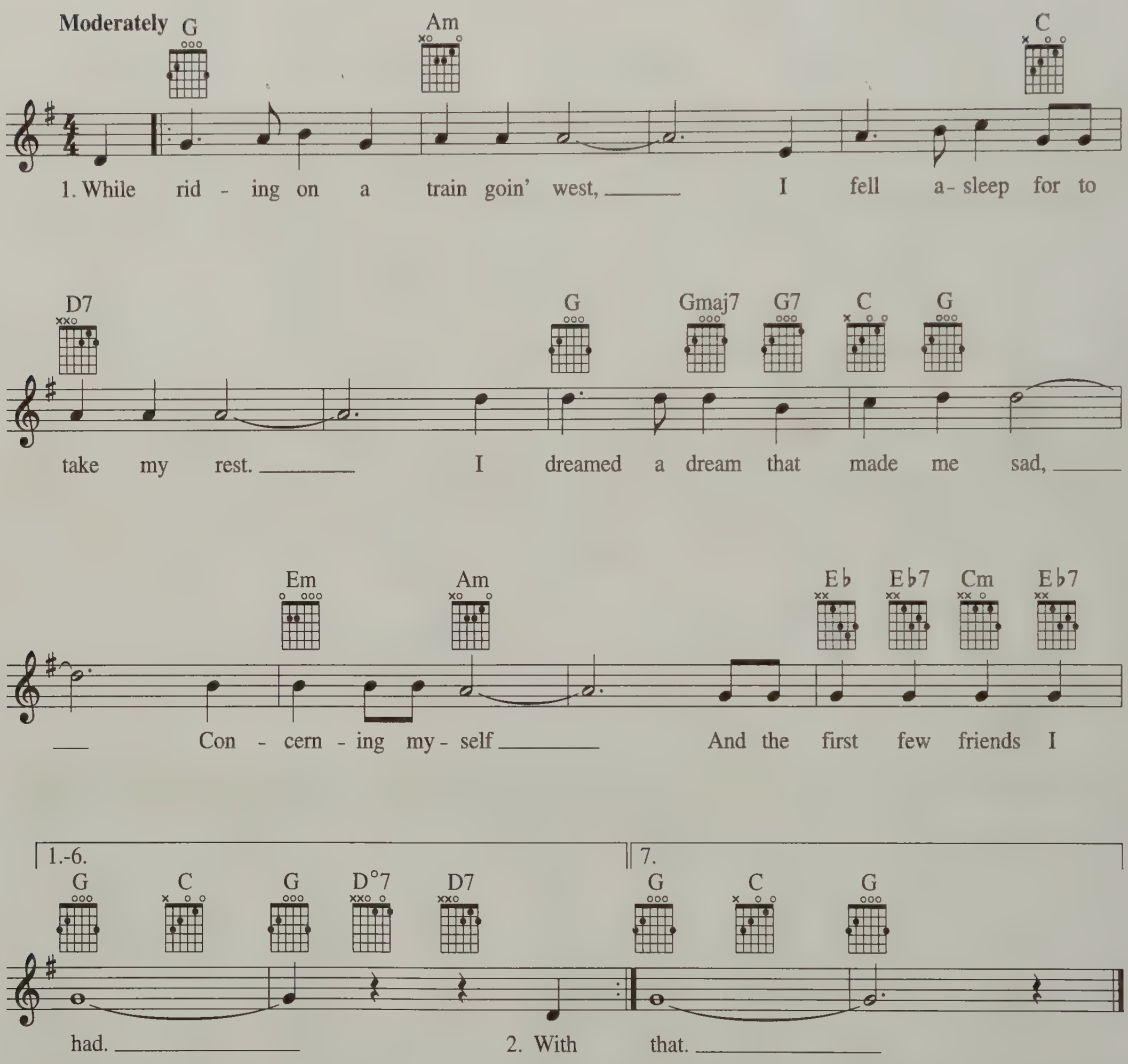

E♭
A♭
E♭
How man - y times must the can - non balls ___ fly be -
How man - y deaths will it take till he knows that
How man - y times can a man turn his head, pre -
A♭
E♭
fore they're ___ for - ev - er banned? ___
too man - y peo - ple have died? ___ The
tend - ing he just does - n't see? ___
A♭
B♭7
E♭
A♭
an - swer, my friend, is blow-in' in the wind, The an - swer is
1. & 2.
3.
B♭7
E♭
E♭
blow - in' in the wind. ___ wind. ___ The
Slower
A♭
B♭
B♭7
E♭
an - swer is blow - in' ___ in the wind. ___

Bob Dylan's Dream

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. With half-damp eyes I stared to the room
   Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,
   Where we together weathered many a storm,
   Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of the morn.

3. By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung,
   Our words were told, our songs were sung,
   Where we longed for nothin' and were quite satisfied
   Talkin' and a-jokin' about the world outside.

4. With haunted hearts through the heat and cold,
   We never thought we could ever get old.
   We thought we could sit forever in fun
   But our chances really was a million to one.

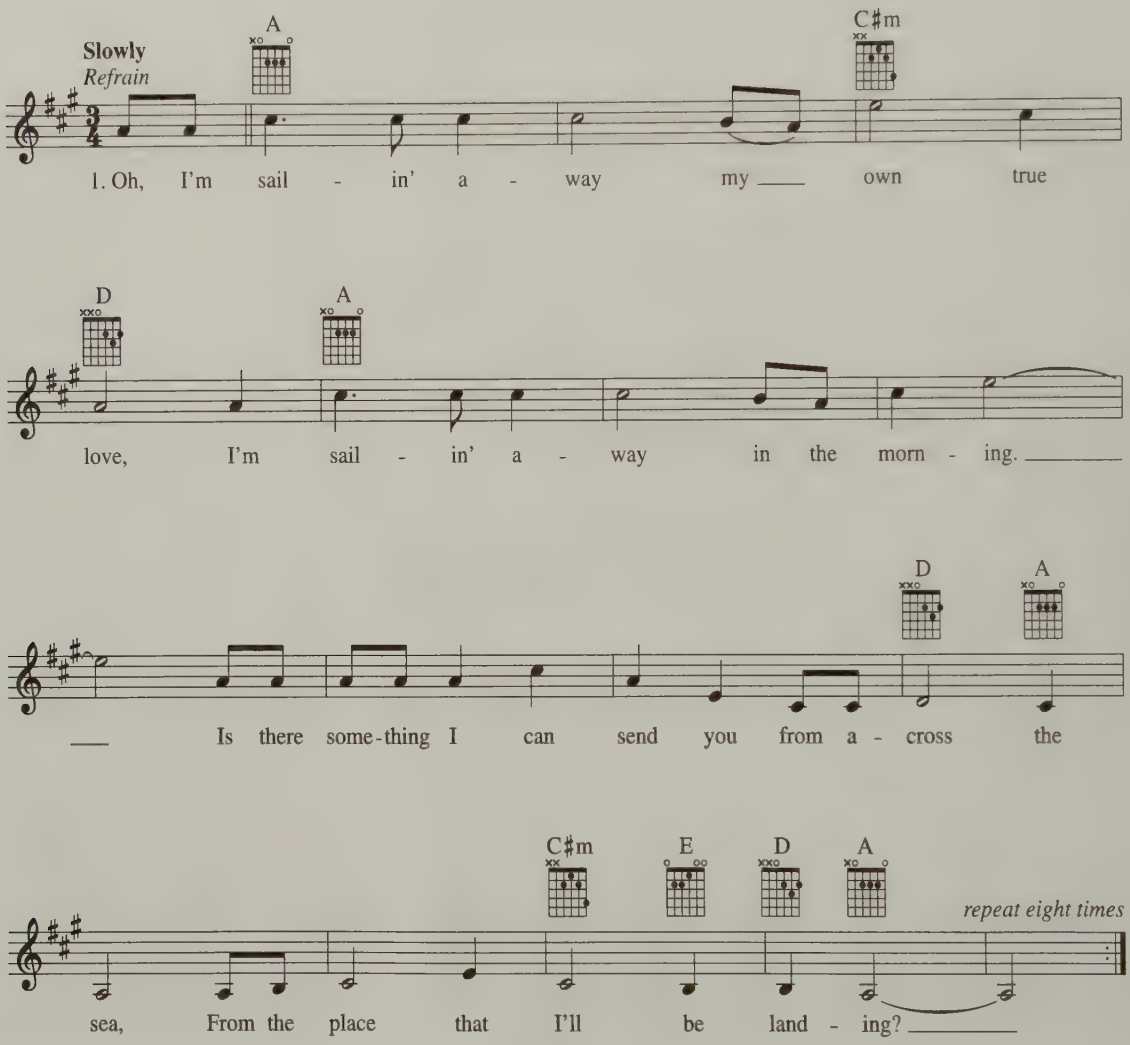
5. As easy it was to tell black from white,
   It was all that easy to tell wrong from right.
   And our choices were few and the thought never hit
   That the one road we traveled would ever shatter and split.

6. How many a year has passed and gone,
   And many a gamble has been lost and won,
   And many a road taken by many a friend,
   And each one I've never seen again.

7. I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
   That we could sit simply in that room again,
   Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat,
   I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

Boots of Spanish Leather

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. No, there's nothin' you can send me, my own true love,
   There's nothin' I wish to be ownin'.
   Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled,
   From across that lonesome ocean.

3. Oh, but I just thought you might want something fine
   Made of silver or of golden,
   Either from the mountains of Madrid
   Or from the coast of Barcelona.

4. Oh, but if I had the stars from the darkest night
   And the diamonds from the deepest ocean,
   I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss,
   For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'.

5. That I might be gone a long time
   And it's only that I'm askin',
   Is there something I can send you to remember me by,
   To make your time more easy passin'.

6. Oh, how can, how can you ask me again,
   It only brings me sorrow.
   The same thing I want from you today,
   I would want again tomorrow.

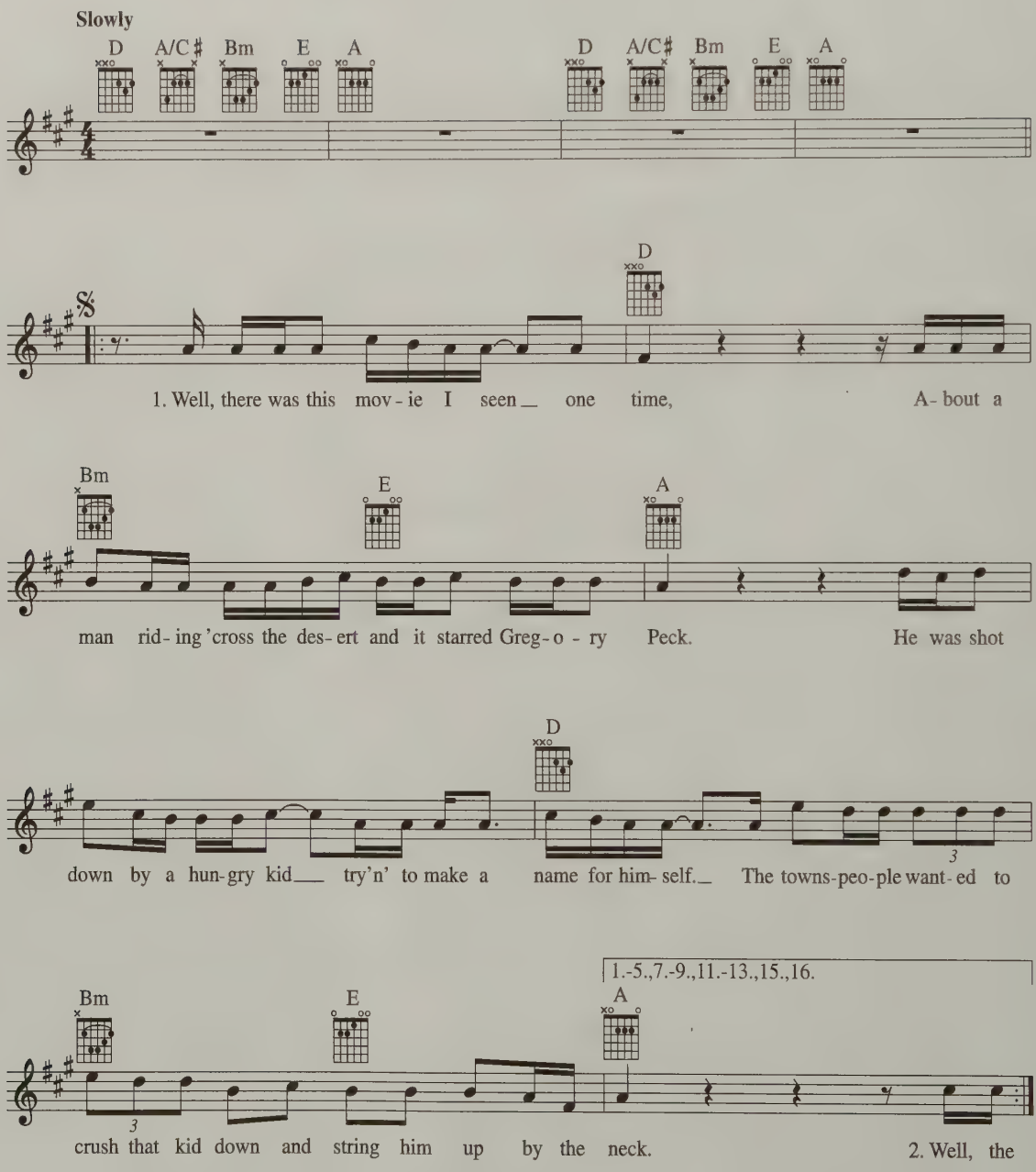
7. I got a letter on a lonesome day,
   It was from her ship a-sailin',
   Saying I don't know when I'll be comin' back again,
   It depends on how I'm a-feelin'.

8. Well, if you, my love, must think that-a-way,
   I'm sure your mind is roamin'.
   I'm sure your heart is not with me,
   But with the country to where you're goin'.

9. So take heed, take heed of the western wind,
   Take heed of the stormy weather.
   And yes, there's something you can send back to me,
   Spanish boots of Spanish leather.

Brownsville Girl

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Sam Shepard


Slowly
D A/C♯ Bm E A
D A/C♯ Bm E A
𝄋
D
1. Well, there was this mov - ie I seen one time, A - bout a
Bm E A
man rid - ing 'cross the des - ert and it starred Greg - o - ry Peck. He was shot
D
down by a hun - gry kid try'n' to make a name for him - self. The towns - peo - ple want - ed to
3
1.-5.,7.-9.,11.-13.,15.,16.
Bm E A
3
crush that kid down and string him up by the neck. 2. Well, the

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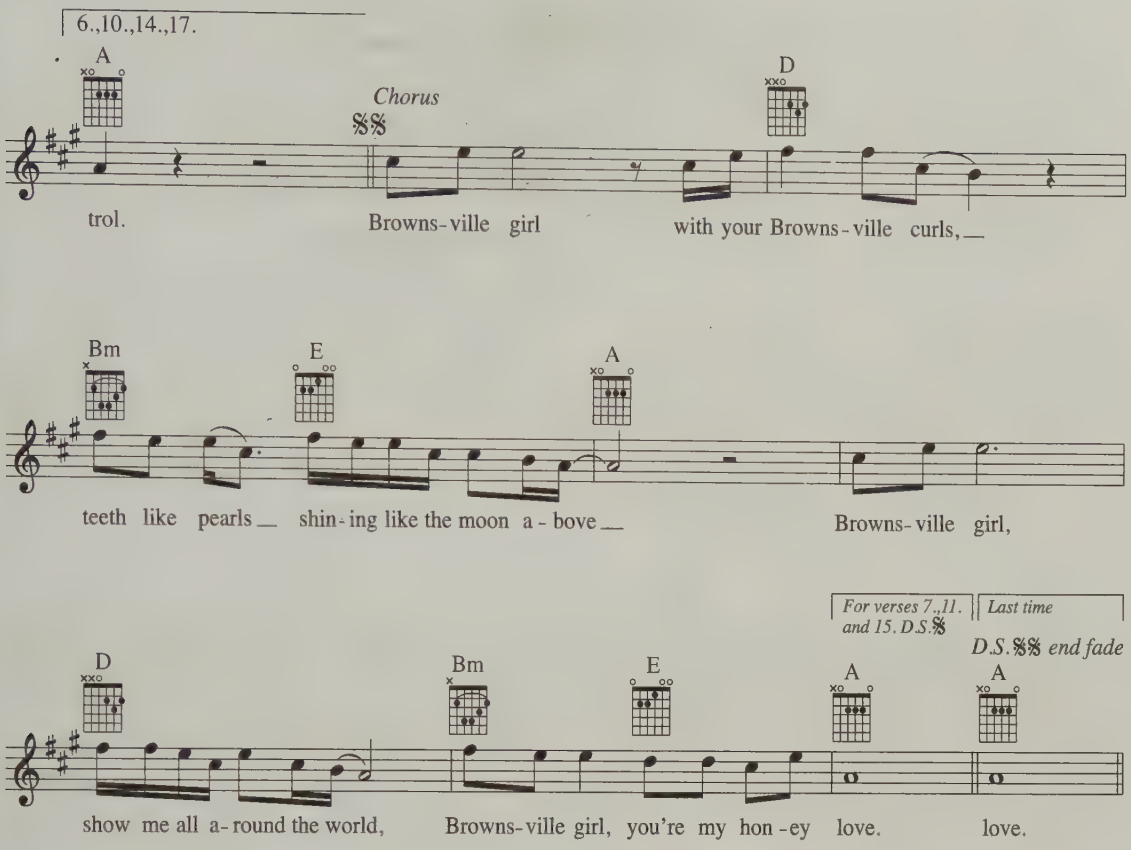


Additional lyrics

2. Well, the marshal, now he beat that kid to a bloody pulp
As the dying gunfighter lay in the sun and gasped for his last breath.
Turn him loose, let him go, let him say he outdrew me fair and square,
I want him to feel what it's like to every moment face his death.

3. Well, I keep seeing this stuff and it just comes a-rolling in
And you know it blows right through me like a ball and chain.
You know I can't believe we've lived so long and are still so far apart.
The memory of you keeps callin' after me like a rollin' train.

4. I can still see the day that you came to me on the painted desert
In your busted down Ford and your platform heels
I could never figure out why you chose that particular place to meet
Ah, but you were right. It was perfect as I got in behind the wheel.

5. Well, we drove that car all night into San Anton'
And we slept near the Alamo, your skin was so tender and soft.
Way down in Mexico you went out to find a doctor and you never came back.
I would have gone on after you but I didn't feel like letting my head get blown off.

6. Well, we're drivin' this car and the sun is comin' up over the Rockies,
Now I know she ain't you but she's here and she's got that dark rhythm in her soul.
But I'm too over the edge and I ain't in the mood anymore to remember the times when I was your only man
And she don't want to remind me. She knows this car would go out of control.

Chorus

7. Well, we crossed the panhandle and then we headed towards Amarillo
We pulled up where Henry Porter used to live. He owned a wreckin' lot outside of town about a mile.
Ruby was in the backyard hanging clothes, she had her red hair tied back.
She saw us come rolling up in a trail of dust.
She said, "Henry ain't here but you can come on in, he'll be back in a little while."

8. Then she told us how times were tough and about how she was thinkin' of bummin' a ride back to where she started.
But ya know, she changed the subject every time money came up.
She said, "Welcome to the land of the living dead." You could tell she was so broken hearted.
She said, "Even the swap meets around here are getting pretty corrupt."

9. "How far are y'all going?" Ruby asked us with a sigh.
"We're going all the way 'til the wheels fall off and burn,
'Til the sun peels the paint and the seat covers fade and the water moccasin dies."
Ruby just smiled and said, "Ah, you know some babies never learn."

10. Something about that movie though, well I just can't get it out of my head
But I can't remember why I was in it or what part I was supposed to play.
All I remember about it was Gregory Peck and the way people moved
And a lot of them seemed to be lookin' my way.

Chorus

11. Well, they were looking for somebody with a pompadour.
I was crossin' the street when shots rang out.
I didn't know whether to duck or to run, so I ran.
"We got him cornered in the churchyard," I heard somebody shout.

12. Well, you saw my picture in the Corpus Christi Tribune. Underneath it, it said, "A man with no alibi."
You went out on a limb to testify for me, you said I was with you.
Then when I saw you break down in front of the judge and cry real tears,
It was the best acting I saw anybody do.

13. Now I've always been the kind of person that doesn't like to trespass but sometimes you just find yourself over the line.
Oh if there's an original thought out there, I could use it right now.
You know, I feel pretty good, but that ain't sayin' much. I could feel a whole lot better,
If you were just here by my side to show me how.

14. Well, I'm standin' in line in the rain to see a movie starring Gregory Peck,
Yeah, but you know it's not the one that I had in mind.
He's got a new one out now, I don't even know what it's about
But I'll see him in anything so I'll stand in line.

Chorus

15. You know, it's funny how things never turn out the way you had 'em planned.
The only thing we knew for sure about Henry Porter is that his name wasn't Henry Porter.
And you know there was somethin' about you baby that I liked that was always too good for this world
Just like you always said there was somethin' about me you liked that I left behind in the French Quarter.

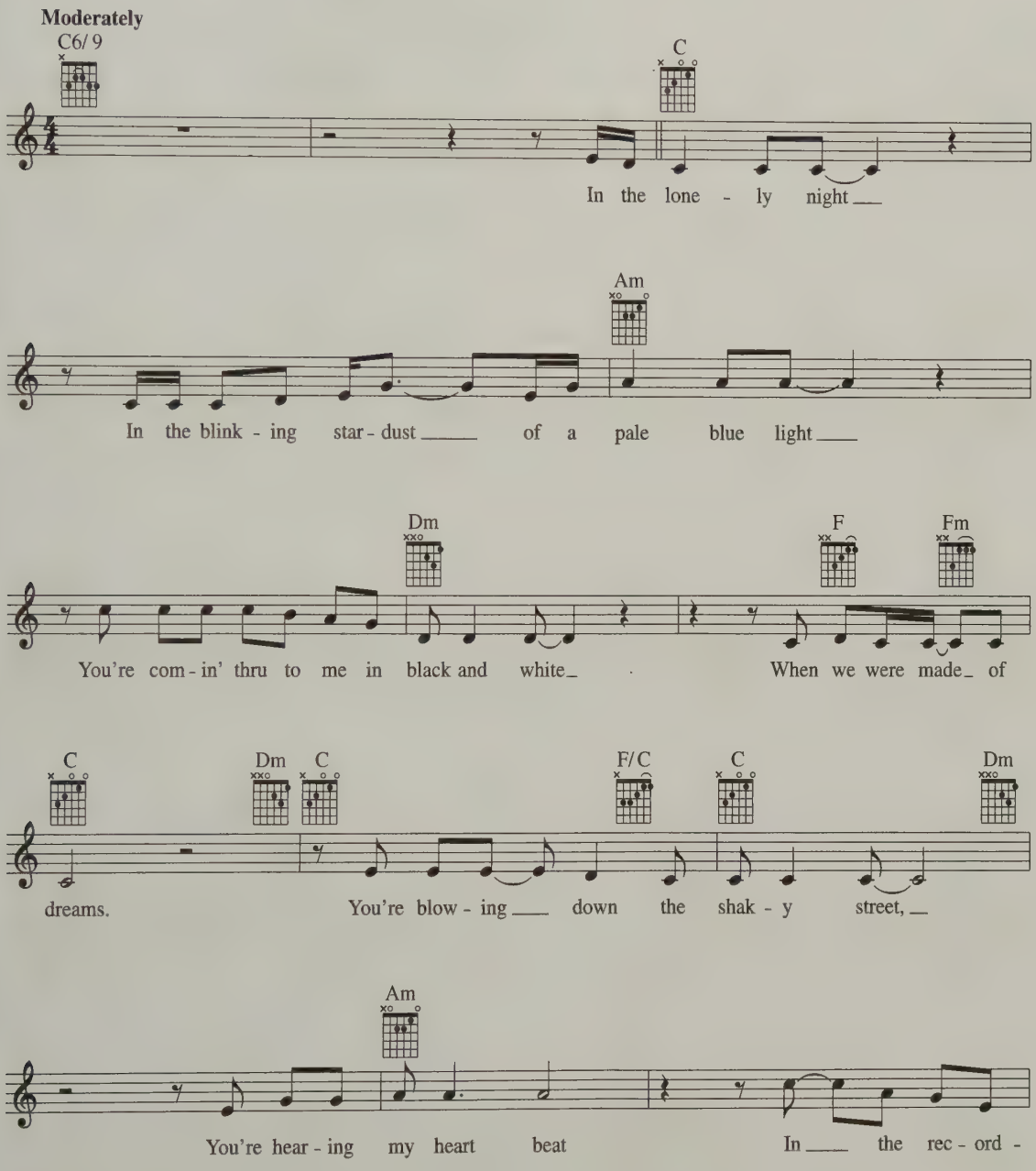
16. Strange how people who suffer together have stronger connections than people who are most content.
I don't have any regrets, they can talk about me plenty when I'm gone.
You always said people don't do what they believe in, they just do what's most convenient, then they repent.
And I always said, "Hang on to me, baby, and let's hope that the roof stays on."

17. There was a movie I seen one time, I think I sat through it twice.
I don't remember who I was or where I was bound.
All I remember about it was it starred Gregory Peck, he wore a gun and he was shot in the back.
Seems like a long time ago, long before the stars were torn down.

Chorus

Born in Time

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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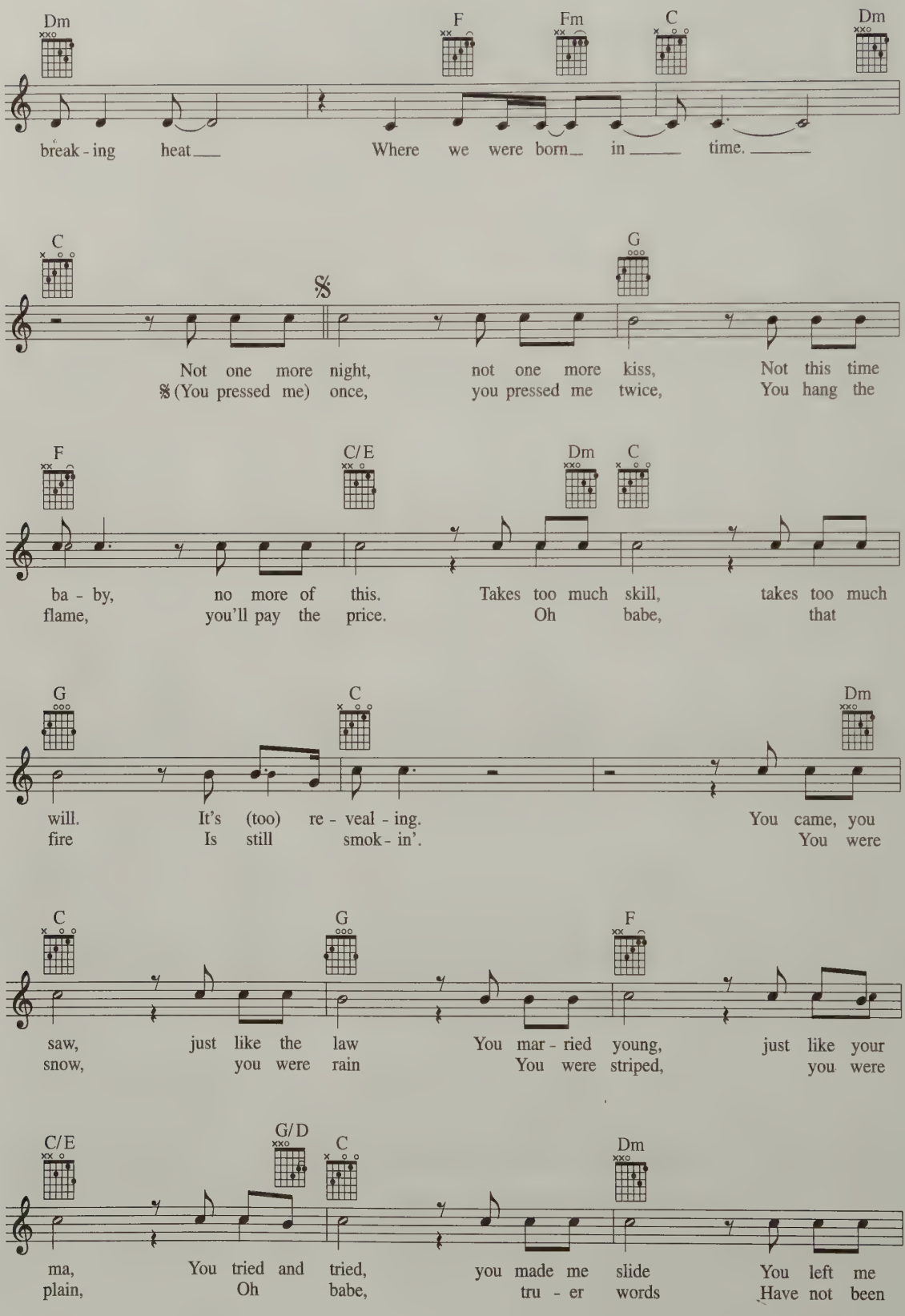
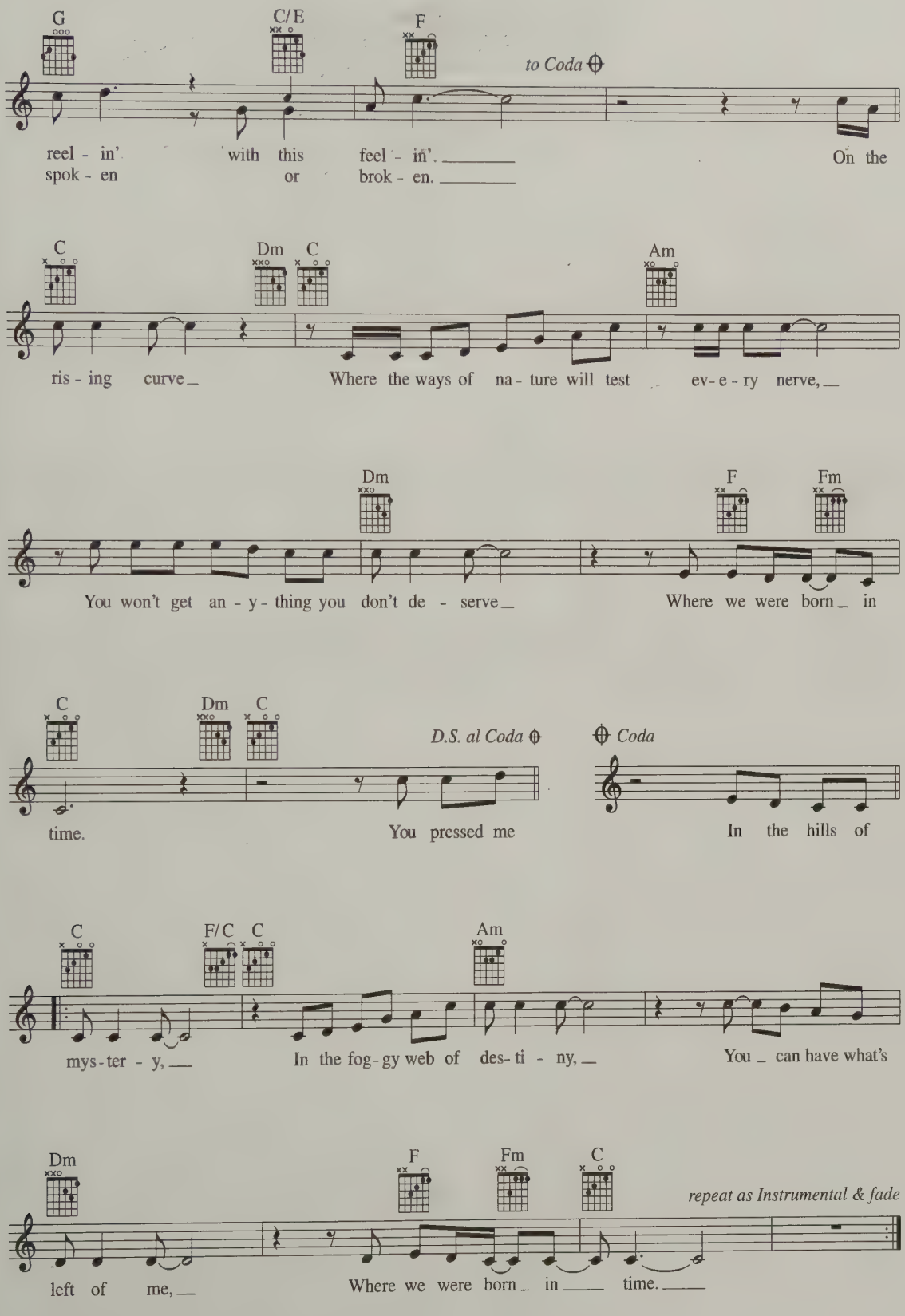
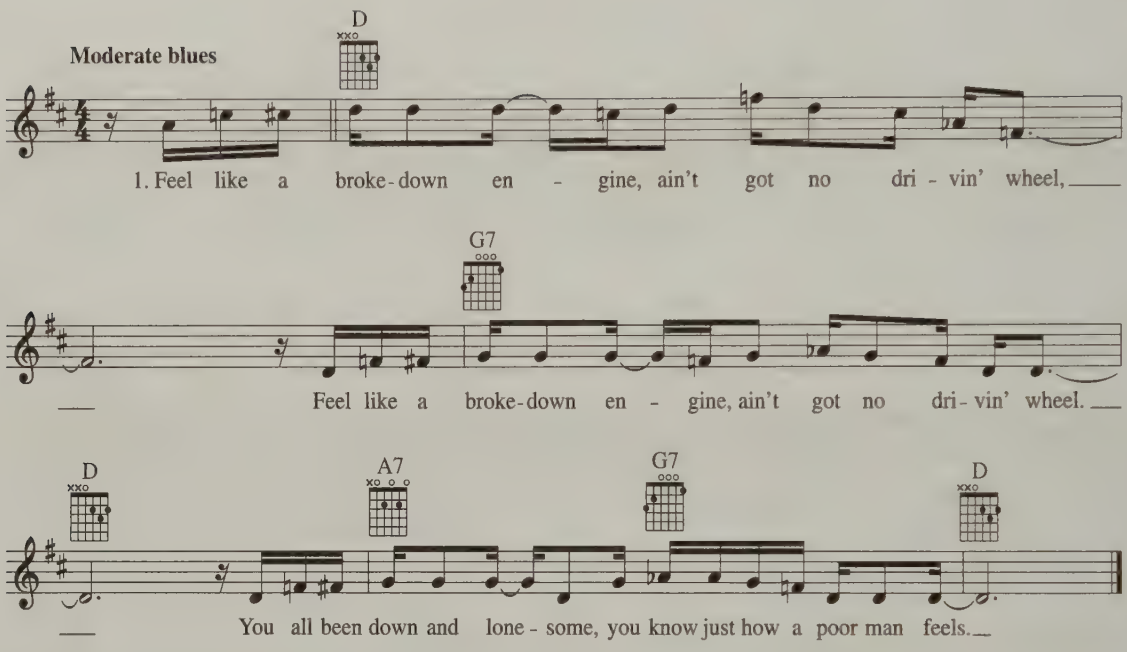

Dm F Fm C Dm
break - ing heat Where we were born in time.
C G
𝄋
Not one more night, not one more kiss, Not this time
𝄋 (You pressed me) once, you pressed me twice, You hang the
F C/E Dm C
ba - by, no more of this. Takes too much skill, takes too much
flame, you'll pay the price. Oh babe, that
G C Dm
will. It's (too) re - veal - ing. You came, you
fire Is still smok - in'. You were
C G F
saw, just like the law You mar - ried young, just like your
snow, you were rain You were striped, you were
C/E G/D C Dm
ma, You tried and tried, you made me slide You left me
plain, Oh babe, tru - er words Have not been


G
C/E
F
to Coda
reel - in' with this feel - in'.
spok - en or brok - en.
On the
C
Dm
C
Am
ris - ing curve
Where the ways of na - ture will test ev - e - ry nerve,
Dm
F
Fm
You won't get an - y - thing you don't de - serve
Where we were born in
C
Dm
C
D.S. al Coda
Coda
time.
You pressed me
In the hills of
C
F/C
C
Am
mys - ter - y,
In the fog - gy web of des - ti - ny,
You can have what's
Dm
F
Fm
C
repeat as Instrumental & fade
left of me,
Where we were born in time.

Broke Down Engine

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderate blues
D
1. Feel like a broke-down en - gine, ain't got no dri - vin' wheel,
G7
Feel like a broke-down en - gine, ain't got no dri - vin' wheel.
D
A7
G7
D
You all been down and lone - some, you know just how a poor man feels.

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Additional lyrics

2. Been shooting craps and gambling, momma, and I done got broke,
   Been shooting craps and gambling, momma, and I done got broke.
   I done pawned my pistol, baby, my best clothes been sold.

   Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy,
   Lordy, Lord.

3. I went down in my praying ground, fell on my bended knees,
   I went down in my praying ground, fell on my bended knees.
   I ain't cryin' for no religion, Lord, give me back my good gal please.

4. If you give me back my baby, I won't worry you no more,
   Give me back my baby, I won't worry you no more.
   Don't have to put her in my house, Lordy, just lead her to my door.

   Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy,
   Lordy, Lord.

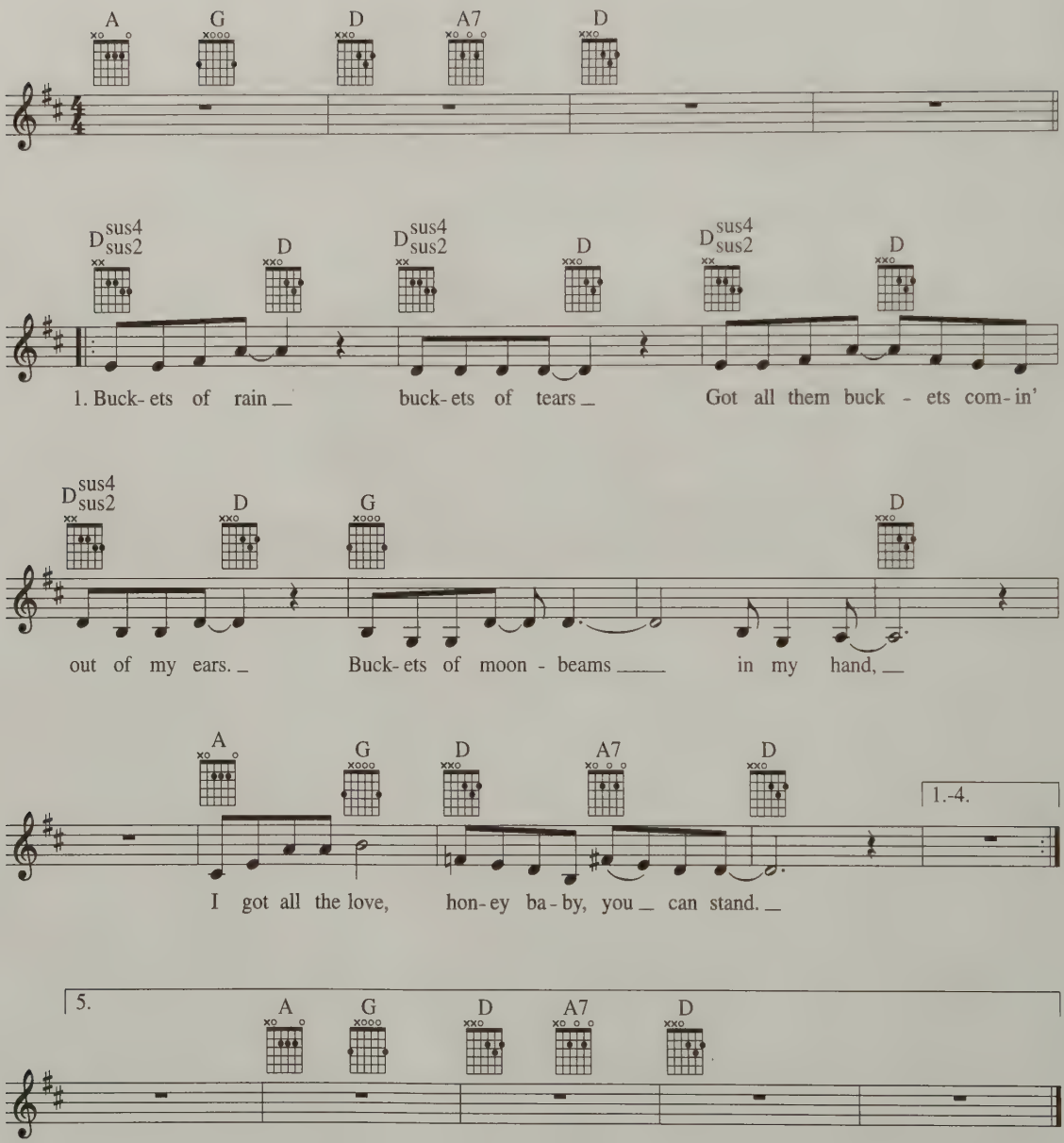
5. Can't you hear me, baby, rappin' on your door?
   Can't you hear me, baby, rappin' on your door?
   Now you hear me tappin', tappin' across your floor.

6. Feel like a broke-down engine, ain't got no drive at all,
   Feel like a broke-down engine, ain't got no drive at all.
   What make me love my woman, she can really do the Georgia Crawl.

7. Feel like a broke-down engine, ain't got no whistle or bell,
   Feel like a broke-down engine, ain't got no whistle or bell.
   If you're a real hot momma, come take away Daddy's weeping spell.

Buckets of Rain

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


A G D A7 D
Dsus4 sus2 D Dsus4 sus2 D Dsus4 sus2 D
1. Buck- ets of rain buck- ets of tears Got all them buck - ets com- in'
Dsus4 sus2 D G D
out of my ears. Buck- ets of moon - beams in my hand,
A G D A7 D
1.-4.
I got all the love, hon- ey ba- by, you can stand.
5.
A G D A7 D

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Additional lyrics

2. I been meek
   And hard like an oak
   I seen pretty people disappear like smoke.
   Friends will arrive, friends will disappear,
   If you want me, honey baby,
   I'll be here.

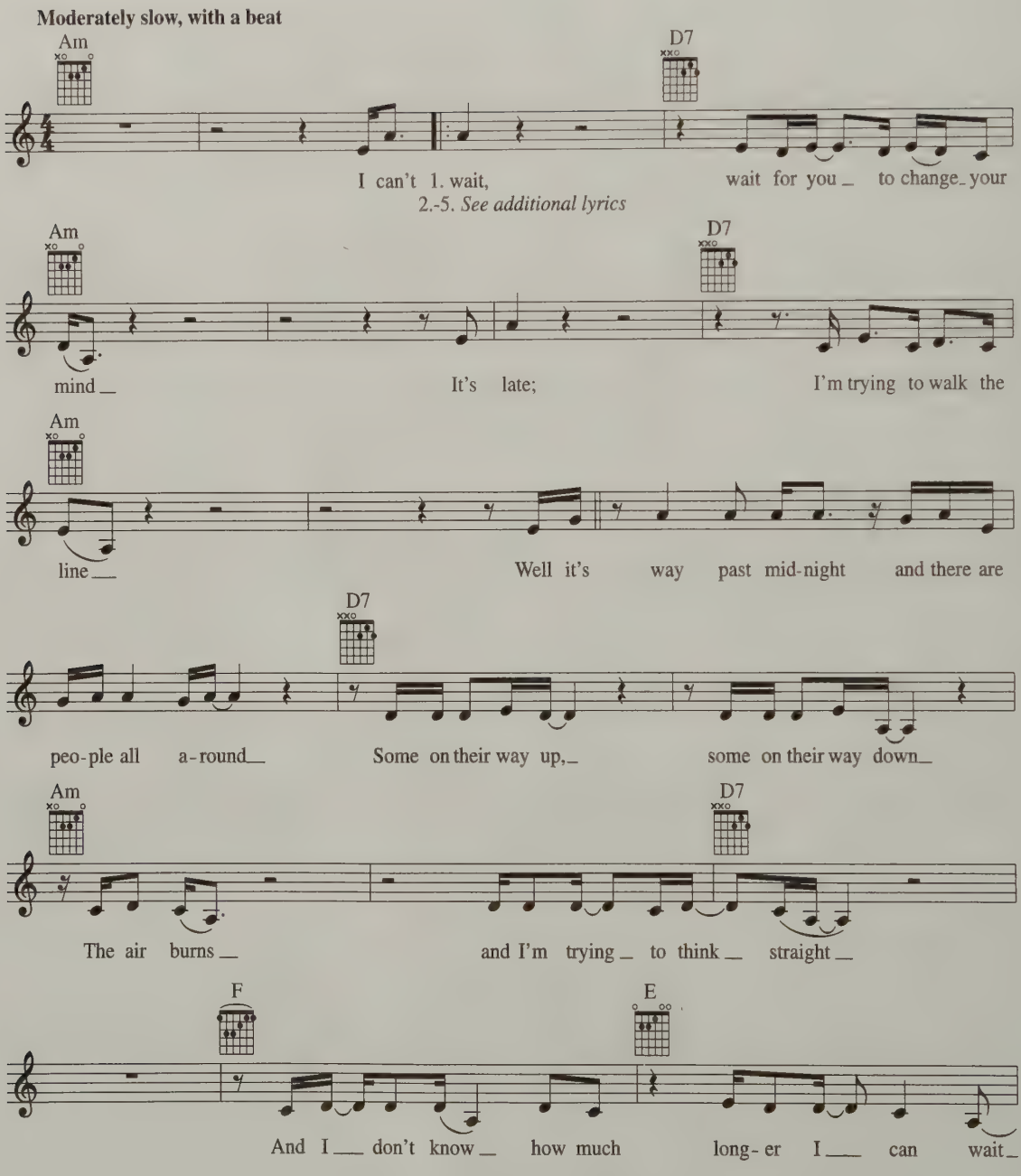
3. Like your smile
   And your fingertips
   Like the way that you move your lips.
   I like the cool way you look at me,
   Everything about you is bringing me
   Misery.

4. Little red wagon
   Little red bike
   I ain't no monkey but I know what I like.
   I like the way you love me strong and slow,
   I'm takin' you with me, honey baby,
   When I go.

5. Life is sad
   Life is a bust
   All ya can do is do what you must.
   You do what you must do and ya do it well,
   I'll do it for you, honey baby,
   Can't you tell?

Can't Wait

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow, with a beat
Am
D7
I can't 1. wait, wait for you to change your
2.-5. See additional lyrics
Am
D7
mind It's late; I'm trying to walk the
Am
line Well it's way past mid-night and there are
D7
peo-ple all a-round Some on their way up, some on their way down
Am
D7
The air burns and I'm trying to think straight
F
E
And I don't know how much long-er I can wait

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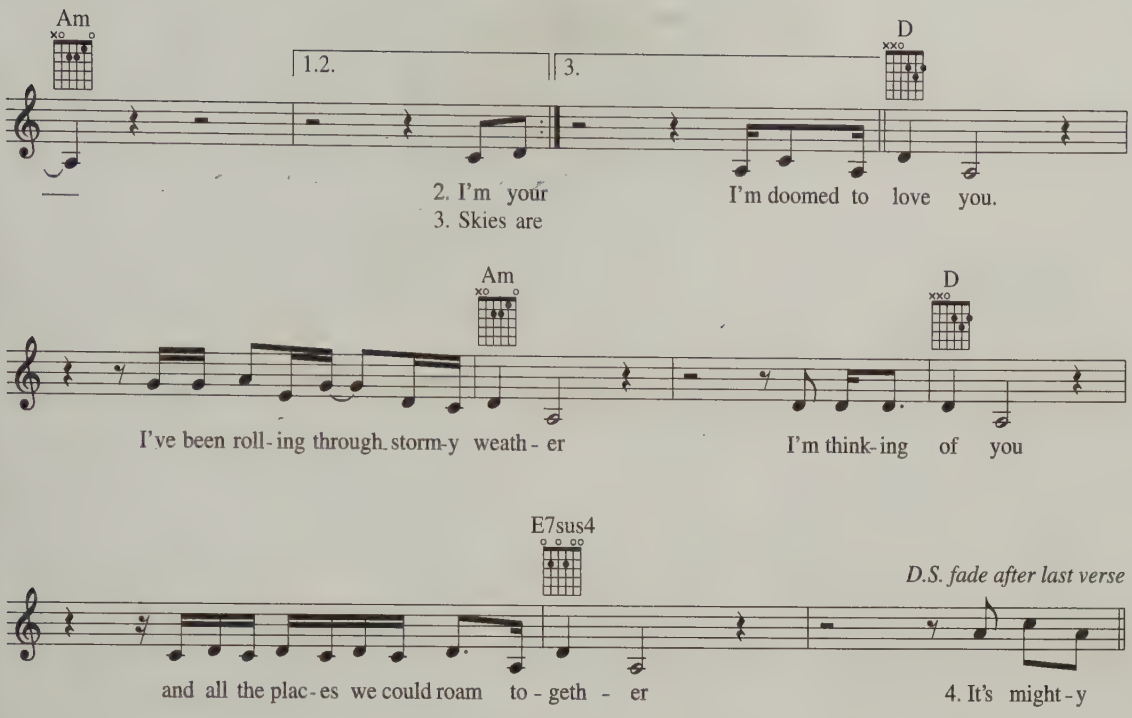


Additional lyrics

2. I'm your man; I'm trying to recover the sweet love that we knew
You understand that my heart can't go on beating without you
Well, your loveliness has wounded me, I'm reeling from the blow
I wish I knew what it was keeps me loving you so
I'm breathing hard, standing at the gate
But I don't know how much longer I can wait

3. Skies are grey, I'm looking for anything that will bring a happy glow
Night or day, it doesn't matter where I go anymore; I just go
If I ever saw you coming I don't know what I would do
I'd like to think I could control myself, but it isn't true
That's how it is when things disintegrate
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

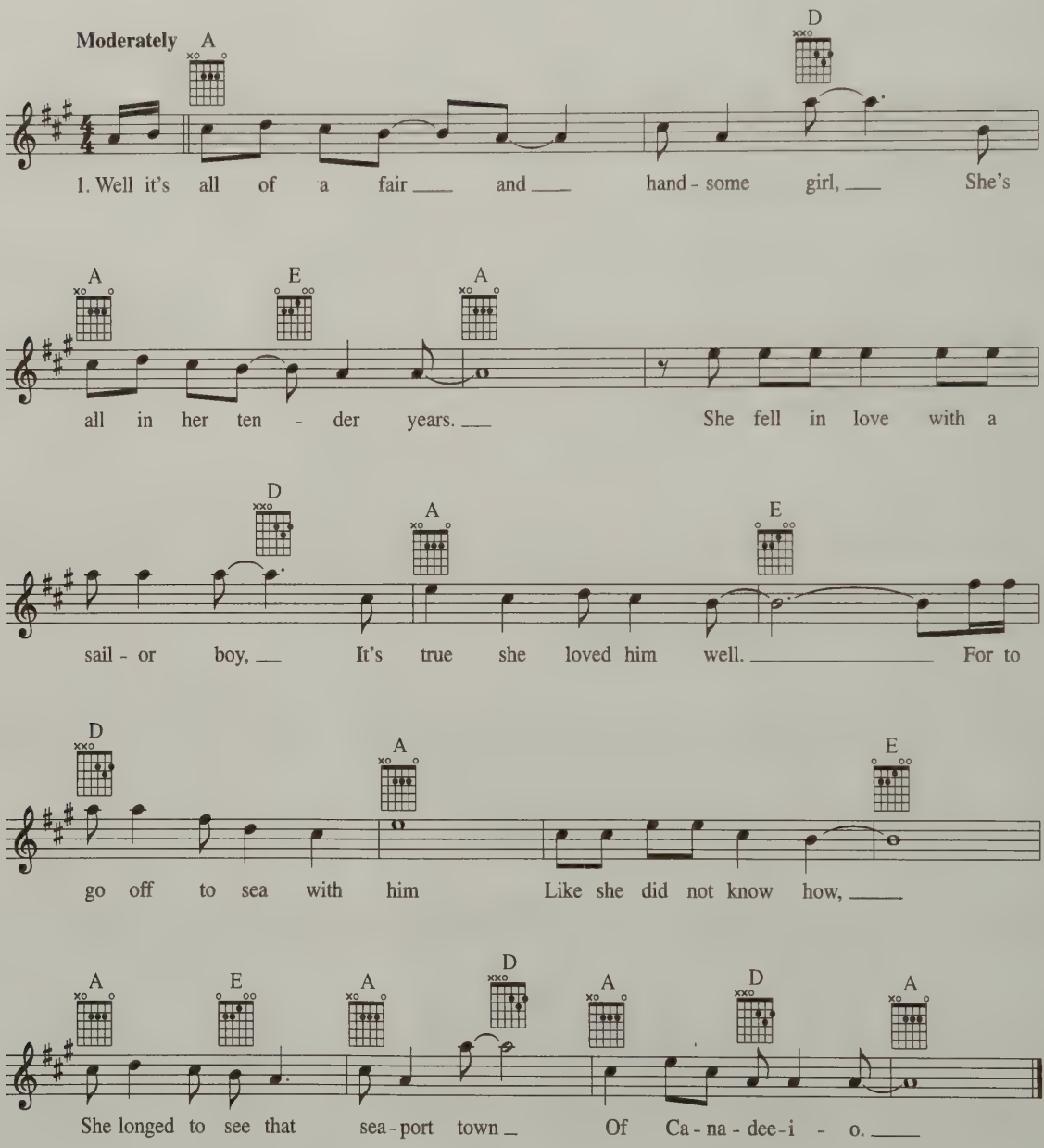
Bridge:
I'm doomed to love you, I've been rolling through stormy weather
I'm thinking of you and all the places we could roam together

4. It's mighty funny; the end of time has just begun
Oh, honey, after all these years you're still the one
While I'm strolling through the lonely graveyard of my mind
I left my life with you somewhere back there along the line
I thought somehow that I would be spared this fate
But I don't know how much longer I can wait.

5. *Instrumental solo*

Canadee-i-o

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
A
D
1. Well it's all of a fair ___ and ___ hand - some girl, ___ She's
A
E
A
all in her ten - der years. ___ She fell in love with a
D
A
E
sail - or boy, ___ It's true she loved him well. ___ For to
D
A
E
go off to sea with him Like she did not know how, ___
A
E
A
D
A
D
A
She longed to see that sea - port town ___ Of Ca - na - dee - i - o. ___

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Additional lyrics

2. So she bargained with the sailor boy,
All for a piece of gold.
Straightaway then he led her
Down into the hold,
Sayin', "I'll dress you up in sailor's clothes,
Your jacket shall be blue.
You'll see that seaport town
Of Canadee-i-o."

3. Now, when the other sailors heard the news,
Well, they fell into a rage,
And with all the ship's company
They were willing to engage,
Saying, "We'll tie her hands and feet, my boys,
Overboard we'll throw her.
She'll never see that seaport town
Called Canadee-i-o.

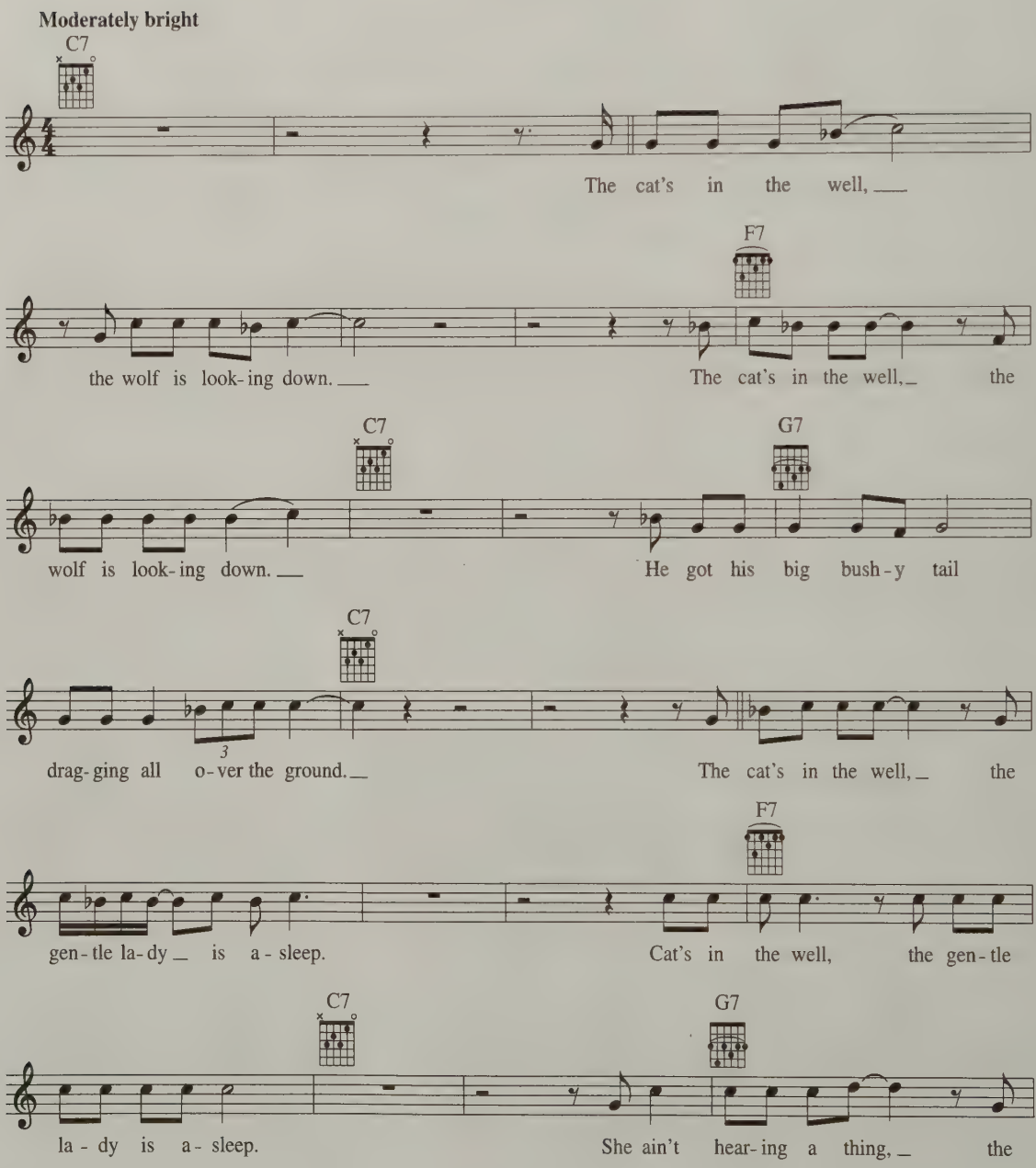
4. Now, when the captain he heard the news,
Well, he too fell in a rage,
And with the whole ship's company
He was willing to engage,
Sayin', "She'll stay in sailor's clothes,
Her color shall be blue,
She'll see that seaport town
Called Canadee-i-o.

5. Now, when they come down to Canada,
Scarcely 'bout half a year,
She's married this bold captain
Who called her his dear.
She's dressed in silks and satins now,
She cuts a gallant show,
Finest of the ladies
Down Canadee-i-o.

6. Come, all you fair and tender girls,
Wheresoever you may be.
I'd have you to follow your own true love
Whene'er he goes to sea.
For if the sailors prove false to you,
Well, the captain, he might prove true.
You'll see the honor I have gained
By the wearing of the blue.

Cat's in the Well

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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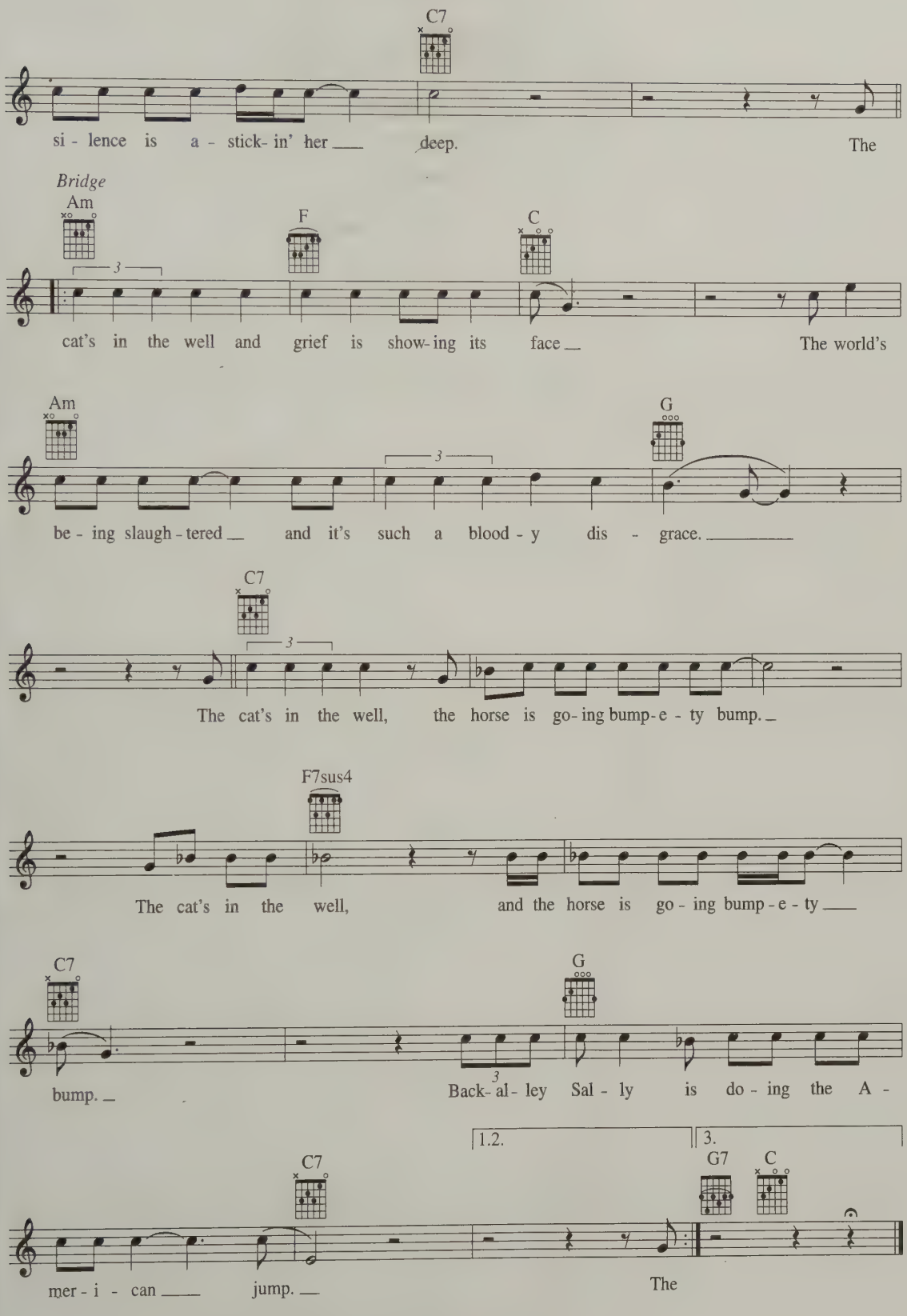

C7
si - lence is a - stick- in' her deep. The
Bridge
Am
F
C
3
cat's in the well and grief is show- ing its face The world's
Am
G
3
be - ing slaugh - tered and it's such a blood - y dis - grace.
C7
3
The cat's in the well, the horse is go- ing bump- e - ty bump.
F7sus4
The cat's in the well, and the horse is go - ing bump - e - ty
C7
G
bump.
3
Back- al- ley Sal - ly is do - ing the A -
1.2.
3.
C7
G7
C
mer - i - can jump.
The

Additional lyrics

Bridge #2:
The cat's in the well, and pappa is reading the news.
His hair is falling out and all of his daughters need shoes.

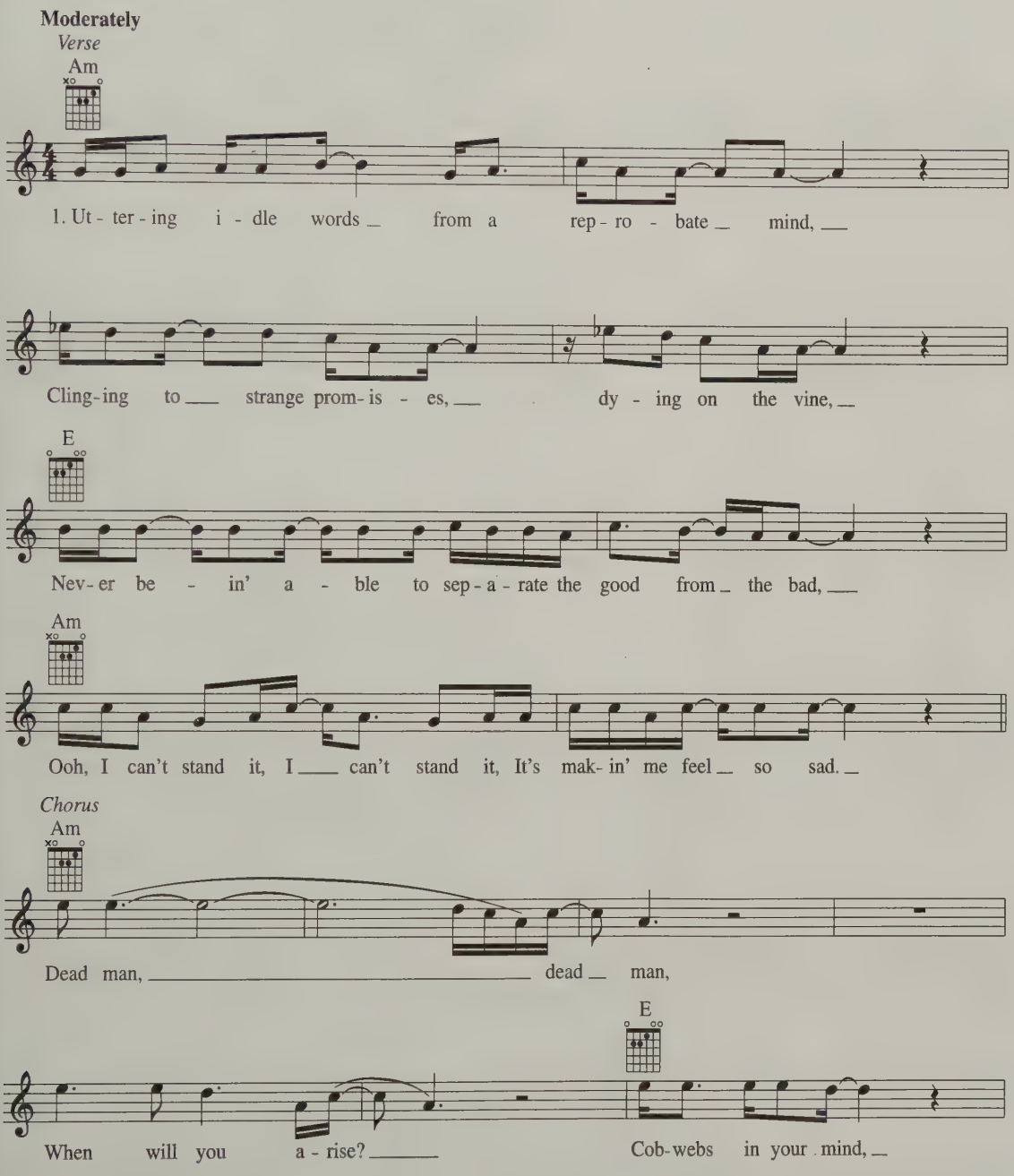
The cat's in the well and the barn is full of bull
The cat's in the well and the barn is full of bull
The night is so long and the table is oh, so full

Bridge #3:
The cat's in the well and the servant is at the door.
The drinks are ready and the dogs are going to war.

The cat's in the well, the leaves are starting to fall
The cat's in the well, leaves are starting to fall
Goodnight, my love, may the Lord have mercy on us all.

Dead Man, Dead Man

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
Verse
Am
1. Ut - ter - ing i - dle words _ from a rep - ro - bate _ mind, ___
Cling - ing to ___ strange prom - is - es, ___ dy - ing on the vine, _
E
Nev - er be - in' a - ble to sep - a - rate the good from _ the bad, ___
Am
Ooh, I can't stand it, I ___ can't stand it, It's mak - in' me feel _ so sad. _
Chorus
Am
Dead man, _____ dead _ man,
E
When will you a - rise? _____ Cob - webs in your mind, _

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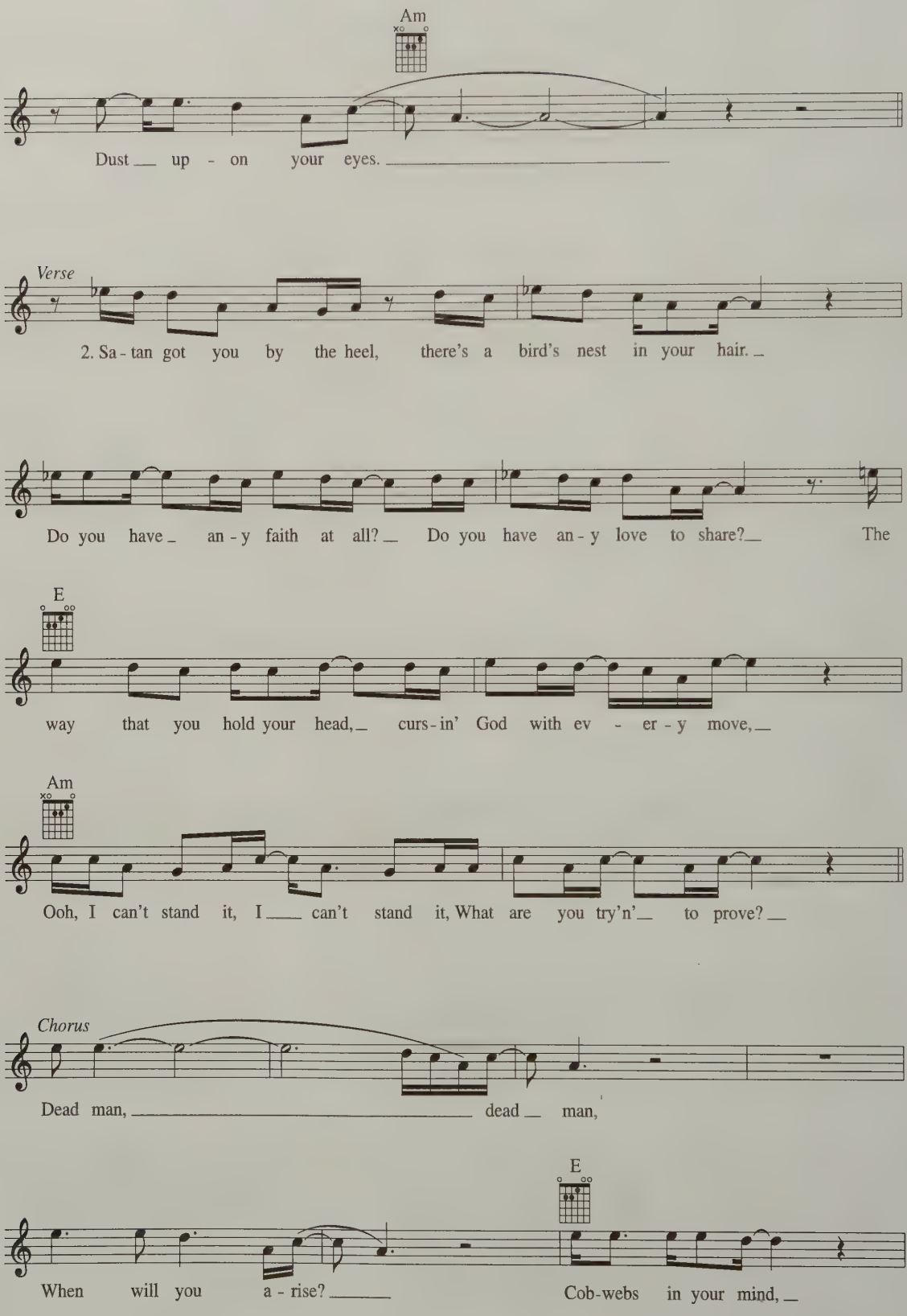
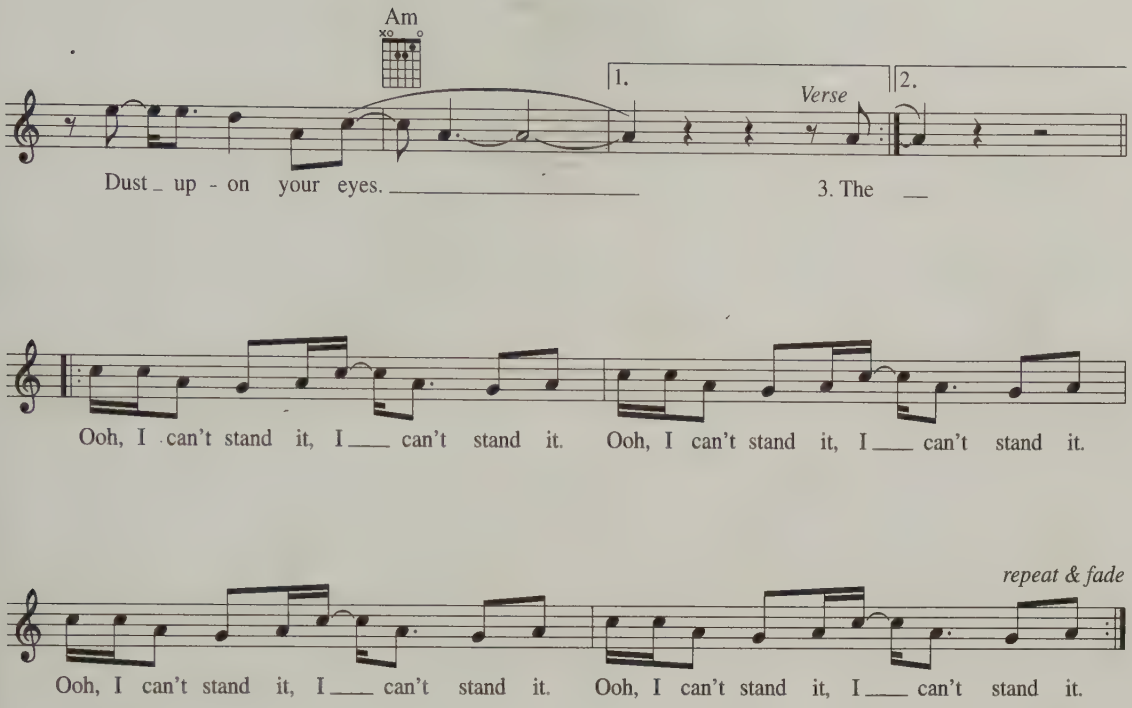

Am
Dust up - on your eyes.
Verse
2. Sa - tan got you by the heel, there's a bird's nest in your hair.
Do you have an - y faith at all? Do you have an - y love to share? The
E
way that you hold your head, curs - in' God with ev - er - y move,
Am
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it, What are you try'n' to prove?
Chorus
Dead man, dead man,
E
When will you a - rise? Cob - webs in your mind,


Am
1.
2.
Verse
Dust _ up - on your eyes. _____
3. The __
Ooh, I can't stand it, I___ can't stand it. Ooh, I can't stand it, I___ can't stand it.
repeat & fade
Ooh, I can't stand it, I___ can't stand it. Ooh, I can't stand it, I___ can't stand it.

Additional lyrics

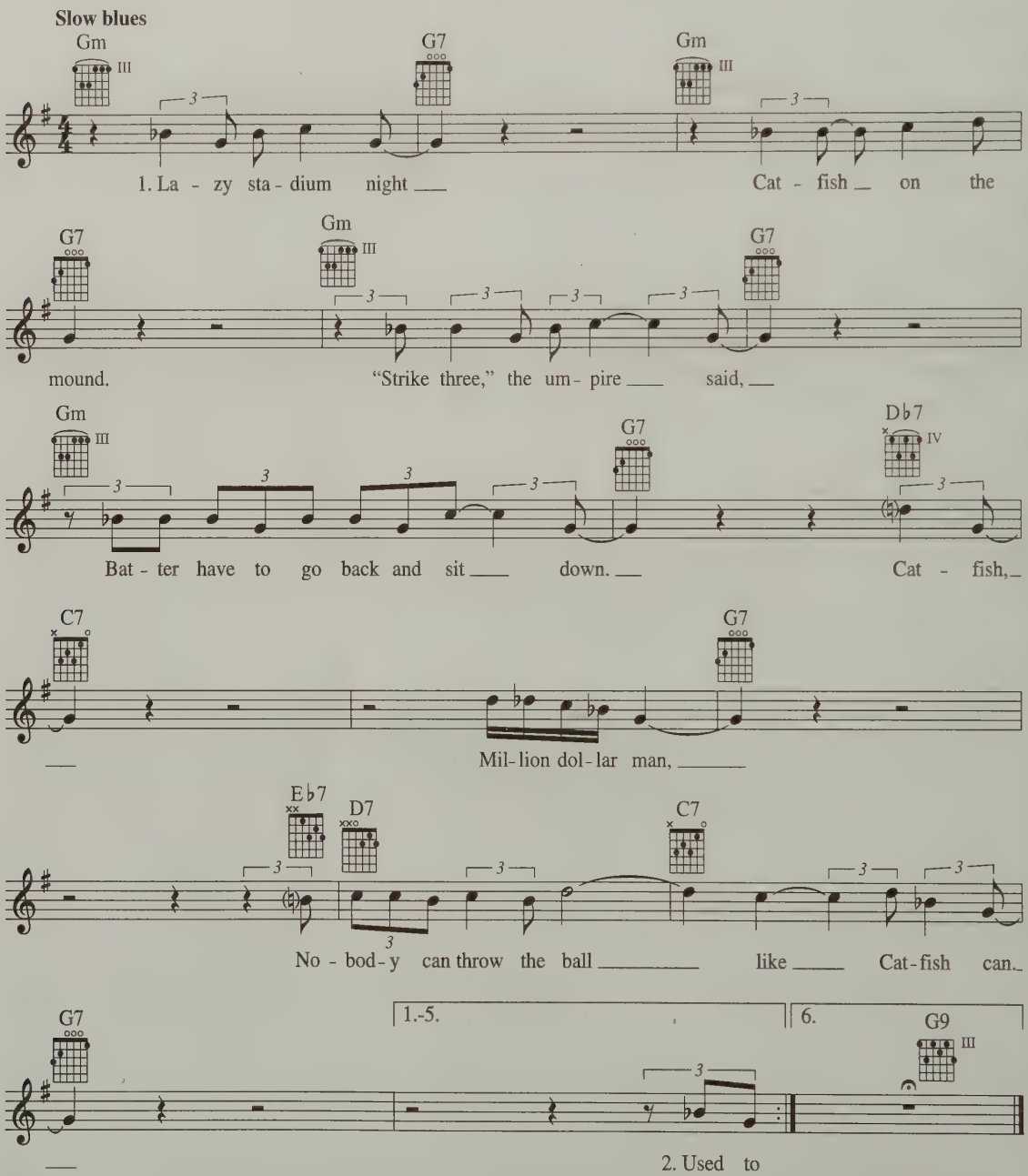
3. The glamour and the bright lights and the politics of sin,
   The ghetto that you build for me is the one you end up in,
   The race of the engine that overrules your heart,
   Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,
   Pretending that you're so smart.

   Chorus

4. What are you tryin' to overpower me with, the doctrine or the gun?
   My back is already to the wall, where can I run?
   The tuxedo that you're wearin', the flower in your lapel,
   Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,
   You wanna take me down to hell.

   Chorus

Catfish

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy

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Additional lyrics

2. Used to work on Mr. Finley's farm
   But the old man wouldn't pay
   So he packed his glove and took his arm
   An' one day he just ran away.

   Chorus

3. Come up where the Yankees are,
   Dress up in a pinstripe suit,
   Smoke a custom-made cigar,
   Wear an alligator boot.

   Chorus

4. Carolina born and bred,
   Love to hunt the little quail.
   Got a hundred-acre spread,
   Got some huntin' dogs for sale.

   Chorus

5. Reggie Jackson at the plate
   Seein' nothin' but the curve,
   Swing too early or too late
   Got to eat what Catfish serve.

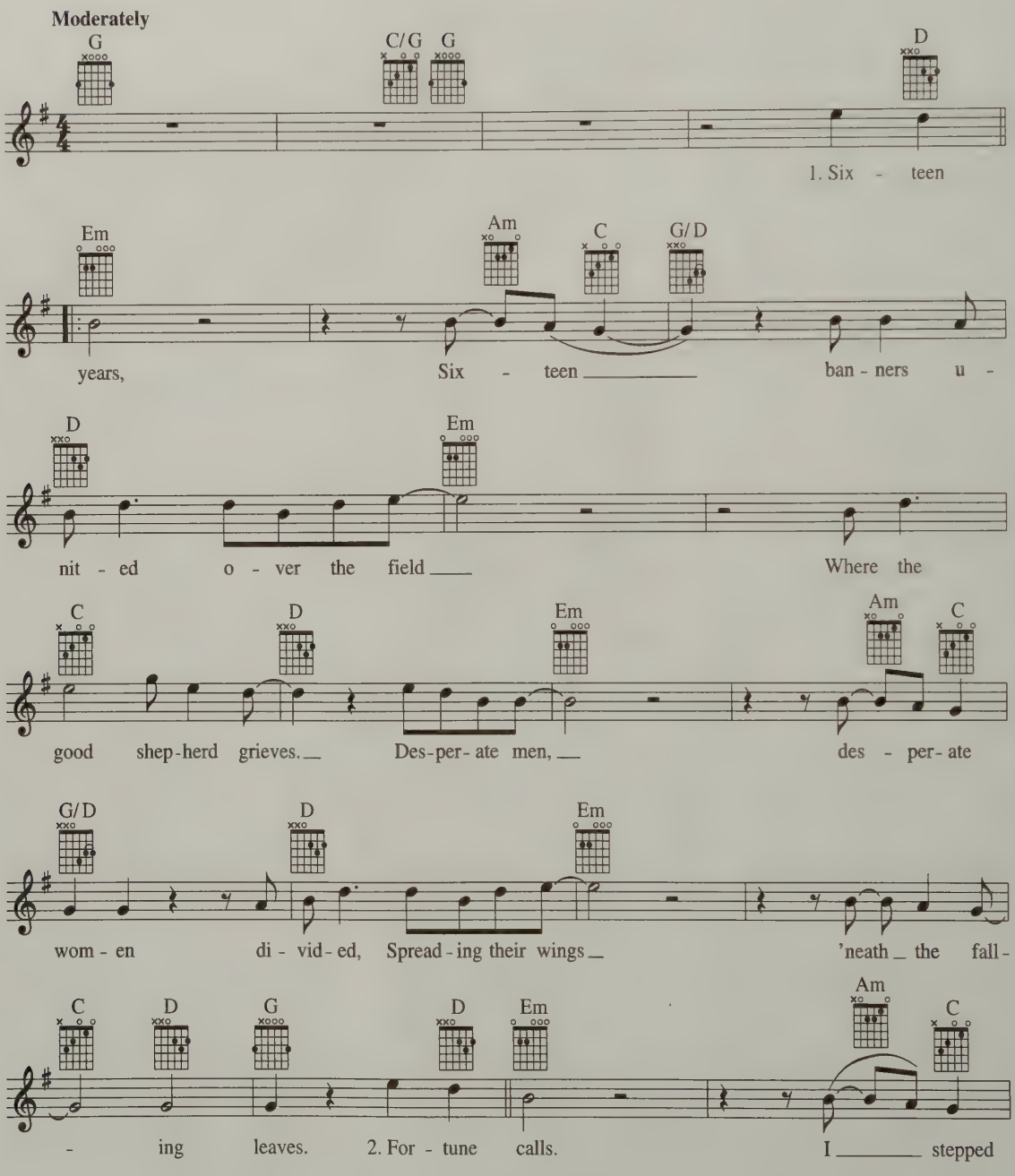
   Chorus

6. Even Billy Martin grins
   When the Fish is in the game.
   Every season twenty wins
   Gonna make the Hall of Fame.

   Chorus

Changing of the Guards

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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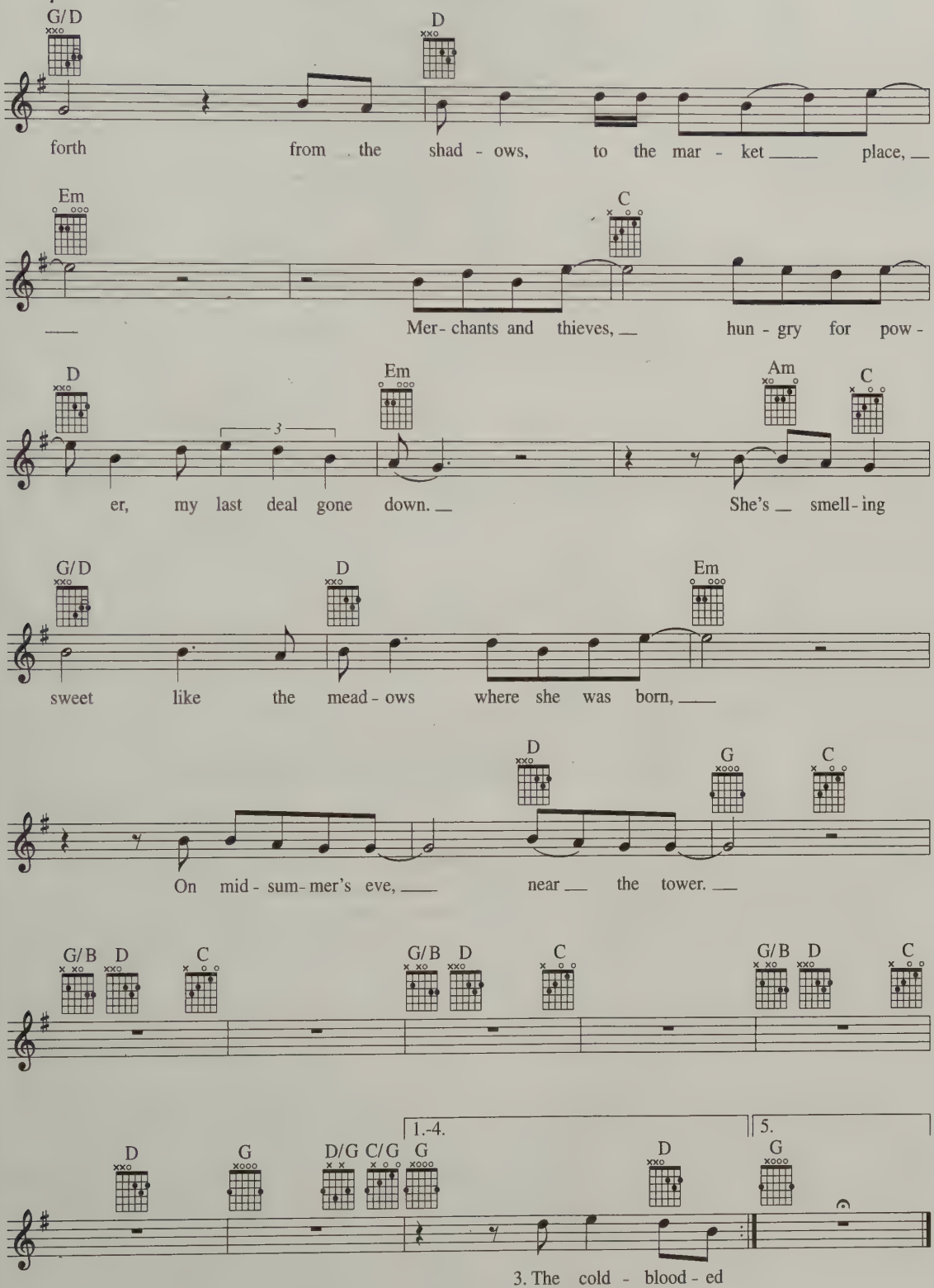

G/D
D
forth from the shad - ows, to the mar - ket ____ place, __
Em
C
__ Mer - chants and thieves, __ hun - gry for pow -
D
Em
Am
C
3
er, my last deal gone down. __ She's __ smell - ing
G/D
D
Em
sweet like the mead - ows where she was born, ____
D
G
C
On mid - sum - mer's eve, ____ near __ the tower. __
G/B D C
G/B D C
G/B D C
1.-4.
5.
D
G
D/G C/G G
D
G
3. The cold - blood - ed

Additional lyrics

3. The cold-blooded moon.
   The captain waits above the celebration
   Sending his thoughts to a beloved maid
   Whose ebony face is beyond communication.
   The captain is down but still believing that his love will be repaid.

4. They shaved her head.
   She was torn between Jupiter and Apollo.
   A messenger arrived with a black nightingale.
   I seen her on the stairs and I couldn't help but follow,
   Follow her down past the fountain where they lifted her veil.

5. I stumbled to my feet.
   I rode past destruction in the ditches
   With the stitches still mending 'neath a heart-shaped tattoo.
   Renegade priests and treacherous young witches
   Were handing out the flowers that I'd given to you.

6. The palace of mirrors
   Where dog soldiers are reflected,
   The endless road and the wailing of chimes,
   The empty rooms where her memory is protected,
   Where the angels' voices whisper to the souls of previous times.

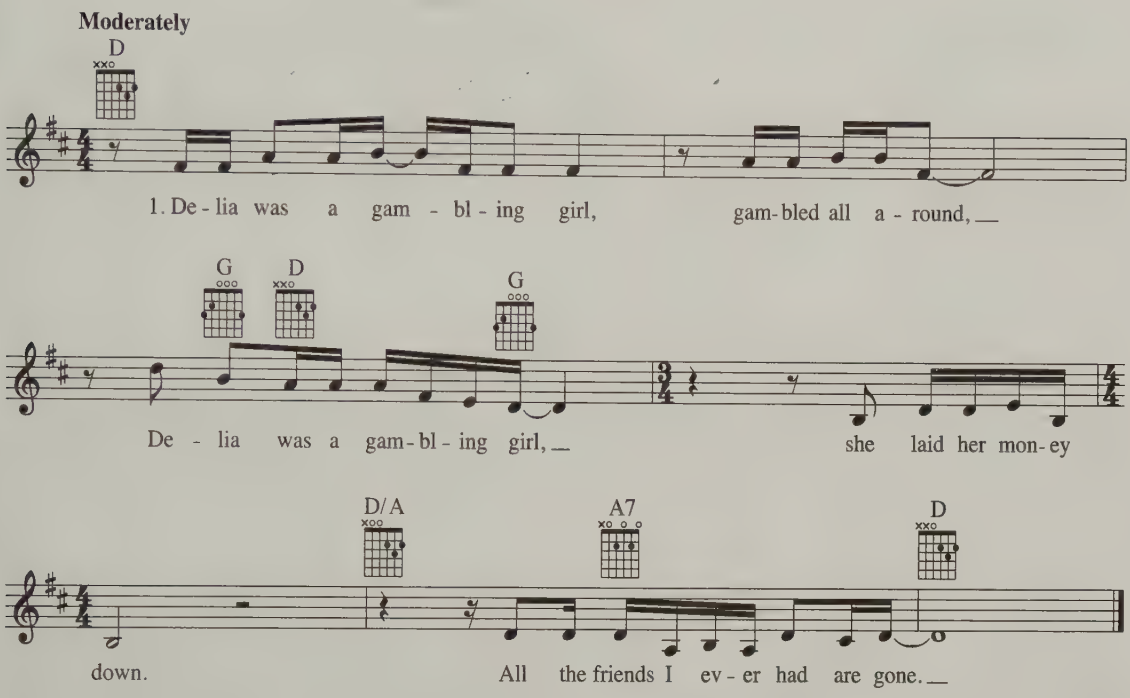
7. She wakes him up
   Forty-eight hours later, the sun is breaking
   Near broken chains, mountain laurel and rolling rocks.
   She's begging to know what measures he now will be taking.
   He's pulling her down and she's clutching on to his long golden locks.

8. Gentlemen, he said,
   I don't need your organization, I've shined your shoes,
   I've moved your mountains and marked your cards
   But Eden is burning, either brace yourself for elimination
   Or else your hearts must have the courage for the changing of the guards.

9. Peace will come
   With tranquility and splendor on the wheels of fire
   But will bring us no reward when her false idols fall
   And cruel death surrenders with its pale ghost retreating
   Between the King and the Queen of Swords.

Delia

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
D
1. De - lia was a gam - bl - ing girl, gam-bled all a - round,
G D G
De - lia was a gam-bl - ing girl, she laid her mon-ey
D/A A7 D
down. All the friends I ev - er had are gone.

Additional lyrics

2. Delia's dear ol' mother took a trip out West.
When she returned, little Delia gone to rest.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

3. Delia's daddy weeped, Delia's momma moaned.
Wouldn't have been so bad if the poor girl died at home.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

4. Curtis' looking high, Curtis' looking low.
He shot poor Delia down with a cruel forty-four.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

5. High up on the housetops, high as I can see,
Looking for them rounders, looking out for me.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

6. Men in Atlanta, tryin' to pass for white,
Delia's in the graveyard, boys, six feet out of sight.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

7. Judge says to Curtis, "What's this noise about?"
"All about them rounders, Judge, tryin' to cut me out."
All the friends I ever had are gone.

8. Curtis said to the judge, "What might be my fine?"
Judge says, "Poor boy, you got ninety-nine."
All the friends I ever had are gone.

9. Curtis' in the jail house, drinking from an old tin cup.
Delia's in the graveyard, she ain't gettin' up.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

10. Delia, oh Delia, how can it be?
You loved all them rounders, never did love me.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

11. Delia, oh Delia, how could it be?
You wanted all them rounders, never had time for me.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

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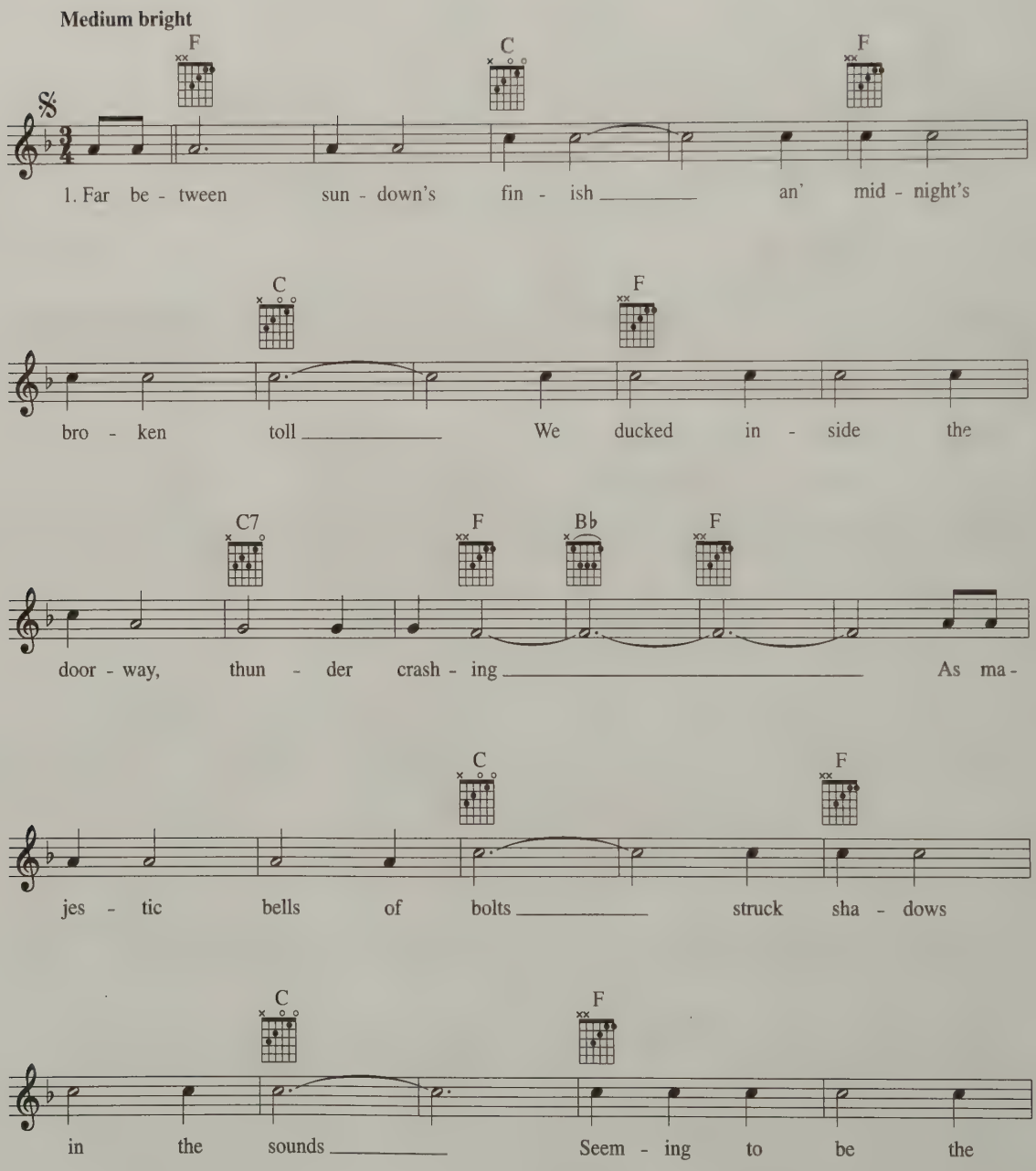
Chimes of Freedom

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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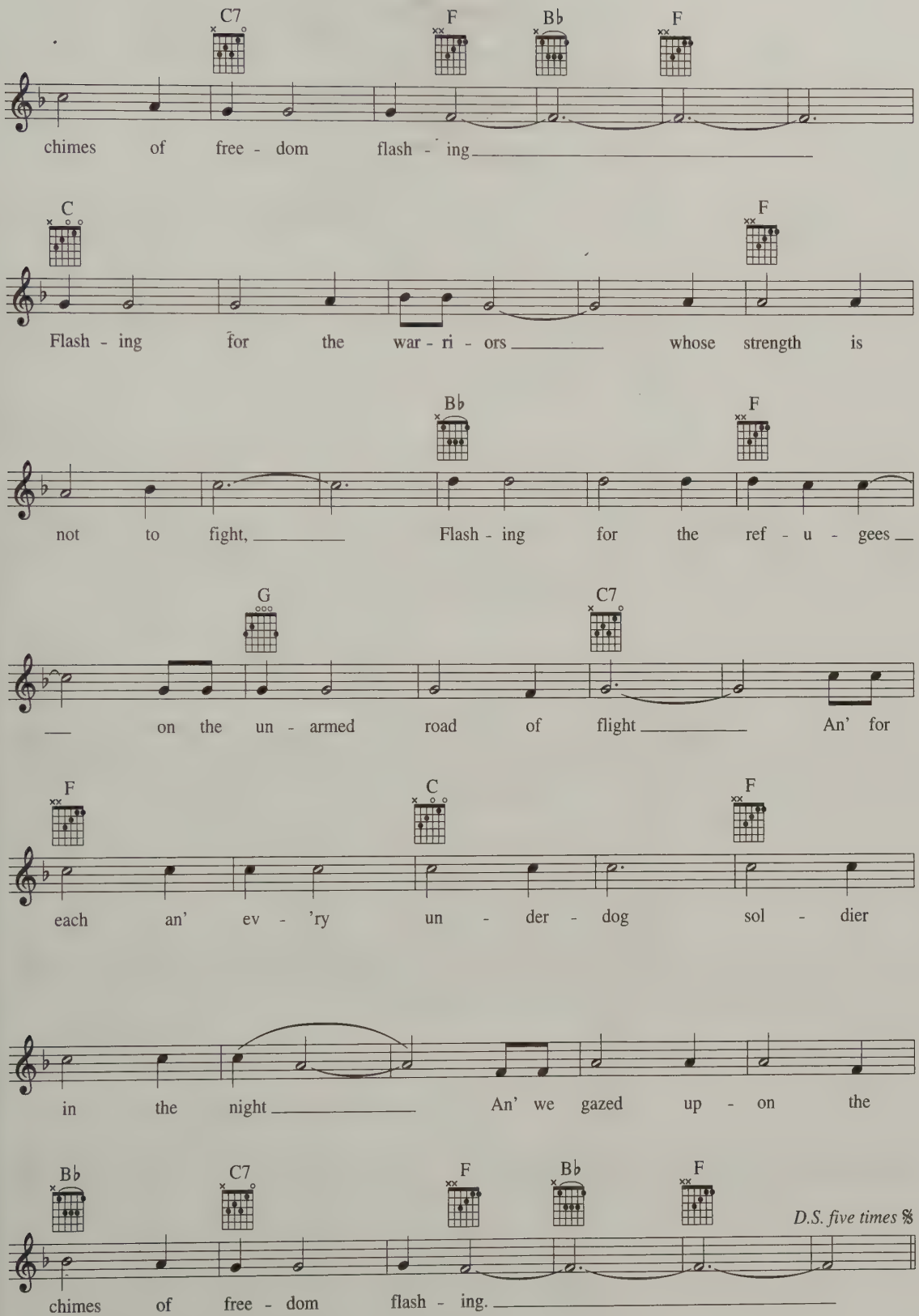

C7
F
B♭
F
chimes of free - dom flash - ing
C
F
Flash - ing for the war - ri - ors whose strength is
B♭
F
not to fight, Flash - ing for the ref - u - gees
G
C7
on the un - armed road of flight An' for
F
C
F
each an' ev - 'ry un - der - dog sol - dier
in the night An' we gazed up - on the
B♭
C7
F
B♭
F
D.S. five times 𝄋
chimes of free - dom flash - ing.

Additional lyrics

2. In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
With faces hidden while the walls were tightening
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
Dissolved into the bells of the lightning
Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake
Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaked
Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

3. Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder
That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
An' the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

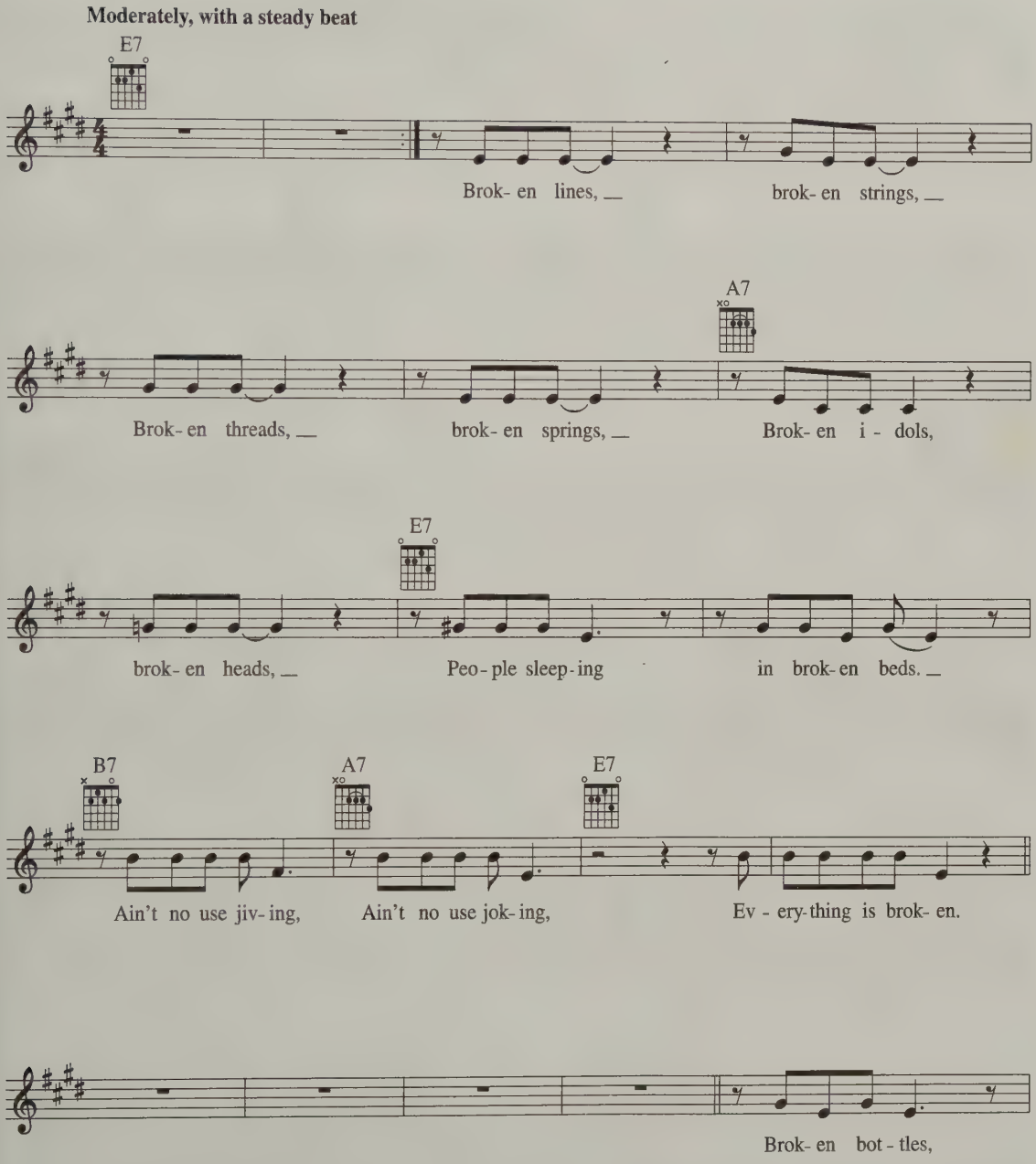
4. Through the wild cathedral evening the rain unraveled tales
For the disrobed faceless forms of no position
Tolling for the tongues with no place to bring their thoughts
All down in taken-for-granted situations
Tolling for the deaf an' blind, tolling for the mute
Tolling for the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled prostitute
For the misdemeanor outlaw, chased an' cheated by pursuit
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

5. Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far-off corner flashed
An' the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting
Electric light still struck like arrows, fired but for the ones
Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting
Tolling for the searching ones, on their speechless, seeking trail
For the lonesome-hearted lovers with too personal a tale
An' for each unharmful, gentle soul misplaced inside a jail
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

6. Starry-eyed an' laughing as I recall when we were caught
Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged suspended
As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look
Spellbound an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended
Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed
For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones an' worse
An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Everything Is Broken

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately, with a steady beat
E7
Brok- en lines, _ brok- en strings, _
A7
Brok- en threads, _ brok- en springs, _ Brok- en i - dols,
E7
brok- en heads, _ Peo- ple sleep- ing in brok- en beds. _
B7
A7
E7
Ain't no use jiv- ing, Ain't no use jok- ing, Ev - ery- thing is brok- en.
Brok- en bot - tles,

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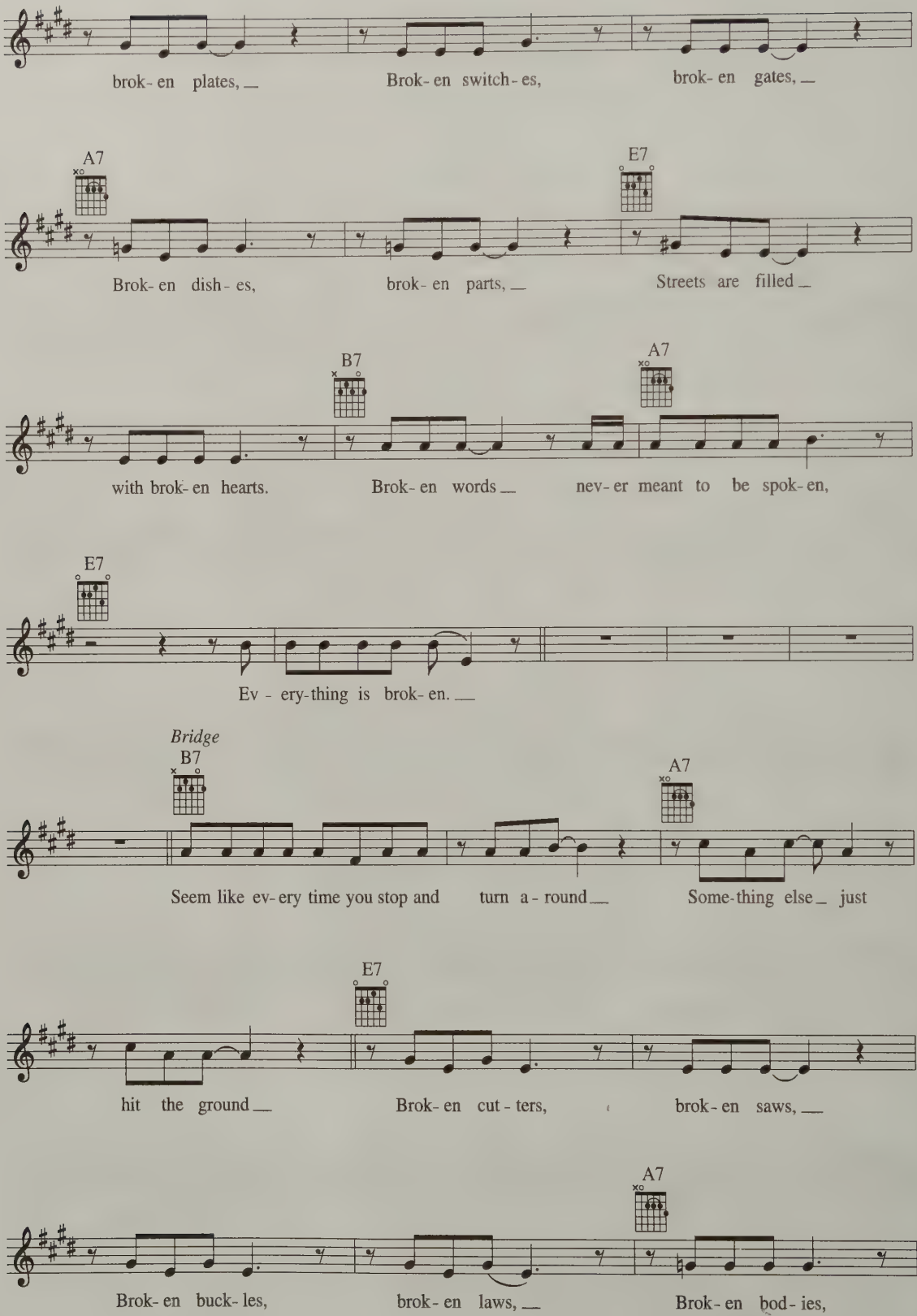
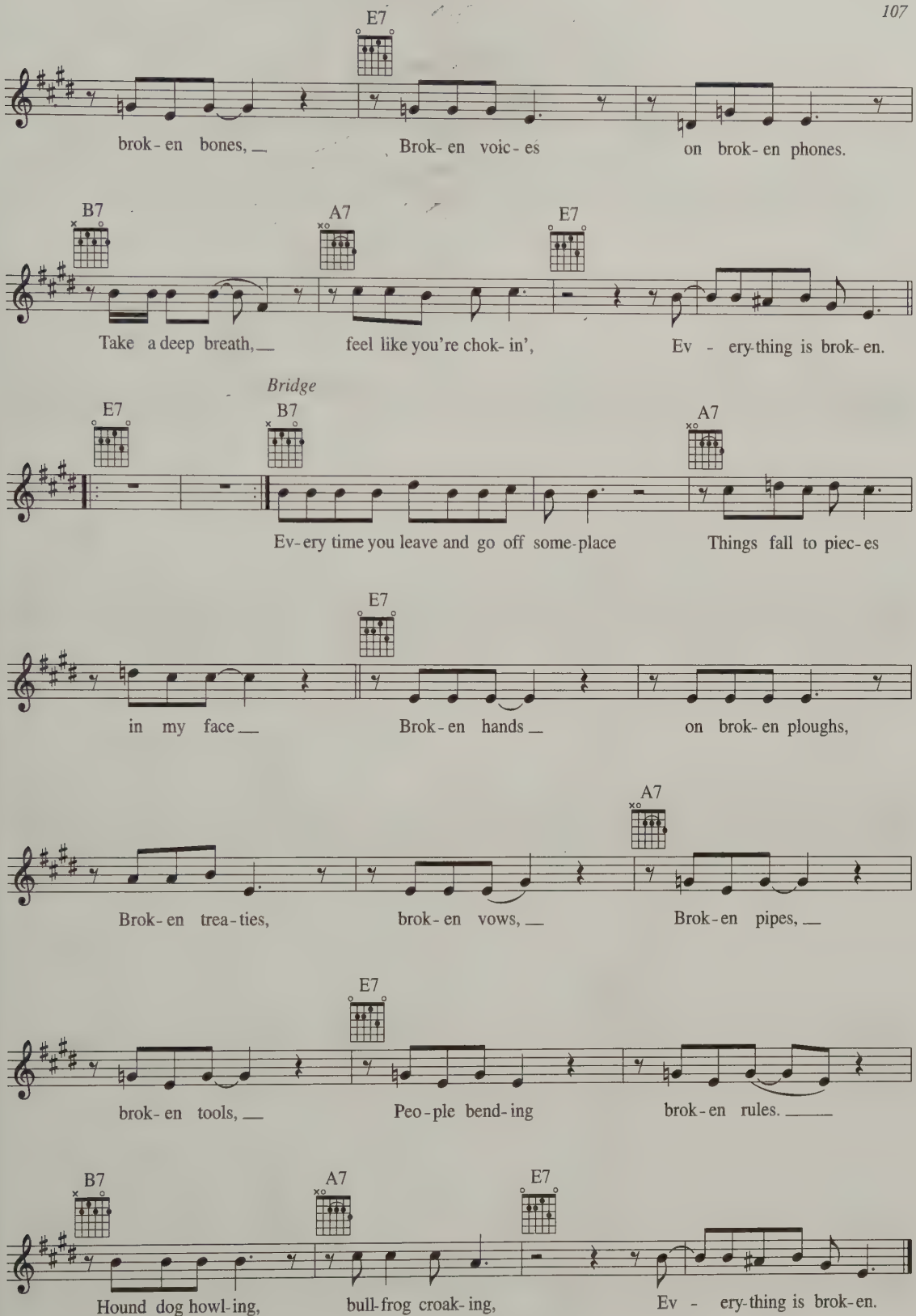
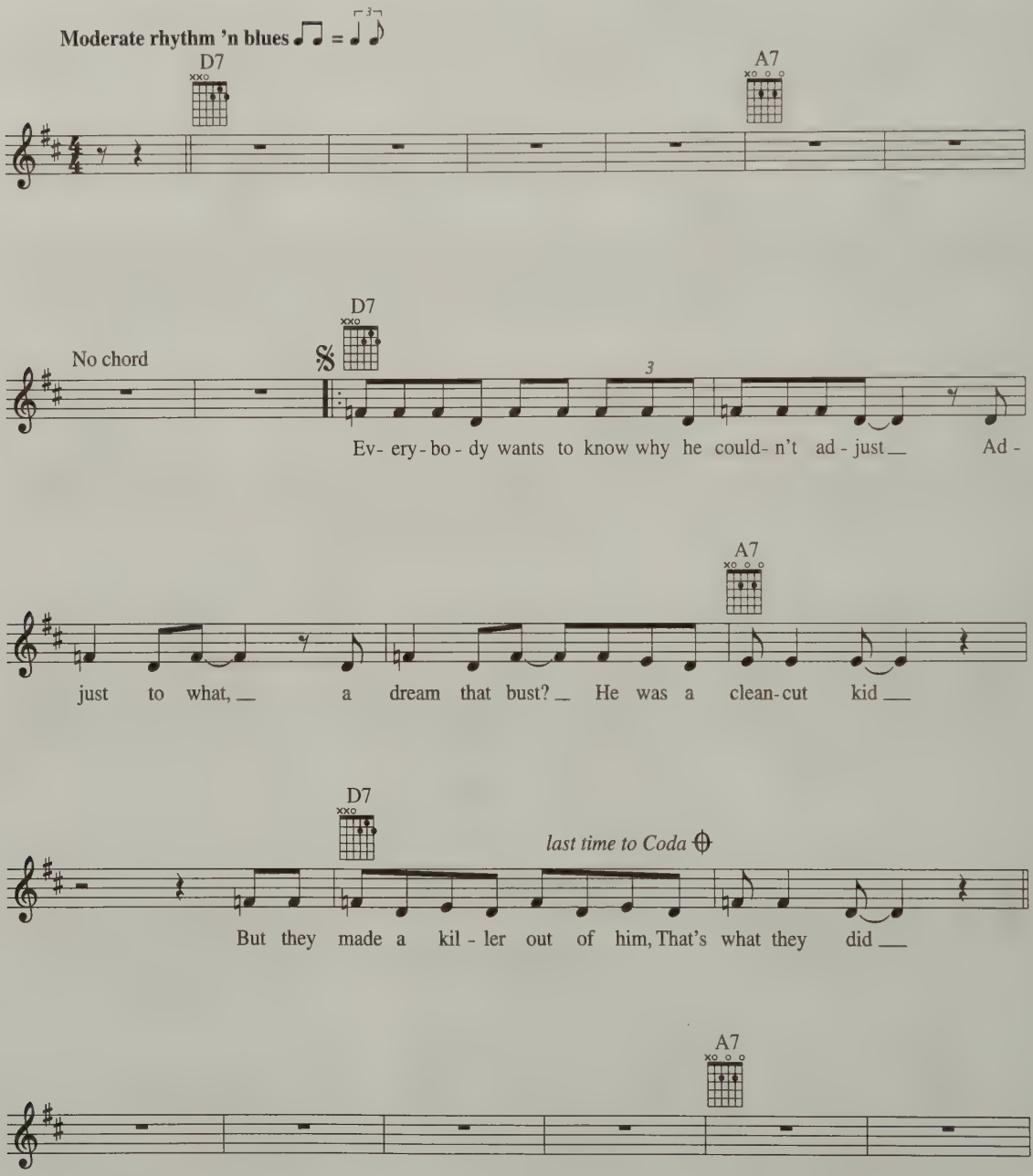

brok- en plates, Brok- en switch- es, brok- en gates,
A7
E7
Brok- en dish- es, brok- en parts, Streets are filled
B7
A7
with brok- en hearts. Brok- en words nev- er meant to be spok- en,
E7
Ev - ery-thing is brok- en.
Bridge
B7
A7
Seem like ev- ery time you stop and turn a - round Some-thing else just
E7
hit the ground Brok- en cut - ters, brok- en saws,
A7
Brok- en buck- les, brok- en laws, Brok- en bod- ies,


E7
brok - en bones, Brok - en voic - es on brok - en phones.
B7 A7 E7
Take a deep breath, feel like you're chok - in', Ev - ery-thing is brok - en.
Bridge
E7 B7 A7
Ev - ery time you leave and go off some-place Things fall to piec - es
E7
in my face Brok - en hands on brok - en ploughs,
A7
Brok - en trea - ties, brok - en vows, Brok - en pipes,
E7
brok - en tools, Peo - ple bend - ing brok - en rules.
B7 A7 E7
Hound dog howl - ing, bull-frog croak - ing, Ev - ery-thing is brok - en.

Clean-Cut Kid

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate rhythm 'n blues = 3
D7
A7
No chord
D7
3
Ev- ery- bo- dy wants to know why he could- n't ad- just Ad-
A7
just to what, a dream that bust? He was a clean- cut kid
D7
last time to Coda
But they made a kil- ler out of him, That's what they did
A7

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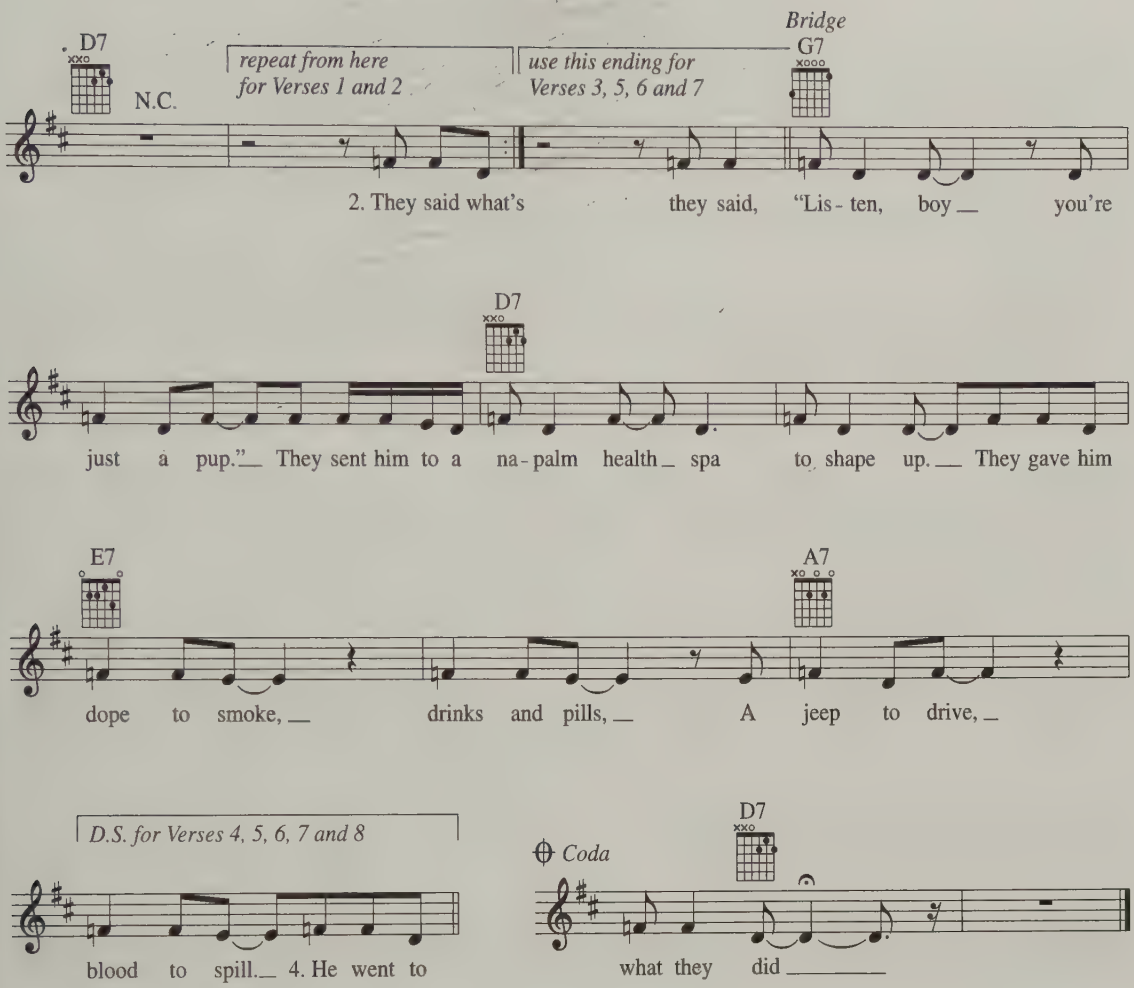

D7
N.C.
repeat from here
for Verses 1 and 2
use this ending for
Verses 3, 5, 6 and 7
Bridge
G7
2. They said what's they said, "Lis - ten, boy you're
D7
just a pup." They sent him to a na - palm health spa to shape up. They gave him
E7
A7
dope to smoke, drinks and pills, A jeep to drive,
D.S. for Verses 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8
blood to spill. 4. He went to
Coda
D7
what they did

Additional lyrics

2. They said what's up is down, they said what isn't is
They put ideas in his head he thought were his

Chorus

3. He was on the baseball team, he was in the marching band
When he was ten years old he had a watermelon stand

Chorus

4. He went to church on Sunday, he was a Boy Scout
For his friends he would turn his pockets inside out

Chorus

Bridge #1:
They said, "Listen boy, you're just a pup"
They sent him to a napalm health spa to shape up

They gave him dope to smoke, drinks and pills,
A jeep to drive, blood to spill

5. They said "Congratulations, you got what it takes"
They sent him back into the rat race without any brakes

Chorus

Bridge #2:
He bought the American dream but it put him in debt
The only game he could play was Russian roulette

He drank Coca-Cola, he was eating Wonder Bread,
Ate Burger Kings, he was well fed

6. He went to Hollywood to see Peter O'Toole
He stole a Rolls Royce and drove it in a swimming pool

Chorus

Bridge #3:
He could've sold insurance, owned a restaurant or bar
Could've been an accountant or a tennis star

He was wearing boxing gloves, took a dive one day
Off the Golden Gate Bridge into China Bay

7. His mama walks the floor, his daddy weeps and moans
They gotta sleep together in a home they don't own

Chorus

Bridge #4:
Well, everybody's asking why he couldn't adjust
All he ever wanted was somebody to trust

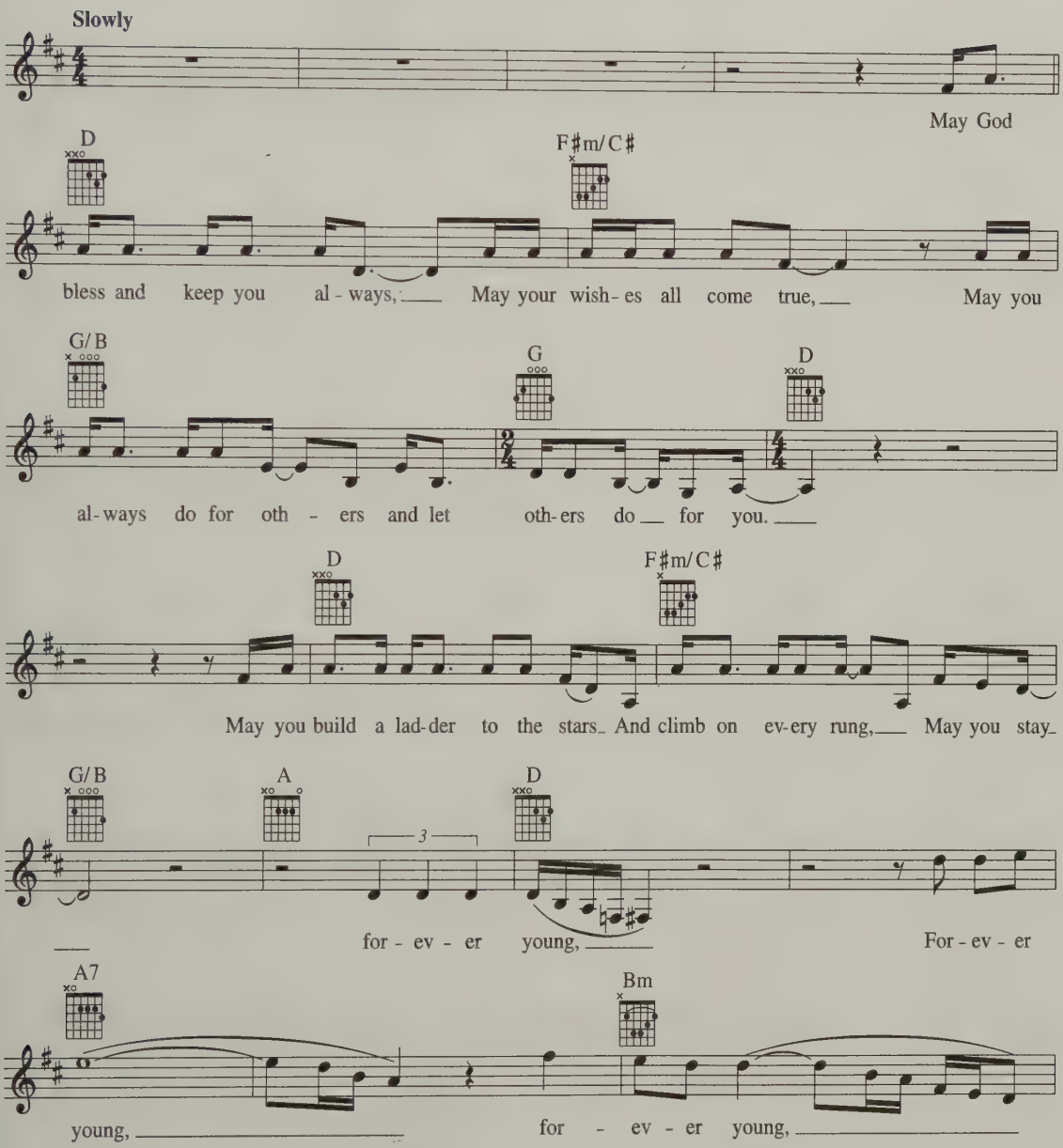
They took his head and turned it inside out
He never did know what it was all about

8. He had a steady job, he joined the choir
He never did plan to walk the high wire

Chorus

Forever Young

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly
May God
D
F♯m/C♯
bless and keep you al - ways, May your wish - es all come true, May you
G/B
G
D
al - ways do for oth - ers and let oth - ers do for you.
D
F♯m/C♯
May you build a lad - der to the stars And climb on ev - ery rung, May you stay
G/B
A
D
3
for - ev - er young, For - ev - er
A7
Bm
young, for - ev - er young,

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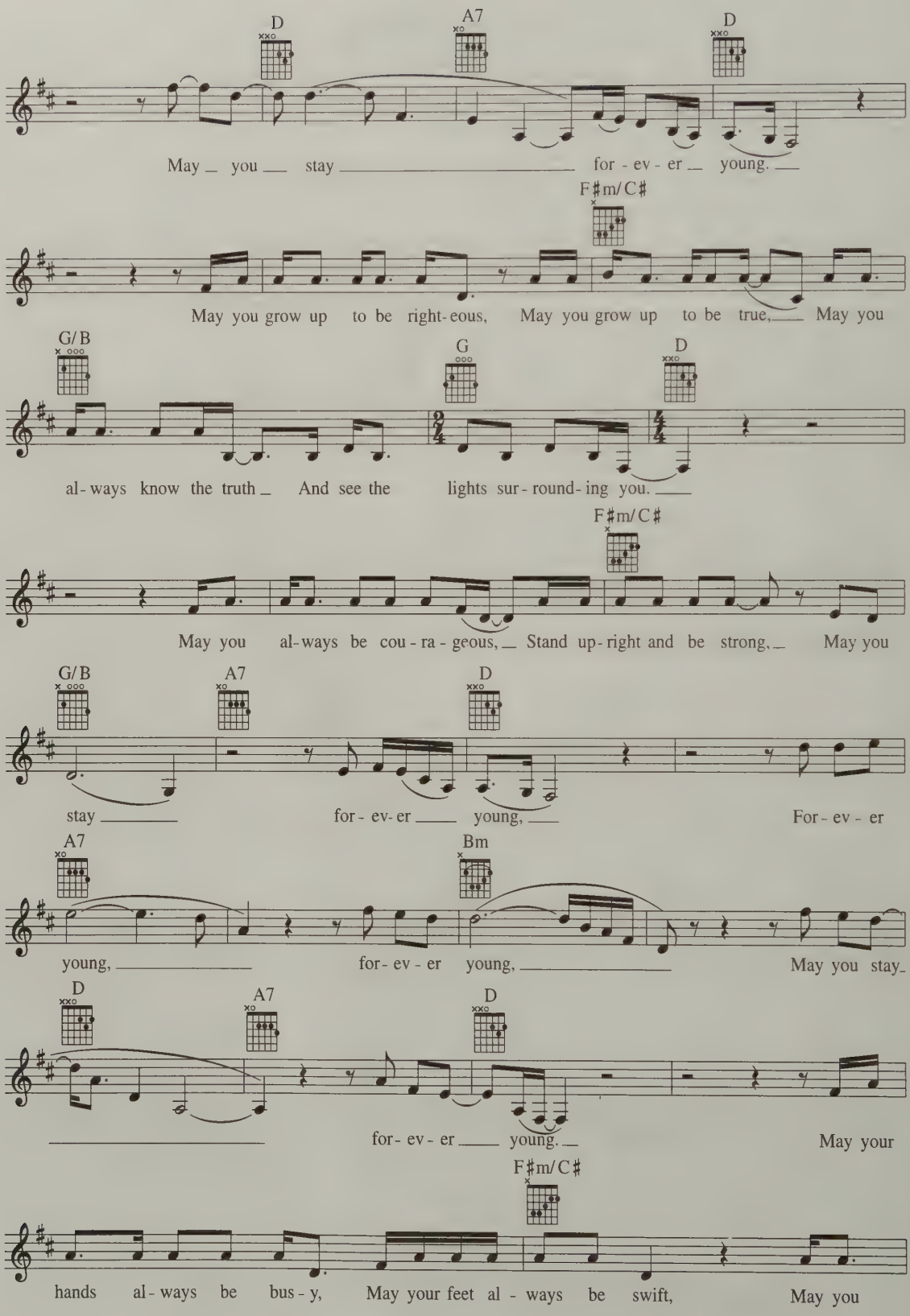
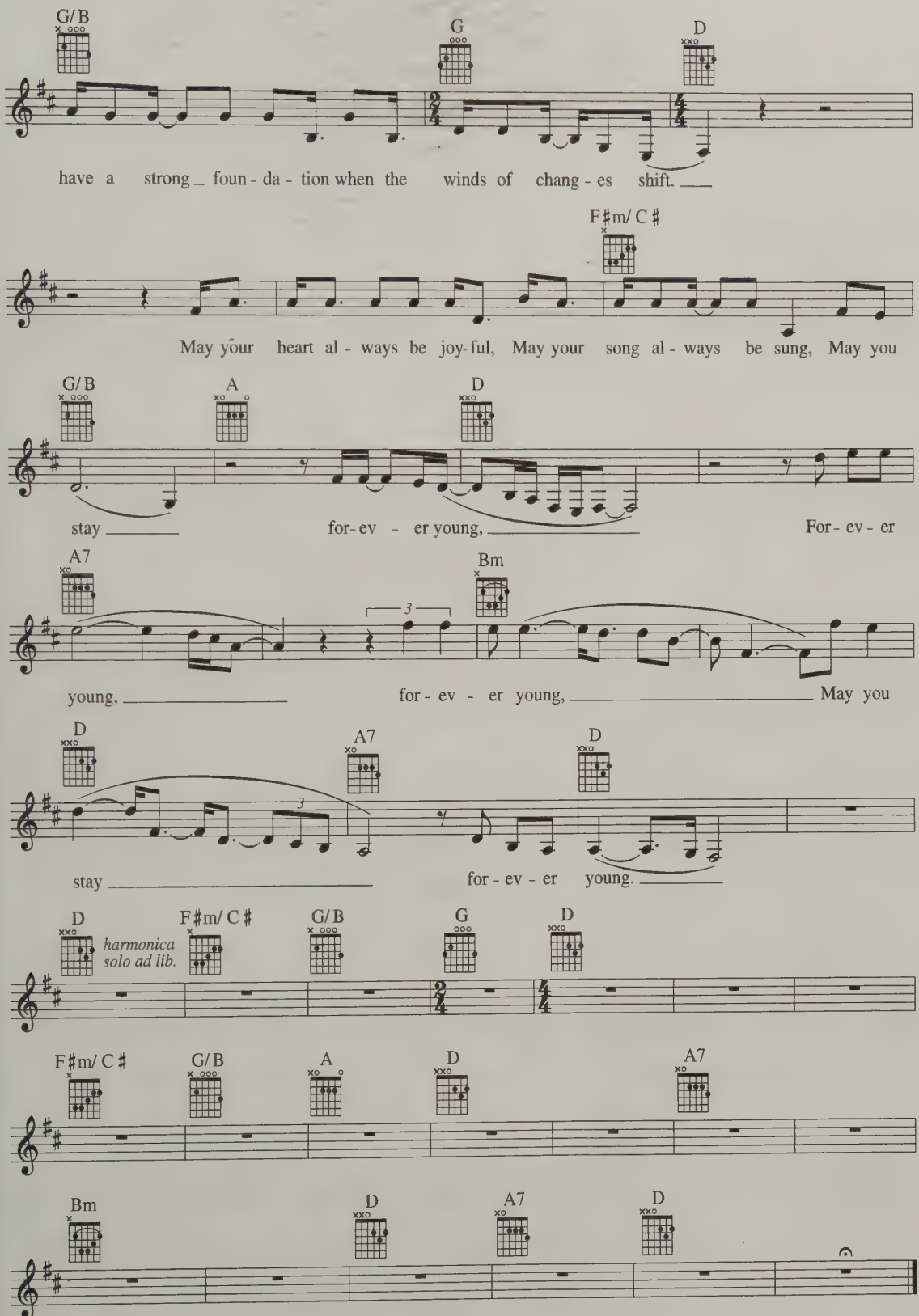
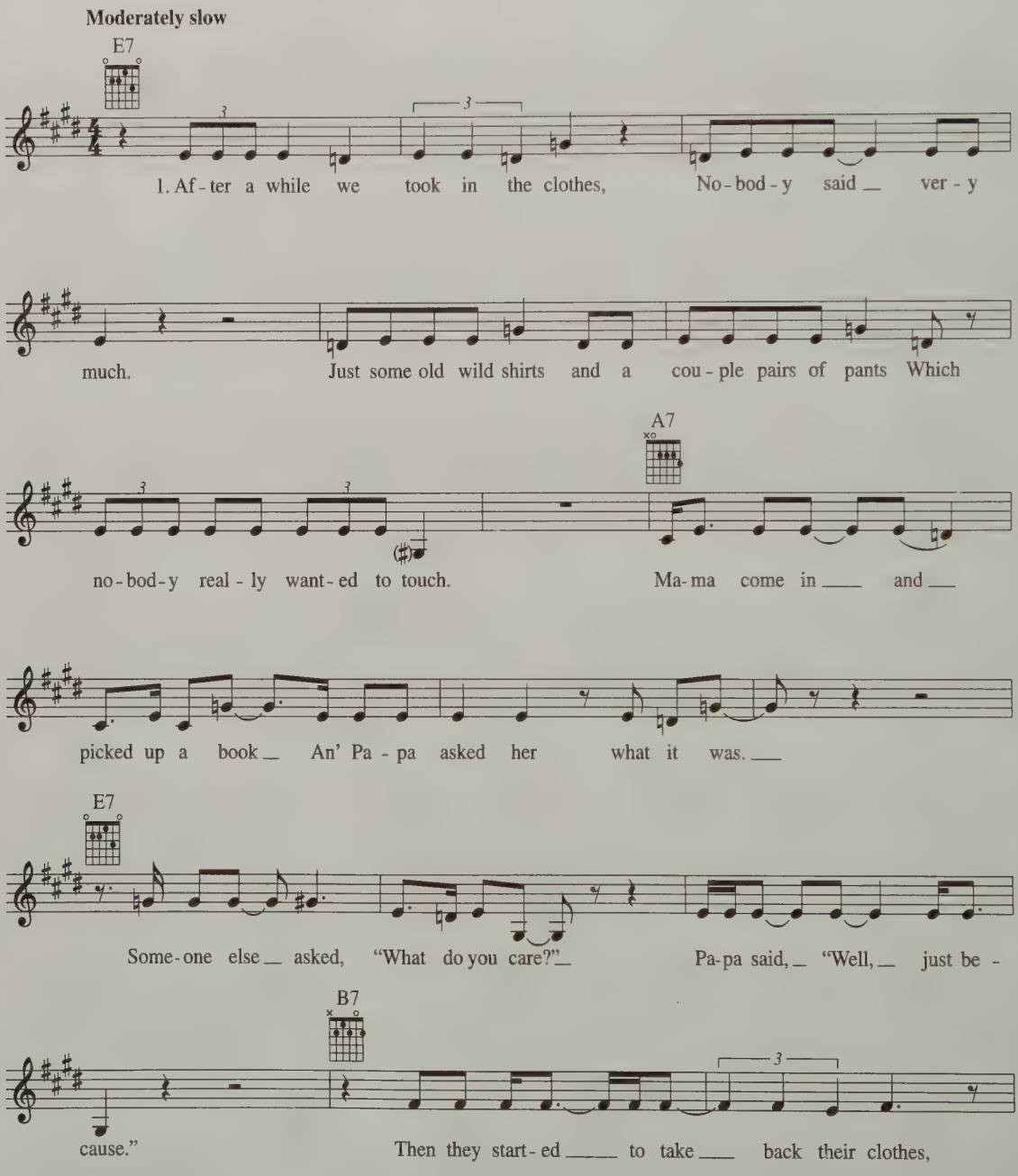

D
A7
D
May you stay for-ev-er young.
F♯m/C♯
May you grow up to be right-eous, May you grow up to be true, May you
G/B
G
D
al-ways know the truth And see the lights sur-round-ing you.
F♯m/C♯
May you al-ways be cou-ra-geous, Stand up-right and be strong, May you
G/B
A7
D
stay for-ev-er young, For-ev-er
A7
Bm
young, for-ev-er young, May you stay
D
A7
D
for-ev-er young. May your
F♯m/C♯
hands al-ways be bus-y, May your feet al-ways be swift, May you


G/B
G
D
have a strong _ foun - da - tion when the winds of chang - es shift. ___
F♯m/ C♯
May your heart al - ways be joy-ful, May your song al - ways be sung, May you
G/B
A
D
stay _____ for-ev - er young, _____ For - ev - er
A7
Bm
3
young, _____ for - ev - er young, _____ May you
D
A7
D
3
stay _____ for - ev - er young. _____
D
F♯m/ C♯
G/B
G
D
harmonica
solo ad lib.
F♯m/ C♯
G/B
A
D
A7
Bm
D
A7
D

Clothes Line

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
E7
1. Af - ter a while we took in the clothes, No - bod - y said ver - y
much. Just some old wild shirts and a cou - ple pairs of pants Which
A7
no - bod - y real - ly want - ed to touch. Ma - ma come in and
picked up a book An' Pa - pa asked her what it was.
E7
Some - one else asked, "What do you care?" Pa - pa said, "Well, just be -
B7
cause." Then they start - ed to take back their clothes,

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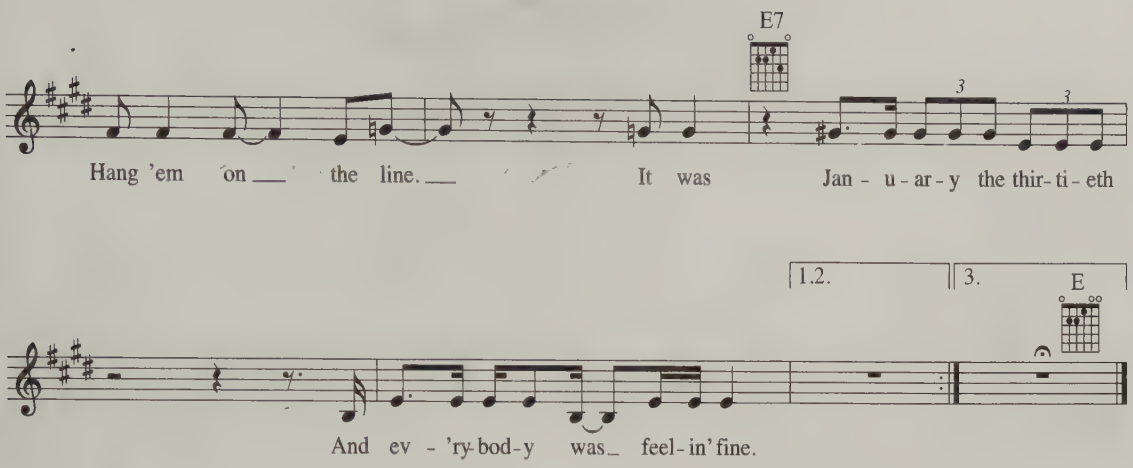


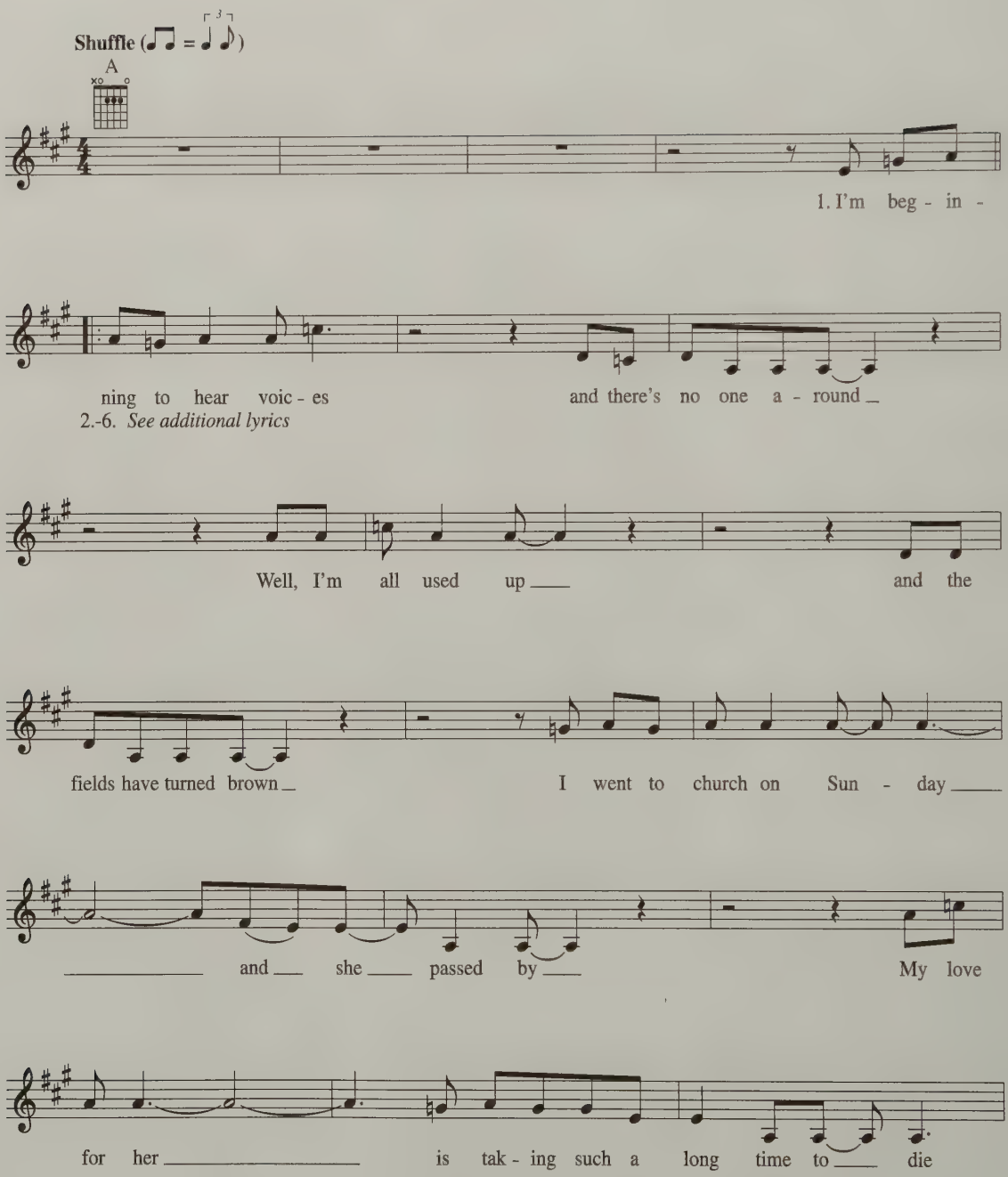
Additional lyrics

2. The next day everybody got up
Seein' if the clothes were dry.
The dogs were barking, a neighbor passed,
Mama, of course, she said, "Hi!"
"Have you heard the news?" he said, with a grin,
"The Vice-President's gone mad!"
"Where?" "Downtown." "When?" "Last night."
"Hmm, say, that's too bad!"
"Well, there's nothin' we can do about it," said the neighbor,
"It's just somethin' we're gonna have to forget."
"Yes, I guess so," said Ma,
Then she asked me if the clothes was still wet.

3. I reached up, touched my shirt,
And the neighbor said, "Are those clothes yours?"
I said, "Some of 'em, not all of 'em."
He said, "Ya always help out around here with the chores?"
I said, "Sometime, not all the time."
Then my neighbor, he blew his nose
Just as Papa yelled outside,
"Mama wants you t' come back in the house and bring them clothes."
Well, I just do what I'm told,
So, I did it, of course.
I went back in the house and Mama met me
And then I shut all the doors.

Cold Irons Bound

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Shuffle (♫ = ♩ ♪)
A
1. I'm beg - in -
ning to hear voic - es
and there's no one a - round
2.-6. See additional lyrics
Well, I'm all used up
and the
fields have turned brown
I went to church on Sun - day
and she passed by
My love
for her
is tak - ing such a long time to
die

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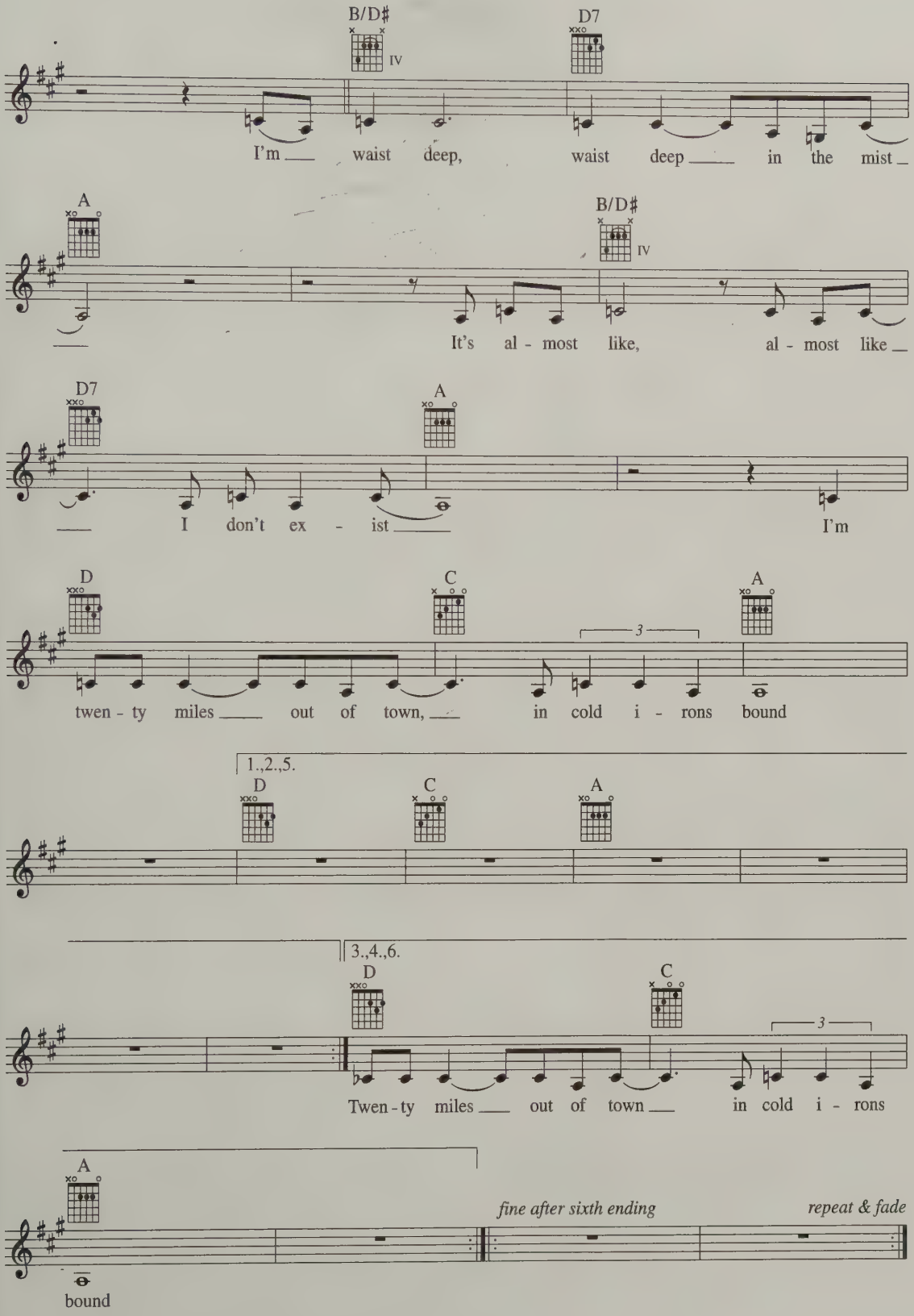

B/D♯
IV
D7
I'm waist deep, waist deep in the mist
A
B/D♯
IV
It's al - most like, al - most like
D7
A
I don't ex - ist I'm
D
C
A
3
twen - ty miles out of town, in cold i - rons bound
1.,2.,5.
D
C
A
3.,4.,6.
D
C
3
Twen - ty miles out of town in cold i - rons
A
fine after sixth ending
repeat & fade
bound

Additional lyrics

2. The walls of pride are high and wide
   Can't see over to the other side
   It's such a sad thing to see beauty decay
   It's sadder still, to feel your heart torn away

   One look at you and I'm out of control
   Like the universe has swallowed me whole
   I'm twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound

3. There's too many people, too many to recall
   I thought some of 'm were friends of mine; I was wrong about 'm all
   Well, the road is rocky and the hillside's mud
   Up over my head nothing but clouds of blood

   I found my world, found my world in you
   But your love just hasn't proved true
   I'm twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound
   Twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound

4. *Instrumental solo*

5. Oh, the winds in Chicago have torn me to shreds
   Reality has always had too many heads
   Some things last longer than you think they will
   There are some kind of things you can never kill

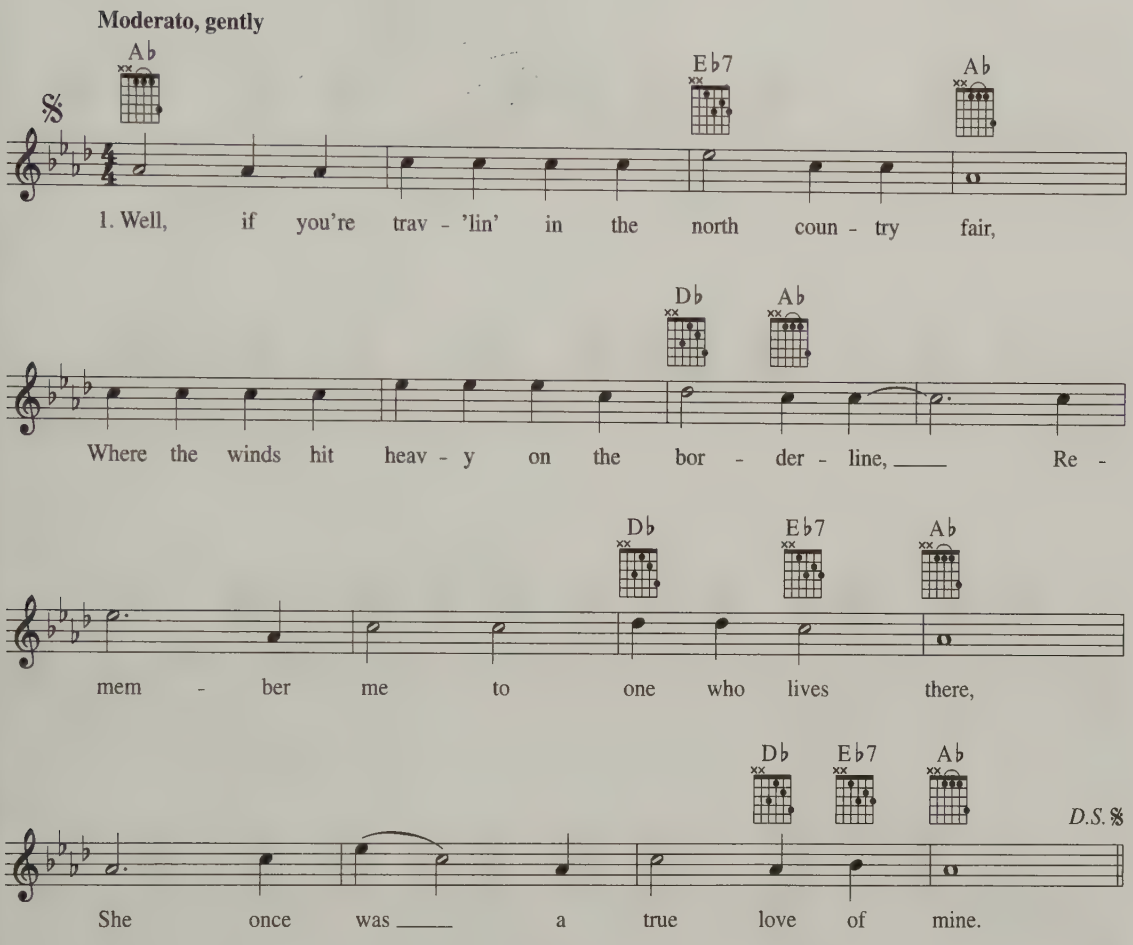
   It's you and you only, I'm been thinking about
   But you can't see in and it's hard lookin' out
   I'm twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound

6. Well the fat's in the fire and the water's in the tank
   The whiskey's in the jar and the money's in the bank
   I tried to love and protect you because I cared
   I'm gonna remember forever the joy that we shared

   Looking at you and I'm on my bended knee
   You have no idea what you do to me
   I'm twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound
   Twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound

Girl of the North Country

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



Additional lyrics

2. Well, if you go when the snowflakes storm,
When the rivers freeze and summer ends,
Please see if she's wearing a coat so warm,
To keep her from the howlin' winds.

3. Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
If it rolls and flows all down her breast.
Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
That's the way I remember her best.

4. I'm a-wonderin' if she remembers me at all.
Many times I've often prayed
In the darkness of my night,
In the brightness of my day.

5. So if you're travelin' in the north country fair,
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline,
Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine.

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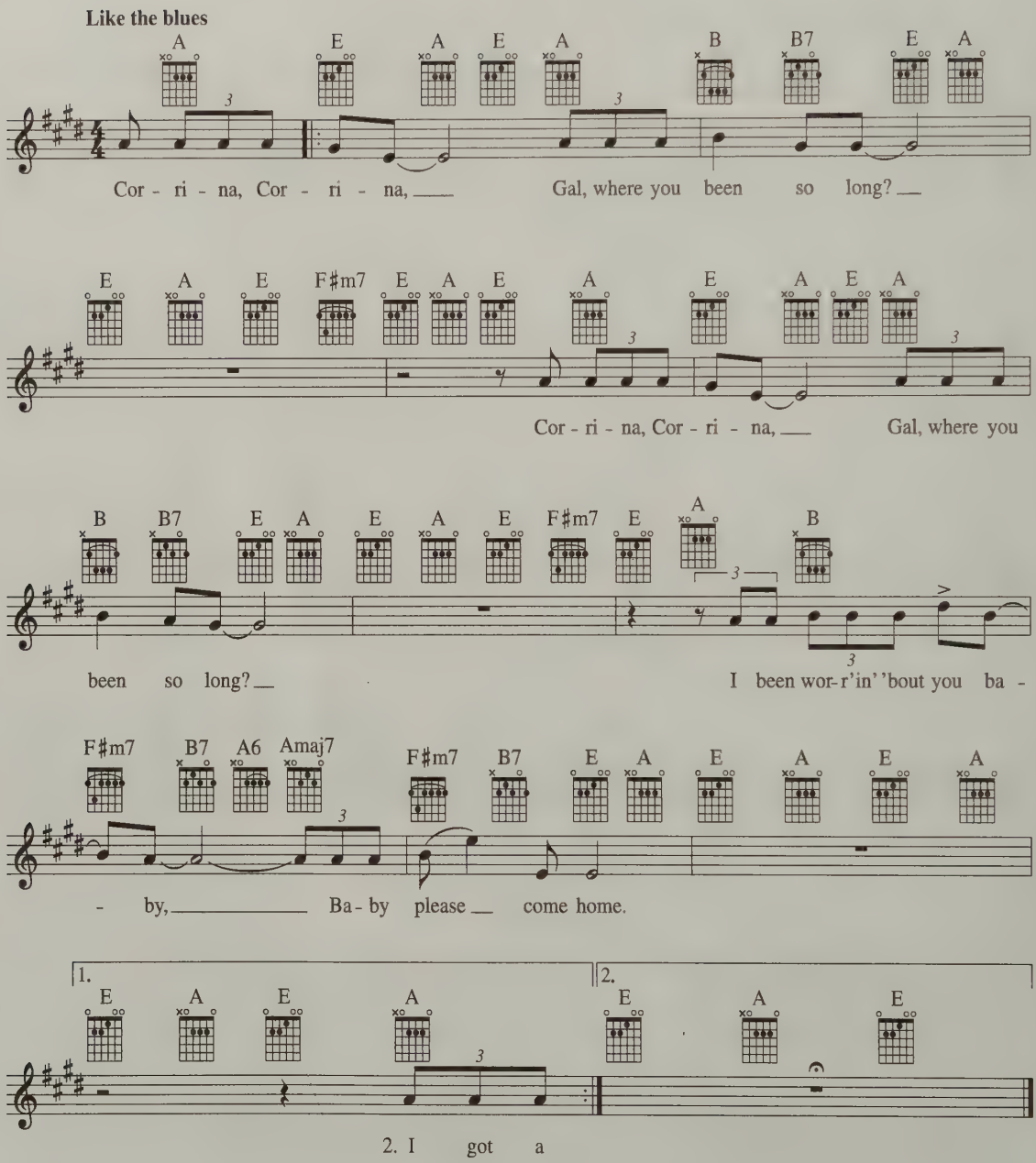
Corrina, Corrina

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan

Like the blues
A E A E A B B7 E A
Cor - ri - na, Cor - ri - na, Gal, where you been so long?
E A E F♯m7 E A E A E A E A E A
Cor - ri - na, Cor - ri - na, Gal, where you
B B7 E A E A E F♯m7 E A B
been so long? I been wor-r'in' 'bout you ba -
F♯m7 B7 A6 Amaj7 F♯m7 B7 E A E A E A
- by, Ba - by please come home.
1. E A E A
2. E A E
2. I got a

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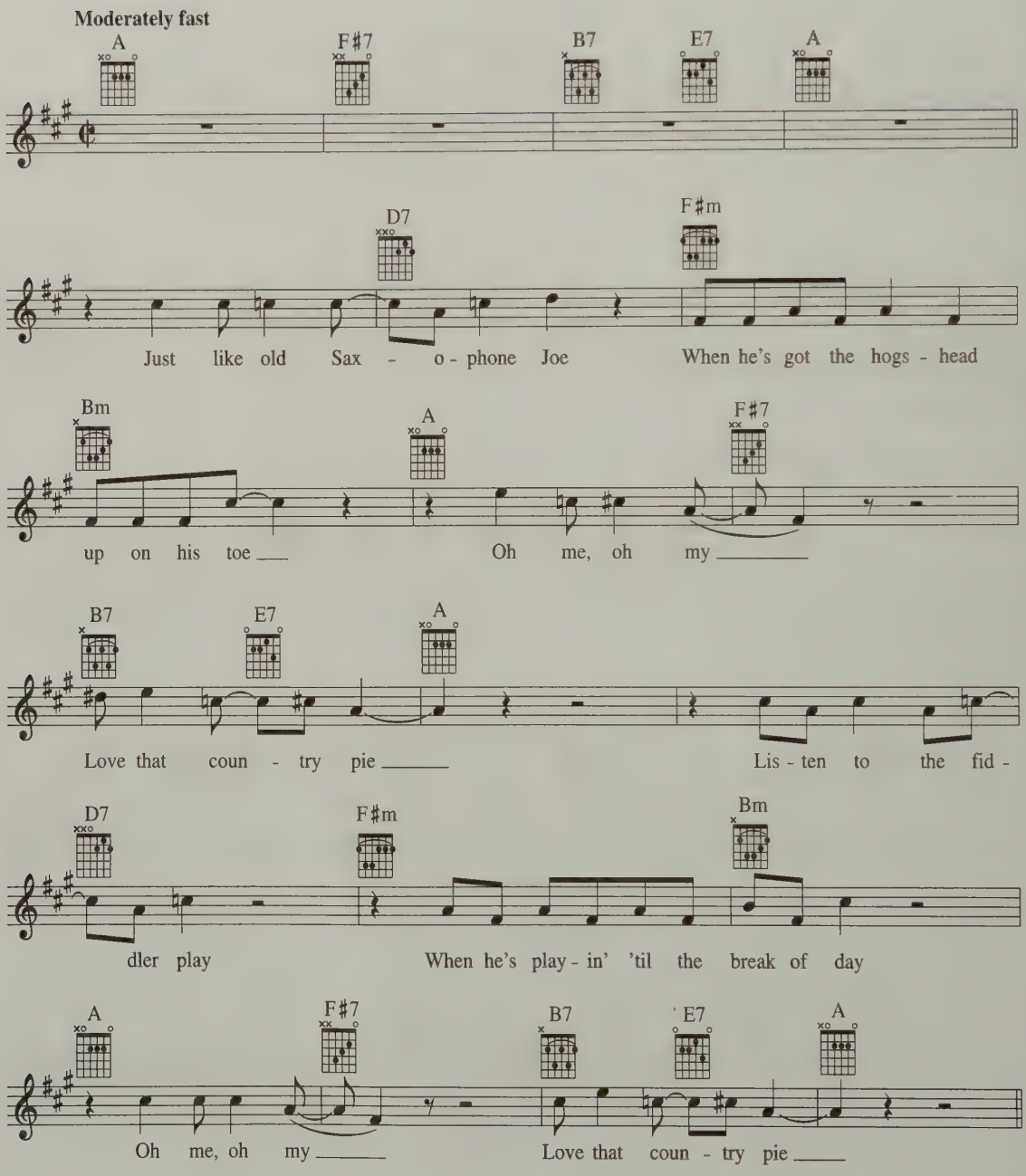
Additional lyrics

2. I got a bird that whistles,
I got a bird that sings.
I got a bird that whistles,
I got a bird that sings.
But I ain' ā-got Corrina,
Life don't mean a thing.

Corrina, Corrina,
Gal, you're on my mind.
Corrina, Corrina,
Gal, you're on my mind.
I'm a-thinkin' 'bout you, baby,
I just can't keep from crying.

Country Pie

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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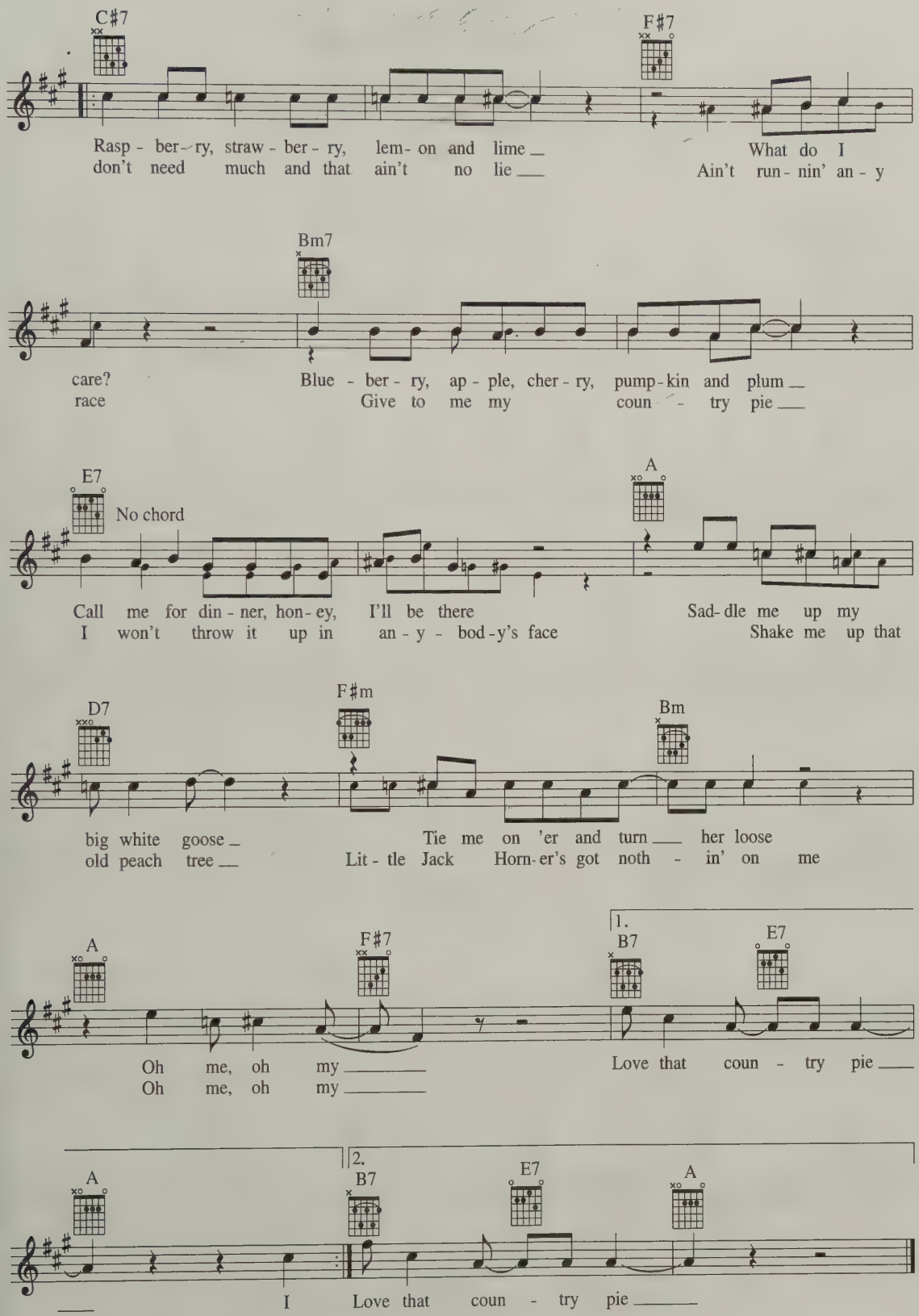
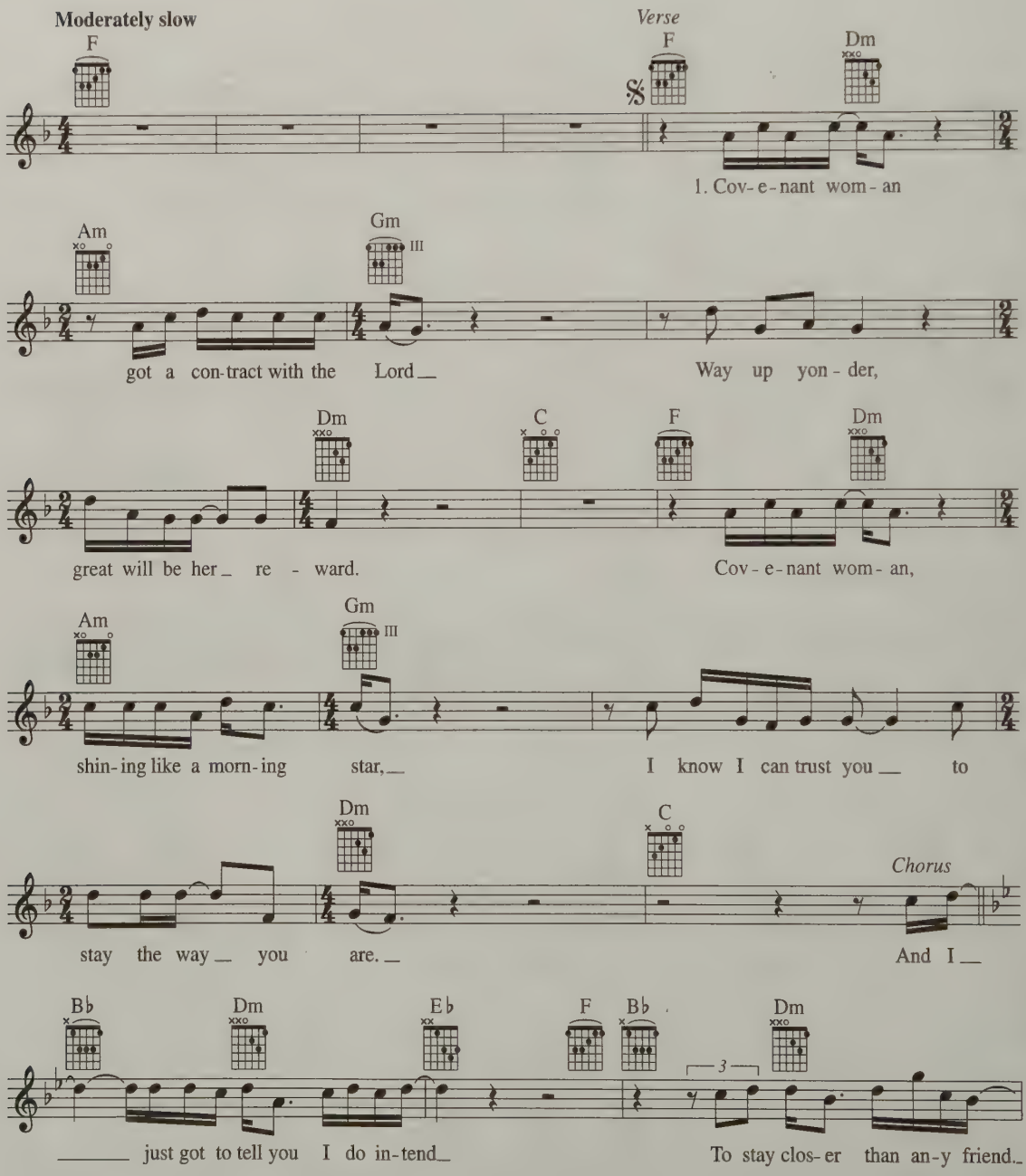

C♯7
F♯7
Rasp - ber - ry, straw - ber - ry, lem - on and lime
don't need much and that ain't no lie
What do I
Ain't run - nin' an - y
Bm7
care?
race
Blue - ber - ry, ap - ple, cher - ry, pump - kin and plum
Give to me my coun - try pie
E7
No chord
A
Call me for din - ner, hon - ey, I'll be there
I won't throw it up in an - y - bod - y's face
Sad - dle me up my
Shake me up that
D7
F♯m
Bm
big white goose
old peach tree
Tie me on 'er and turn her loose
Lit - tle Jack Horn - er's got noth - in' on me
A
F♯7
1.
B7
E7
Oh me, oh my
Oh me, oh my
Love that coun - try pie
A
2.
B7
E7
A
I Love that coun - try pie

Covenant Woman

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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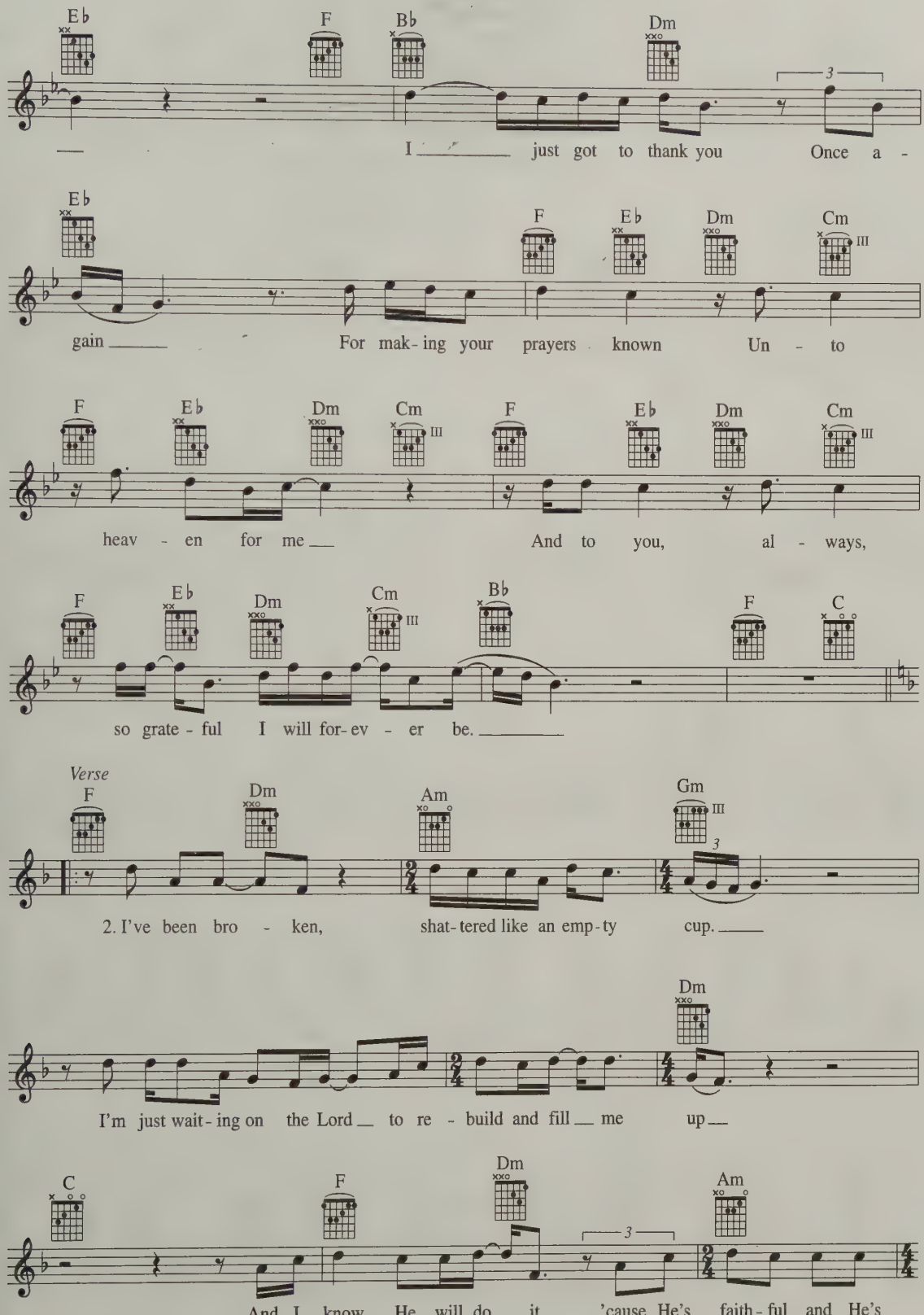
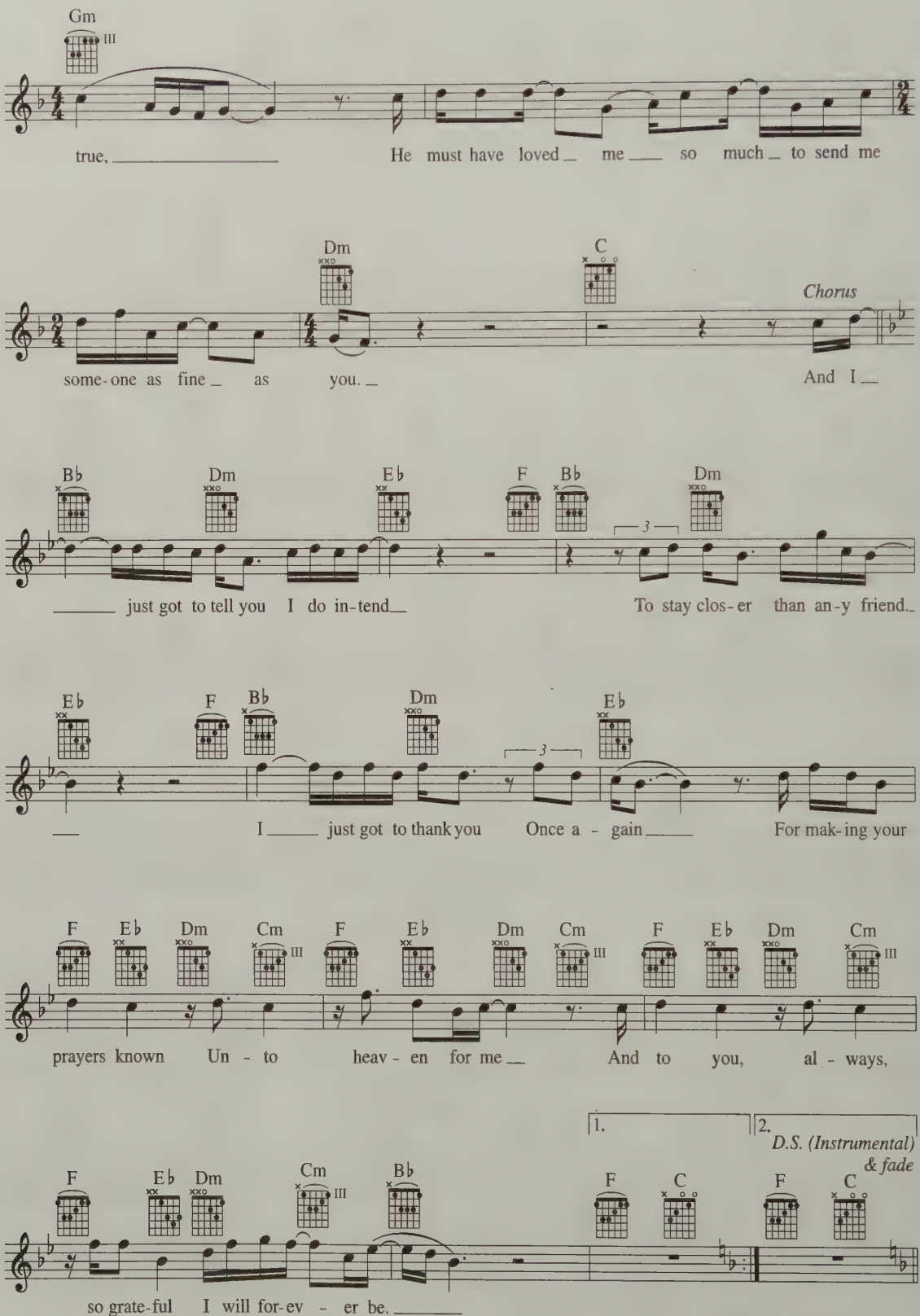

E♭ F B♭ Dm
3
I just got to thank you Once a -
E♭ F E♭ Dm Cm
III
gain For mak-ing your prayers known Un - to
F E♭ Dm Cm F E♭ Dm Cm
III III
heav - en for me And to you, al - ways,
F E♭ Dm Cm B♭ F C
III
so grate - ful I will for-ev - er be.
Verse
F Dm Am Gm
III
3
2. I've been bro - ken, shat-tered like an emp-ty cup.
Dm
I'm just wait-ing on the Lord to re - build and fill me up
C F Dm Am
3
And I know He will do it 'cause He's faith-ful and He's


Gm
true, He must have loved me so much to send me
Dm
C
Chorus
some-one as fine as you. And I
B♭ Dm E♭ F B♭ Dm
just got to tell you I do in-tend To stay clos-er than an-y friend
E♭ F B♭ Dm E♭
I just got to thank you Once a - gain For mak-ing your
F E♭ Dm Cm F E♭ Dm Cm F E♭ Dm Cm
prayers known Un - to heav - en for me And to you, al - ways,
1. 2.
D.S. (Instrumental) & fade
F E♭ Dm Cm B♭ F C F C
so grate-ful I will for-ev - er be.

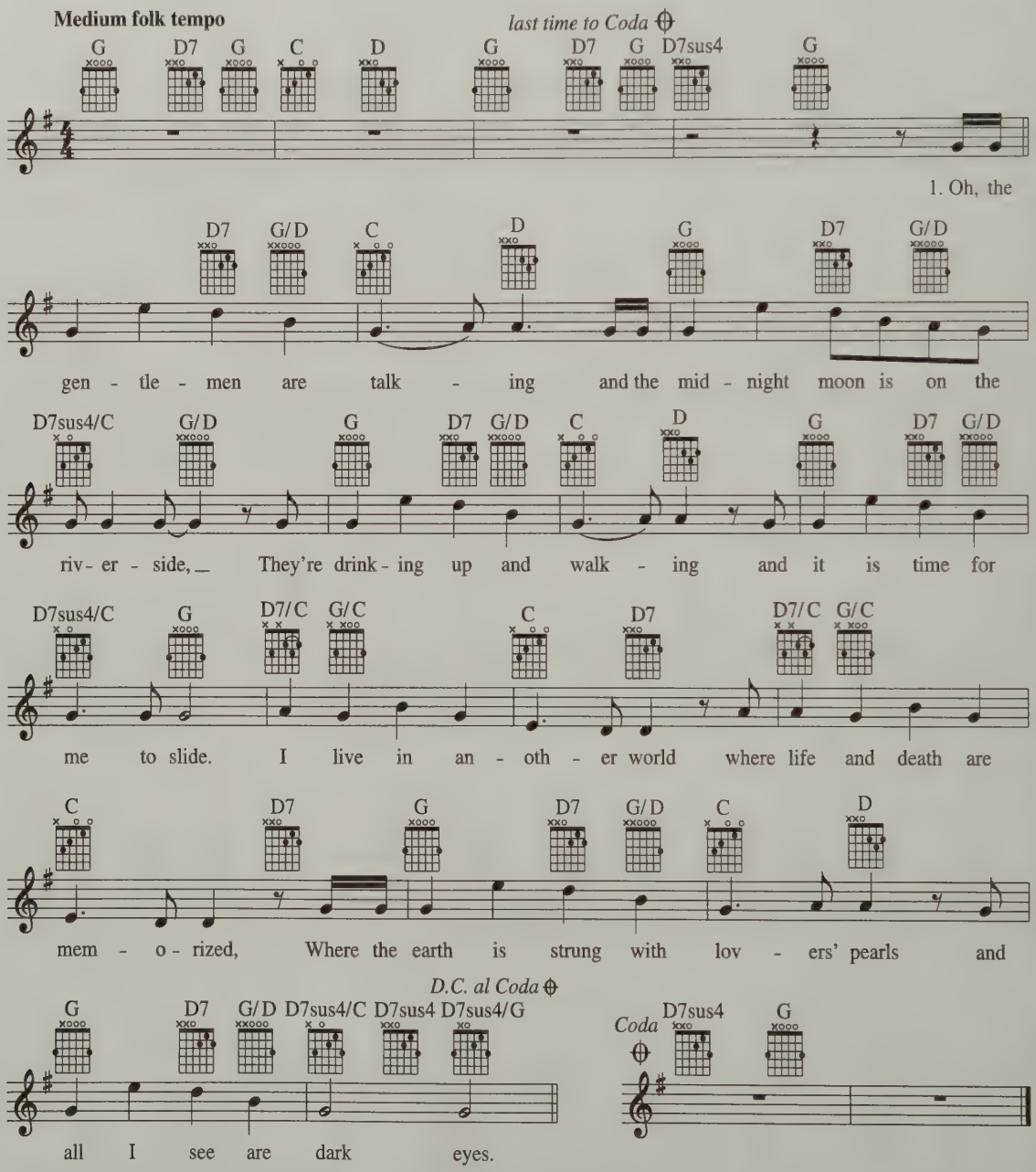
Additional lyrics

2. Covenant woman, intimate little girl
Who knows those most secret things of me that are hidden from the world.
You know we are strangers in a land we're passing through.
I'll always be right by your side, I've got a covenant too.

And I just got to tell you
I do intend
To stay closer than any friend.
I just got to thank you
Once again
For making your prayers known
Unto heaven for me
And to you, always, so grateful
I will forever be.

Dark Eyes

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium folk tempo
last time to Coda
G D7 G C D G D7 G D7sus4 G
1. Oh, the
D7 G/D C D G D7 G/D
gen - tle - men are talk - ing and the mid - night moon is on the
D7sus4/C G/D G D7 G/D C D G D7 G/D
riv - er - side, They're drink - ing up and walk - ing and it is time for
D7sus4/C G D7/C G/C C D7 D7/C G/C
me to slide. I live in an - oth - er world where life and death are
C D7 G D7 G/D C D
mem - o - rized, Where the earth is strung with lov - ers' pearls and
D.C. al Coda
G D7 G/D D7sus4/C D7sus4 D7sus4/G
all I see are dark eyes.
Coda
D7sus4 G

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Additional lyrics

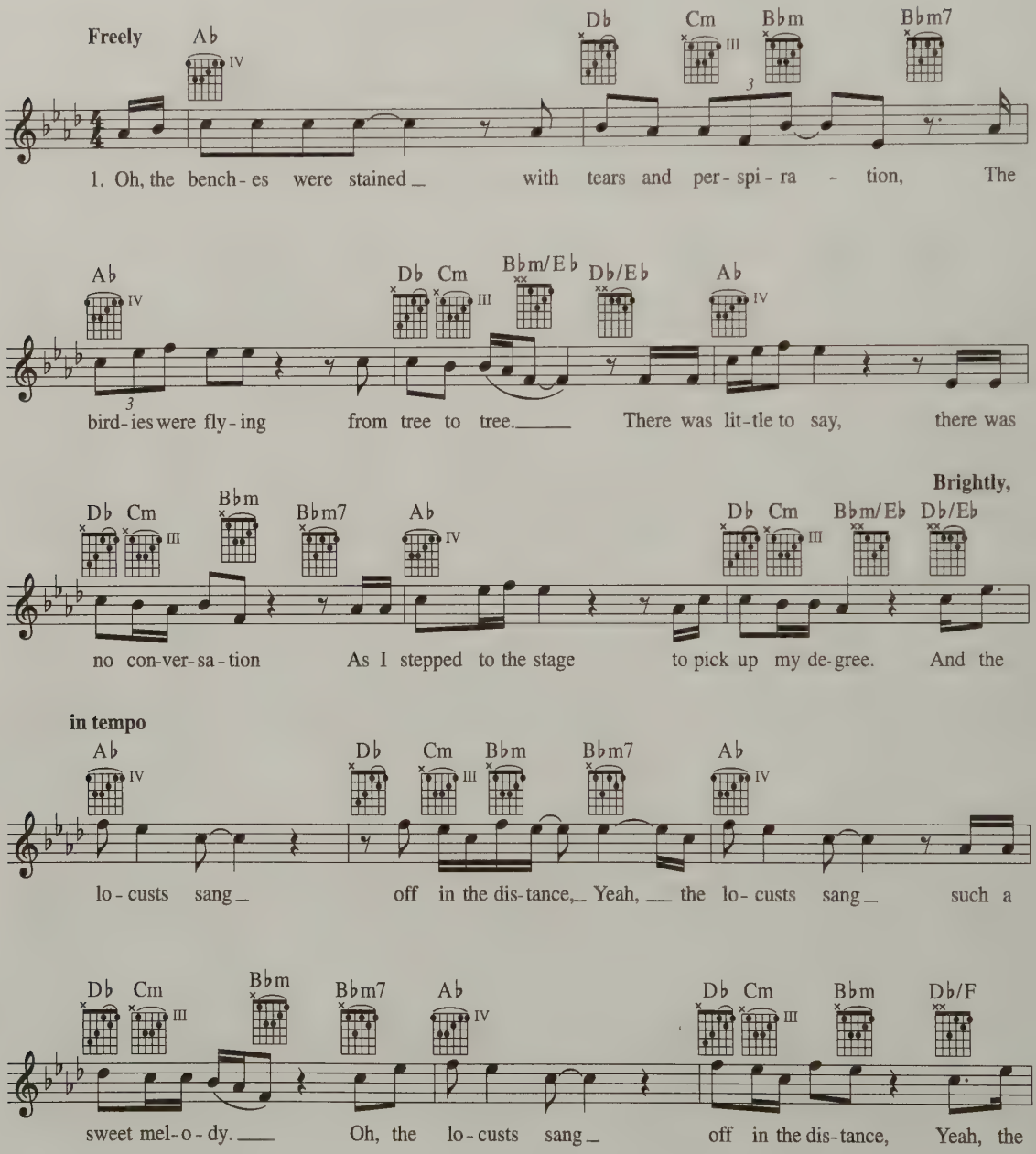
2. A cock is crowing far away and another soldier's deep in prayer,
   Some mother's child has gone astray, she can't find him anywhere.
   But I can hear another drum beating for the dead that rise,
   Whom nature's beast fears as they come and all I see are dark eyes.

3. They tell me to be discreet for all intended purposes,
   They tell me revenge is sweet and from where they stand, I'm sure it is.
   But I feel nothing for their game where beauty goes unrecognized,
   All I feel is heat and flame and all I see are dark eyes.

4. Oh, the French girl, she's in paradise and a drunken man is at the wheel,
   Hunger pays a heavy price to the falling gods of speed and steel.
   Oh, time is short and the days are sweet and passion rules the arrow
   that flies,
   A million faces at my feet but all I see are dark eyes.

Day of the Locusts

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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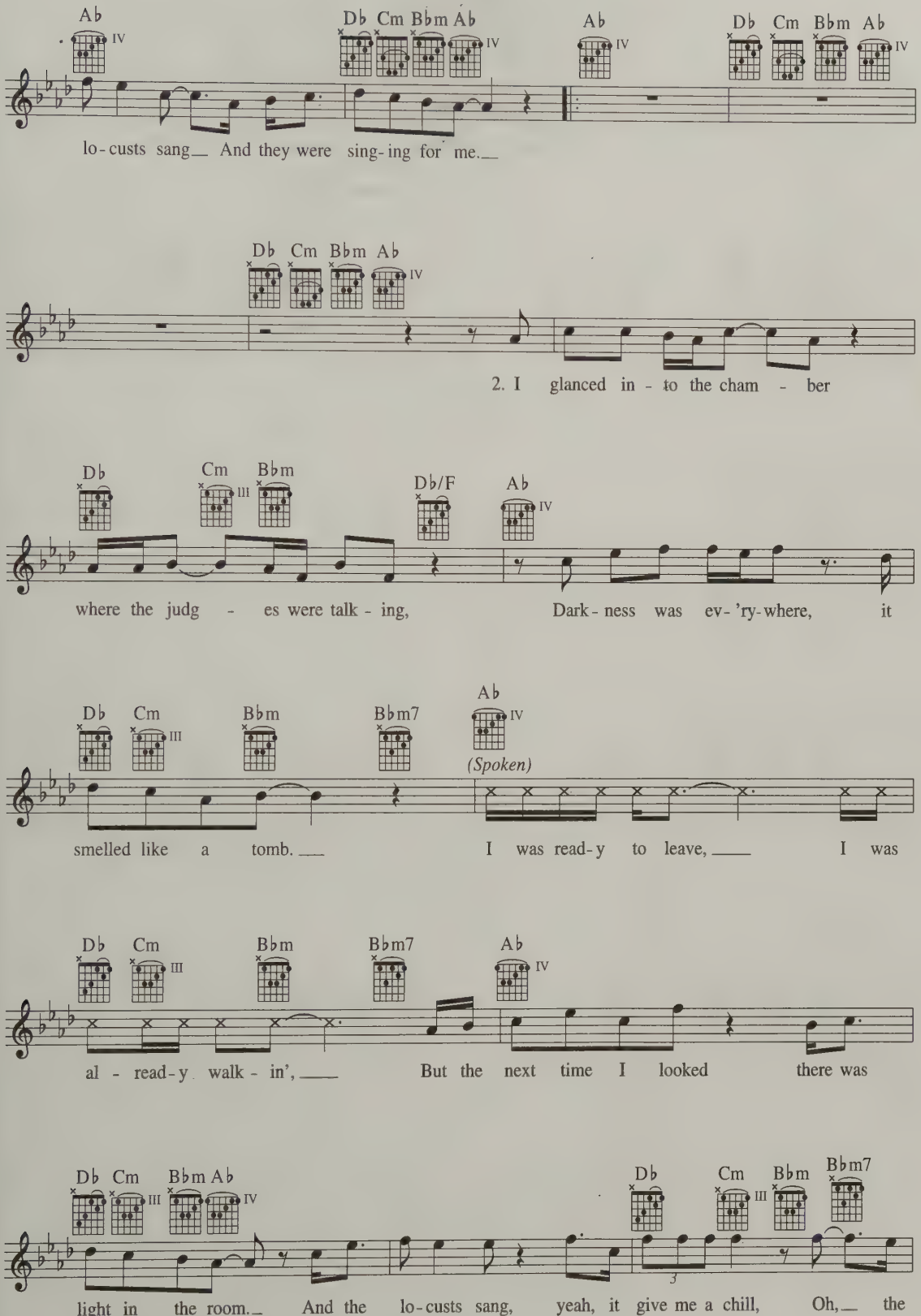
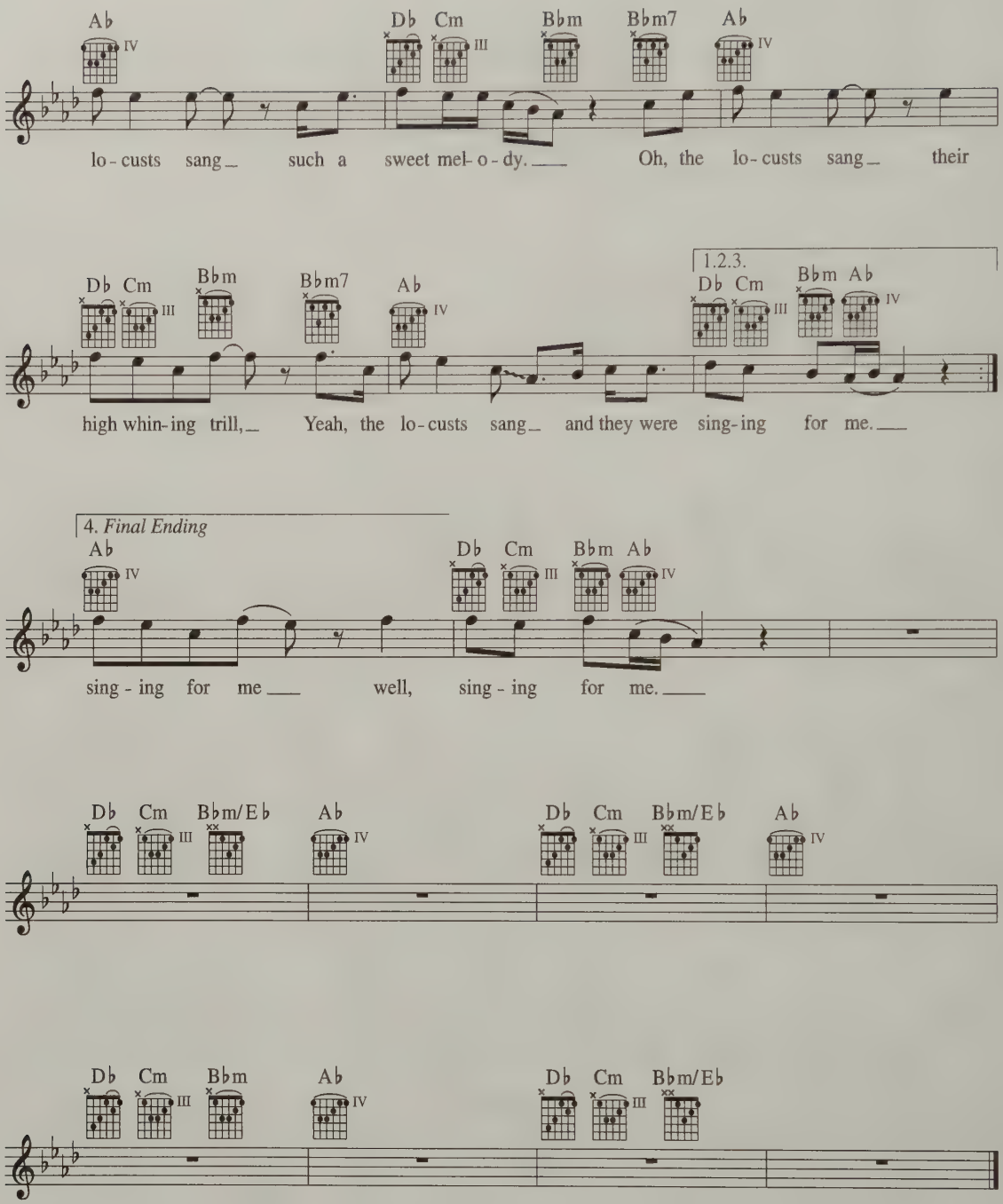

Ab IV
Db Cm Bbm Ab IV
Ab IV
Db Cm Bbm Ab IV
lo-custs sang__ And they were sing-ing for me.__
Db Cm Bbm Ab IV
2. I glanced in-to the cham-ber
Db
Cm III
Bbm
Db/F
Ab IV
where the judg-es were talk-ing, Dark-ness was ev-'ry-where, it
Db
Cm III
Bbm
Bbm7
Ab IV
(Spoken)
smelled like a tomb.___ I was read-y to leave,___ I was
Db
Cm III
Bbm
Bbm7
Ab IV
al-read-y walk-in',___ But the next time I looked there was
Db Cm III
Bbm Ab IV
Db
Cm III
Bbm
Bbm7
light in the room.__ And the lo-custs sang, yeah, it give me a chill, Oh,__ the

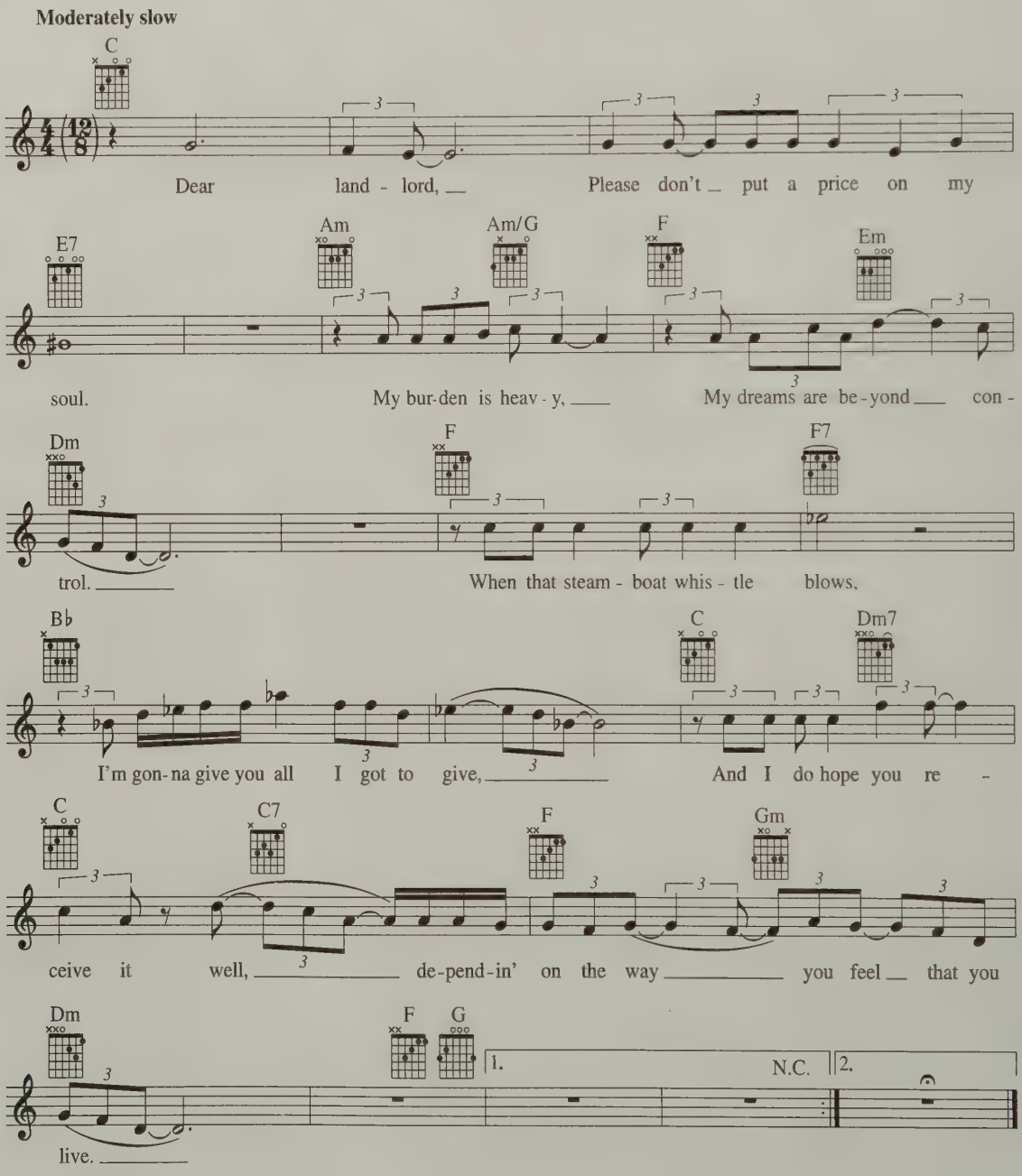

A♭ IV
D♭ Cm III
B♭m
B♭m7
A♭ IV
lo - custs sang_ such a sweet mel- o - dy.___ Oh, the lo - custs sang_ their
1.2.3.
D♭ Cm III
B♭m A♭ IV
high whin-ing trill,_ Yeah, the lo-custs sang_ and they were sing-ing for me.___
4. Final Ending
A♭ IV
D♭ Cm III
B♭m A♭ IV
sing - ing for me___ well, sing - ing for me.___
D♭ Cm III
B♭m/E♭
A♭ IV
D♭ Cm III
B♭m/E♭
A♭ IV
D♭ Cm III
B♭m
A♭ IV
D♭ Cm III
B♭m/E♭

Additional lyrics

3. Outside of the gates the trucks were unloadin',
The weather was hot, a-nearly 90 degrees.
The man standin' next to me, his head was exploding,
Well, I was prayin' the pieces wouldn't fall on me.
Yeah, the locusts sang off in the distance,
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.
Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance,
And the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

4. I put down my robe, picked up my diploma,
Took hold of my sweetheart and away we did drive,
Straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota,
Sure was glad to get out of there alive.
And the locusts sang, well, it give me a chill,
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.
And the locusts sang with a high whinin' trill,
Yeah, the locusts sang and they was singing for me,
Singing for me, well, singing for me.

Dear Landlord

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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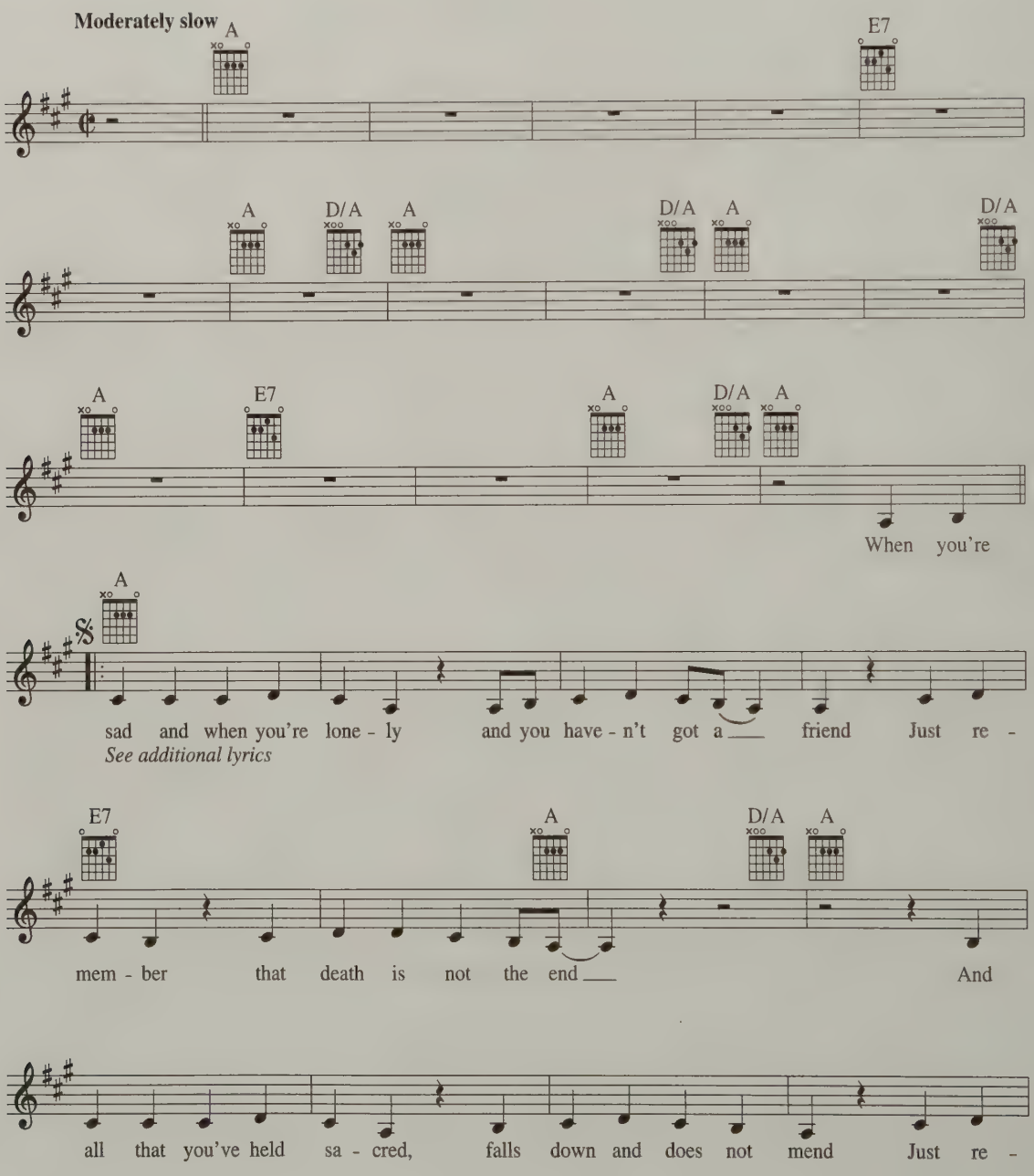
Additional lyrics

2. Dear landlord,
Please heed these words that I speak.
I know you've suffered much,
But in this you are not so unique.
All of us, at times, we might work too hard
To have it too fast and too much,
And anyone can fill his life up
With things he can see but he just cannot touch.

3. Dear landlord,
Please don't dismiss my case.
I'm not about to argue,
I'm not about to move to no other place.
Now, each of us has his own special gift
And you know this was meant to be true,
And if you don't underestimate me,
I won't underestimate you.

Death Is Not the End

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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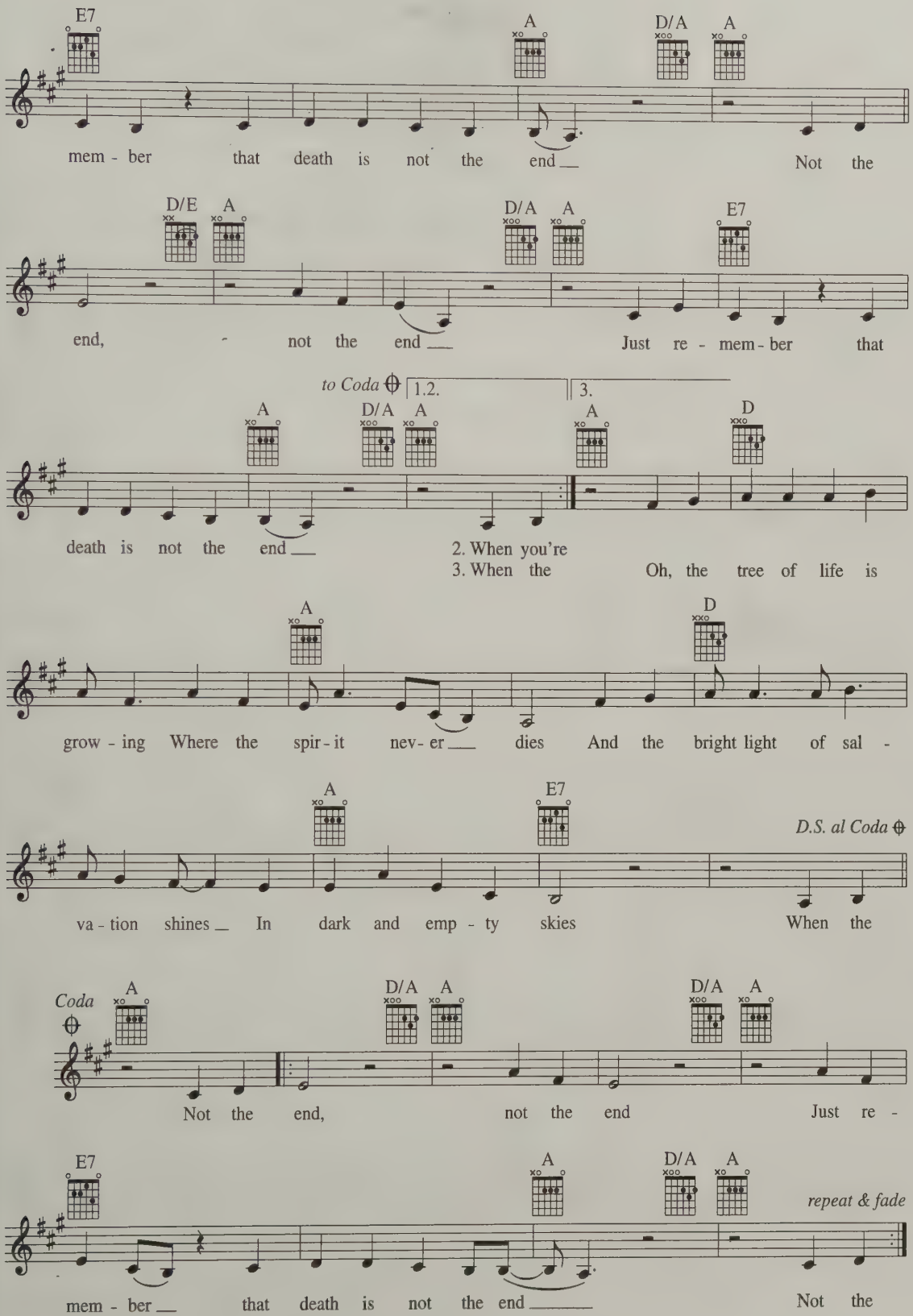

E7
A
D/A
A
mem - ber that death is not the end Not the
D/E
A
D/A
A
E7
end, not the end Just re - mem - ber that
to Coda
1.2.
3.
A
D/A
A
A
D
death is not the end
2. When you're
3. When the
Oh, the tree of life is
A
D
grow - ing Where the spir - it nev - er dies And the bright light of sal -
A
E7
D.S. al Coda
va - tion shines In dark and emp - ty skies When the
Coda
A
D/A
A
D/A
A
Not the end, not the end Just re -
E7
A
D/A
A
repeat & fade
mem - ber that death is not the end Not the

Additional lyrics

2. When you're standing at the crossroads that you cannot comprehend
   Just remember that death is not the end
   And all your dreams have vanished and you don't know what's up the bend
   Just remember that death is not the end
   Not the end, not the end
   Just remember that death is not the end

3. When the storm clouds gather 'round you, and heavy rains descend
   Just remember that death is not the end
   And there's no one there to comfort you, with a helpin' hand to lend
   Just remember that death is not the end
   Not the end, not the end
   Just remember that death is not the end

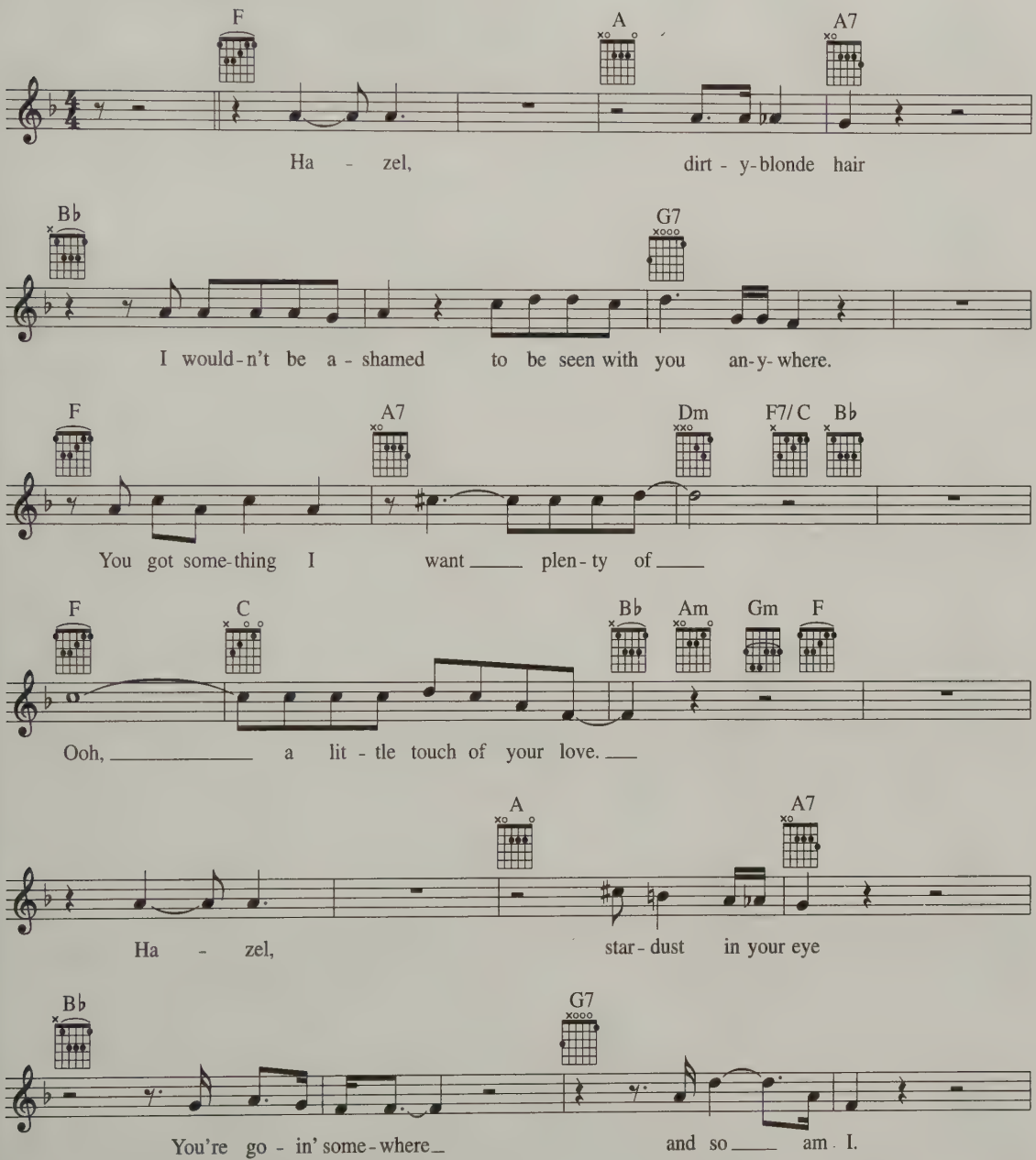
   Oh, the tree of life is growing
   Where the spirit never dies
   And the bright light of salvation shines
   In dark and empty skies

4. When the cities are on fire with the burning flesh of men
   Just remember that death is not the end
   And you search in vain to find just one law abiding citizen
   Just remember that death is not the end
   Not the end, not the end
   Just remember that death is not the end

Hazel

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately, with a two feel



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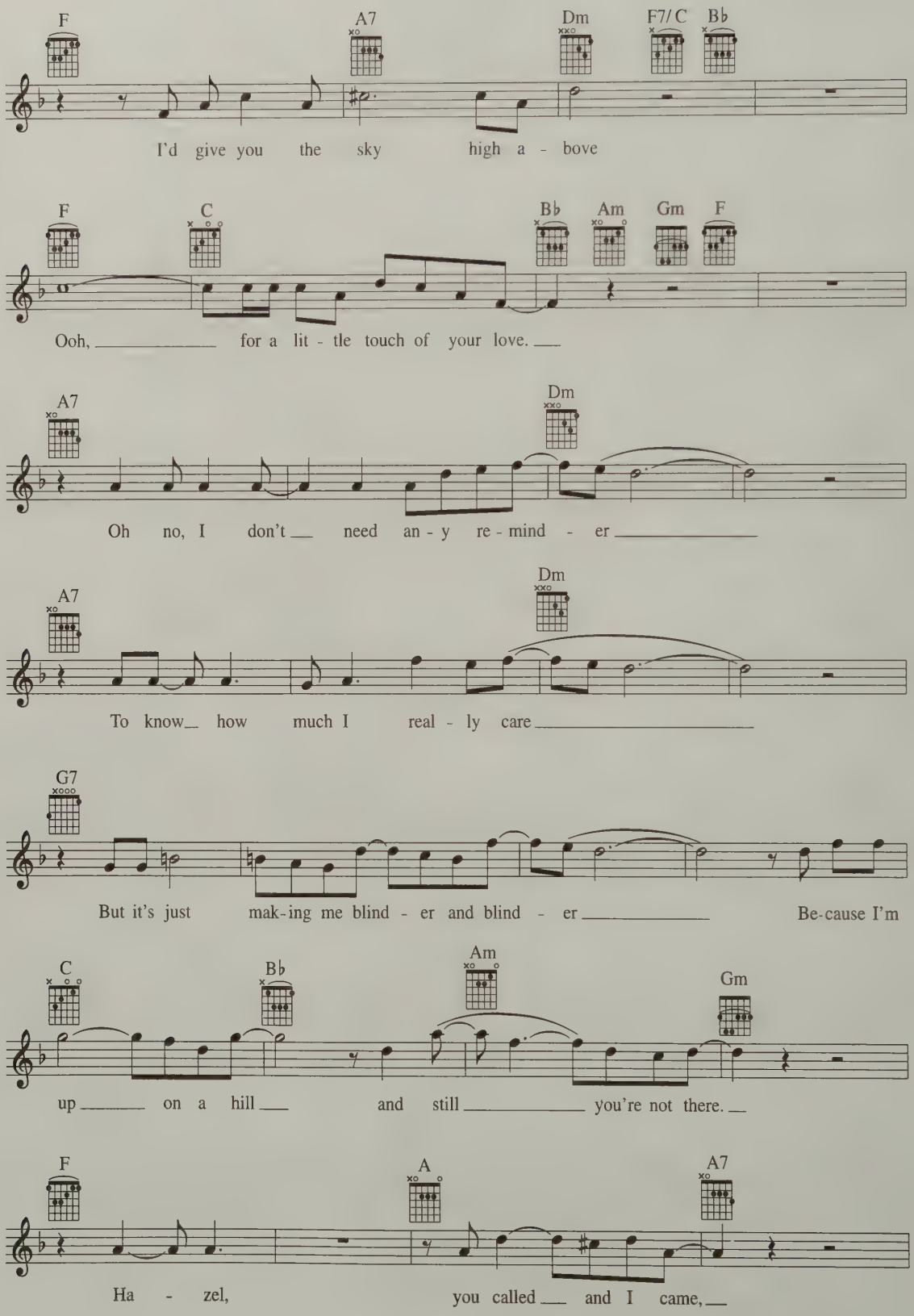
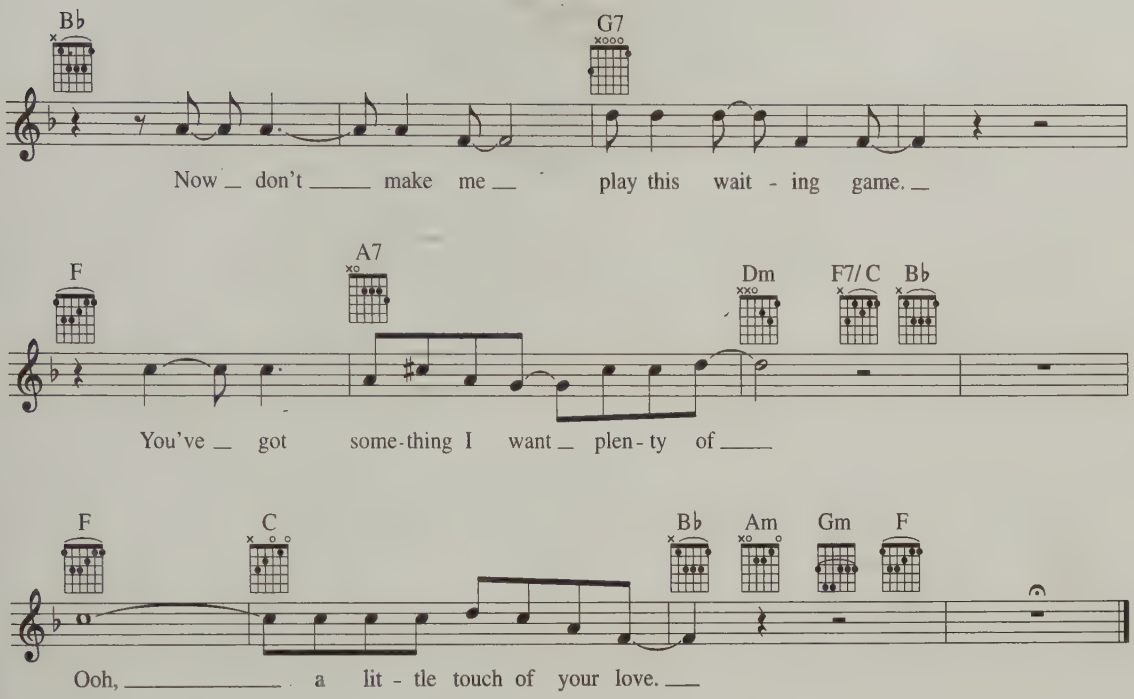
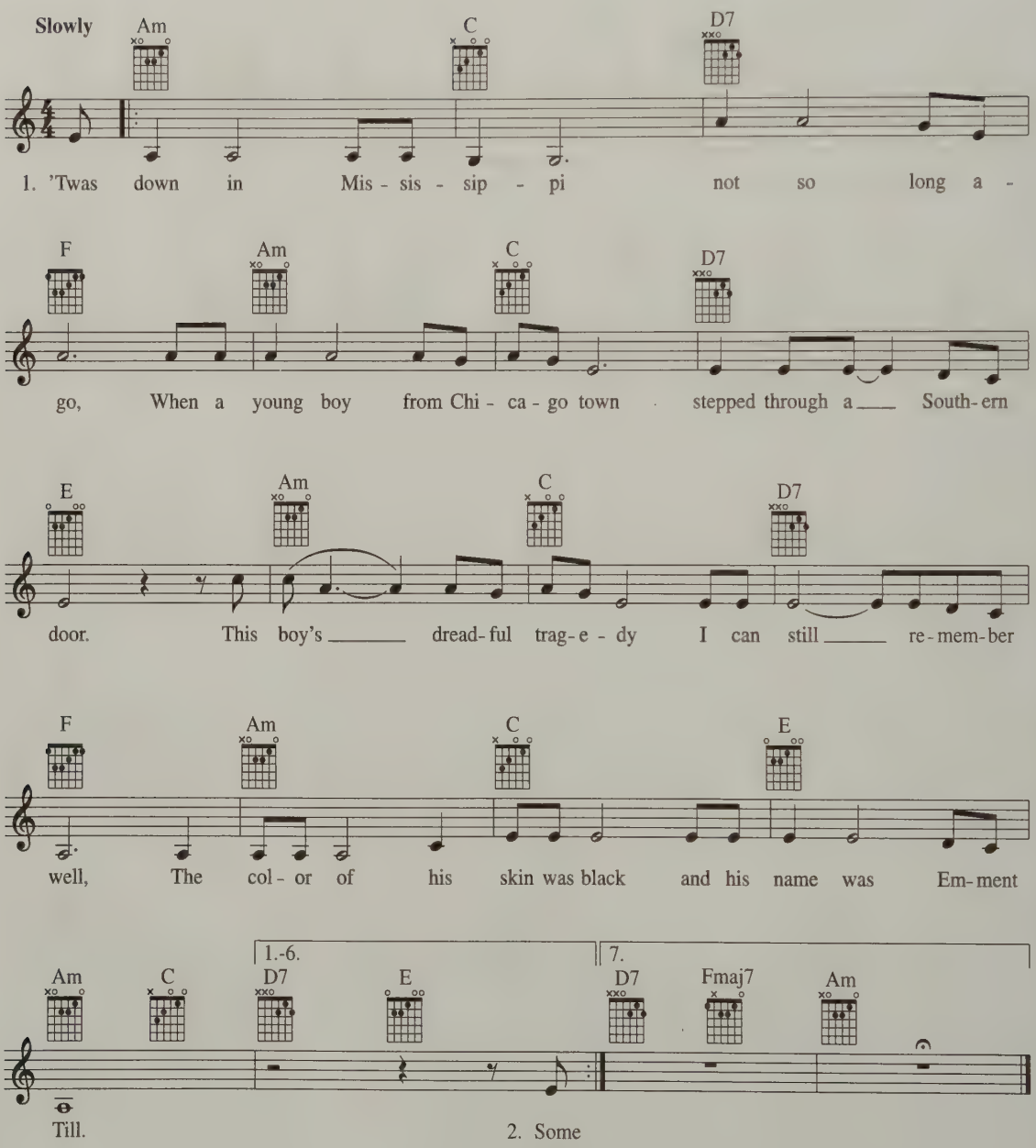

F A7 Dm F7/C B♭
I'd give you the sky high a - bove
F C B♭ Am Gm F
Ooh, for a lit - tle touch of your love.
A7 Dm
Oh no, I don't need an - y re - mind - er
A7 Dm
To know how much I real - ly care
G7
But it's just mak-ing me blind - er and blind - er Be-cause I'm
C B♭ Am Gm
up on a hill and still you're not there.
F A A7
Ha - zel, you called and I came,

B♭
G7
Now don't make me play this wait - ing game.
F
A7
Dm
F7/C
B♭
You've got some-thing I want plen - ty of
F
C
B♭
Am
Gm
F
Ooh, a lit - tle touch of your love.

The Death of Emmett Till

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Some men they dragged him to a barn and there they beat him up.
   They said they had a reason, but I can't remember what.
   They tortured him and did some evil things too evil to repeat.
   There were screaming sounds inside the barn, there was laughing sounds out on the street.

3. Then they rolled his body down a gulf amidst a bloody red rain
   And they threw him in the waters wide to cease his screaming pain.
   The reason that they killed him there, and I'm sure it ain't no lie,
   Was just for the fun of killin' him and to watch him slowly die.

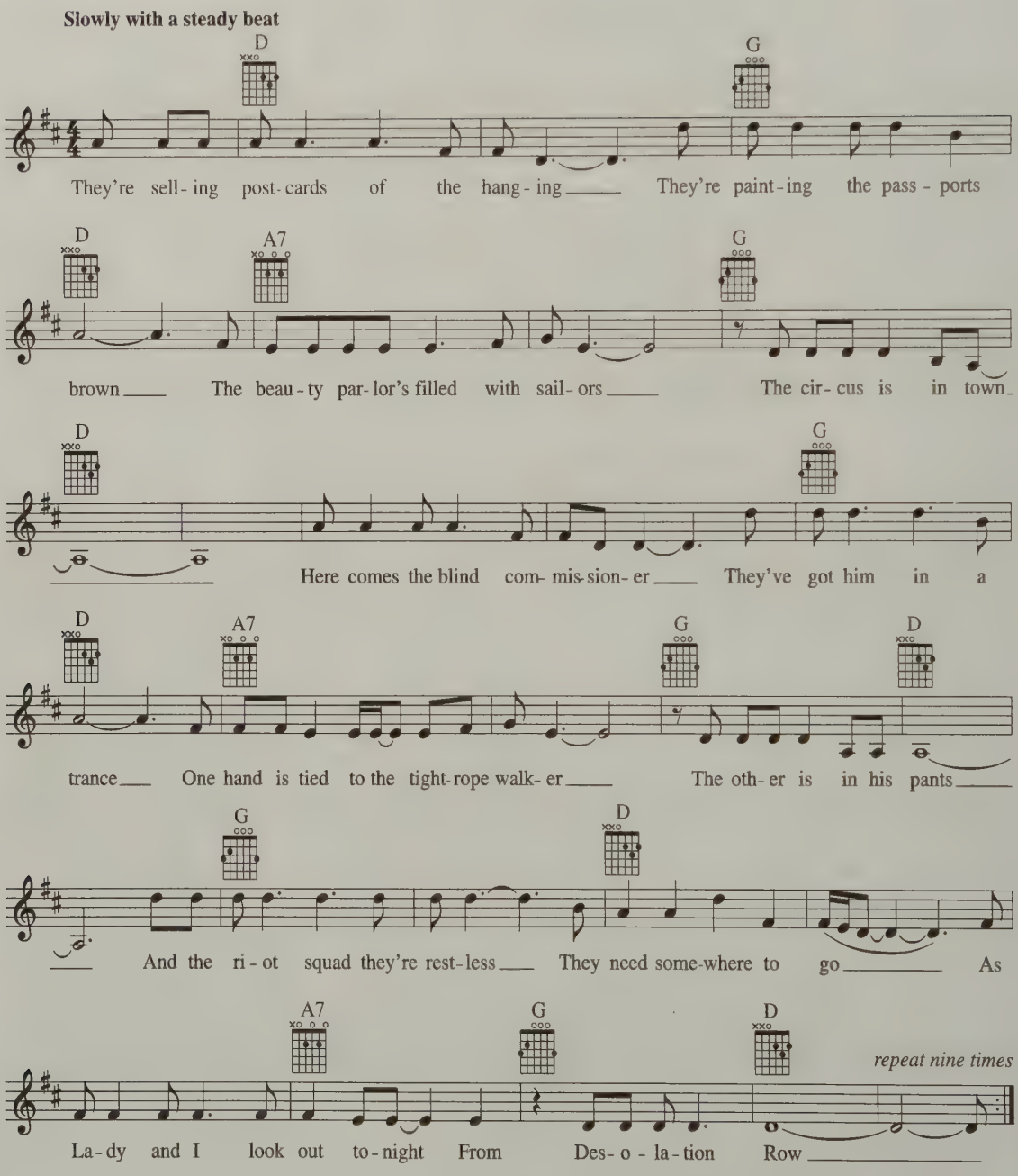
4. And then to stop the United States of yelling for a trial,
   Two brothers they confessed that they had killed poor Emmett Till.
   But on the jury there were men who helped the brothers commit this awful crime,
   And so this trial was a mockery, but nobody seemed to mind.

5. I saw the morning papers but I could not bear to see
   The smiling brothers walkin' down the courthouse stairs.
   For the jury found them innocent and the brothers they went free,
   While Emmett's body floats the foam of a Jim Crow southern sea.

6. If you can't speak out against this kind of thing, a crime that's so unjust,
   Your eyes are filled with dead men's dirt, your mind is filled with dust.
   Your arms and legs they must be in shackles and chains, and your blood it must refuse to flow,
   For you let this human race fall down so God-awful low!

7. This song is just a reminder to remind your fellow man
   That this kind of thing still lives today in that ghost-robed Ku Klux Klan.
   But if all of us folks that thinks alike, if we gave all we could give,
   We could make this great land of ours a greater place to live.

Desolation Row

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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2. Cinderella, she seems so easy,
"It takes one to know one," she smiles,
And puts her hands in her back pockets
Bette Davis style
And in comes Romeo, he's moaning,
"You Belong to Me I Believe"
And someone says," You're in the wrong place, my friend
You better leave."
And the only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up
On Desolation Row

3. Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortunetelling lady
Has even taken all her things inside
All except for Cain and Abel
And the hunchback of Notre Dame
Everybody is making love
Or else expecting rain
And the Good Samaritan, he's dressing
He's getting ready for the show
He's going to the carnival tonight
On Desolation Row

4. Now Ophelia, she's 'neath the window
For her I feel so afraid
On her twenty-second birthday
She already is an old maid
To her, death is quite romantic
She wears an iron vest
Her profession's her religion
Her sin is her lifelessness
And though her eyes are fixed upon
Noah's great rainbow
She spends her time peeking
Into Desolation Row

5. Einstein, disguised as Robin Hood
With his memories in a trunk
Passed this way an hour ago
With his friend, a jealous monk
He looked so immaculately frightful
As he bummed a cigarette
Then he went off sniffing drainpipes
And reciting the alphabet
Now you would not think to look at him
But he was famous long ago
For playing the electric violin
On Desolation Row

6. Dr. Filth, he keeps his world
Inside of a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
They're trying to blow it up
Now his nurse, some local loser
She's in charge of the cyanide hole
And she also keeps the cards that read
"Have Mercy on His Soul."
They all play on penny whistles
You can hear them blow
If you lean your head out far enough
From Desolation Row

7. Across the street they've nailed the curtains
They're getting ready for the feast
The Phantom of the Opera
A perfect image of a priest
They're spoonfeeding Casanova
To get him to feel more assured
Then they'll kill him with self-confidence
After poisoning him with words
And the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls
"Get Outa Here If You Don't Know
Casanova is just being punished for going
To Desolation Row"

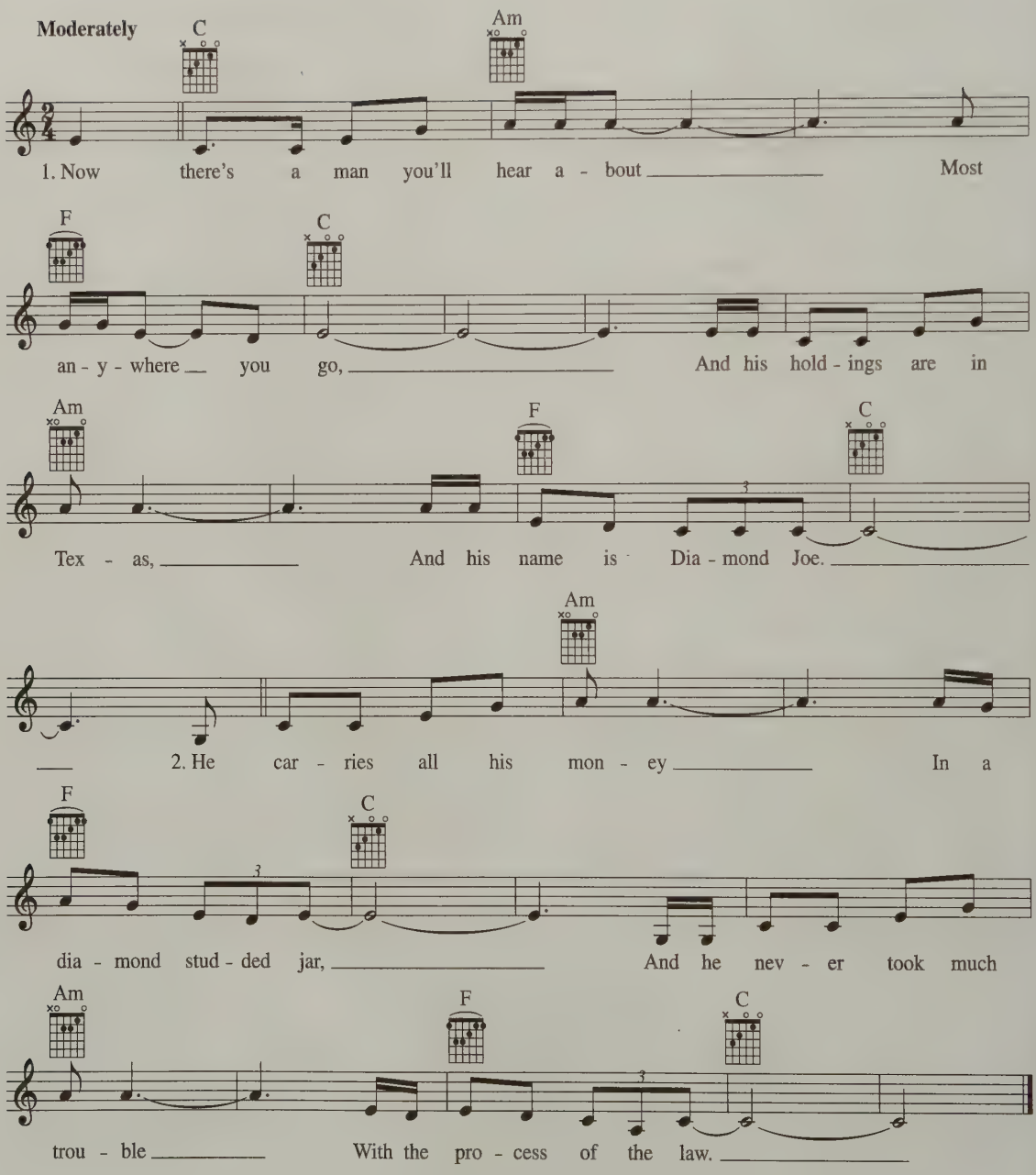
8. Now at midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Come out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do
Then they bring them to the factory
Where the heart-attack machine
Is strapped across their shoulders
And then the kerosene
Is brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that nobody is escaping
To Desolation Row

9. Praise be to Nero's Neptune
The Titanic sails at dawn
And everybody's shouting
"Which Side Are You On?"
And Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot
Fighting in the captain's tower
While calypso singers laugh at them
And fishermen hold flowers
Between the windows of the sea
Where lovely mermaids flow
And nobody has to think too much
About Desolation Row

10. Yes, I received your letter yesterday
(About the time the door knob broke)
When you asked how I was doing
Was that some kind of joke?
All these people that you mention
Yes, I know them, they're quite lame
I had to rearrange their faces
And give them all another name
Right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no more letters no
Not unless you mail them
From Desolation Row

Diamond Joe

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
C
Am
1. Now there's a man you'll hear a - bout Most
F
C
an - y - where you go, And his hold - ings are in
Am
F
C
Tex - as, And his name is Dia - mond Joe.
Am
2. He car - ries all his mon - ey In a
F
C
dia - mond stud - ded jar, And he nev - er took much
Am
F
C
trou - ble With the pro - cess of the law.

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Additional lyrics

3. I hired out to Diamond Joe, boys,
   Did offer him my hand,
   He gave a string of horses
   So old they could not stand.

4. And I nearly starved to death, boys,
   He did mistreat me so,
   And I never saved a dollar
   In the pay of Diamond Joe.

5. Now his bread it was corn dodger
   And his meat you couldn't chaw,
   Nearly drove me crazy
   With the waggin' of his jaw.

6. And the tellin' of his story,
   Mean to let you know
   That there never was a rounder
   That could lie like Diamond Joe.

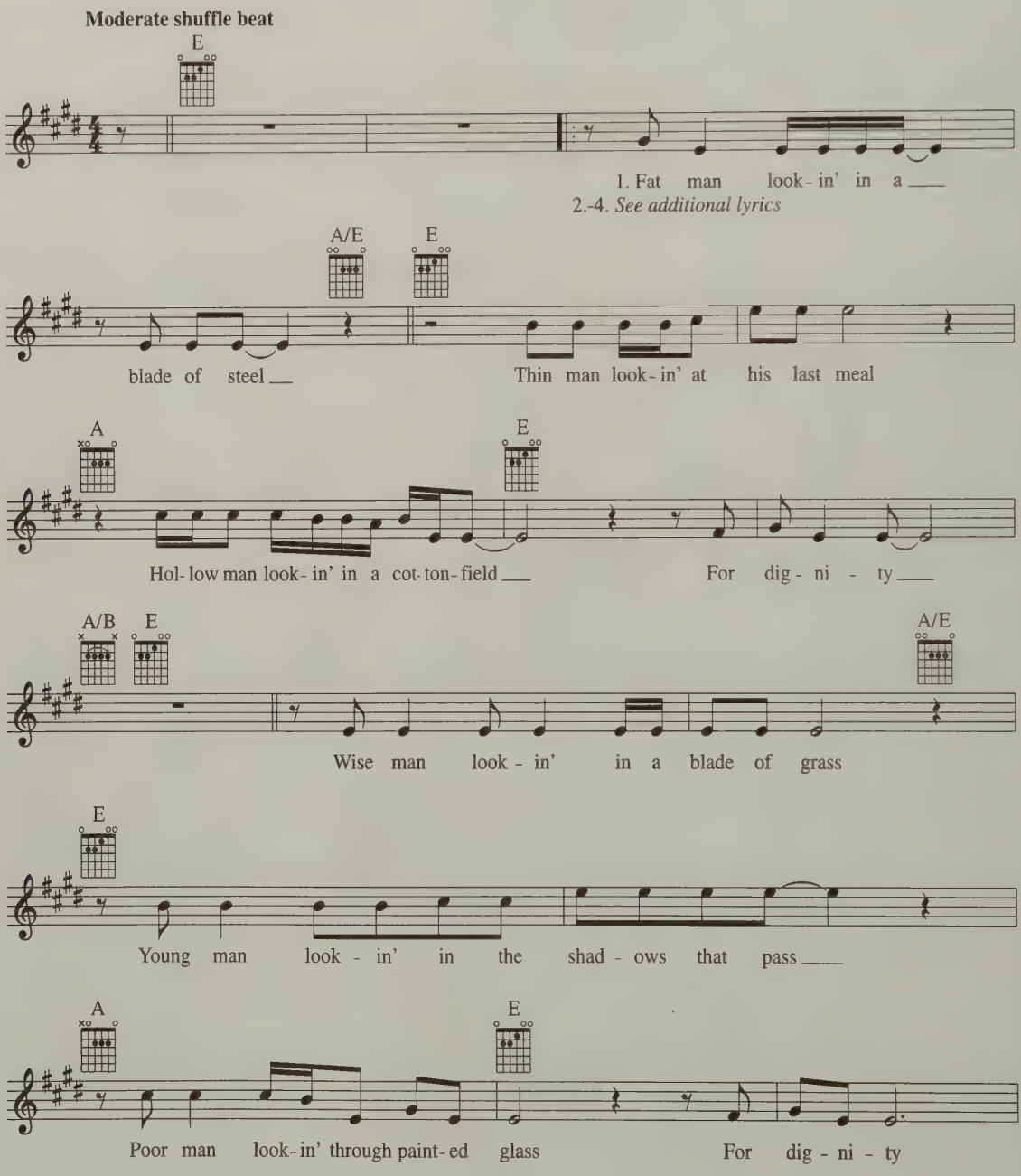
   Instrumental

7. Now, I tried three times to quit him,
   But he did argue so
   I'm still punchin' cattle
   In the pay of Diamond Joe.

8. And when I'm called up yonder
   And it's my time to go,
   Give my blankets to my buddies
   Give the fleas to Diamond Joe.

Dignity

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate shuffle beat
E
1. Fat man look - in' in a ___
2.-4. See additional lyrics
A/E
E
blade of steel ___
Thin man look - in' at his last meal
A
E
Hol - low man look - in' in a cot - ton - field ___
For dig - ni - ty ___
A/B
E
A/E
Wise man look - in' in a blade of grass
E
Young man look - in' in the shad - ows that pass ___
A
E
Poor man look - in' through paint - ed glass
For dig - ni - ty

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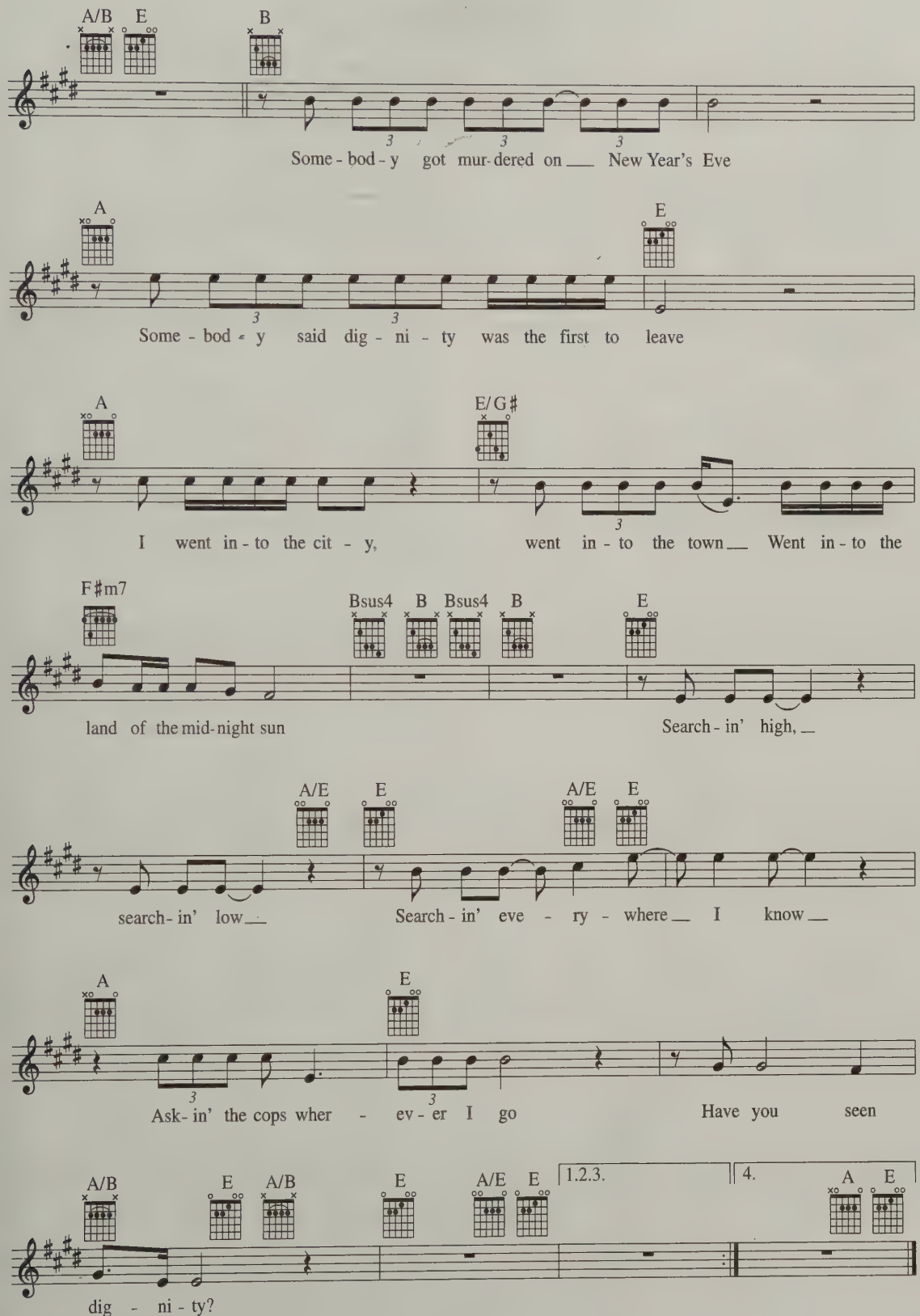

A/B E B
Some - bod - y got mur - dered on ___ New Year's Eve
A E
Some - bod - y said dig - ni - ty was the first to leave
A E/G♯
I went in - to the cit - y, went in - to the town___ Went in - to the
F♯m7 Bsus4 B Bsus4 B E
land of the mid-night sun Search - in' high, _
A/E E A/E E
search - in' low___ Search - in' eve - ry - where___ I know___
A E
Ask - in' the cops wher - ev - er I go Have you seen
A/B E A/B E A/E E 1.2.3. 4. A E
dig - ni - ty?

Additional lyrics

2. Blind man breakin' out of a trance
Puts both his hands in the pockets of chance
Hopin' to find one circumstance
Of dignity

I went to the wedding of Mary-lou
She said "I don't want nobody see me talkin' to you"
Said she could get killed if she told me what she knew
About dignity

I went down where the vultures feed
I would've got deeper, but there wasn't any need
Heard the tongues of angels and the tongues of men
Wasn't any difference to me

Chilly wind sharp as a razor blade
House on fire, debts unpaid
Gonna stand at the window, gonna ask the maid
Have you seen dignity?

3. Drinkin' man listens to the voice he hears
In a crowded room full of covered up mirrors
Lookin' into the lost forgotten years
For dignity

Met Prince Phillip at the home of the blues
Said he'd give me information if his name wasn't used
He wanted money up front, said he was abused
By dignity

Footprints runnin' cross the sliver sand
Steps goin' down into tattoo land
I met the sons of darkness and the sons of light
In the bordertowns of despair

Got no place to fade, got no coat
I'm on the rollin' river in a jerkin' boat
Tryin' to read a note somebody wrote
About dignity

4. Sick man lookin' for the doctor's cure
Lookin' at his hands for the lines that were
And into every masterpiece of literature
For dignity

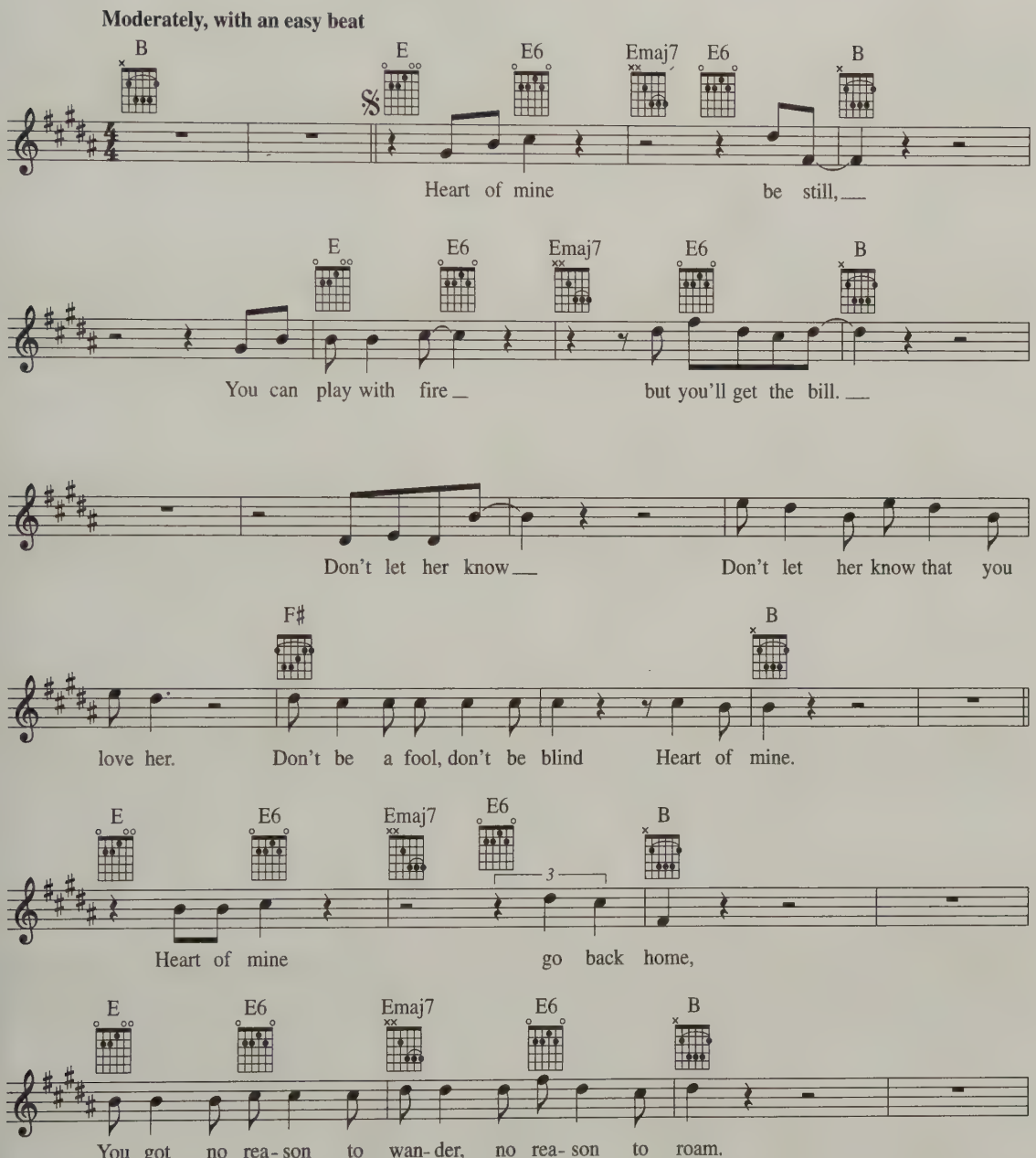
Englishman stranded in the blackheart wind
Combin' his hair back, his future looks thin
Bites the bullet and he looks within
For dignity

Someone showed me a picture and I just laughed
Dignity never been photographed
I went into the red, went into the black
Into the valley of dry bone dreams

So many roads, so much at stake
So many dead ends, I'm at the edge of the lake
Sometimes I wonder what it's gonna take
To find dignity

Heart of Mine

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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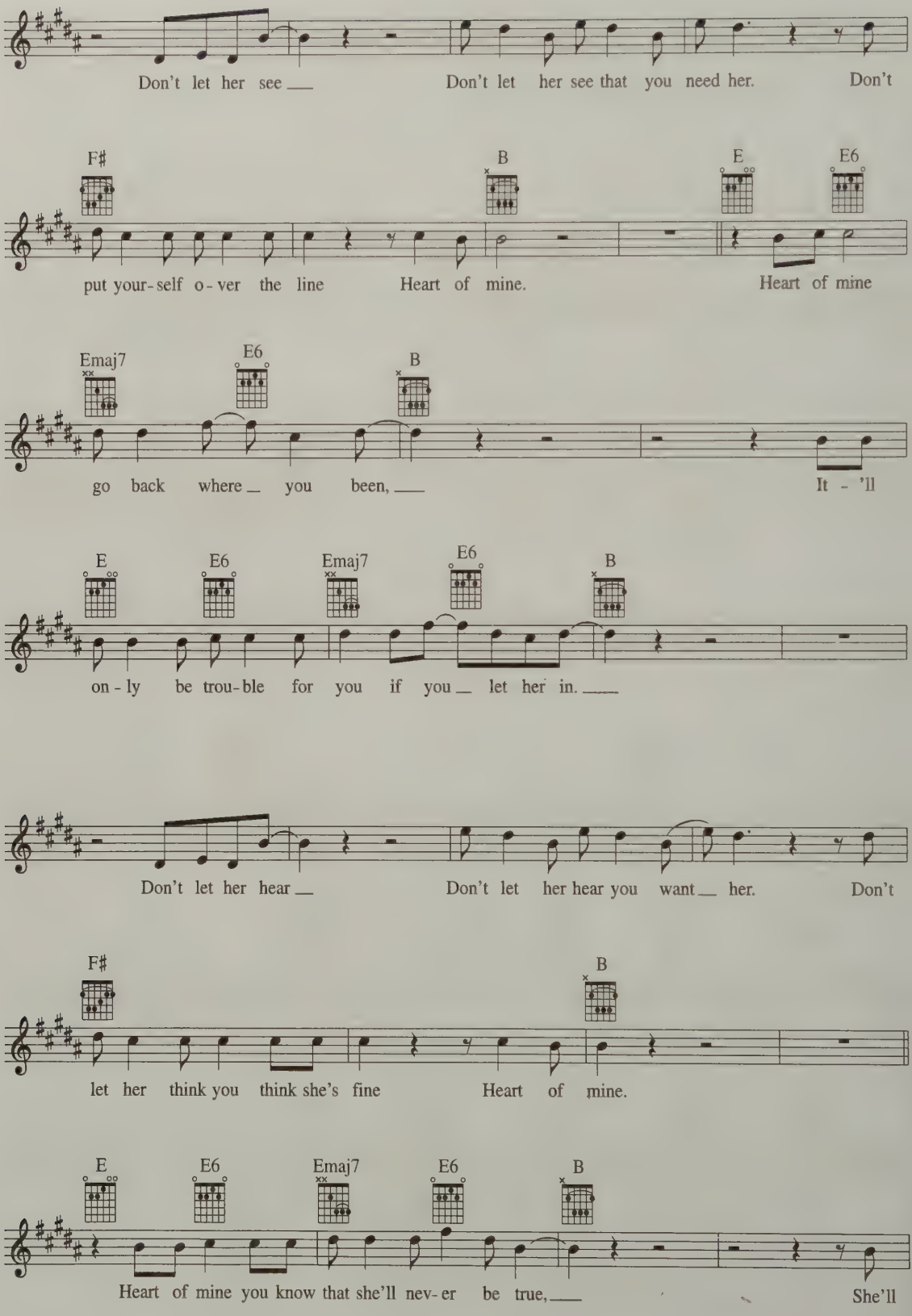
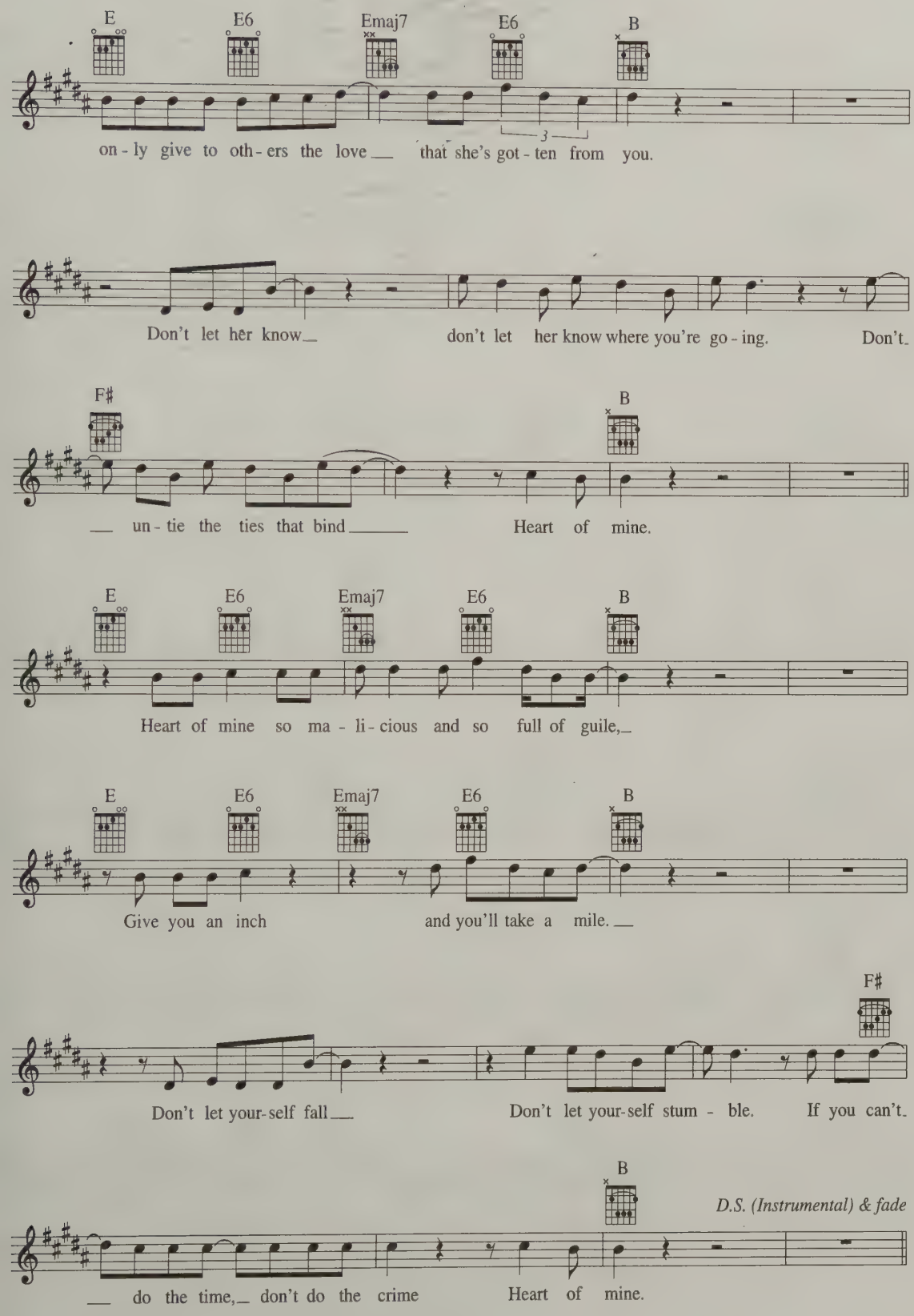
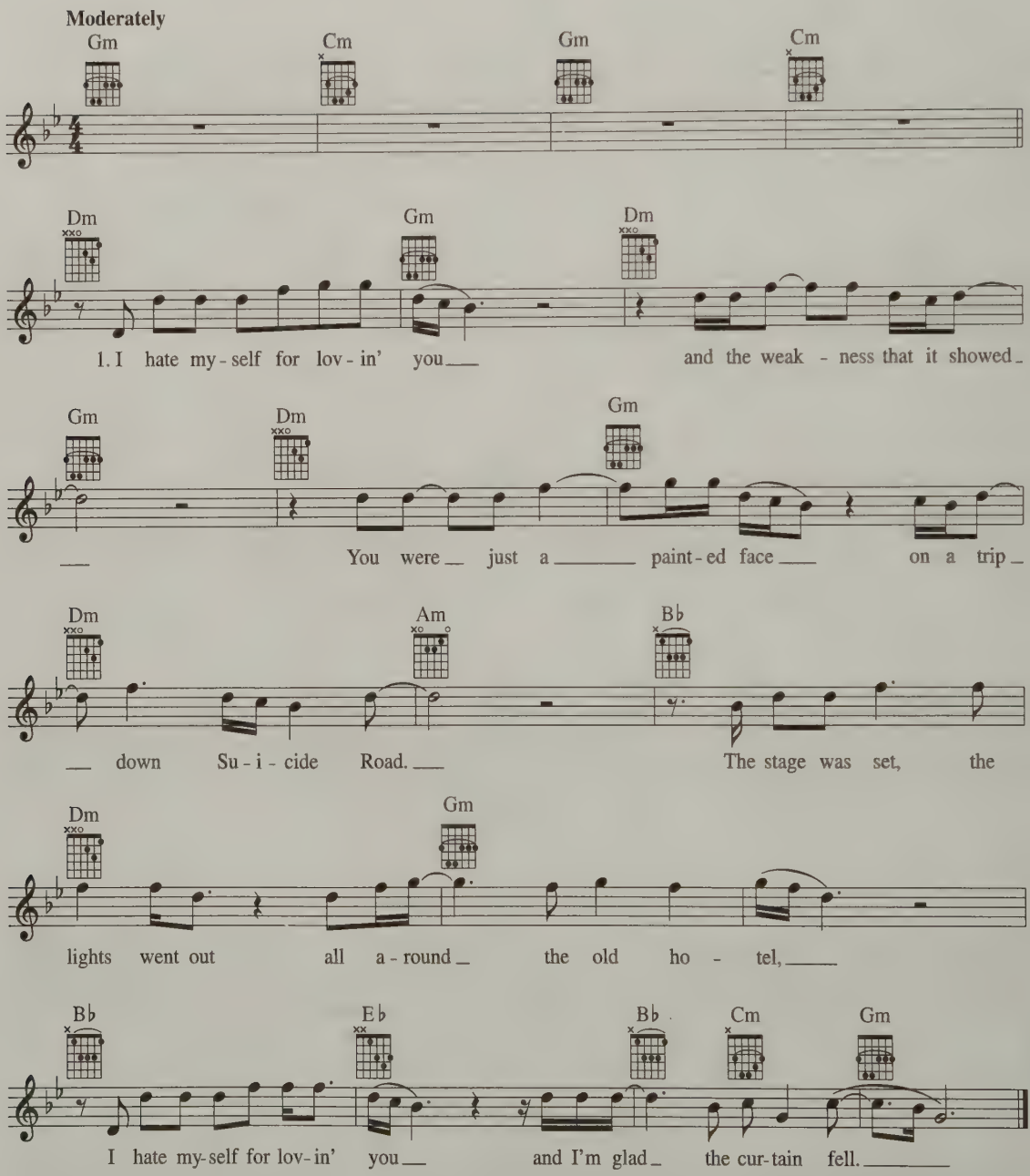

Don't let her see
Don't let her see that you need her.
Don't
F♯
B
E
E6
put your-self o-ver the line
Heart of mine.
Heart of mine
Emaj7
E6
B
go back where you been,
It - 'll
E
E6
Emaj7
E6
B
on - ly be trou-ble for you if you let her in.
Don't let her hear
Don't let her hear you want her.
Don't
F♯
B
let her think you think she's fine
Heart of mine.
E
E6
Emaj7
E6
B
Heart of mine you know that she'll nev-er be true,
She'll


E
E6
Emaj7
E6
B
on - ly give to oth - ers the love ___ that she's got - ten from you.
Don't let her know___ don't let her know where you're go - ing. Don't.
F♯
B
___ un - tie the ties that bind_____ Heart of mine.
E
E6
Emaj7
E6
B
Heart of mine so ma - li - cious and so full of guile,_
E
E6
Emaj7
E6
B
Give you an inch and you'll take a mile. ___
F♯
Don't let your-self fall___ Don't let your-self stum - ble. If you can't.
B
D.S. (Instrumental) & fade
___ do the time,_ don't do the crime Heart of mine.

Dirge

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. I hate that foolish game we played and the need that was expressed
   And the mercy that you showed to me, who ever would have guessed?
   I went out on Lower Broadway and I felt that place within,
   That hollow place where martyrs weep and angels play with sin.

3. Heard your songs of freedom and man forever stripped,
   Acting out his folly while his back is being whipped.
   Like a slave in orbit, he's beaten 'til he's tame,
   All for a moment's glory and it's a dirty, rotten shame.

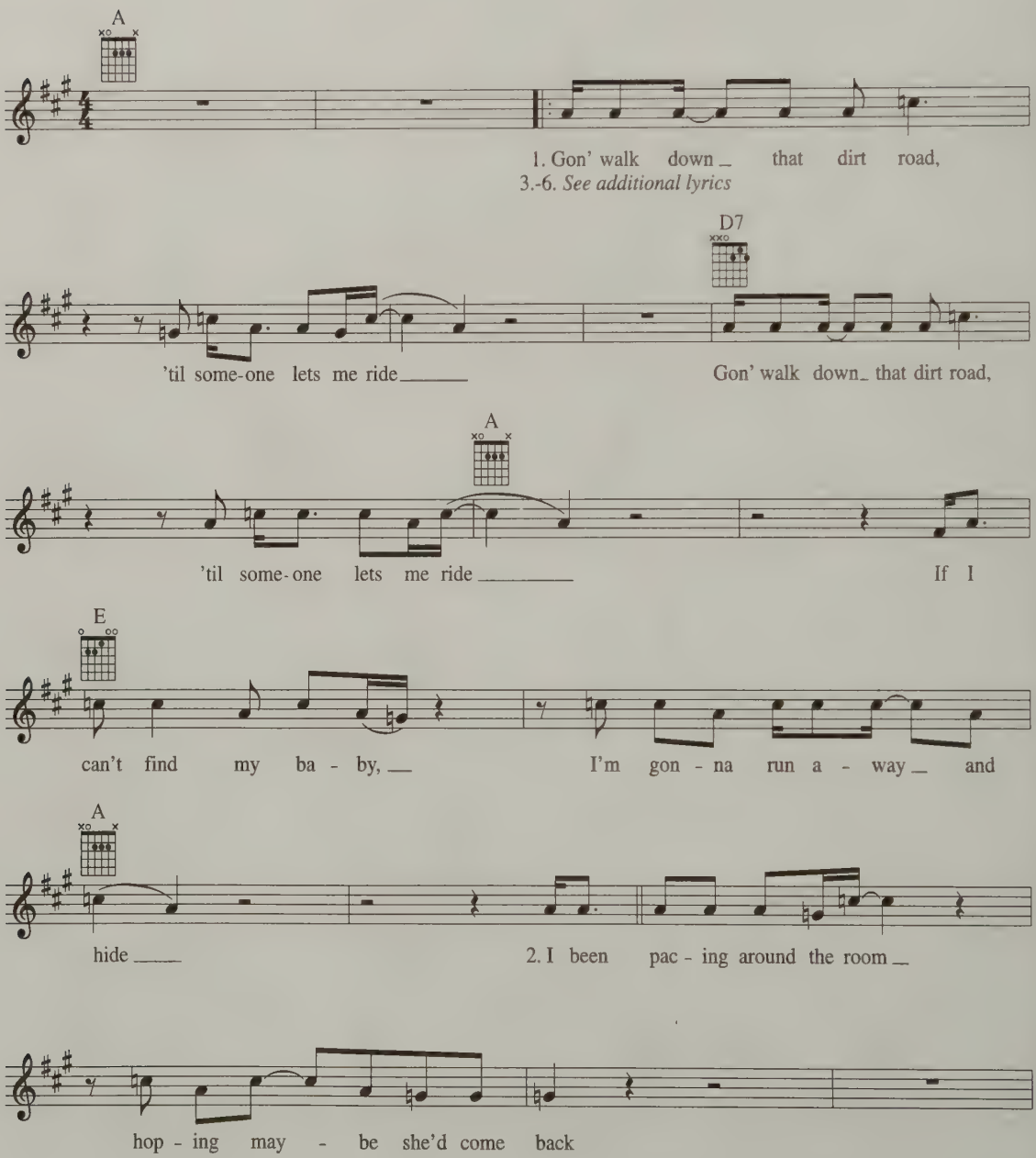
4. There are those who worship loneliness, I'm not one of them,
   In this age of fiberglass I'm searching for a gem.
   The crystal ball up on the wall hasn't shown me nothing yet,
   I've paid the price of solitude, but at last I'm out of debt.

5. Can't recall a useful thing you ever did for me
   'Cept pat me on the back one time when I was on my knees.
   We stared into each other's eyes 'til one of us would break,
   No use to apologize, what diff'rence would it make?

6. So sing your praise of progress and of the Doom Machine,
   The naked truth is still taboo whenever it can be seen.
   Lady Luck, who shines on me, will tell you where I'm at,
   I hate myself for lovin' you, but I should get over that.

Dirt Road Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


A
1. Gon' walk down that dirt road,
3.-6. See additional lyrics
D7
'til some-one lets me ride
Gon' walk down that dirt road,
A
'til some-one lets me ride
If I
E
can't find my ba - by,
I'm gon - na run a - way and
A
hide
2. I been pac - ing around the room
hop - ing may - be she'd come back

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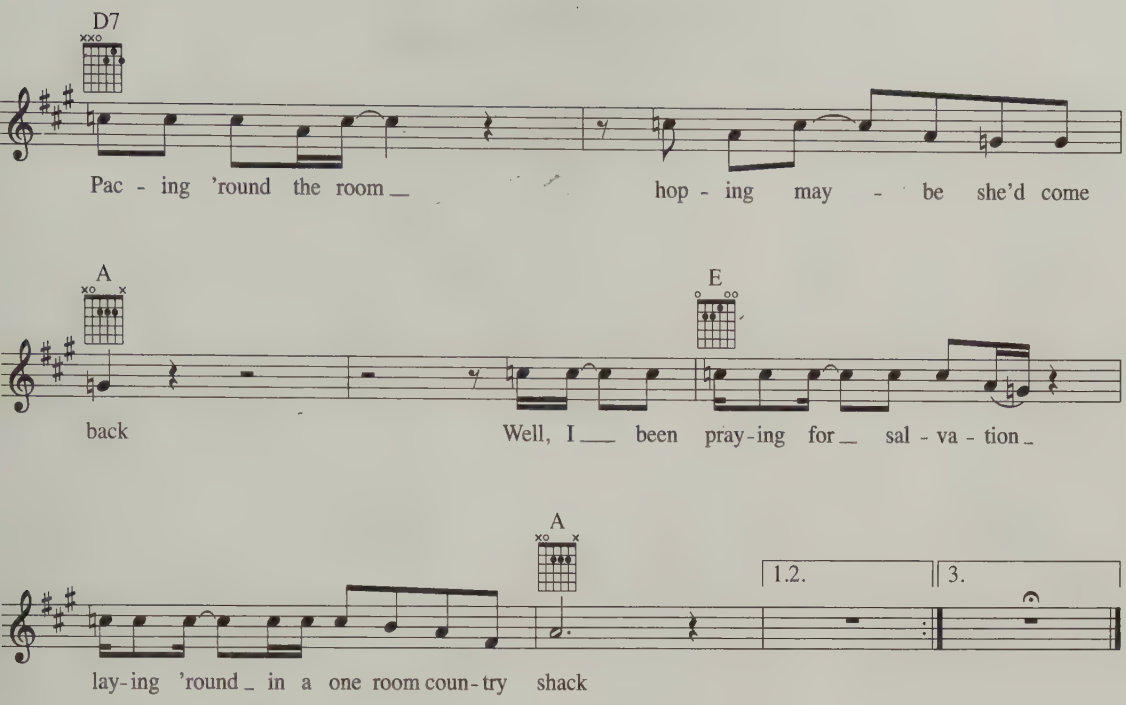


Additional lyrics

3. Gon' walk down that dirt road until my eyes begin to bleed
   Gon' walk down that dirt road until my eyes begin to bleed
   'Til there's nothing left to see, 'til the chains have been shattered and I've been freed,

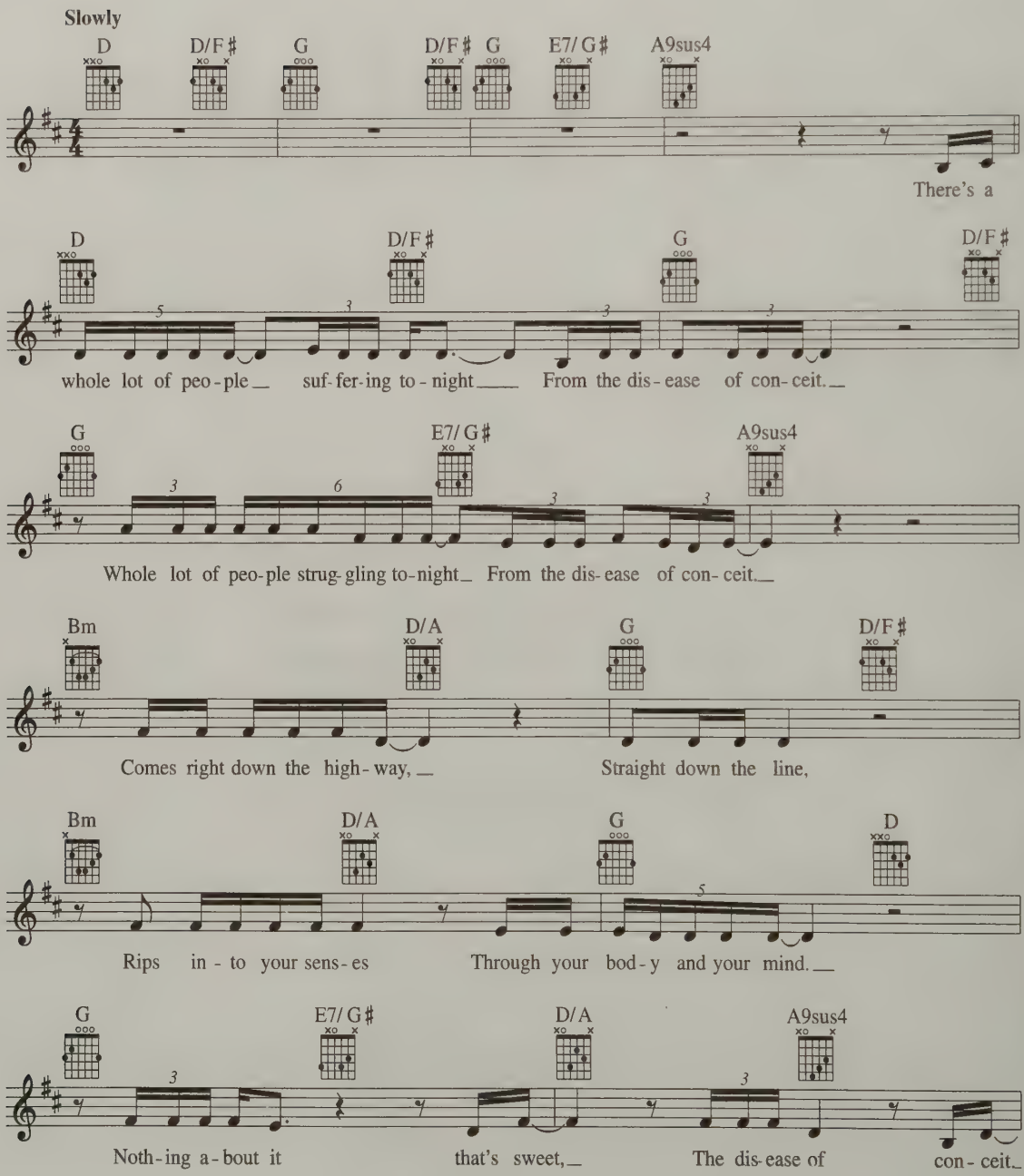
4. I been lookin' at my shadow, I been watching the colors up above
   Lookin' at my shadow watching the colors up above
   Rolling through the rain and hail, looking for the sunny side of love

5. *Instrumental*

6. Gon' walk on down that dirt road 'til I'm right beside the sun
   Gon' walk on down until I'm right beside the sun
   I'm gonna have to put up a barrier to keep myself away from everyone.

Disease of Conceit

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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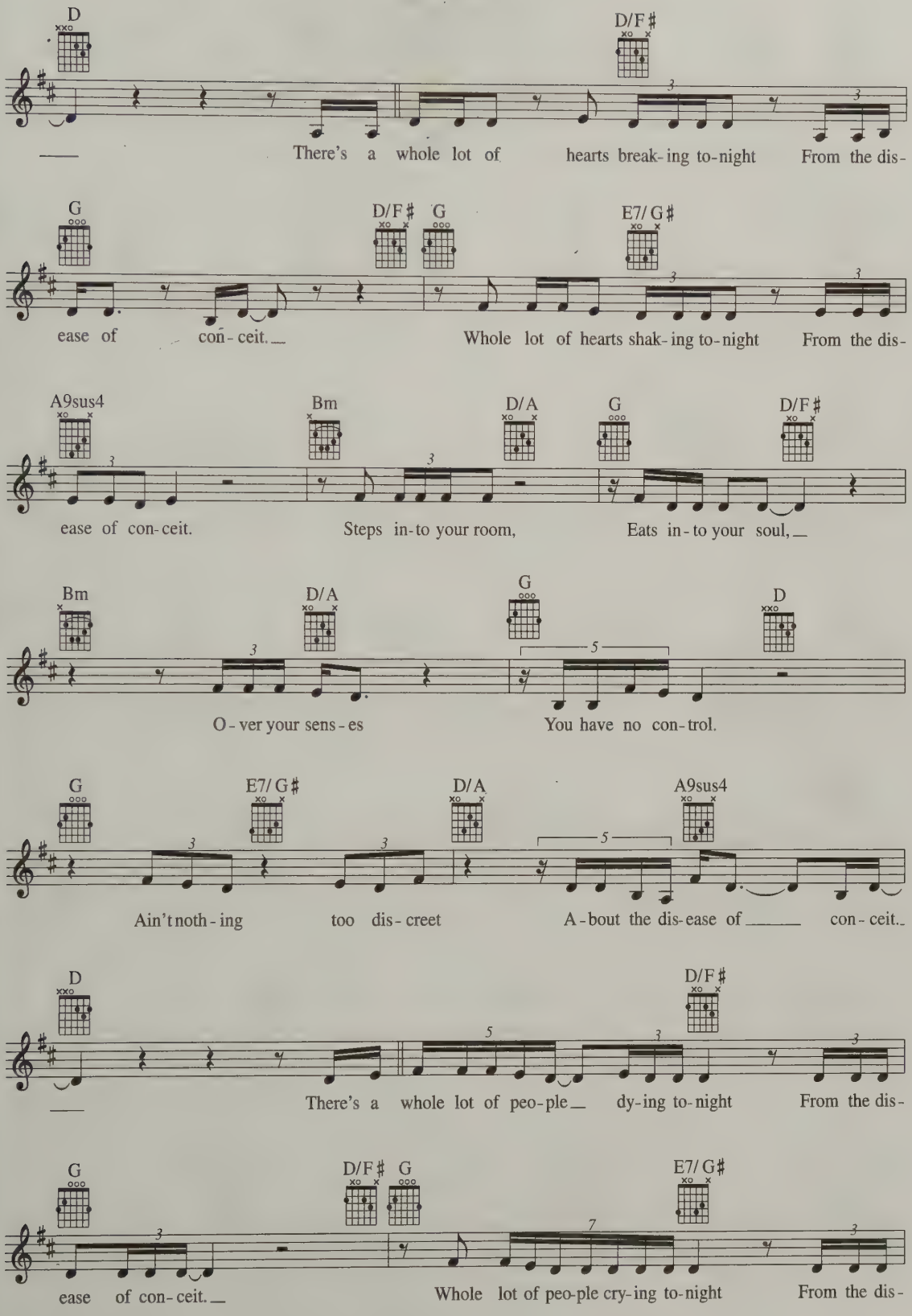
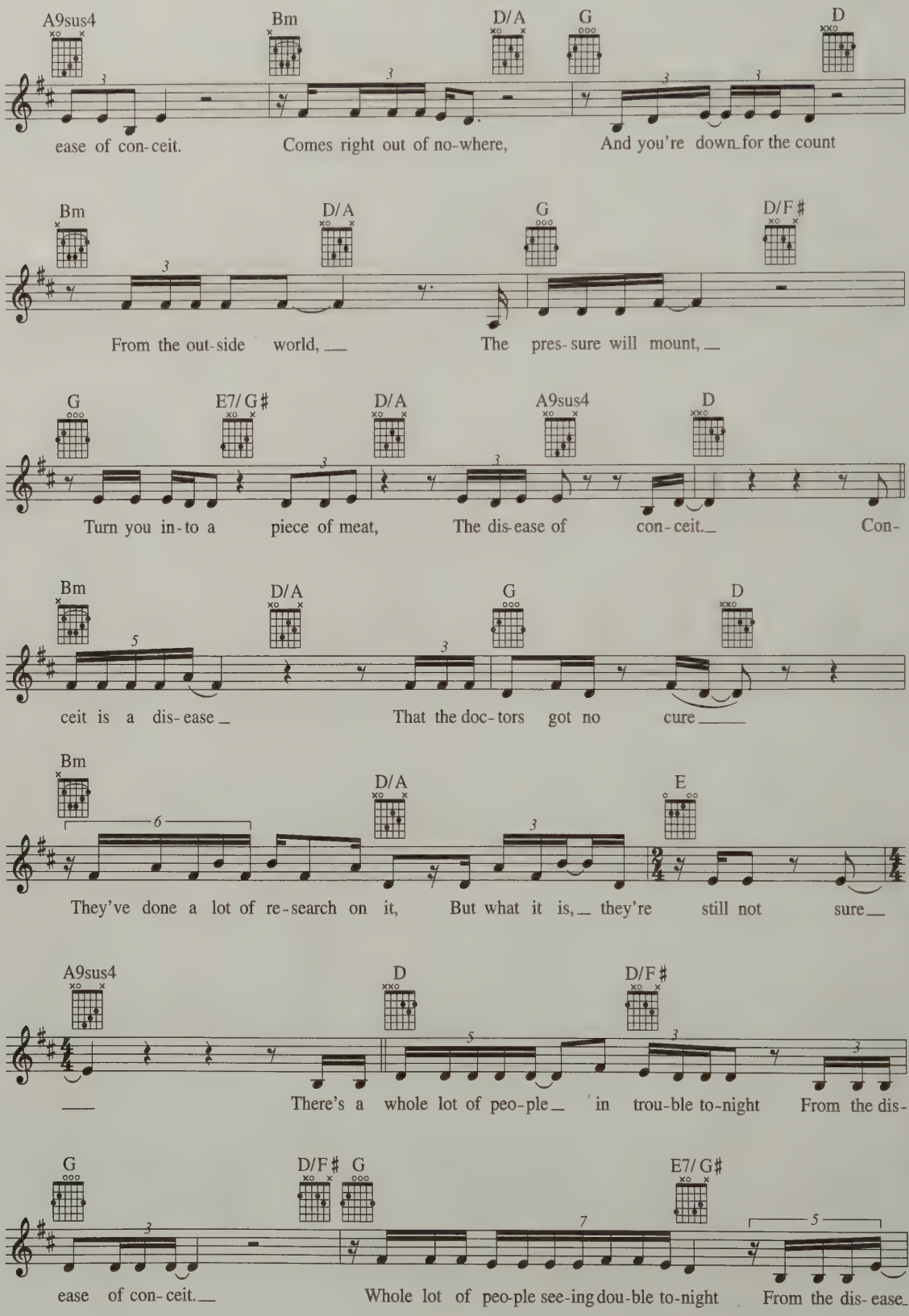
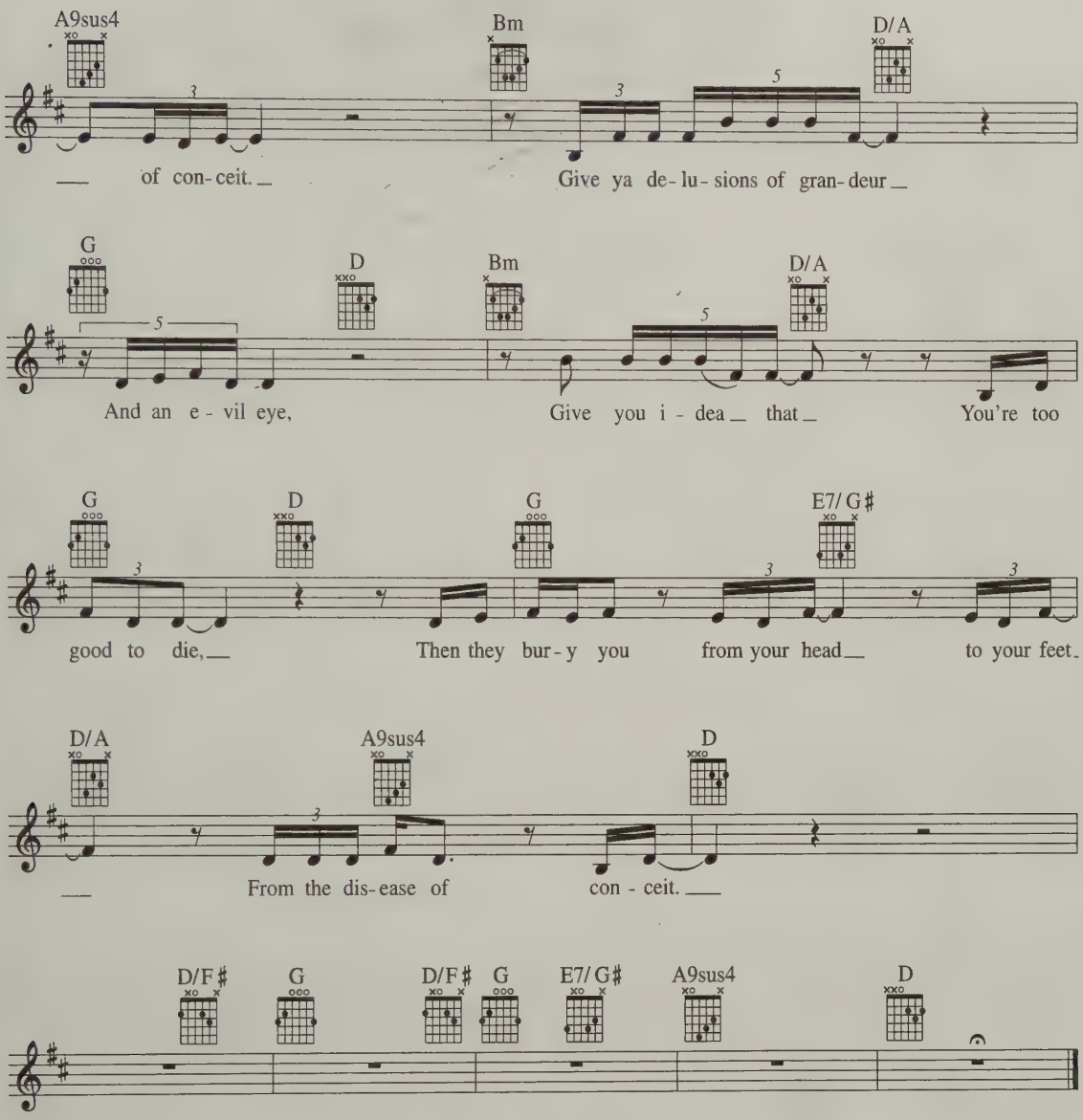
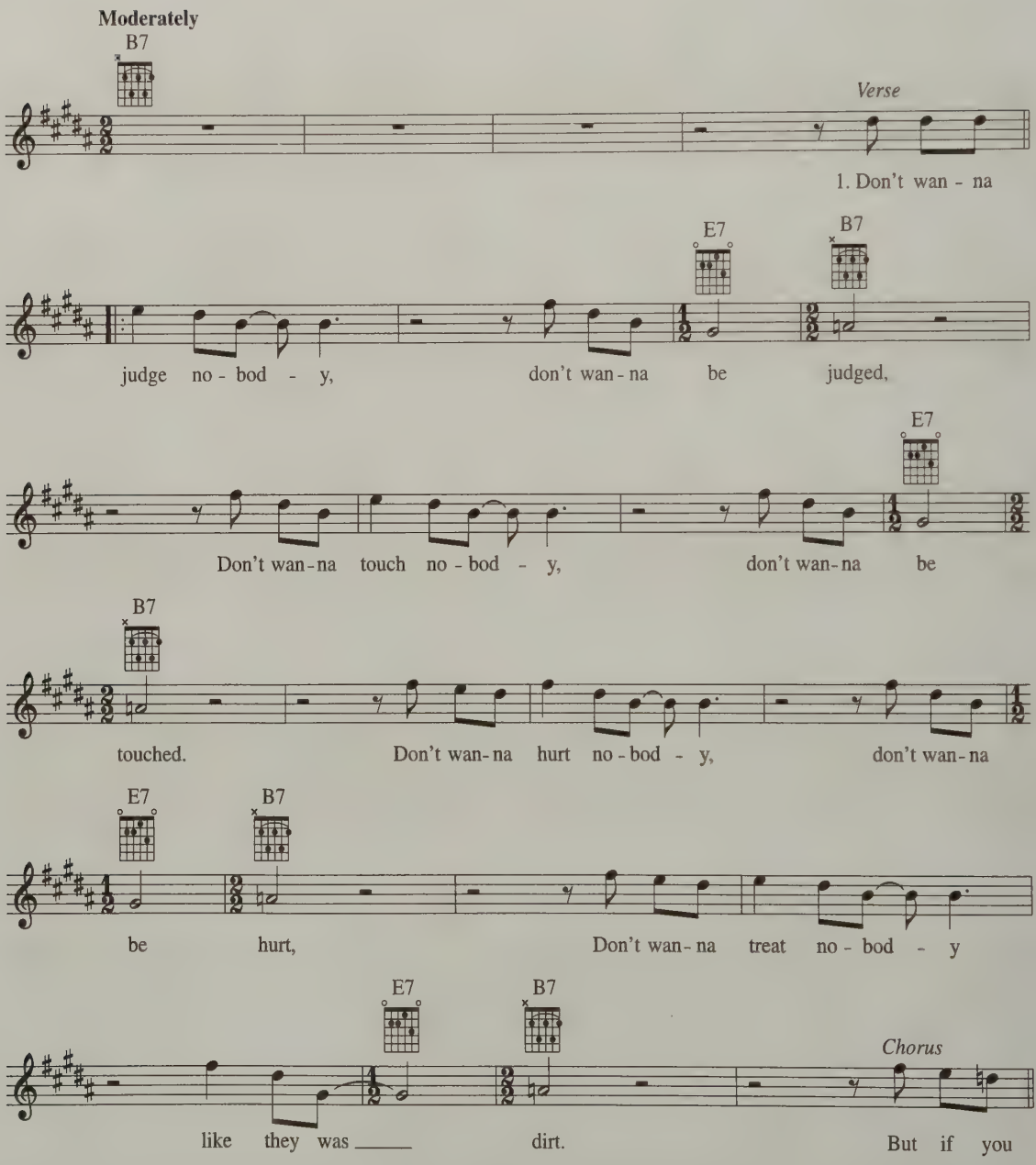

D
D/F♯
There's a whole lot of hearts break-ing to-night From the dis-
G
D/F♯
G
E7/G♯
ease of con-ceit.
Whole lot of hearts shak-ing to-night From the dis-
A9sus4
Bm
D/A
G
D/F♯
ease of con-ceit.
Steps in-to your room,
Eats in-to your soul,
Bm
D/A
G
D
O-ver your sens-es
You have no con-trol.
G
E7/G♯
D/A
A9sus4
Ain't noth-ing too dis-creet
A-bout the dis-ease of con-ceit.
D
D/F♯
There's a whole lot of peo-ple dy-ing to-night From the dis-
G
D/F♯
G
E7/G♯
ease of con-ceit.
Whole lot of peo-ple cry-ing to-night From the dis-


A9sus4 Bm D/A G D
ease of con-ceit. Comes right out of no-where, And you're down for the count
Bm D/A G D/F♯
From the out-side world, The pres-sure will mount,
G E7/G♯ D/A A9sus4 D
Turn you in-to a piece of meat, The dis-ease of con-ceit. Con-
Bm D/A G D
ceit is a dis-ease That the doc-tors got no cure
Bm D/A E
They've done a lot of re-search on it, But what it is, they're still not sure
A9sus4 D D/F♯
There's a whole lot of peo-ple in trou-ble to-night From the dis-
G D/F♯ G E7/G♯
ease of con-ceit. Whole lot of peo-ple see-ing dou-ble to-night From the dis-ease


A9sus4
Bm
D/A
of con-ceit.
Give ya de-lu-sions of gran-deur
G
D
Bm
D/A
And an e-vil eye,
Give you i-dea that
You're too
G
D
G
E7/G♯
good to die,
Then they bur-y you
from your head
to your feet.
D/A
A9sus4
D
From the dis-ease of
con-ceit.
D/F♯
G
D/F♯
G
E7/G♯
A9sus4
D

Do Right to Me Baby

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
B7
Verse
1. Don't wan - na
E7
B7
judge no - bod - y, don't wan - na be judged,
E7
Don't wan - na touch no - bod - y, don't wan - na be
B7
touched. Don't wan - na hurt no - bod - y, don't wan - na
E7
B7
be hurt, Don't wan - na treat no - bod - y
E7
B7
Chorus
like they was ____ dirt. But if you

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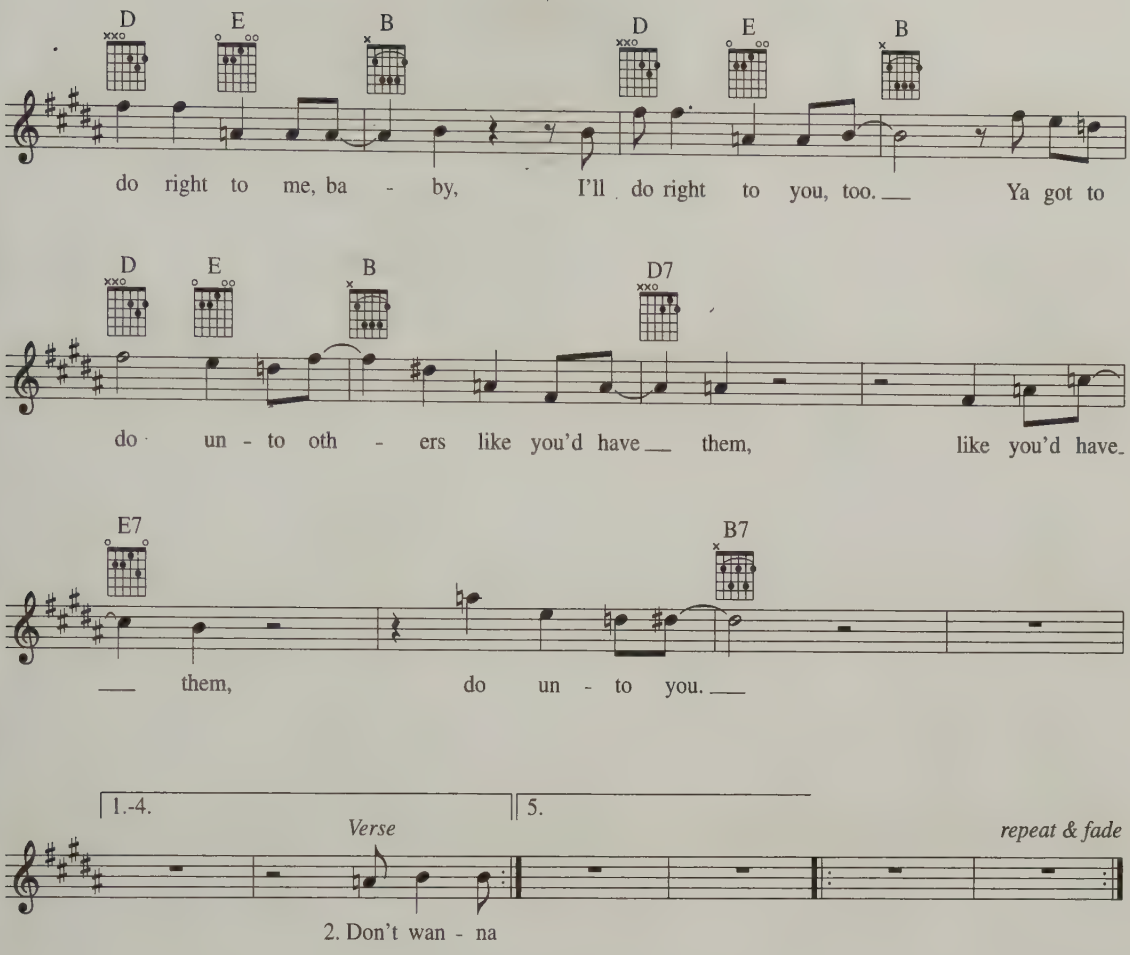

D E B D E B
do right to me, ba - by, I'll do right to you, too. Ya got to
D E B D7
do un - to oth - ers like you'd have them, like you'd have
E7 B7
them, do un - to you.
1.-4. 5.
Verse
repeat & fade
2. Don't wan - na

Additional lyrics

2. Don't wanna shoot nobody, don't wanna be shot,
Don't wanna buy nobody, don't wanna be bought.
Don't wanna bury nobody, don't wanna be buried,
Don't wanna marry nobody if they're already married.

Chorus

3. Don't wanna burn nobody, don't wanna be burned,
Don't wanna learn from nobody what I gotta unlearn.
Don't wanna cheat nobody, don't wanna be cheated,
Don't wanna defeat nobody if they already been defeated.

Chorus

4. Don't wanna wink at nobody, don't wanna be winked at,
Don't wanna be used by nobody for a doormat.
Don't wanna confuse nobody, don't wanna be confused,
Don't wanna amuse nobody, don't wanna be amused.

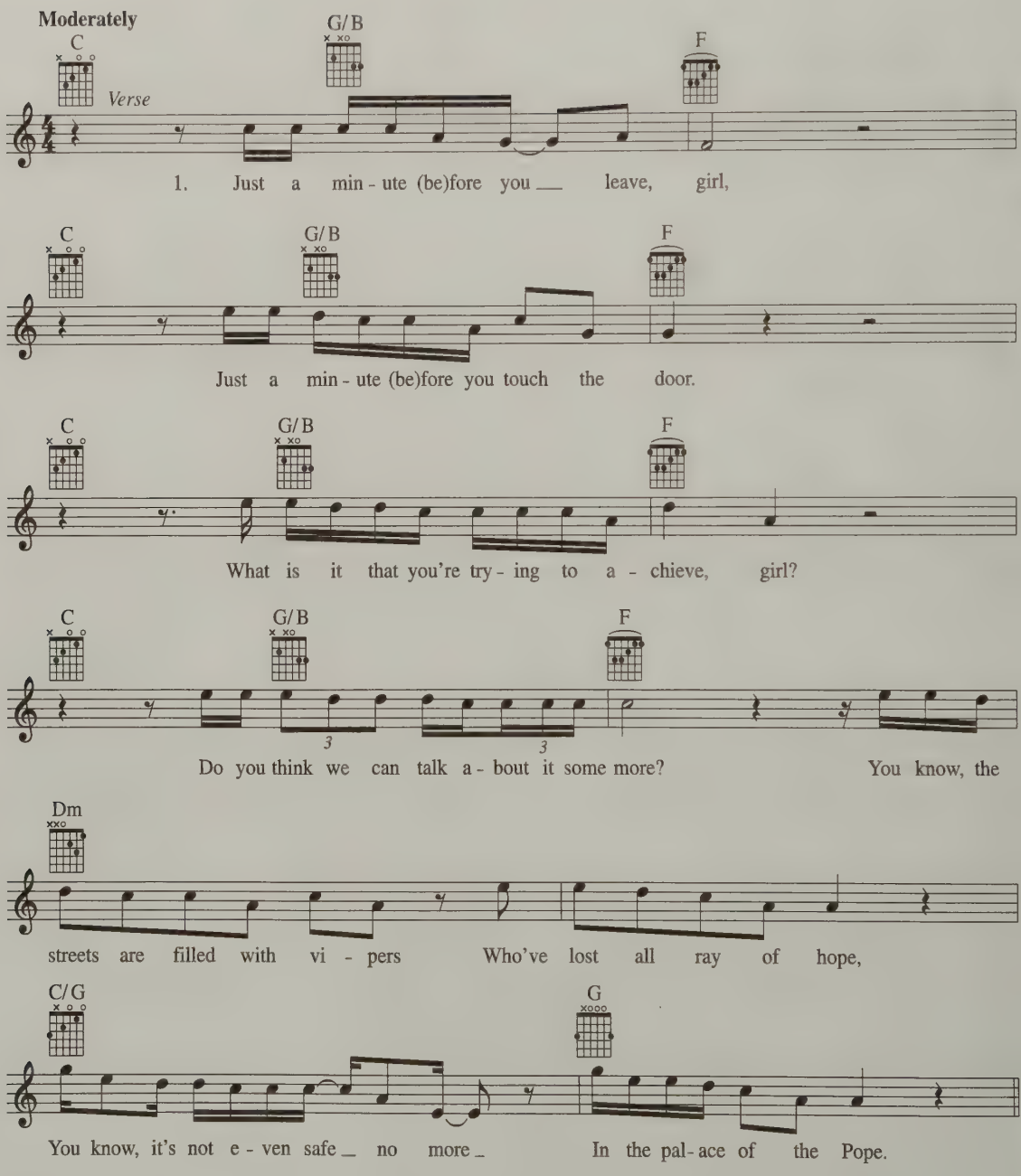
Chorus

5. Don't wanna betray nobody, don't wanna be betrayed,
Don't wanna play with nobody, don't wanna be waylaid.
Don't wanna miss nobody, don't wanna be missed,
Don't put my faith in nobody, not even a scientist.

Chorus

Don't Fall Apart on Me Tonight

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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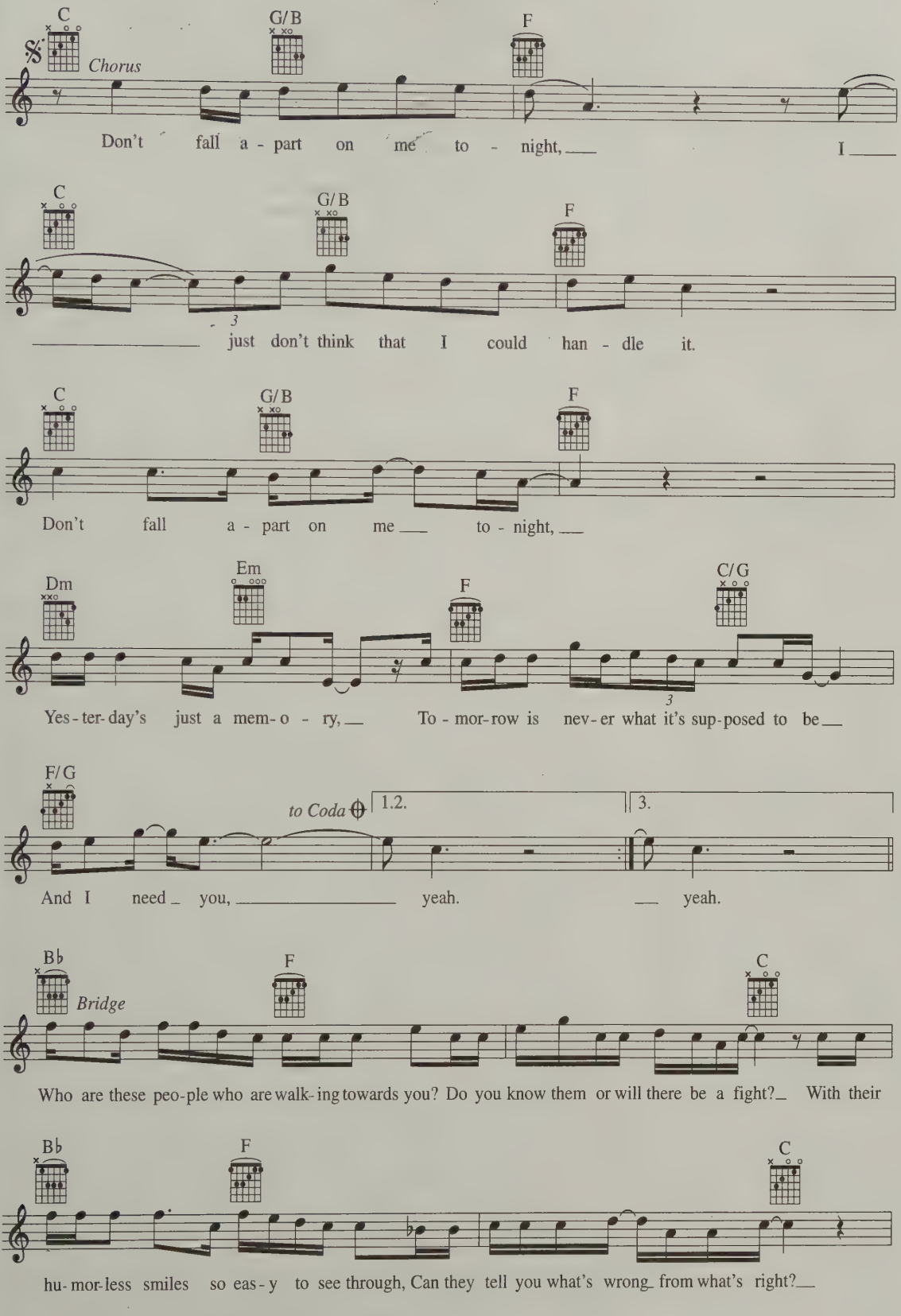
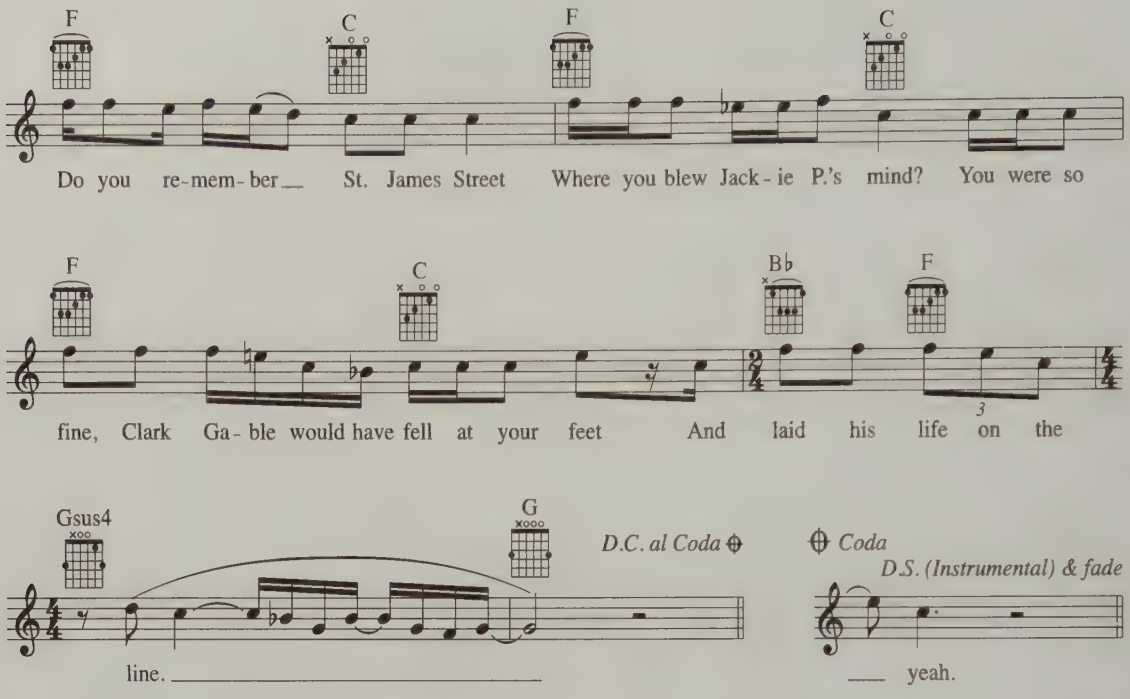

C
G/B
F
Chorus
Don't fall a - part on me to - night, I
C
G/B
F
3
just don't think that I could han - dle it.
C
G/B
F
Don't fall a - part on me to - night,
Dm
Em
F
C/G
Yes - ter - day's just a mem - o - ry, To - mor - row is nev - er what it's sup - posed to be
F/G
to Coda
1.2.
3.
And I need you, yeah. yeah.
B♭
F
C
Bridge
Who are these peo - ple who are walk - ing towards you? Do you know them or will there be a fight? With their
B♭
F
C
hu - mor - less smiles so eas - y to see through, Can they tell you what's wrong from what's right?



Additional lyrics

2. Come over here from over there, girl,
Sit down here. You can have my chair.
I can't see us goin' anywhere, girl.
The only place open is a thousand miles away and I can't take you there.
I wish I'd have been a doctor,
Maybe I'd have saved some life that had been lost,
Maybe I'd have done some good in the world
'Stead of burning every bridge I crossed.

Don't fall apart on me tonight,
I just don't think that I could handle it.
Don't fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday's just a memory,
Tomorrow is never what it's supposed to be
And I need you, oh, yeah.

3. I ain't too good at conversation, girl,
So you might not know exactly how I feel,
But if I could, I'd bring you to the mountaintop, girl,
And build you a house made out of stainless steel.
But it's like I'm stuck inside a painting
That's hanging in the Louvre,
My throat start to tickle and my nose itches
But I know that I can't move.

Don't fall apart on me tonight,
I just don't think that I could handle it.
Don't fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday's gone but the past lives on,
Tomorrow's just one step beyond
And I need you, oh, yeah.

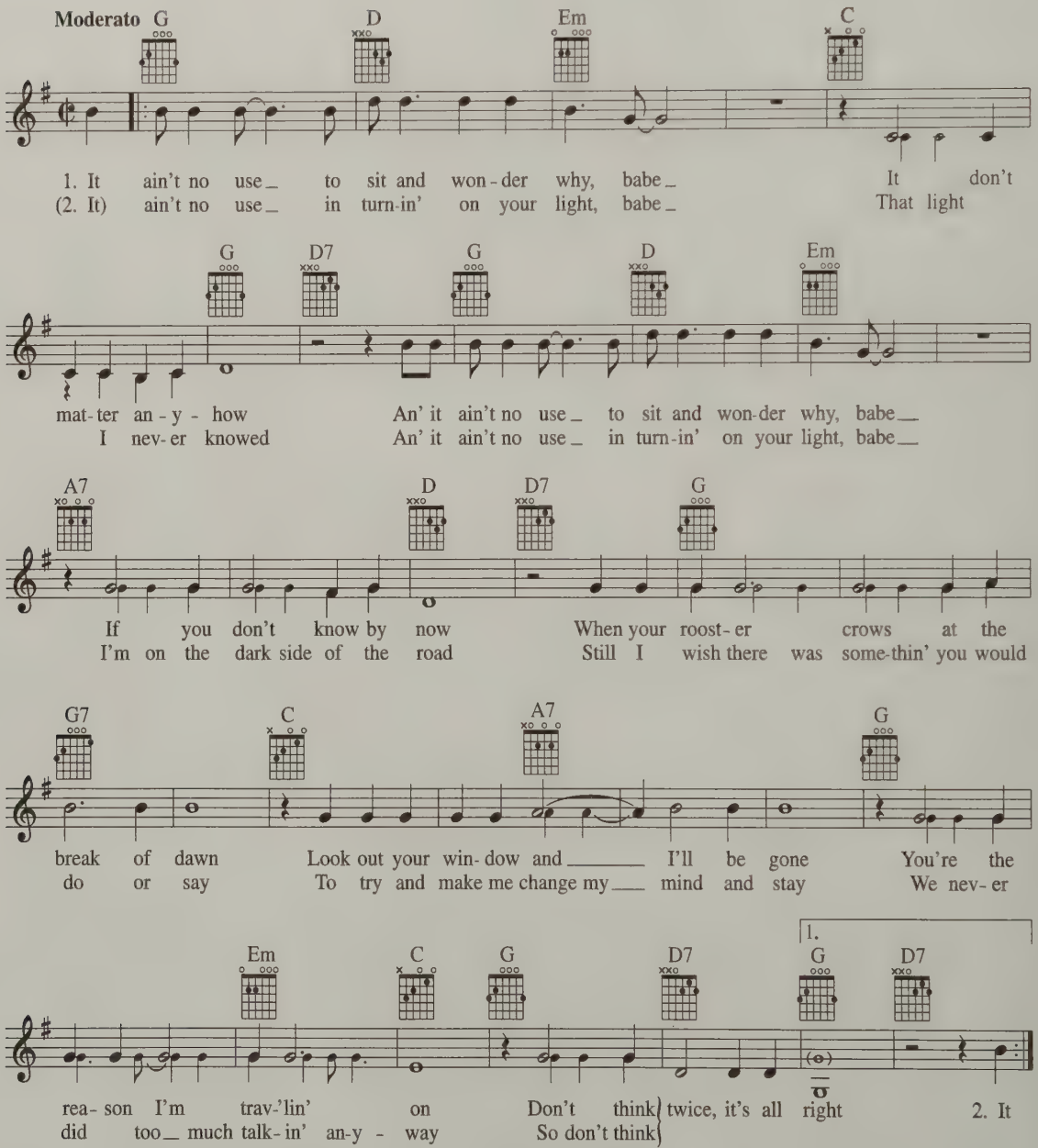
Bridge:
Who are these people who are walking towards you?
Do you know them or will there be a fight?
With their humorless smiles so easy to see through,
Can they tell you what's wrong from what's right?

Do you remember St. James Street
Where you blew Jackie P.'s mind?
You were so fine, Clark Gable would have fell at your feet
And laid his life on the line.

4. Let's try to get beneath the surface waste, girl,
No more booby traps and bombs,
No more decadence and charm,
No more affection that's misplaced, girl,
No more mudcake creatures lying in your arms.
What about that millionaire with the drumsticks in his pants?
He looked so baffled and so bewildered
When he played and we didn't dance.

Don't fall apart on me tonight,
I just don't think that I could handle it.
Don't fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday's just a memory,
Tomorrow is never what it's supposed to be
And I need you, yeah.

Don't Think Twice, It's All Right

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderato
G D Em C
1. It ain't no use to sit and won-der why, babe It don't
(2. It) ain't no use in turn-in' on your light, babe That light
G D7 G D Em
mat-ter an-y-how An' it ain't no use to sit and won-der why, babe
I nev-er knowed An' it ain't no use in turn-in' on your light, babe
A7 D D7 G
If you don't know by now When your roost-er crows at the
I'm on the dark side of the road Still I wish there was some-thin' you would
G7 C A7 G
break of dawn Look out your win-dow and I'll be gone You're the
do or say To try and make me change my mind and stay We nev-er
Em C G D7 1. G D7
rea-son I'm trav-'lin' on Don't think twice, it's all right 2. It
did too much talk-in' an-y-way So don't think

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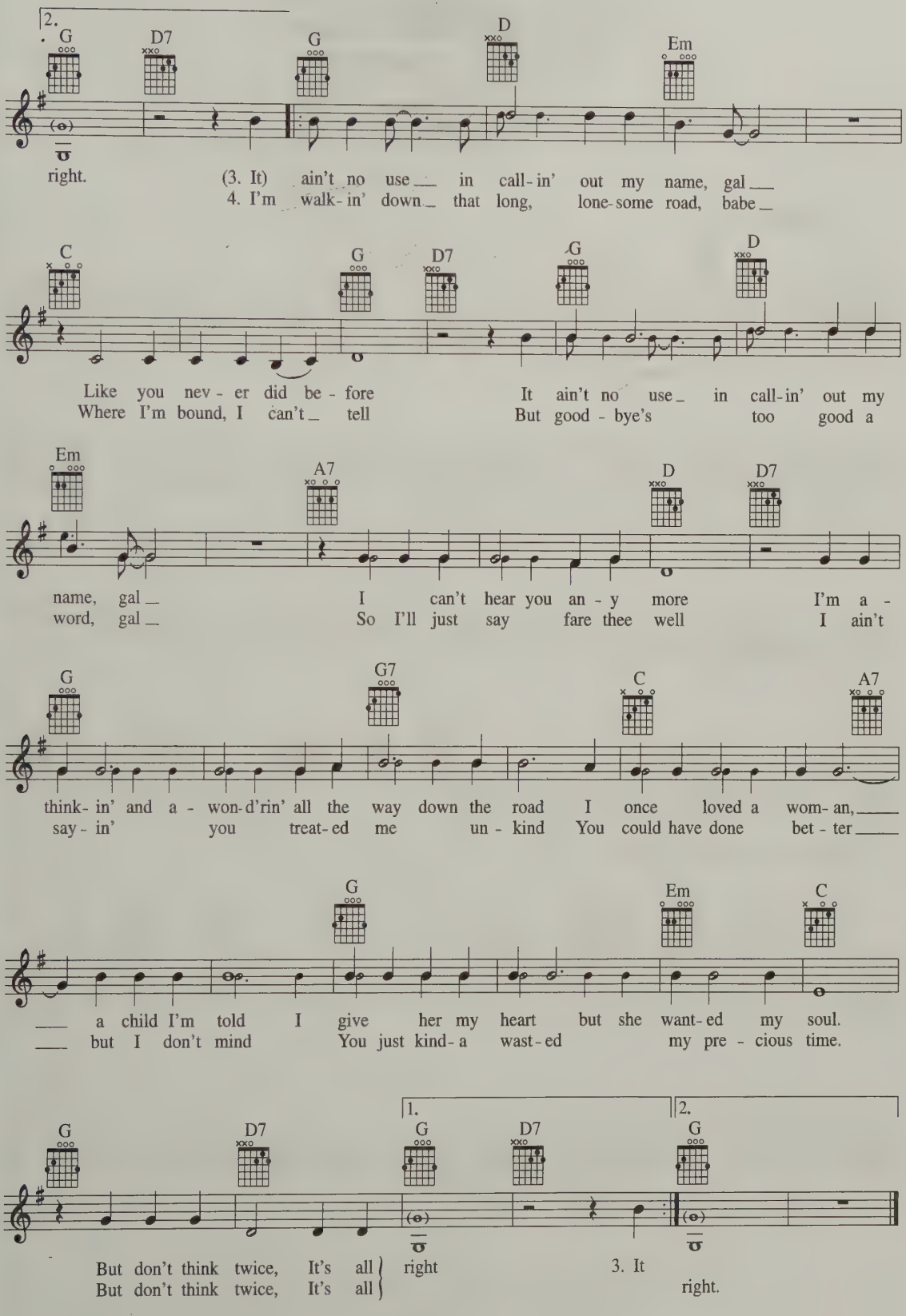
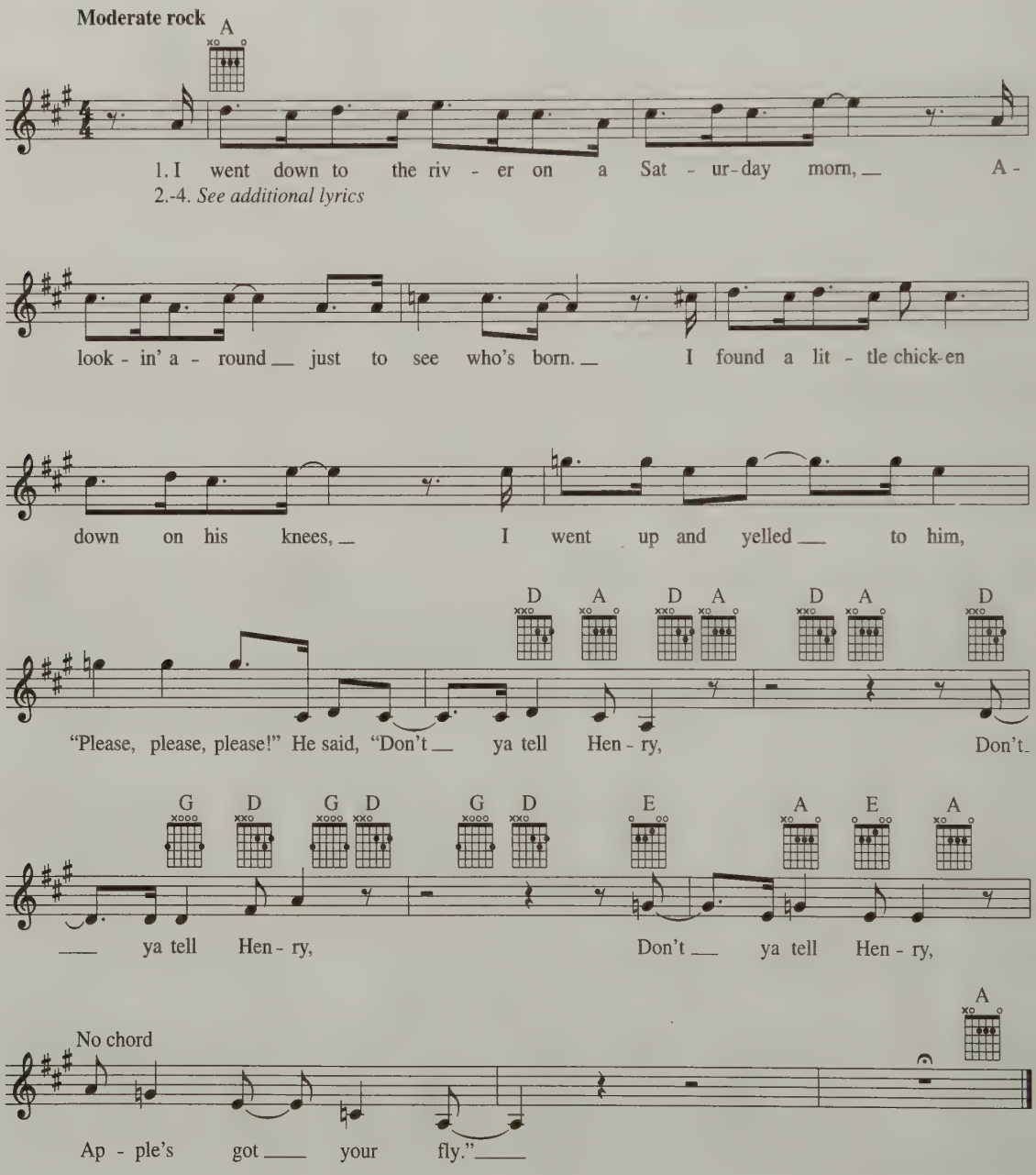

2.
G D7 G D Em
right. (3. It) ain't no use in call-in' out my name, gal
4. I'm walk-in' down that long, lone-some road, babe
C G D7 G D
Like you nev-er did be-fore It ain't no use in call-in' out my
Where I'm bound, I can't tell But good-bye's too good a
Em A7 D D7
name, gal I can't hear you an-y more I'm a-
word, gal So I'll just say fare thee well I ain't
G G7 C A7
think-in' and a-won-d'rin' all the way down the road I once loved a wom-an,
say-in' you treat-ed me un-kind You could have done bet-ter
G Em C
a child I'm told I give her my heart but she want-ed my soul.
but I don't mind You just kind-a wast-ed my pre-cious time.
1. 2.
G D7 G D7 G
But don't think twice, It's all right 3. It
But don't think twice, It's all right.

Don't Ya Tell Henry

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate rock
A
1. I went down to the riv - er on a Sat - ur - day morn, A -
2.-4. See additional lyrics
look - in' a - round just to see who's born. I found a lit - tle chick - en
down on his knees, I went up and yelled to him,
D A D A D A D
"Please, please, please!" He said, "Don't ya tell Hen - ry, Don't
G D G D G D E A E A
ya tell Hen - ry, Don't ya tell Hen - ry,
No chord
A
Ap - ple's got your fly."

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Additional lyrics

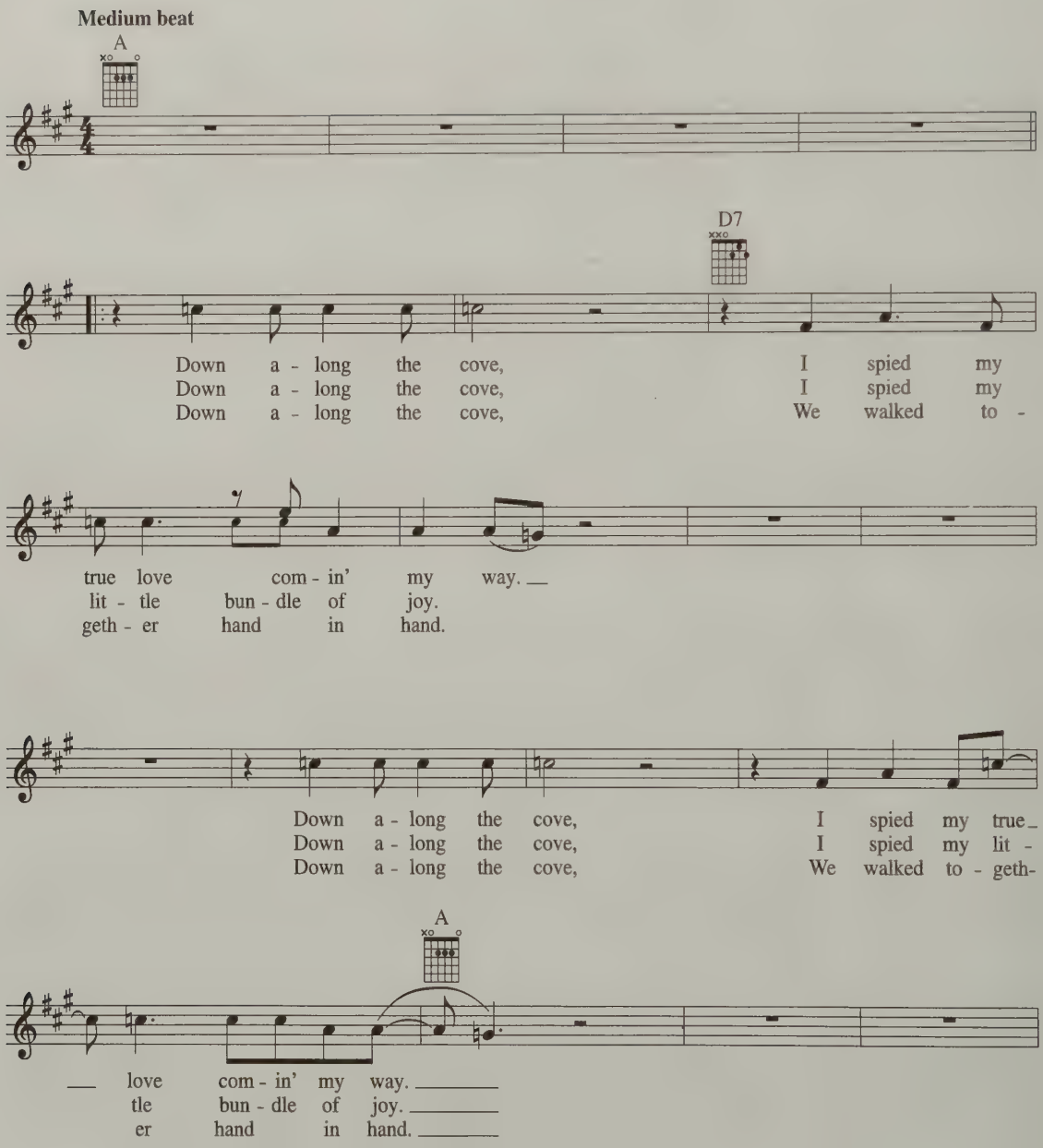
2. I went down to the corner at a-half past ten,
I's lookin' around, I wouldn't say when.
I looked down low, I looked above,
And who did I see but the one I love.
She said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

3. Now, I went down to the beanery at half past twelve,
A-lookin' around just to see myself.
I spotted a horse and a donkey, too,
I looked for a cow and I saw me a few.
They said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

4. Now, I went down to the pumphouse the other night,
A-lookin' around, it was outa sight.
I looked high and low for that big ol' tree,
I did go upstairs but I didn't see nobody but me.
I said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

Down Along the Cove

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium beat
A
D7
Down a - long the cove, I spied my
Down a - long the cove, I spied my
Down a - long the cove, We walked to -
true love com - in' my way.
lit - tle bun - dle of joy.
geth - er hand in hand.
Down a - long the cove, I spied my true
Down a - long the cove, I spied my lit -
Down a - long the cove, We walked to - geth-
A
love com - in' my way.
tle bun - dle of joy.
er hand in hand.

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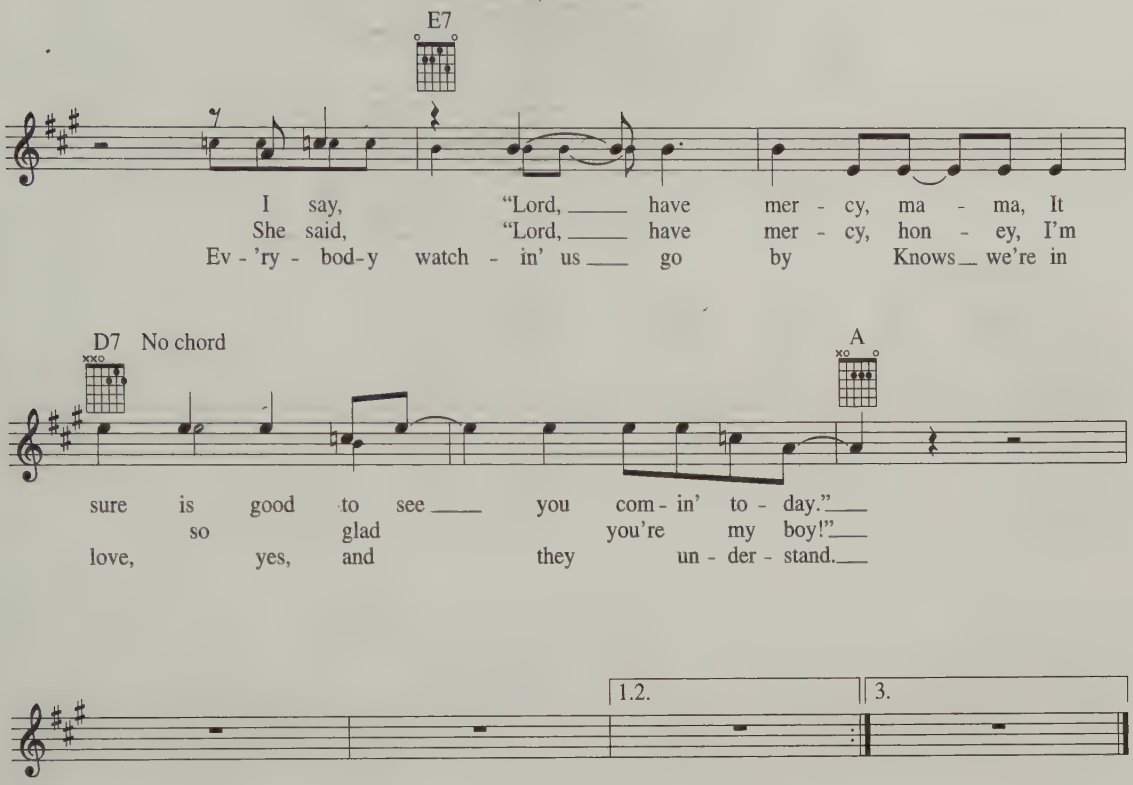
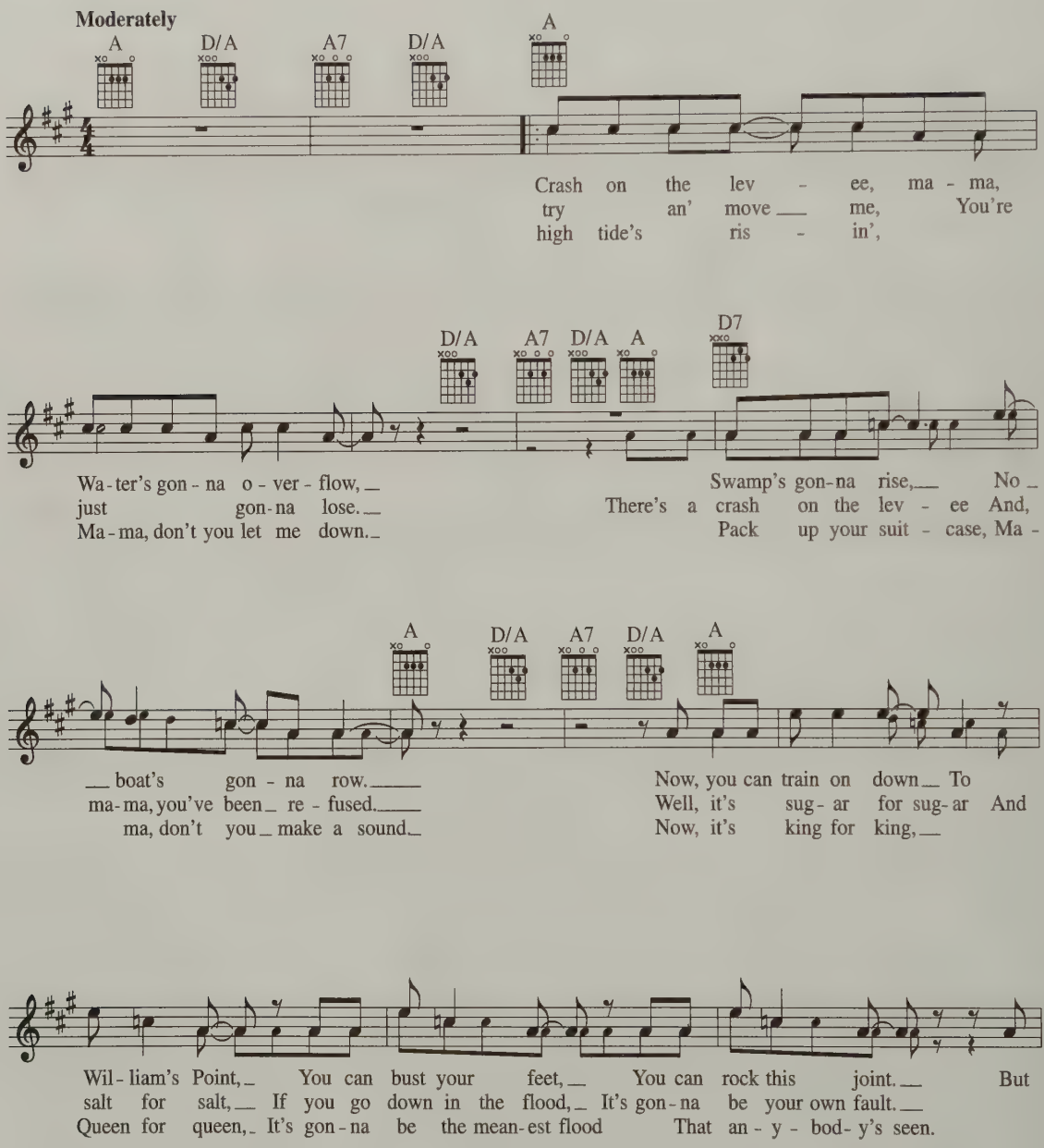

E7
I say, "Lord, ____ have mer - cy, ma - ma, It
She said, "Lord, ____ have mer - cy, hon - ey, I'm
Ev - 'ry - bod-y watch - in' us ____ go by Knows _ we're in
D7 No chord
A
sure is good to see ____ you com - in' to - day."____
so glad you're my boy!"____
love, yes, and they un - der - stand.____
1.2.
3.

Down in the Flood

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
A
D/A
A7
D/A
A
Crash on the lev - ee, ma - ma,
try an' move me, You're
high tide's ris - in',
D/A
A7
D/A
A
D7
Wa - ter's gon - na o - ver - flow,
just gon - na lose.
Ma - ma, don't you let me down.
Swamp's gon - na rise, No
There's a crash on the lev - ee And,
Pack up your suit - case, Ma -
A
D/A
A7
D/A
A
boat's gon - na row.
ma - ma, you've been re - fused.
ma, don't you make a sound.
Now, you can train on down To
Well, it's sug - ar for sug - ar And
Now, it's king for king,
Wil - liam's Point, You can bust your feet, You can rock this joint. But
salt for salt, If you go down in the flood, It's gon - na be your own fault.
Queen for queen, It's gon - na be the mean - est flood That an - y - bod - y's seen.

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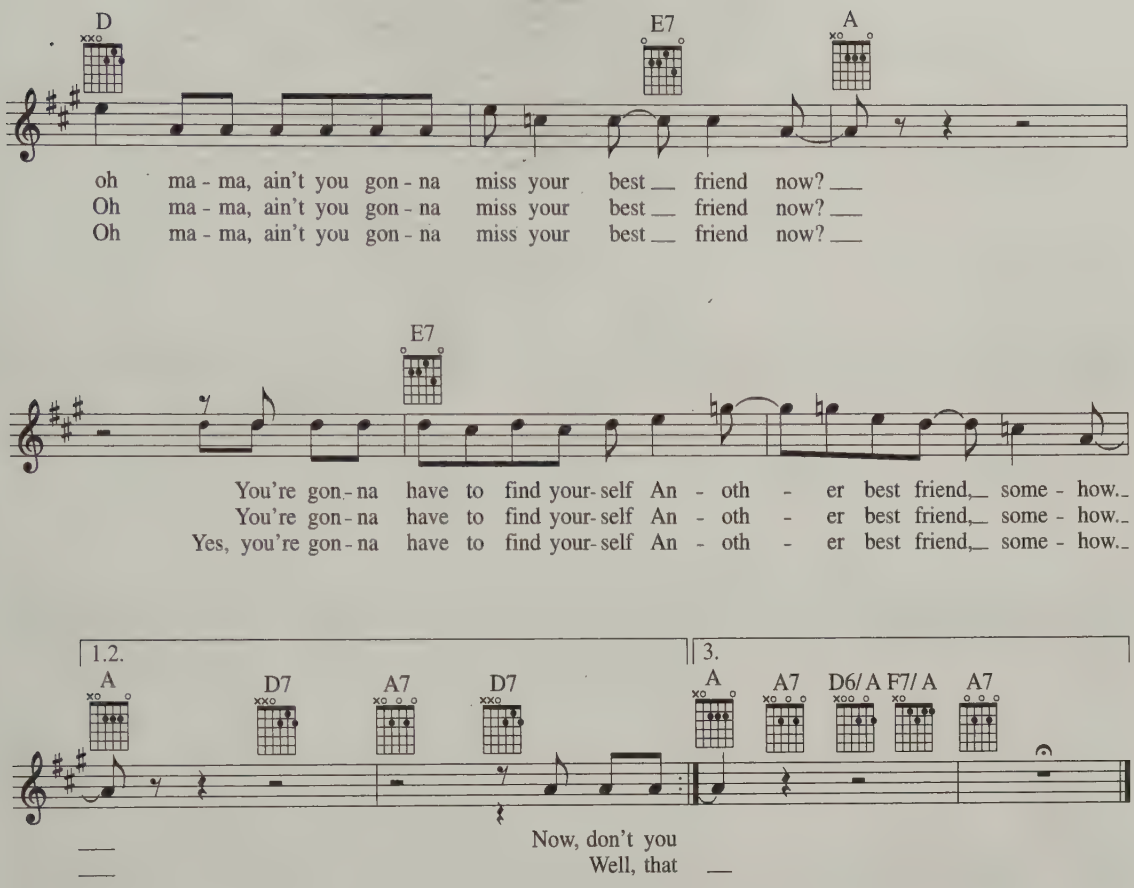
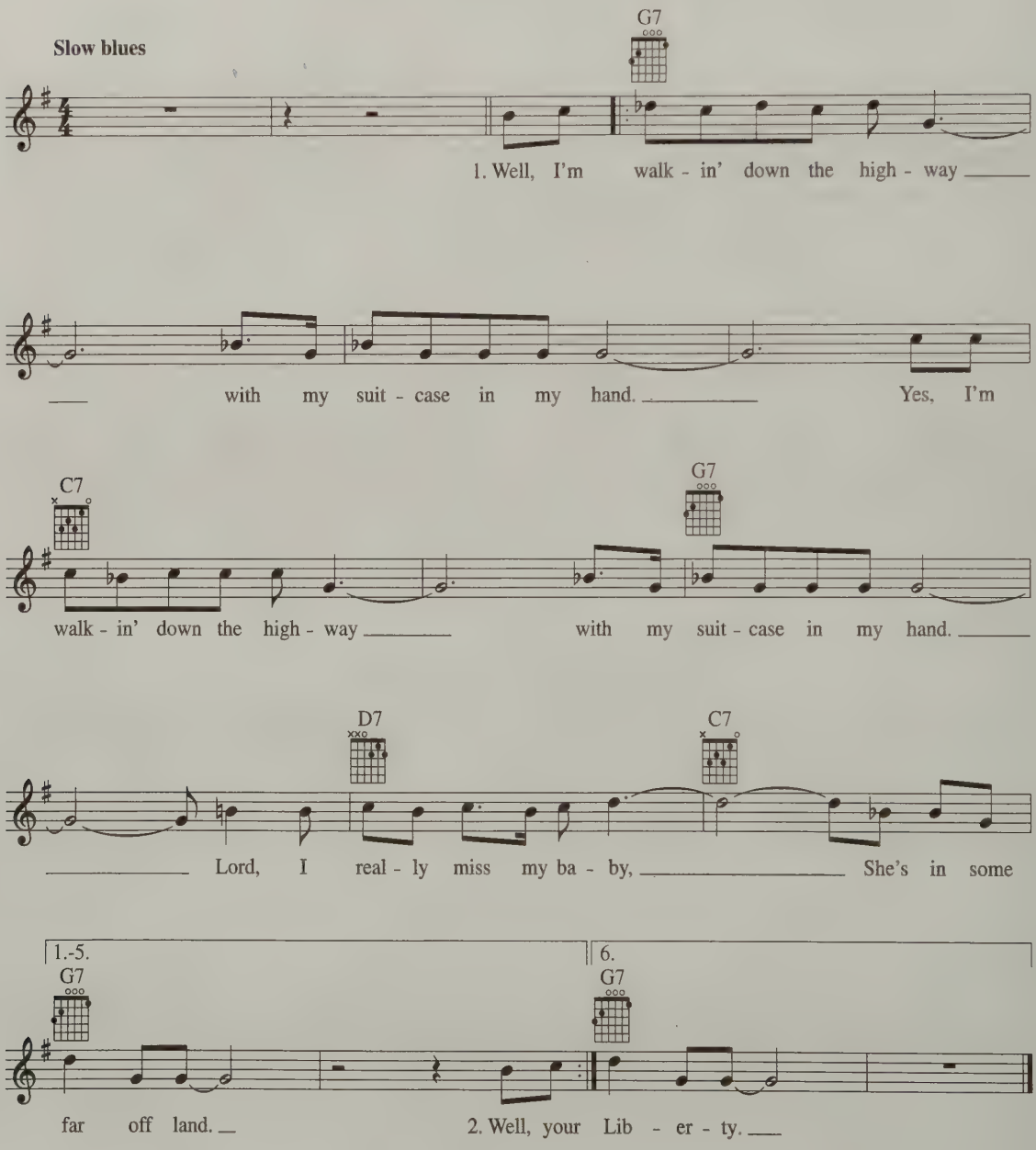

D
E7
A
oh ma - ma, ain't you gon - na miss your best friend now?
Oh ma - ma, ain't you gon - na miss your best friend now?
Oh ma - ma, ain't you gon - na miss your best friend now?
E7
You're gon - na have to find your - self An - oth - er best friend, some - how.
You're gon - na have to find your - self An - oth - er best friend, some - how.
Yes, you're gon - na have to find your - self An - oth - er best friend, some - how.
1.2.
3.
A
D7
A7
D7
A
A7
D6/ A
F7/ A
A7
Now, don't you
Well, that

Down the Highway

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slow blues
G7
1. Well, I'm walk - in' down the high - way
with my suit - case in my hand. Yes, I'm
C7
G7
walk - in' down the high - way
with my suit - case in my hand.
D7
C7
Lord, I real - ly miss my ba - by, She's in some
1.-5.
G7
6.
G7
far off land.
2. Well, your Lib - er - ty.

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Additional lyrics

2. Well, your streets are gettin' empty,
Lord, your highway's gettin' filled.
And your streets are gettin' empty
And your highway's gettin' filled.
Well, the way I love that woman,
I swear it's bound to get me killed.

3. Well, I been gamblin' so long,
Lord, I ain't got much more to lose.
Yes, I been gamblin' so long,
Lord, I ain't got much more to lose.
Right now I'm havin' trouble,
Please don't take away my highway shoes.

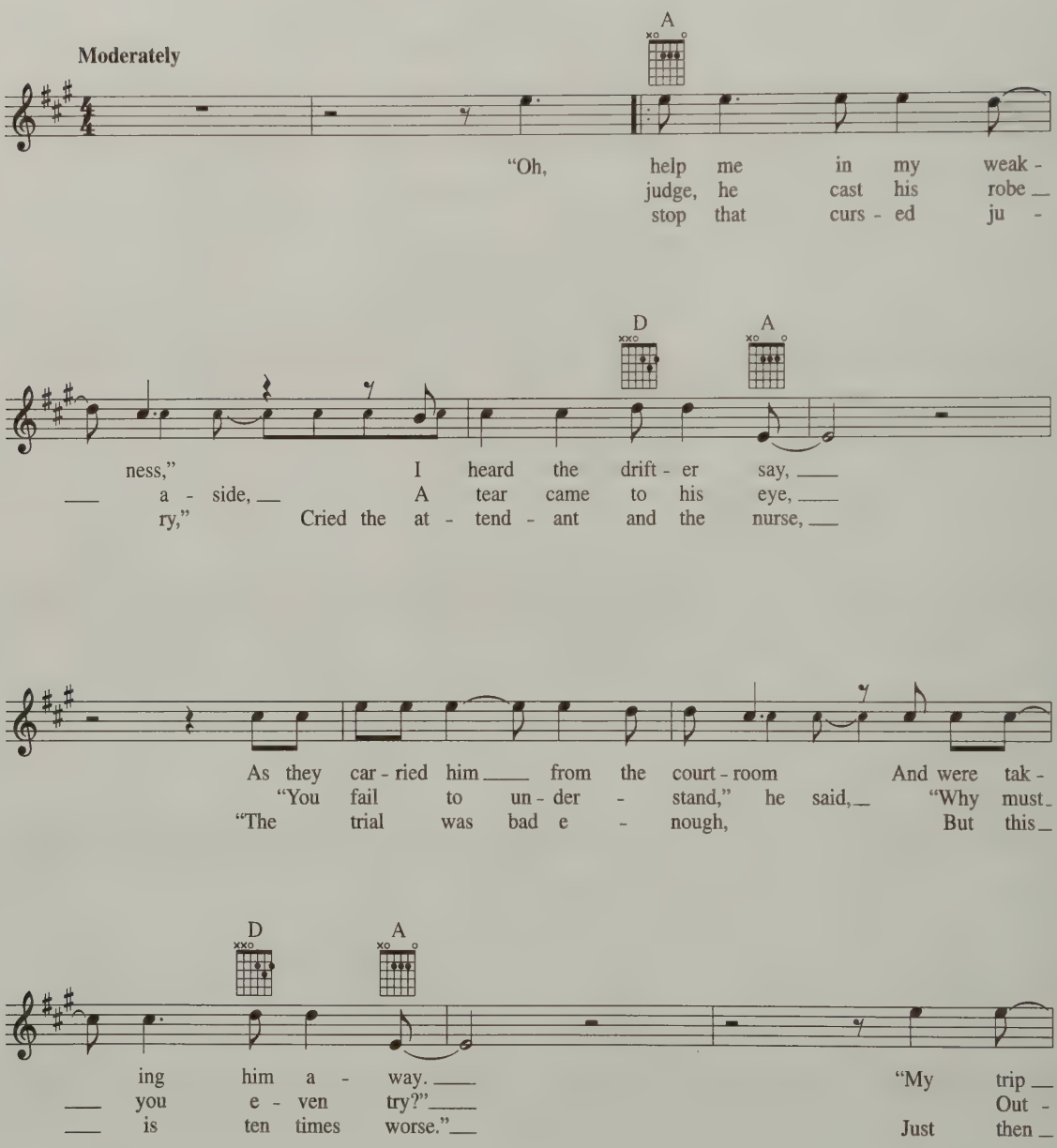
4. Well, I'm bound to get lucky, baby,
Or I'm bound to die tryin'.
Yes, I'm a-bound to get lucky, baby,
Lord, Lord I'm a-bound to die tryin'.
Well, meet me in the middle of the ocean
And we'll leave this ol' highway behind.

5. Well, the ocean took my baby,
My baby stole my heart from me.
Yes, the ocean took my baby,
My baby took my heart from me.
She packed it all up in a suitcase,
Lord, she took it away to Italy, Italy.

6. So, I'm a-walkin' down your highway
Just as far as my poor eyes can see.
Yes, I'm a-walkin' down your highway
Just as far as my eyes can see.
From the Golden Gate Bridge
All the way to the Statue of Liberty.

Drifter's Escape

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
A
"Oh, help me in my weak -
judge, he cast his robe
stop that curs - ed ju -
D
A
ness," I heard the drift - er say,
a - side, A tear came to his eye,
ry," Cried the at - tend - ant and the nurse,
As they car - ried him from the court - room And were tak -
"You fail to un - der - stand," he said, "Why must
"The trial was bad e - nough, But this
D
A
ing him a - way.
you e - ven try?"
is ten times worse."
"My trip
Out -
Just then

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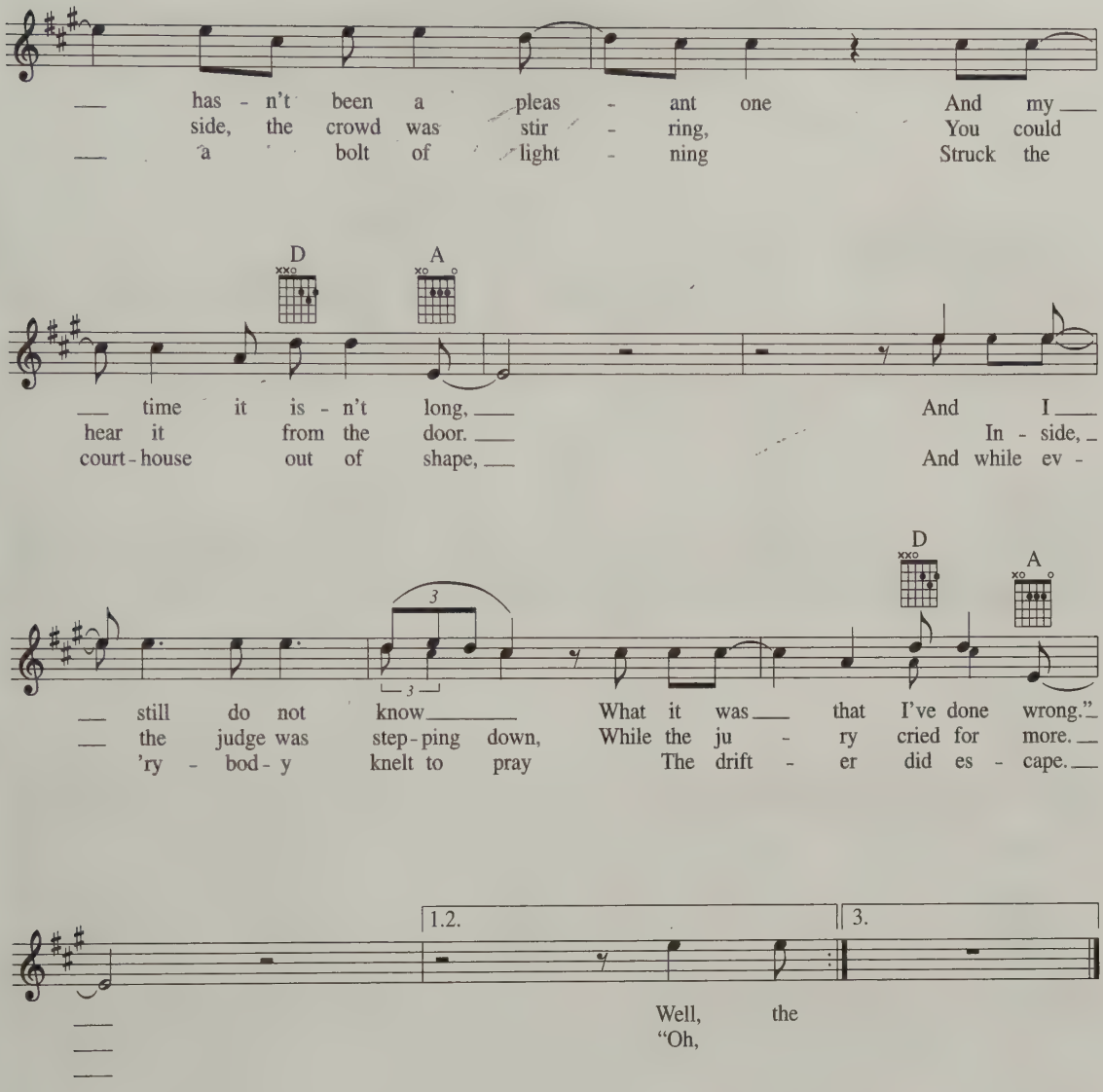
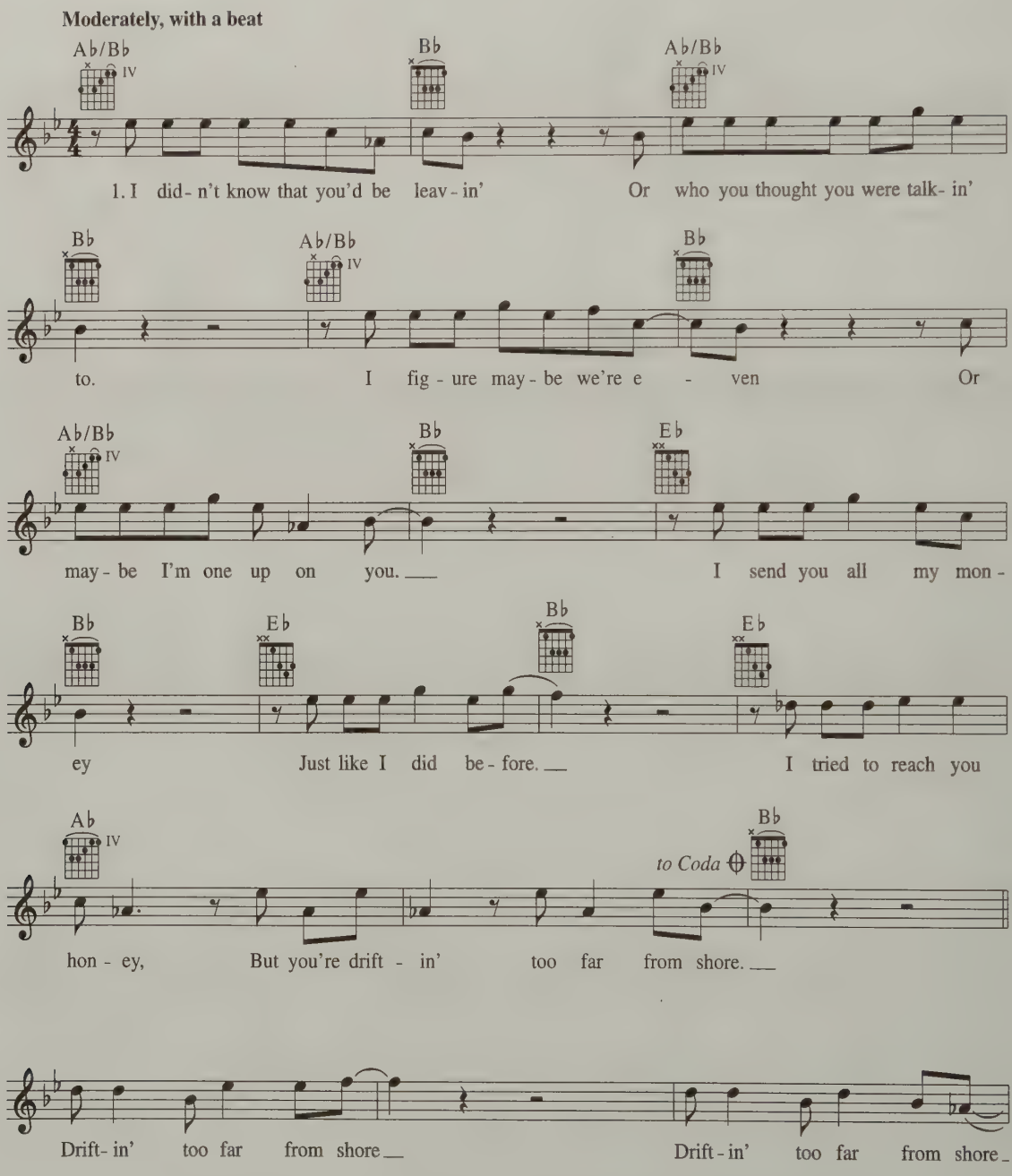

has - n't been a pleas - ant one And my
side, the crowd was stir - ring, You could
a bolt of light - ning Struck the
D A
time it is - n't long, And I
hear it from the door. In - side,
court - house out of shape, And while ev -
D A
still do not know What it was that I've done wrong."
the judge was step - ping down, While the ju - ry cried for more.
'ry - bod - y knelt to pray The drift - er did es - cape.
1.2. 3.
Well, the
"Oh,

Driftin' Too Far from Shore

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately, with a beat
A♭/B♭ IV
B♭
A♭/B♭ IV
1. I did- n't know that you'd be leav- in' Or who you thought you were talk- in'
B♭
A♭/B♭ IV
B♭
to. I fig - ure may - be we're e - ven Or
A♭/B♭ IV
B♭
E♭
may - be I'm one up on you. I send you all my mon -
B♭
E♭
B♭
E♭
ey Just like I did be - fore. I tried to reach you
A♭ IV
B♭
to Coda
hon - ey, But you're drift - in' too far from shore.
Drift- in' too far from shore Drift - in' too far from shore

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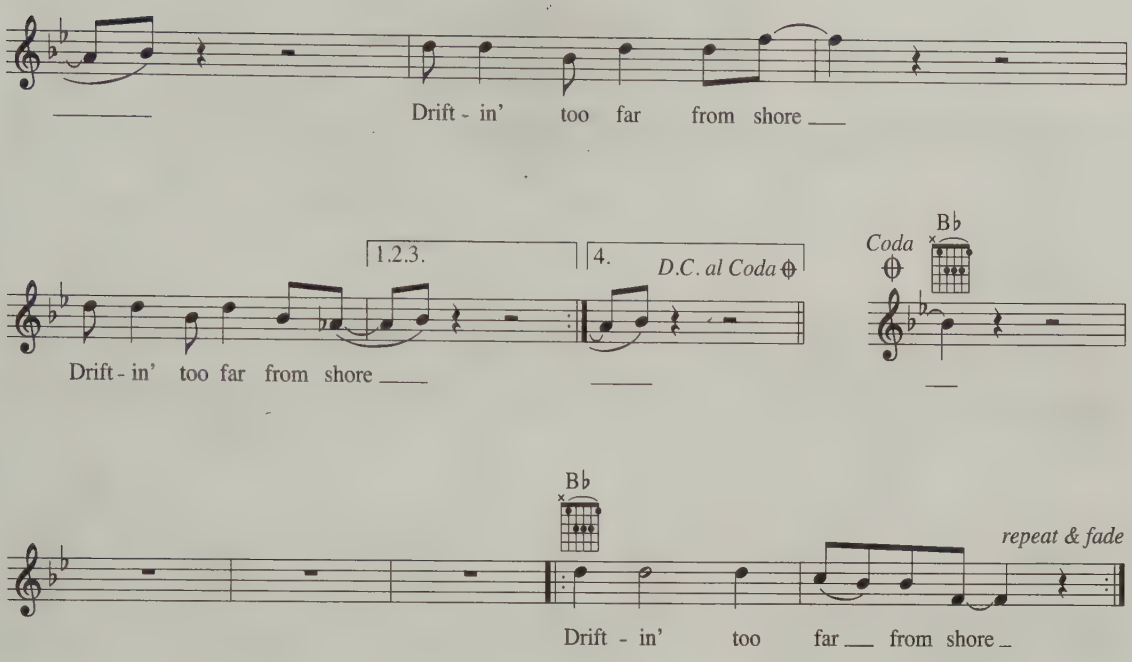


Additional lyrics

2. I ain't gonna get lost in this current,
I don't like playing cat and mouse.
No gentleman likes making love to a servant.
Especially when he's in his father's house.

I never could guess your weight, baby,
Never needed to call you my whore.
I always thought you were straight, baby,
But you're driftin' too far from shore.

Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore

3. Well these times and these tunnels are haunted,
The bottom of the barrel is too.
I waited years sometimes for what I wanted.
Everybody can't be as lucky as you.

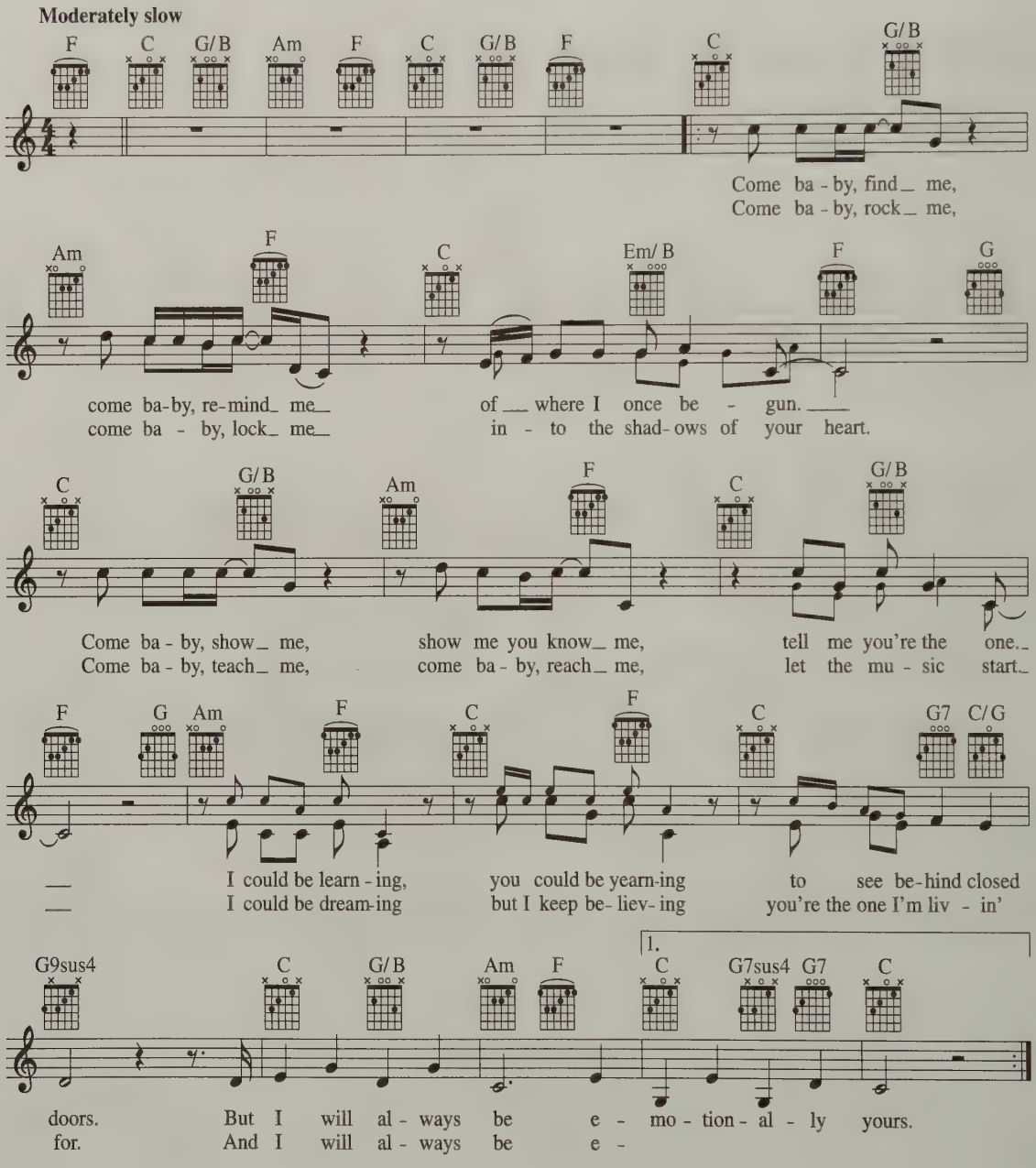
Never no more do I wonder,
Why you don't never play with me any more.
At any moment you could go under,
'Cause you're driftin' too far from shore.

Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore

4. You and me we had completeness,
I give you all of what I could provide
We weren't on the wrong side, sweetness,
We were the wrong side.

I've already ripped out the phones honey.
You can't walk the streets in a war.
I can finish this alone honey,
You're driftin' too far from shore.

Emotionally Yours

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately slow
F C G/B Am F C G/B F C G/B
Come ba - by, find_ me,
Come ba - by, rock_ me,
Am F C Em/B F G
come ba-by, re-mind_ me_ of __ where I once be - gun. ___
come ba - by, lock_ me_ in - to the shad-ows of your heart.
C G/B Am F C G/B
Come ba - by, show_ me, show me you know_ me, tell me you're the one._
Come ba - by, teach_ me, come ba - by, reach_ me, let the mu - sic start_
F G Am F C F C G7 C/G
___ I could be learn - ing, you could be yearn-ing to see be-hind closed
___ I could be dream-ing but I keep be- liev- ing you're the one I'm liv - in'
1.
G9sus4 C G/B Am F C G7sus4 G7 C
doors. But I will al - ways be e - mo - tion - al - ly yours.
for. And I will al - ways be e -

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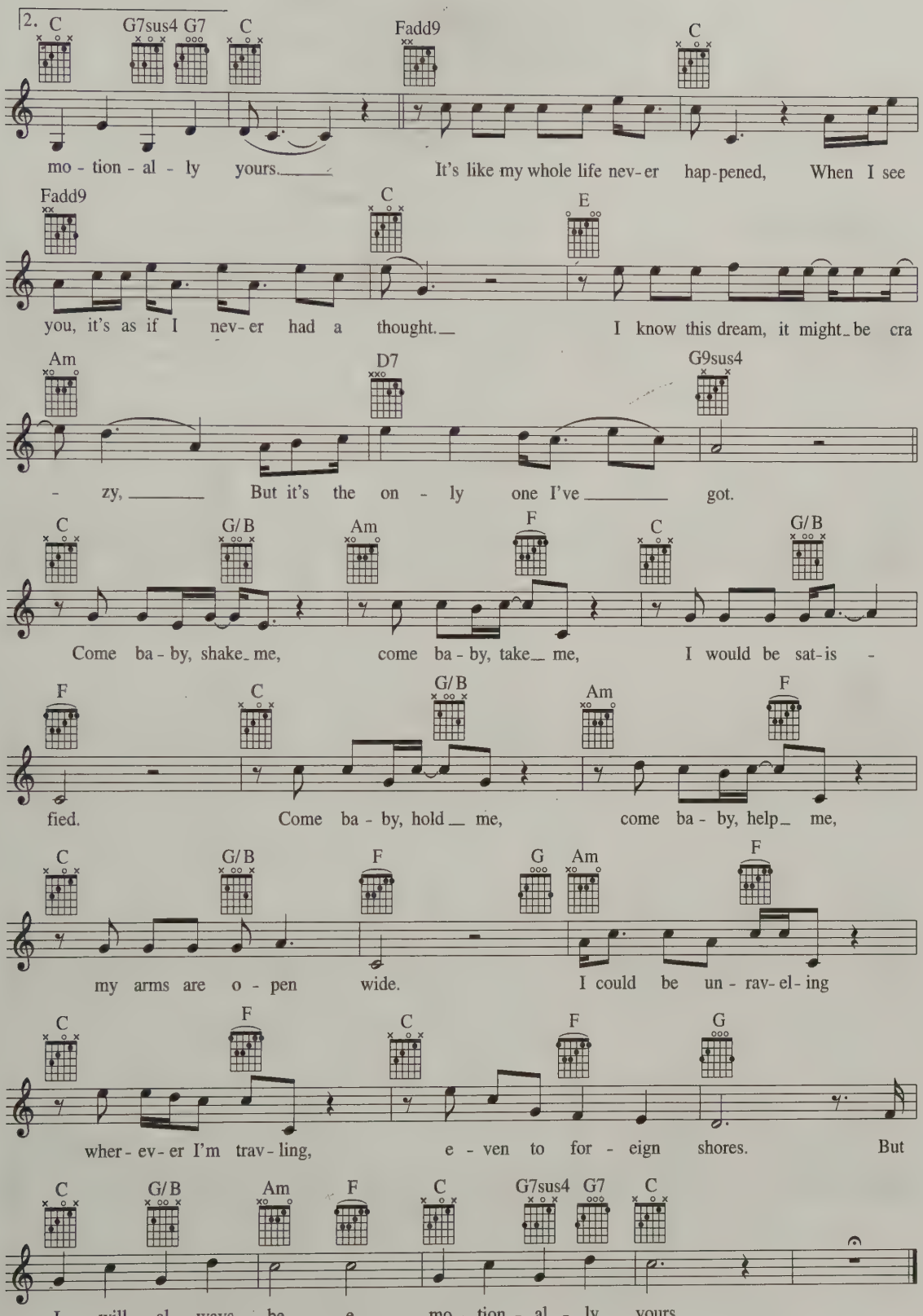
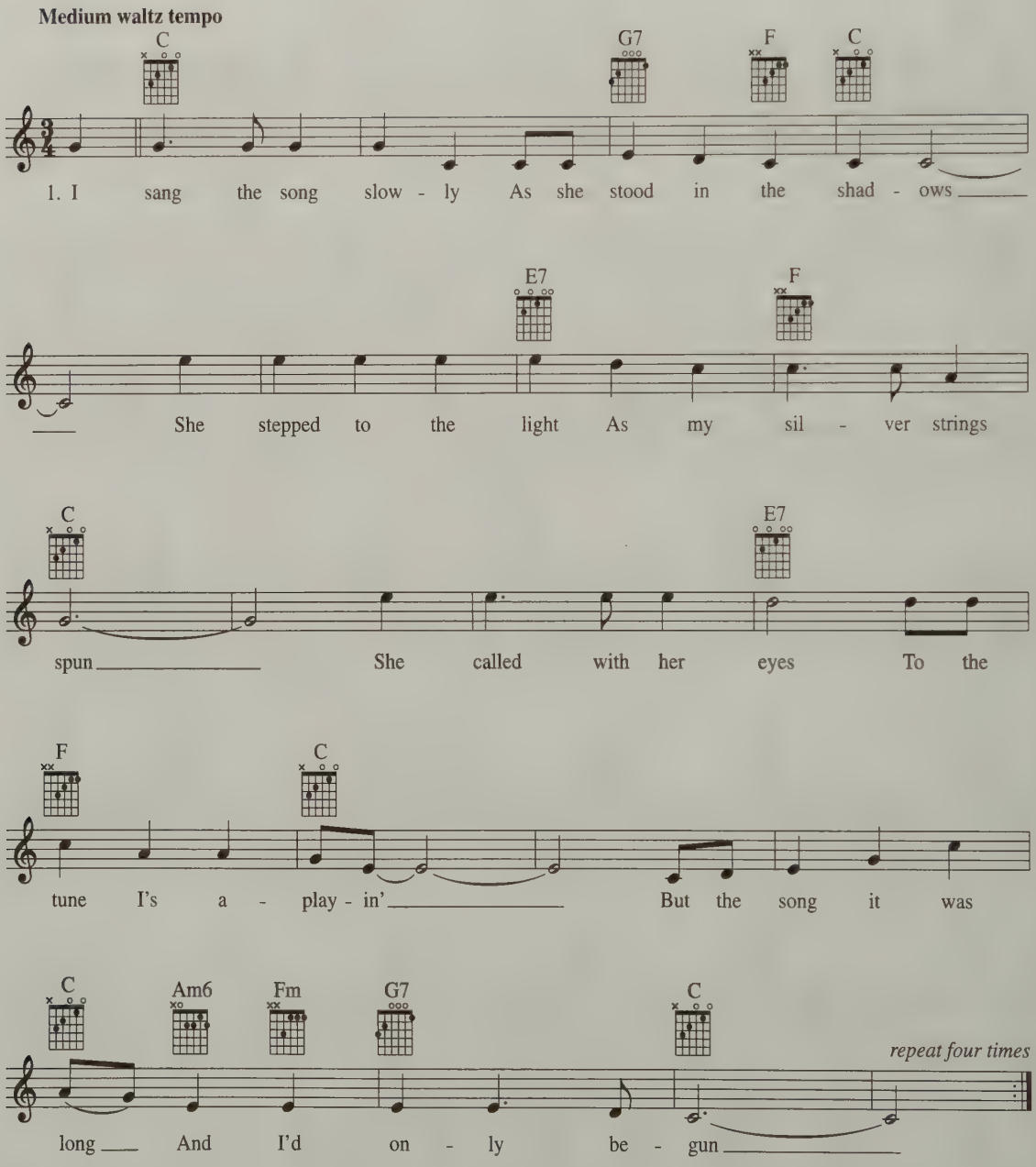

2. C G7sus4 G7 C Fadd9 C
mo - tion - al - ly yours. It's like my whole life nev-er hap-pened, When I see
Fadd9 C E
you, it's as if I nev-er had a thought. I know this dream, it might be cra
Am D7 G9sus4
- zy, But it's the on - ly one I've got.
C G/B Am F C G/B
Come ba - by, shake me, come ba - by, take me, I would be sat-is -
F C G/B Am F
fied. Come ba - by, hold me, come ba - by, help me,
C G/B F G Am F
my arms are o - pen wide. I could be un - rav-el-ing
C F C F G
wher - ev - er I'm trav - ling, e - ven to for - eign shores. But
C G/B Am F C G7sus4 G7 C
I will al - ways be e - mo - tion - al - ly yours.

Eternal Circle

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Through a bullet of light
   Her face was reflectin'
   The fast fading words
   That rolled from my tongue
   With a long-distance look
   Her eyes was on fire
   But the song it was long
   And there was more to be sung.

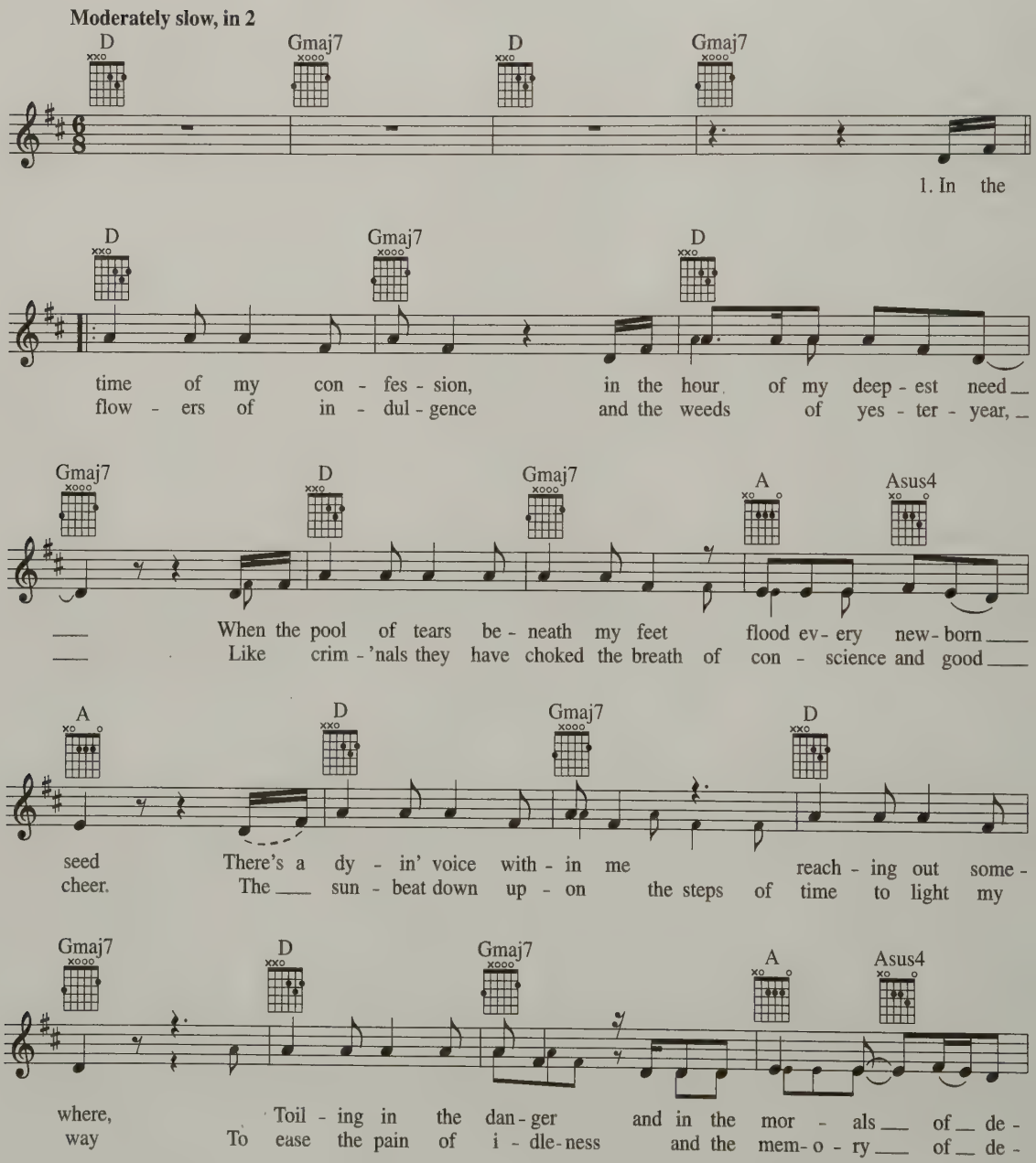
3. My eyes danced a circle
   Across her clear outline
   With her head tilted sideways
   She called me again
   As the tune drifted out
   She breathed hard through the echo
   But the song it was long
   And it was far to the end.

4. I glanced at my guitar
   And played it pretendin'
   That of all the eyes out there
   I could see none
   As her thoughts pounded hard
   Like the pierce of an arrow
   But the song it was long
   And it had to get done.

5. As the tune finally folded
   I laid down the guitar
   Then looked for the girl
   Who'd stayed for so long
   But her shadow was missin'
   For all of my searchin'
   So I picked up my guitar
   And began the next song.

Every Grain of Sand

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow, in 2
D
Gmaj7
D
Gmaj7
1. In the
D
Gmaj7
D
time of my con - fes - sion, in the hour of my deep - est need
flow - ers of in - dul - gence and the weeds of yes - ter - year,
Gmaj7
D
Gmaj7
A
Asus4
When the pool of tears be - neath my feet flood ev - ery new - born
Like crim - 'nals they have choked the breath of con - science and good
A
D
Gmaj7
D
seed There's a dy - in' voice with - in me reach - ing out some -
cheer. The sun - beat down up - on the steps of time to light my
Gmaj7
D
Gmaj7
A
Asus4
where, Toil - ing in the dan - ger and in the mor - als of de -
way To ease the pain of i - dle - ness and the mem - o - ry of de -

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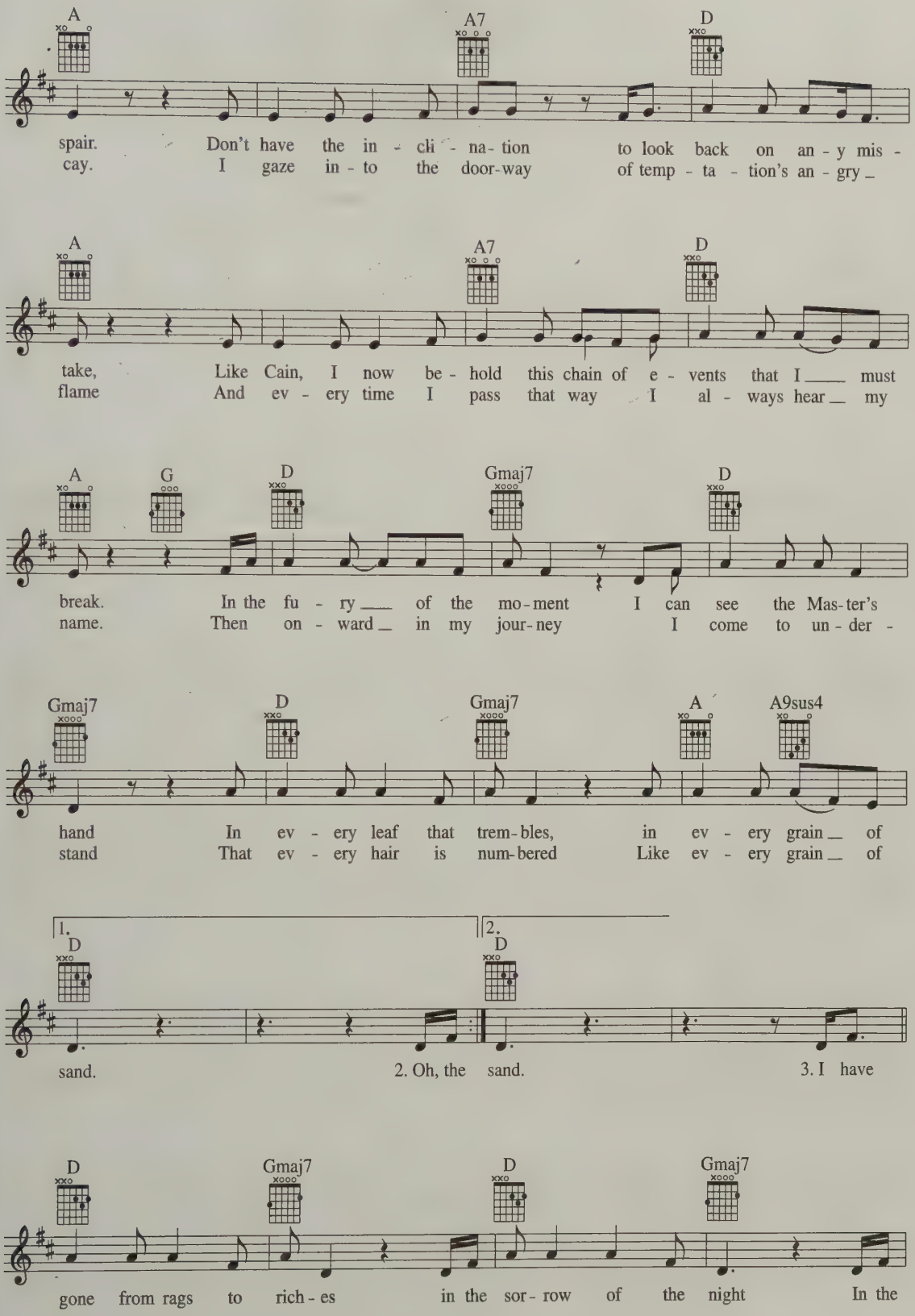
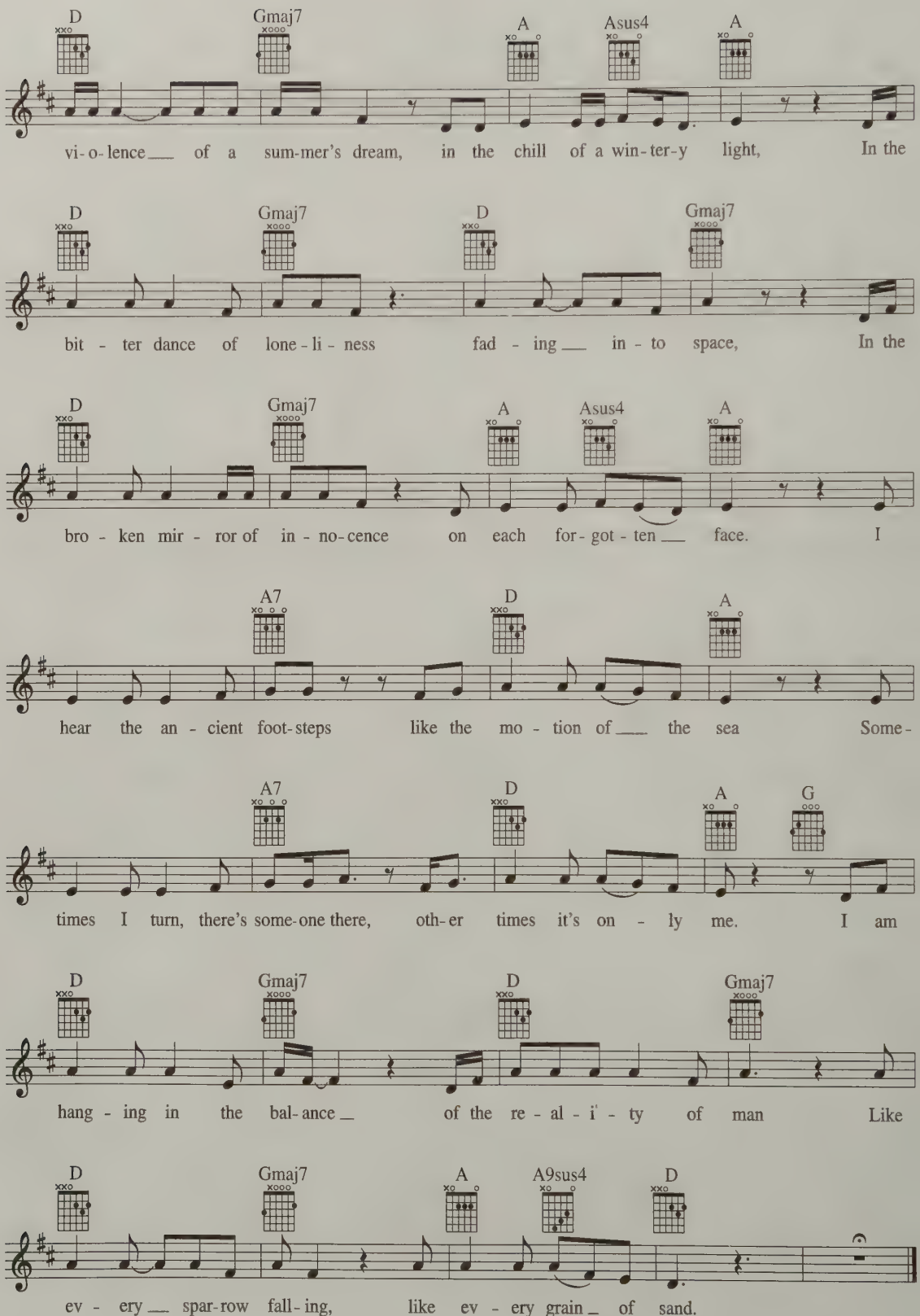
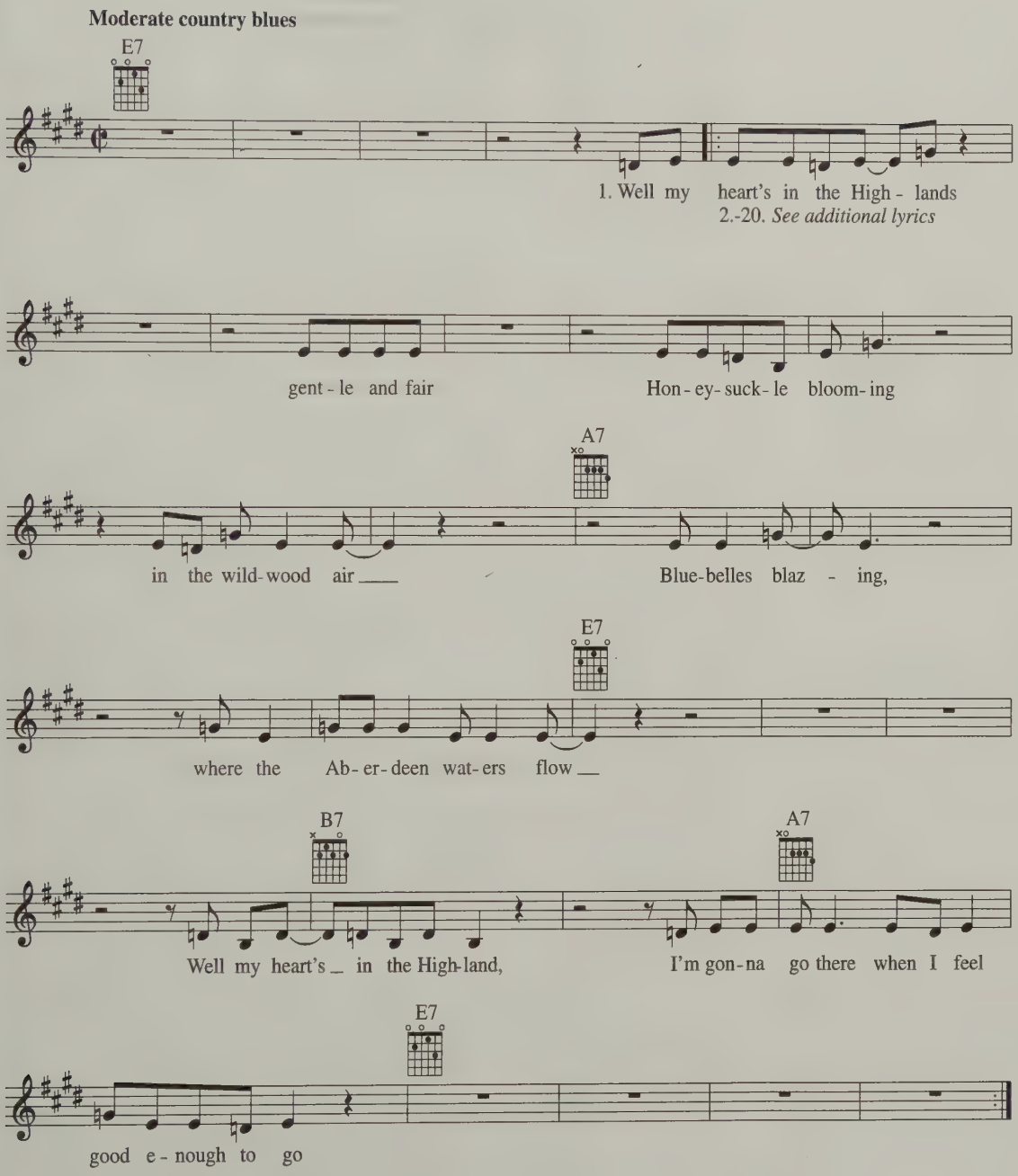

A
A7
D
spair. Don't have the in - cli - na - tion to look back on an - y mis -
cay. I gaze in - to the door-way of temp - ta - tion's an - gry _
A
A7
D
take, Like Cain, I now be - hold this chain of e - vents that I ____ must
flame And ev - ery time I pass that way I al - ways hear __ my
A
G
D
Gmaj7
D
break. In the fu - ry ____ of the mo-ment I can see the Mas-ter's
name. Then on - ward _ in my jour-ney I come to un - der -
Gmaj7
D
Gmaj7
A
A9sus4
hand In ev - ery leaf that trem-bles, in ev - ery grain __ of
stand That ev - ery hair is num-bered Like ev - ery grain __ of
1.
2.
D
D
sand. 2. Oh, the sand. 3. I have
D
Gmaj7
D
Gmaj7
gone from rags to rich - es in the sor - row of the night In the


D Gmaj7 A Asus4 A
vi-o-lence of a sum-mer's dream, in the chill of a win-ter-y light, In the
D Gmaj7 D Gmaj7
bit - ter dance of lone-li-ness fad - ing in-to space, In the
D Gmaj7 A Asus4 A
bro - ken mir - ror of in-no-cence on each for-got-ten face. I
A7 D A
hear the an - cient foot-steps like the mo - tion of the sea Some-
A7 D A G
times I turn, there's some-one there, oth-er times it's on - ly me. I am
D Gmaj7 D Gmaj7
hang - ing in the bal-ance of the re - al - i' - ty of man Like
D Gmaj7 A A9sus4 D
ev - ery spar-row fall-ing, like ev - ery grain of sand.

Highlands

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate country blues
E7
1. Well my heart's in the High - lands
2.-20. See additional lyrics
gent - le and fair
Hon - ey - suck - le bloom - ing
A7
in the wild - wood air
Blue - belles blaz - ing,
E7
where the Ab - er - deen wat - ers flow
B7
A7
Well my heart's in the High - land,
I'm gon - na go there when I feel
E7
good e - nough to go

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Additional lyrics

2. Windows were shakin' all night in my dreams
   Everything was exactly the way that it seems
   Woke up this morning and I looked at the same old page
   Same ol' rat race
   Life in the same ol' cage.

3. I don't want nothing from anyone, ain't that much to take
   Wouldn't know the difference between a real blonde and a fake
   Feel like a prisoner in a world of mystery
   I wish someone would come
   And push back the clock for me

4. Well my heart's in the Highlands wherever I roam
   That's where I'll be when I get called home
   The wind, it whispers to the buckeyed trees in rhyme
   Well my heart's in the Highland,
   I can only get there one step at a time.

5. I'm listening to Neil Young, I gotta turn up the sound
   Someone's always yelling turn it down
   Feel like I'm drifting
   Drifting from scene to scene
   I'm wondering what in the devil could it all possibly mean?

6. Insanity is smashing up against my soul
   You can say I was on anything but a roll
   If I had a conscience, well I just might blow my top
   What would I do with it anyway
   Maybe take it to the pawn shop

7. My heart's in the Highlands at the break of dawn
   By the beautiful lake of the Black Swan
   Big white clouds, like chariots that swing down low
   Well my heart's in the Highlands
   Only place left to go

8. I'm in Boston town, in some restaurant
   I got no idea what I want
   Well, maybe I do but I'm just really not sure
   Waitress comes over
   Nobody in the place but me and her

9. It must be a holiday, there's nobody around
   She studies me closely as I sit down
   She got a pretty face and long white shiny legs
   She says, "What'll it be?"
   I say, "I don't know, you got any soft boiled eggs?"

10. She looks at me, says, "I'd bring you some
    But we're out of 'm, you picked the wrong time to come"
    Then she says, "I know you're an artist, draw a picture of me!"
    I say, "I would if I could, but,
    I don't do sketches from memory."

11. "Well," she says, "I'm right here in front of you, or haven't you looked?"
I say, "All right, I know, but I don't have my drawing book!"
She gives me a napkin, she says, "You can do it on that"
I say, "Yes I could but,
I don't know where my pencil is at!"

12. She pulls one out from behind her ear
She says, "All right now, go ahead, draw me, I'm standing right here."
I make a few lines, and I show it for her to see
Well she takes a napkin and throws it back
And says, "That don't look a thing like me!"

13. I said, "Oh, kind miss, it most certainly does"
She says, "You must be jokin'." I say, "I wish I was!"
Then she says, "You don't read women authors, do you?"
Least that's what I think I hear her say,
"Well," I say, "how would you know and what would it matter anyway?"

14. "Well," she says, "you just don't seem like you do!"
I said, "You're way wrong."
She says, "Which ones have you read then?" I say, "I read Erica Jong!"
She goes away for a minute and I slide up out of my chair
I step outside back to the busy street, but nobody's going anywhere

15. Well my heart's in the Highlands, with the horses and hounds
Way up in the border country, far from the towns
With the twang of the arrow and a snap of the bow
My heart's in the Highlands
Can't see any other way to go

16. Every day is the same thing out the door
Feel further away then ever before
Some things in life, it gets too late to learn
Well, I'm lost somewhere
I must have made a few bad turns

17. I see people in the park forgetting their troubles and woes
They're drinking and dancing, wearing bright colored clothes
All the young men with their young women looking so good
Well, I'd trade places with any of them
In a minute, if I could

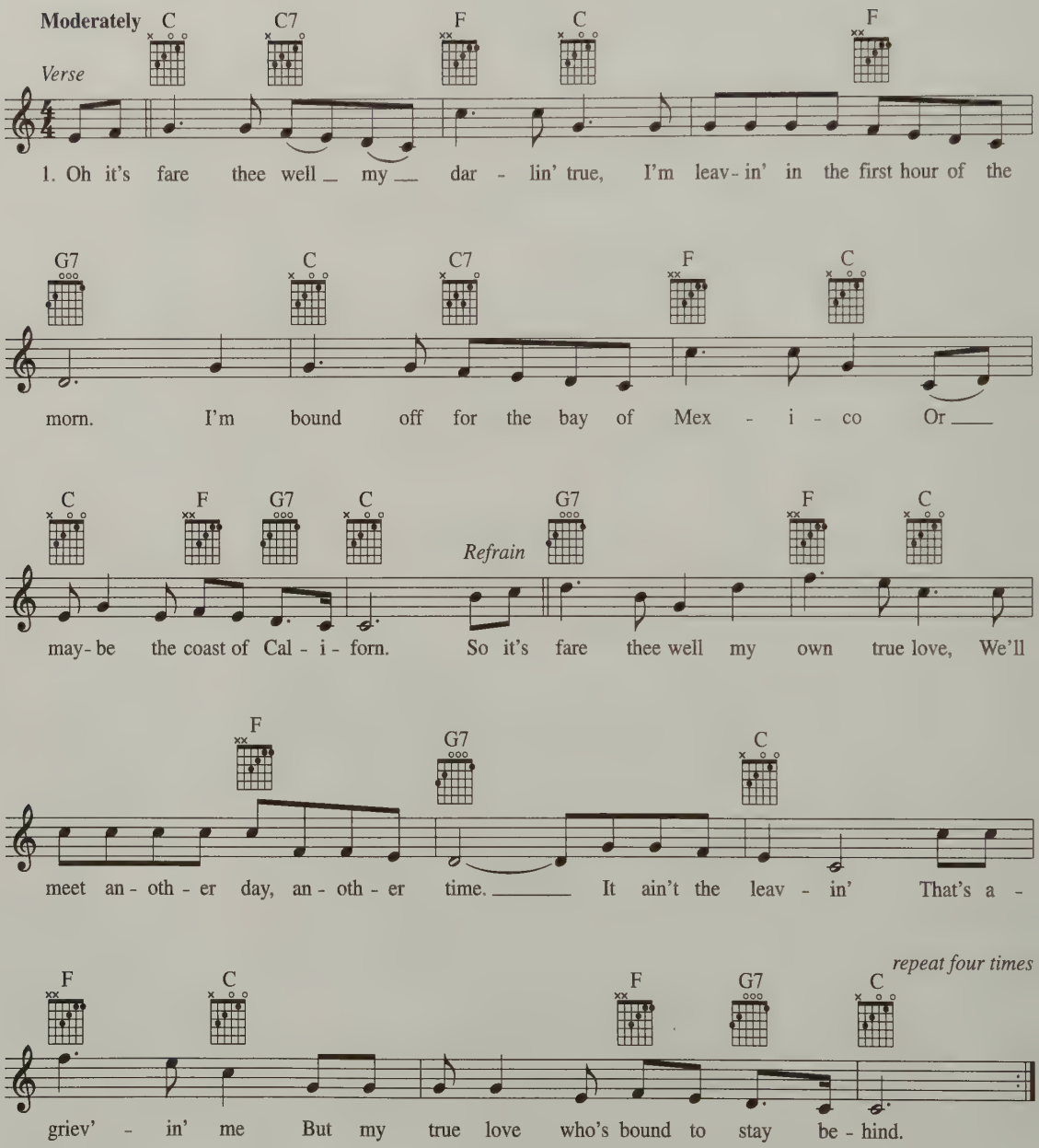
18. I'm crossing the street to get away from a mangy dog
Talking to myself in a monologue
I think what I need might be a full length leather coat
Somebody just asked me
If I registered to vote

19. The sun is beginning to shine on me
But it's not like the sun that used to be
The party's over, and there's less and less to say
I got new eyes
Everything looks far away

20. Well, my heart's in the Highlands at the break of day
Over the hills and far away
There's a way to get there, and I'll figure it out somehow
But I'm already there in my mind
And that's good enough for now

Farewell

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Oh the weather is against me and the wind blows hard
   And the rain she's a-turnin' into hail.
   I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west,
   Though I'm travelin' on a path beaten trail.

   Refrain

3. I will write you a letter from time to time,
   As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too.
   With my head, my heart and my hands, my love,
   I will send what I learn back home to you.

   Refrain

4. I will tell you of the laughter and of troubles,
   Be them somebody else's or my own.
   With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high,
   I will travel unnoticed and unknown.

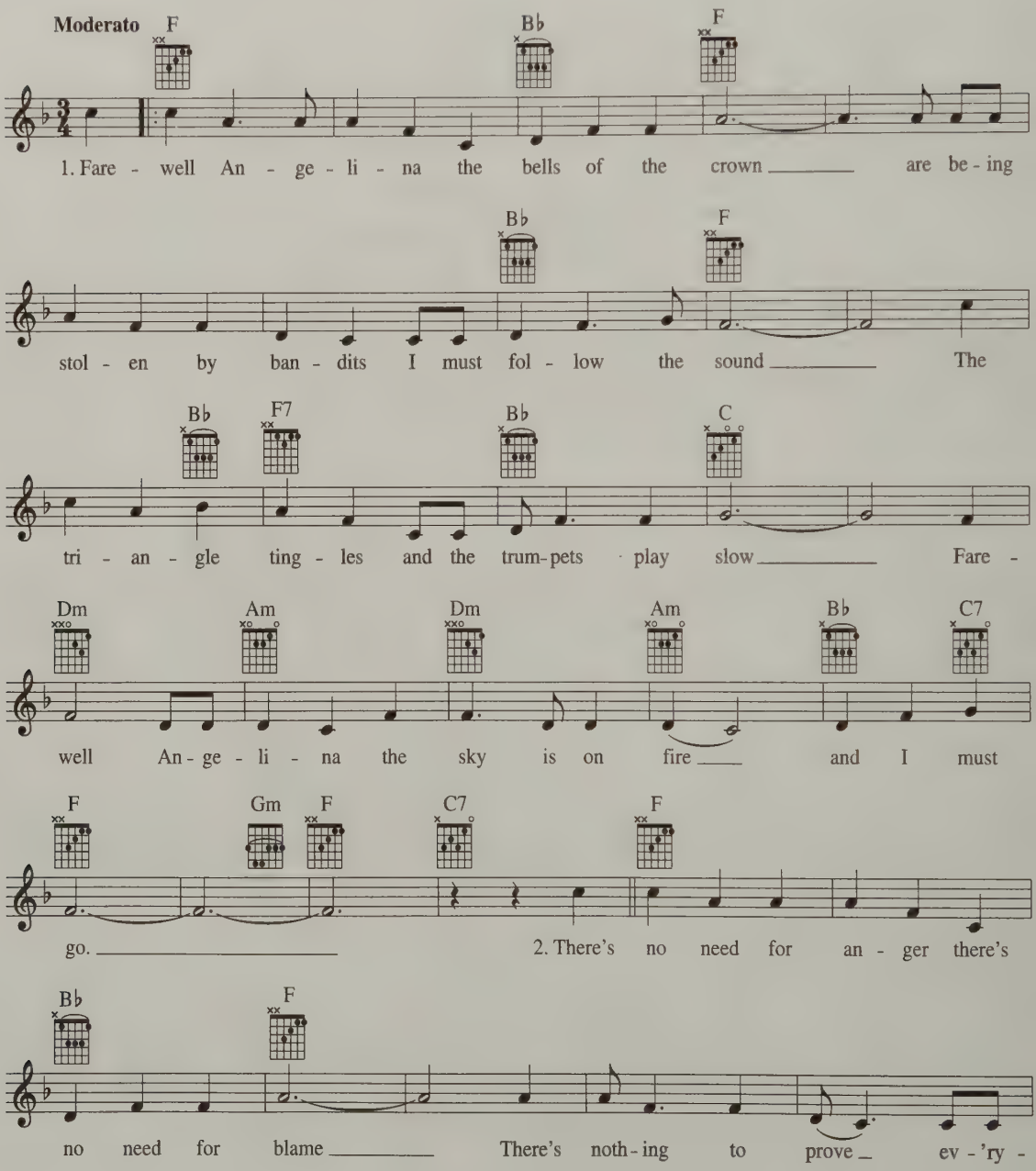
   Refrain

5. I've heard tell of a town where I might as well be bound,
   It's down around the old Mexican plains.
   They say that the people are all friendly there
   And all they ask of you is your name.

   Refrain

Farewell Angelina

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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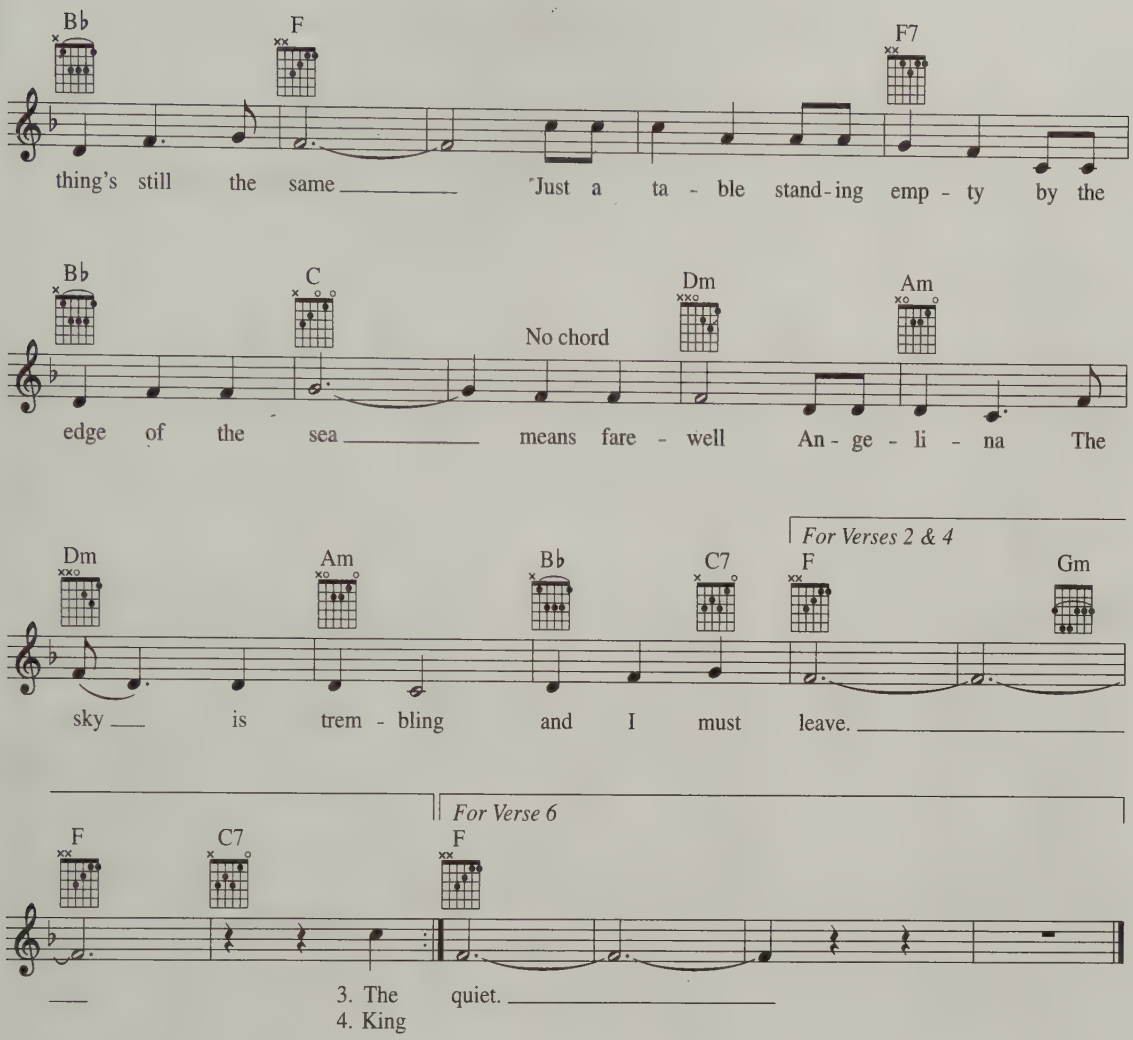


Additional lyrics

3. The jacks and queens
Have forsaked the courtyard
Fifty-two gypsies
Now file past the guards
In the space where the deuce
And the ace once ran wild
Farewell Angelina
The sky is folding
I'll see you in a while.

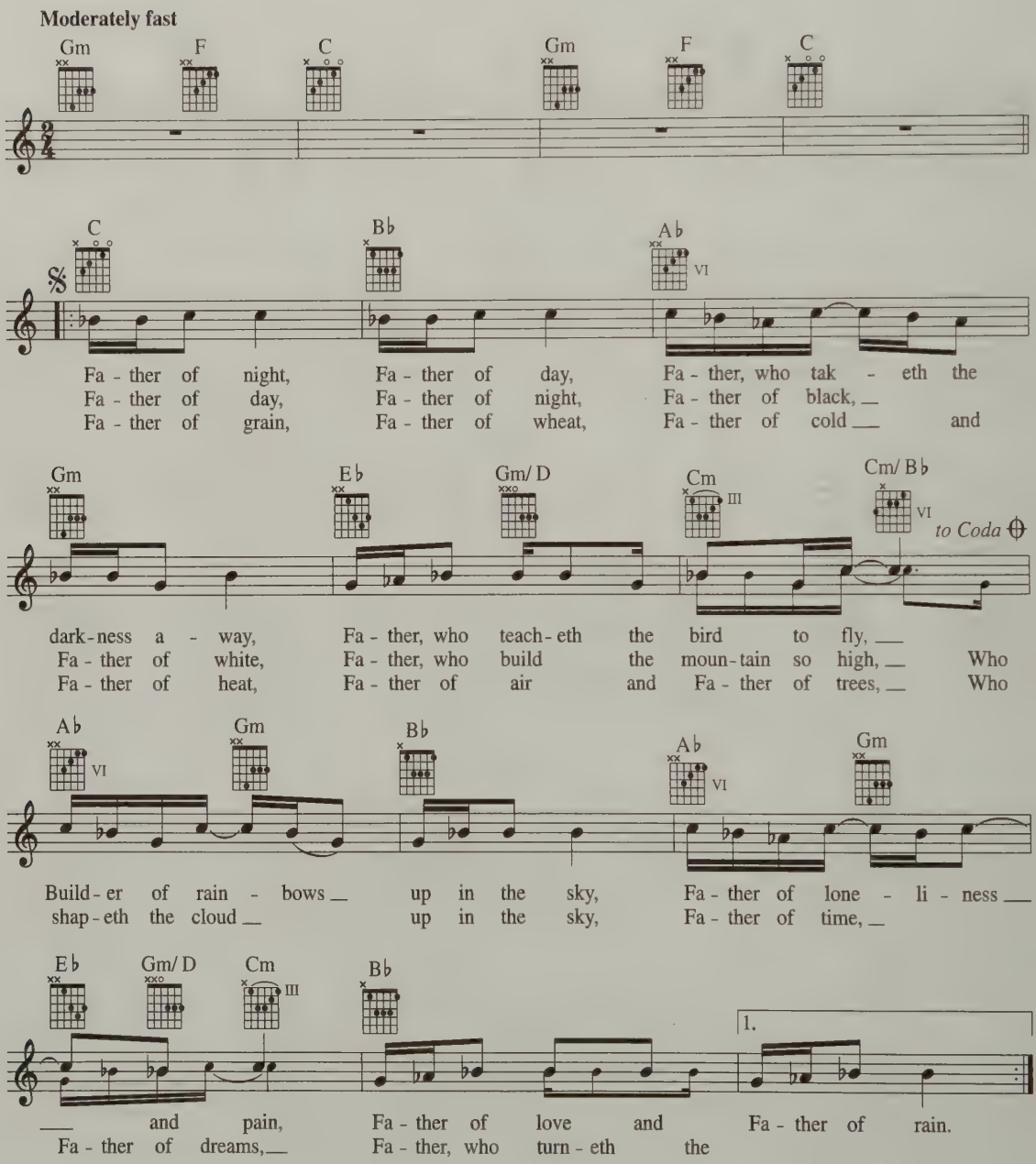
4. See the cross-eyed pirates sitting
Perched in the sun
Shooting tin cans
With a sawed-off shotgun
And the neighbors they clap
And they cheer with each blast
Farewell Angelina
The sky's changing color
And I must leave fast.

5. King Kong, little elves
On the rooftoops they dance
Valentino-type tangos
While the make-up man's hands
Shut the eyes of the dead
Not to embarrass anyone
Farewell Angelina
The sky is embarrassed
And I must be gone.

6. The machine guns are roaring
The puppets heave rocks
The fiends nail time bombs
To the hands of the clocks
Call me any name you like
I will never deny it
Farewell Angelina
The sky is erupting
I must go where it's quiet.

Father of Night

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately fast
Gm F C Gm F C
C Bb Ab VI
Fa - ther of night, Fa - ther of day, Fa - ther, who tak - eth the
Fa - ther of day, Fa - ther of night, Fa - ther of black, __
Fa - ther of grain, Fa - ther of wheat, Fa - ther of cold __ and
Gm Eb Gm/ D Cm III Cm/ Bb VI
to Coda
dark - ness a - way, Fa - ther, who teach - eth the bird to fly, __
Fa - ther of white, Fa - ther, who build the moun - tain so high, __ Who
Fa - ther of heat, Fa - ther of air and Fa - ther of trees, __ Who
Ab VI Gm Bb Ab VI Gm
Build - er of rain - bows __ up in the sky, Fa - ther of lone - li - ness __
shap - eth the cloud __ up in the sky, Fa - ther of time, __
Eb Gm/ D Cm III Bb
1.
__ and pain, Fa - ther of love and Fa - ther of rain.
Fa - ther of dreams, __ Fa - ther, who turn - eth the

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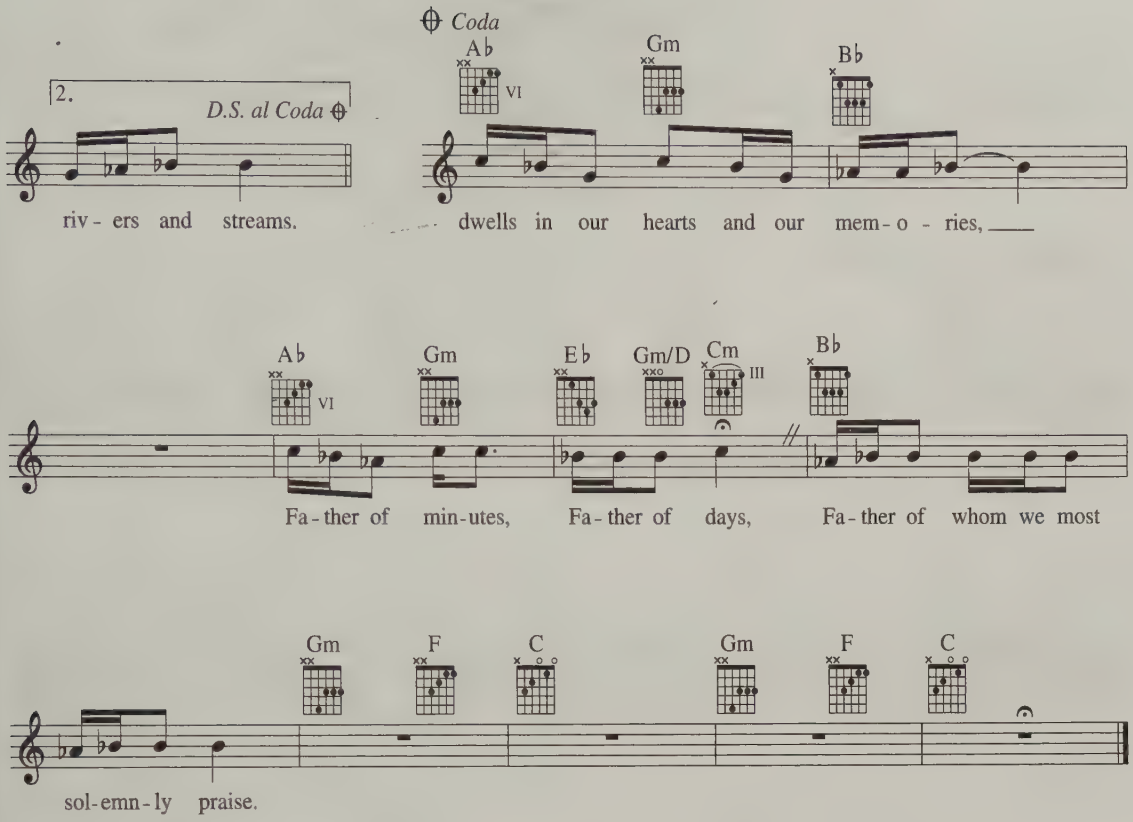
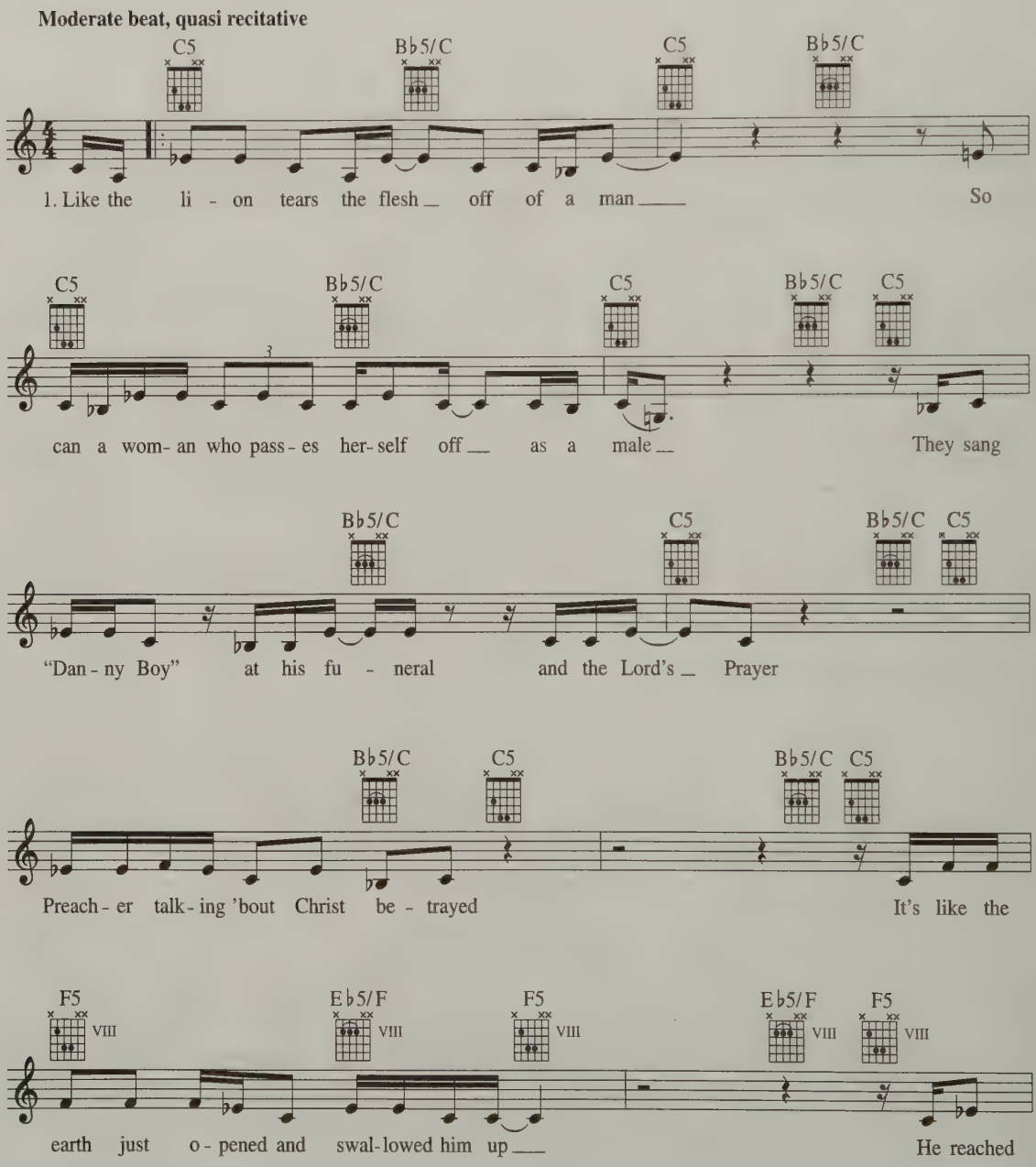

2.
D.S. al Coda
Coda
A♭
VI
Gm
B♭
riv - ers and streams.
dwells in our hearts and our mem - o - ries,
A♭
VI
Gm
E♭
Gm/D
Cm
III
B♭
Fa - ther of min - utes, Fa - ther of days, Fa - ther of whom we most
Gm
F
C
Gm
F
C
sol - emn - ly praise.

Foot of Pride

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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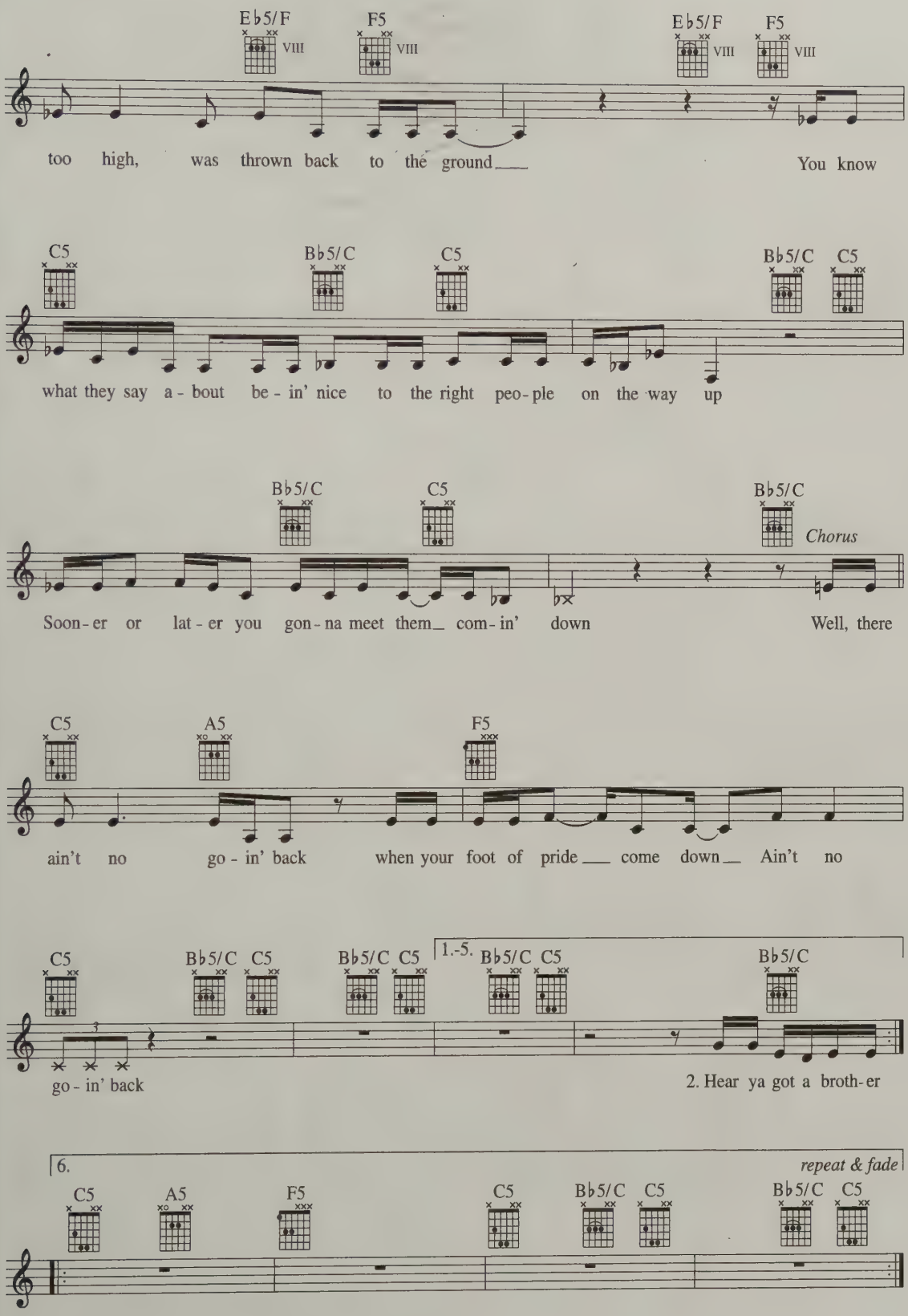

E♭5/F VIII
F5 VIII
E♭5/F VIII
F5 VIII
too high, was thrown back to the ground You know
C5
B♭5/C
C5
B♭5/C C5
what they say a - bout be - in' nice to the right peo - ple on the way up
B♭5/C
C5
B♭5/C
Chorus
Soon - er or lat - er you gon - na meet them com - in' down Well, there
C5
A5
F5
ain't no go - in' back when your foot of pride come down Ain't no
C5
B♭5/C C5
B♭5/C C5
1.-5. B♭5/C C5
B♭5/C
go - in' back
2. Hear ya got a broth - er
6.
repeat & fade
C5
A5
F5
C5
B♭5/C C5
B♭5/C C5

Additional lyrics

2. Hear ya got a brother named James, don't forget faces or names
   Sunken cheeks and his blood is mixed
   He looked straight into the sun and said revenge is mine
   But he drinks, and drinks can be fixed
   Sing me one more song, about ya love me to the moon and the stranger
   And your fall by the sword love affair with Erroll Flynn
   In these times of compassion when conformity's in fashion
   Say one more stupid thing to me before the final nail is driven in

   Chorus

3. There's a retired businessman named Red, cast down from heaven and he's out of his head
   He feeds off of everyone that he can touch
   He said he only deals in cash or sells tickets to a plane crash
   He's not somebody that you play around with much
   Miss Delilah is his, a Philistine is what she is
   She'll do wondrous works with your fate
   Feed you coconut bread, spice buns in your bed
   If you don't mind sleepin' with your head face down in a grave

   Chorus

4. Well, they'll choose a man for you to meet tonight
   You'll play the fool and learn how to walk through doors
   How to enter into the gates of paradise
   No, how to carry a burden too heavy to be yours
   Yeah, from the stage they'll be tryin' to get water outta rocks
   A whore will pass the hat, collect a hundred grand and say thanks
   They like to take all this money from sin, build big universities to study in
   Sing "Amazing Grace" all the way to the Swiss banks

   Chorus

5. They got some beautiful people out there, man
   They can be a terror to your mind and show you how to hold your tongue
   They got mystery written all over their forehead
   They kill babies in the crib and say only the good die young
   They don't believe in mercy
   Judgment on them is something that you'll never see
   They can exalt you up or bring you down main route
   Turn you into anything that they want you to be

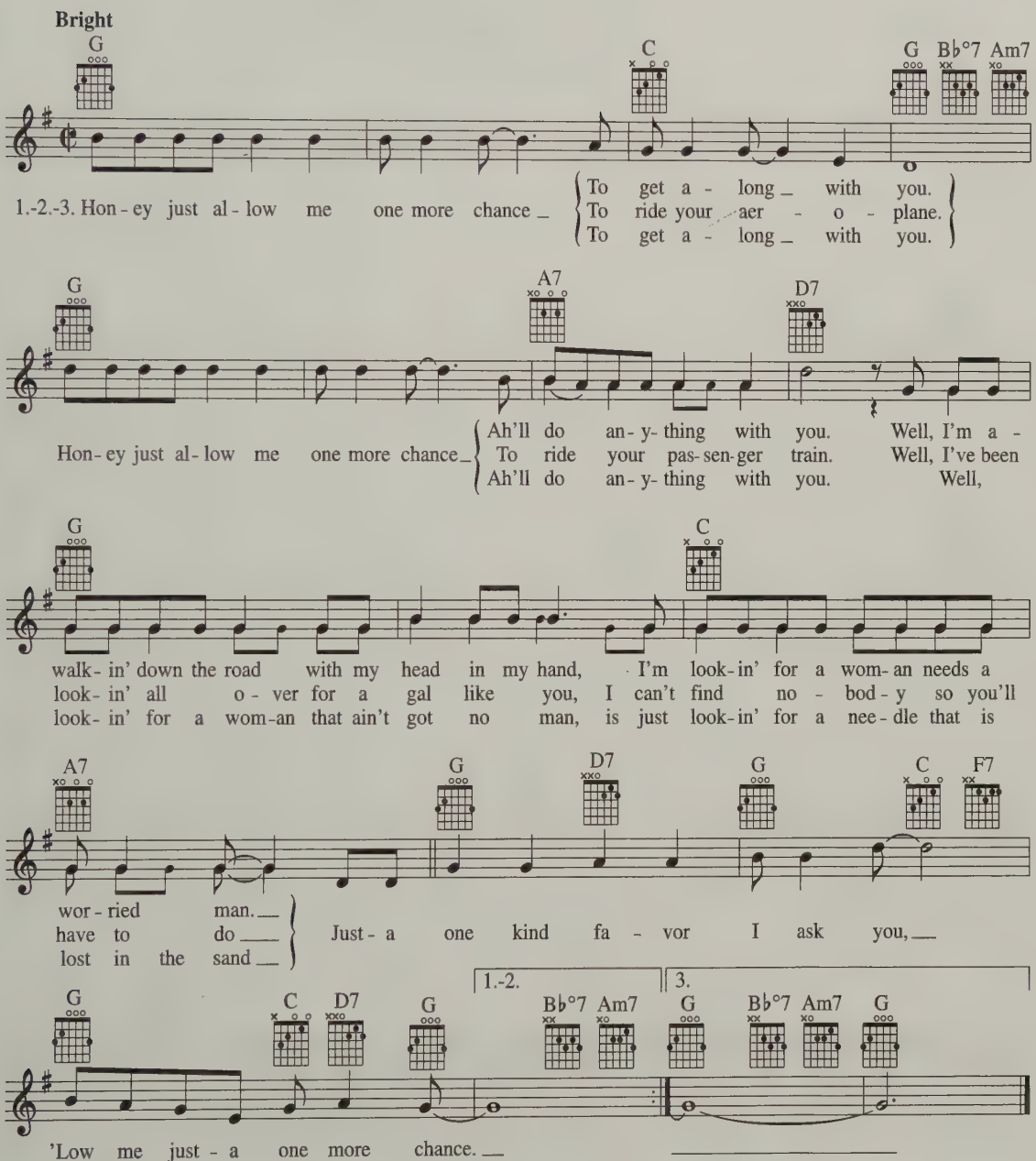
   Chorus

6. Yes, I guess I loved him too
   I can still see him in my mind climbin' that hill
   Did he make it to the top, well he probably did and dropped
   Struck down by the strength of the will
   Ain't nothin' left here partner, just the dust of a plague that has left this whole town afraid
   From now on, this'll be where you're from
   Let the dead bury the dead. Your time will come
   Let hot iron blow as he raised the shade

   Chorus

Honey, Just Allow Me One More Chance

Words and Music by H. Thomas and Bob Dylan


Bright
G
C
G Bb°7 Am7
1.-2.-3. Hon - ey just al - low me one more chance _ To get a - long _ with you. To ride your aer - o - plane. To get a - long _ with you.
G
A7
D7
Hon - ey just al - low me one more chance _ Ah'll do an - y - thing with you. To ride your pas - sen - ger train. Ah'll do an - y - thing with you. Well, I'm a - Well, I've been Well,
G
C
walk - in' down the road with my head in my hand, I'm look - in' for a wom - an needs a
look - in' all o - ver for a gal like you, I can't find no - bod - y so you'll
look - in' for a wom - an that ain't got no man, is just look - in' for a nee - dle that is
A7
G
D7
G
C
F7
wor - ried man. _
have to do _
lost in the sand _
Just - a one kind fa - vor I ask you, _
1.-2.
3.
G
C
D7
G
Bb°7 Am7
G
Bb°7 Am7
G
'Low me just - a one more chance. _

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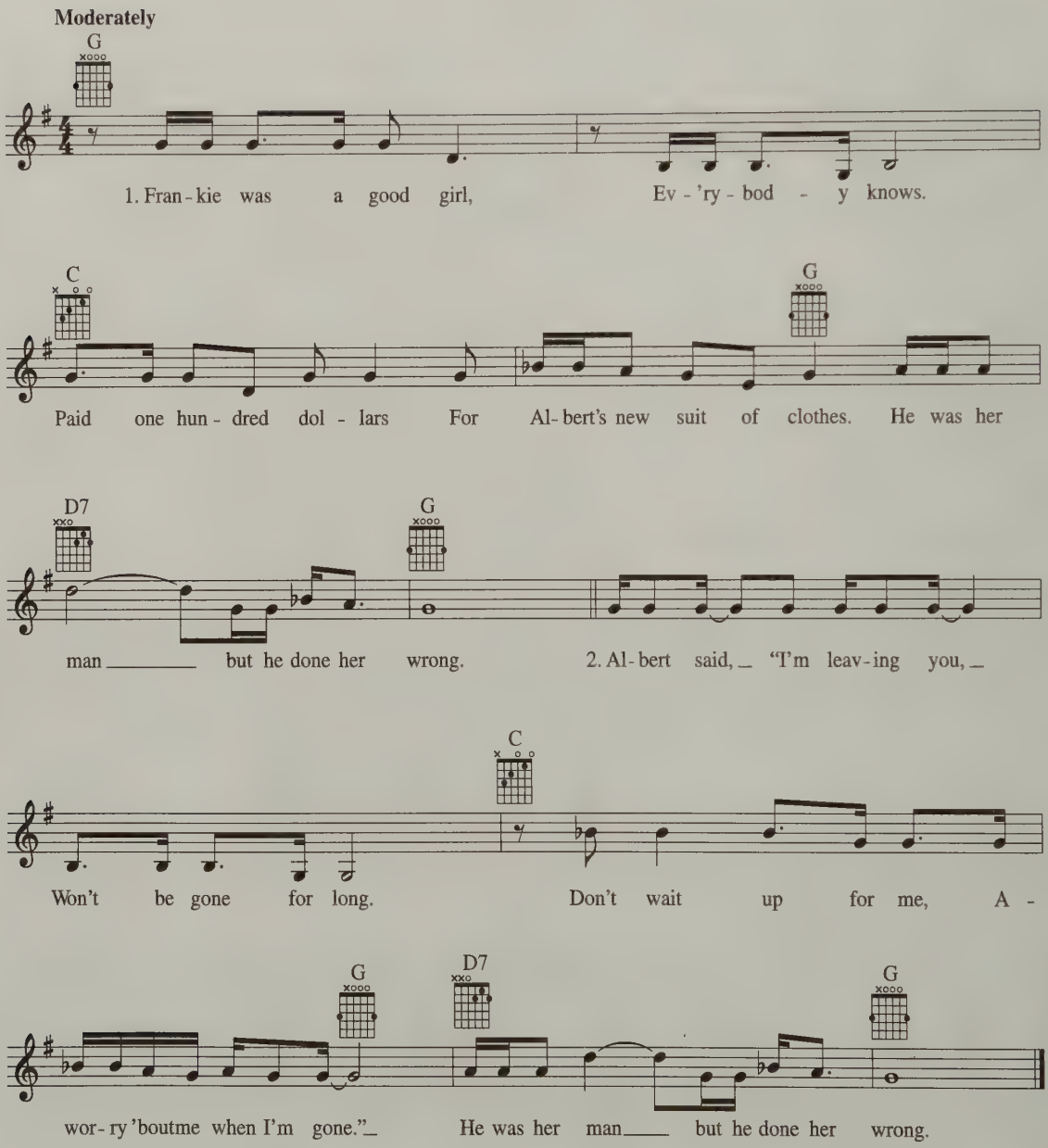
Frankie & Albert

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
G
1. Fran - kie was a good girl, Ev - 'ry - bod - y knows.
C
G
Paid one hun - dred dol - lars For Al - bert's new suit of clothes. He was her
D7
G
man but he done her wrong. 2. Al - bert said, "I'm leav - ing you,
C
Won't be gone for long. Don't wait up for me, A -
G
D7
G
wor - ry 'boutme when I'm gone." He was her man but he done her wrong.

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Additional lyrics

3. Frankie went down to the corner saloon,
Get a bucket of beer.
Said to the bartender,
"Has my lovin' man been here?"
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Instrumental

4. "Well, I ain't gonna tell you no stories,
I ain't gonna tell you no lies.
I saw Albert an hour ago
With a gal named Alice Bly."
He was her man but he done her wrong.

5. Frankie went down to 12th Street,
Lookin' up through the window high.
She saw her Albert there,
Lovin' up Alice Bly.
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Instrumental

6. Frankie pulled out a pistol,
Pulled out a forty-four.
Gun went off a-rootie-toot-toot
And Albert fell on the floor.
He was her man but he done her wrong.

7. Frankie got down upon her knees,
Took Albert into her lap.
Started to hug and kiss him,
But there was no bringin' him back.
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Instrumental

8. "Gimme a thousand policemen,
Throw me into a cell.
I shot my Albert dead,
And now I'm goin' to hell.
He was my man but he done me wrong."

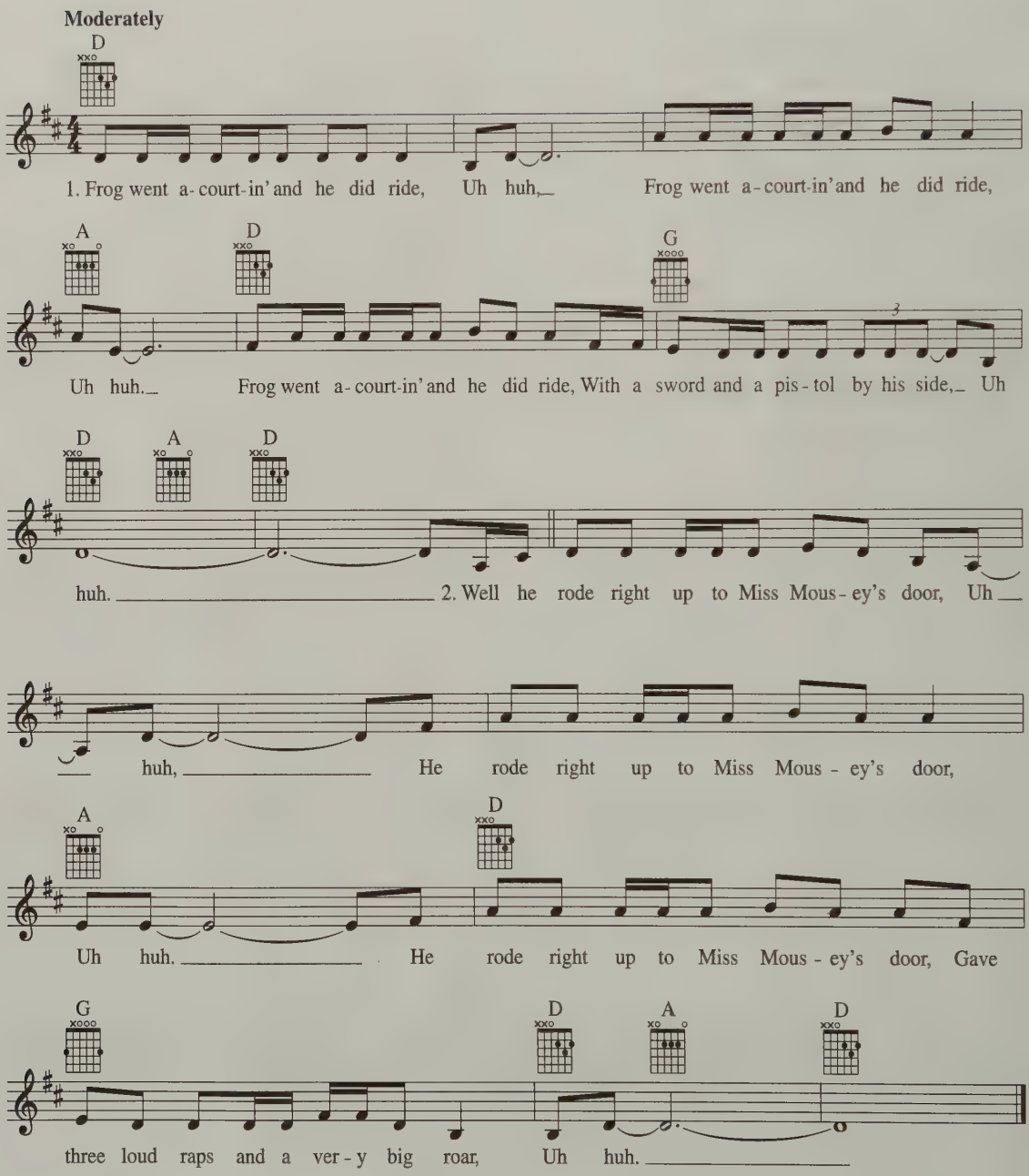
9. Judge said to the jury,
"Plain as a thing can be,
A woman shot her lover down,
Murder in the second degree."
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Instrumental

10. Frankie went to the scaffold,
Calm as a girl could be,
Turned her eyes up towards the heavens,
Said, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Froggie Went a Courtin'

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
D
1. Frog went a-court-in' and he did ride, Uh huh, Frog went a-court-in' and he did ride,
A
D
G
Uh huh. Frog went a-court-in' and he did ride, With a sword and a pis-tol by his side, Uh
D
A
D
huh. 2. Well he rode right up to Miss Mous-ey's door, Uh
huh, He rode right up to Miss Mous-ey's door,
A
D
Uh huh. He rode right up to Miss Mous-ey's door, Gave
G
D
A
D
three loud raps and a ver-y big roar, Uh huh.

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Additional lyrics

3. Said, "Miss Mouse, are you within?" Uh-huh,
Said he, "Miss Mouse, are you within?" Uh-huh.
Said, "Miss Mouse, are you within?"
"Yes, kind sir, I sit and spin," Uh-huh.

4. He took Miss Mousey on his knee, Uh-huh,
Took Miss Mousey on his knee, Uh-huh.
Took Miss Mousey on his knee,
Said, "Miss Mousey, will you marry me?" Uh-huh.

5. "Without my uncle Rat's consent, Uh-huh,
"Without my uncle Rat's consent, Uh-huh.
"Without my uncle Rat's consent,
I wouldn't marry the president," Uh-huh.

6. Uncle Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides, Uh-huh,
Uncle Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides, Uh-huh.
Uncle Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides,
To think his niece would be a bride, Uh-huh.

7. Uncle Rat went runnin' downtown, Uh-huh,
Uncle Rat went runnin' downtown, Uh-huh.
Uncle Rat went runnin' downtown
To buy his niece a wedding gown, Uh-huh.

8. Where shall the wedding supper be? Uh-huh,
Where shall the wedding supper be? Uh-huh.
Where shall the wedding supper be?
Way down yonder in a hollow tree, Uh-huh.

9. What should the wedding supper be? Uh-huh,
What should the wedding supper be? Uh-huh.
What should the wedding supper be?
Fried mosquito in a black-eye pea, Uh-huh.

10. Well, first to come in was a flyin' moth, Uh-huh,
First to come in was a flyin' moth, Uh-huh.
First to come in was a flyin' moth,
She laid out the table cloth, Uh-huh.

11. Next to come in was a juney bug, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a juney bug, Uh-huh.
Next to come in was a juney bug,
She brought the water jug, Uh-huh.

12. Next to come in was a bumbley bee, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a bumbley bee, Uh-huh.
Next to come in was a bumbley bee,
Sat mosquito on his knee, Uh-huh.

13. Next to come in was a broken black flea, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a broken black flea, Uh-huh.
Next to come in was a broken black flea,
Danced a jig with the bumbley bee, Uh-huh.

14. Next to come in was Mrs. Cow, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was Mrs. Cow, Uh-huh.
Next to come in was Mrs. Cow,
She tried to dance but she didn't know how, Uh-huh.

15. Next to come in was a little black tick, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a little black tick, Uh-huh.
Next to come in was a little black tick,
She ate so much she made us sick, Uh-huh.

16. Next to come in was a big black snake, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a big black snake, Uh-huh.
Next to come in was a big black snake,
Ate up all of the wedding cake, Uh-huh.

17. Next to come was the old gray cat, Uh-huh,
Next to come was the old gray cat, Uh-huh.
Next to come was the old gray cat,
Swallowed the mouse and ate up the rat, Uh-huh.

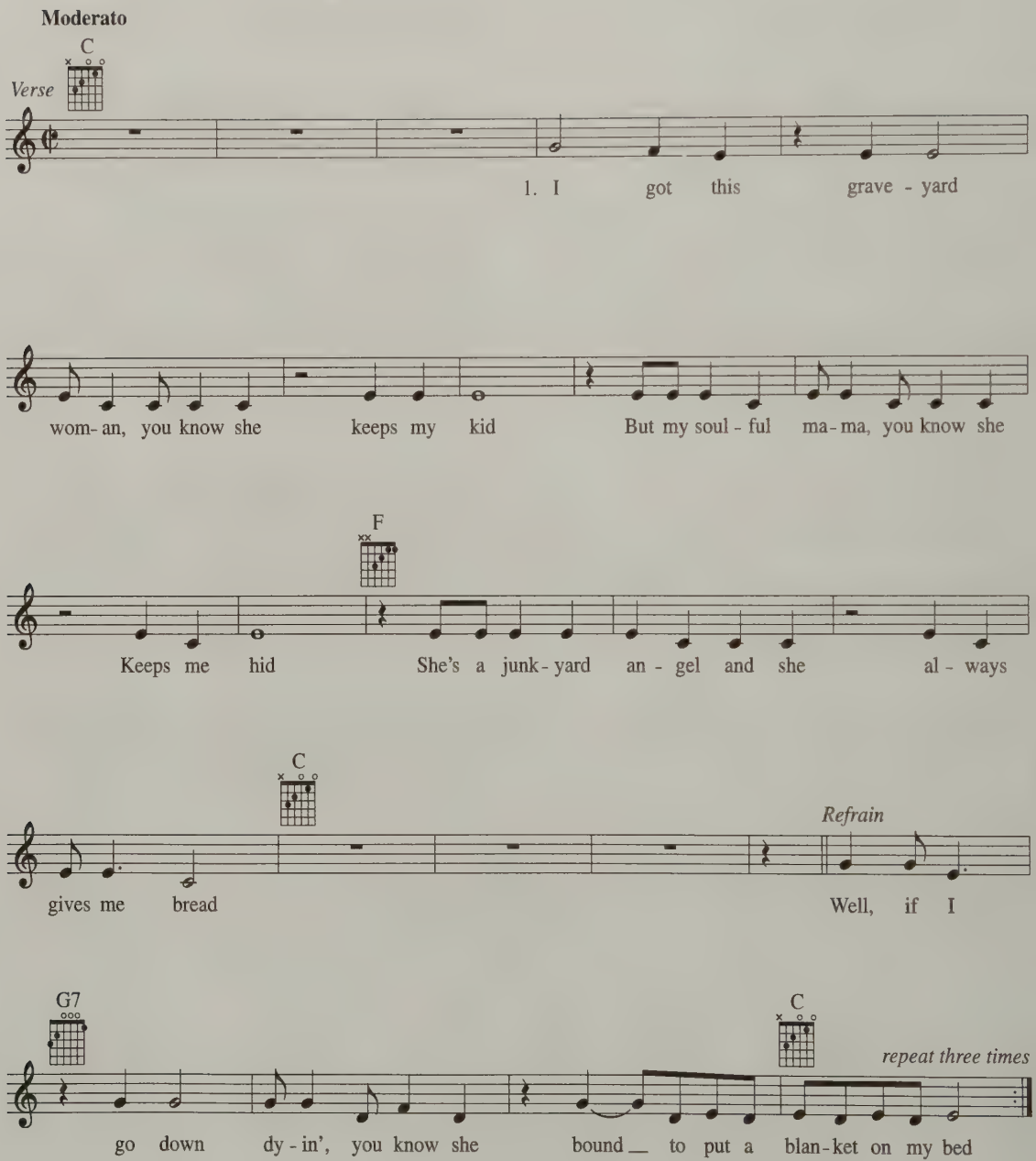
18. Mr. Frog went a-hoppin' up over the brook, Uh-huh,
Mr. Frog went a-hoppin' up over the brook, Uh-huh.
Mr. Frog went a-hoppin' up over the brook,
A lily-white duck come and swallowed him up, Uh-huh.

19. A little piece of cornbread layin' on a shelf, Uh-huh,
A little piece of cornbread layin' on a shelf, Uh-huh.
A little piece of cornbread layin' on a shelf,
If you want anymore, you can sing it yourself, Uh-huh.

Instrumental

From a Buick 6

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato
C
Verse
1. I got this grave - yard
wom - an, you know she keeps my kid But my soul - ful ma - ma, you know she
F
Keeps me hid She's a junk - yard an - gel and she al - ways
C
Refrain
gives me bread Well, if I
G7
C
repeat three times
go down dy - in', you know she bound to put a blan - ket on my bed

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Additional lyrics

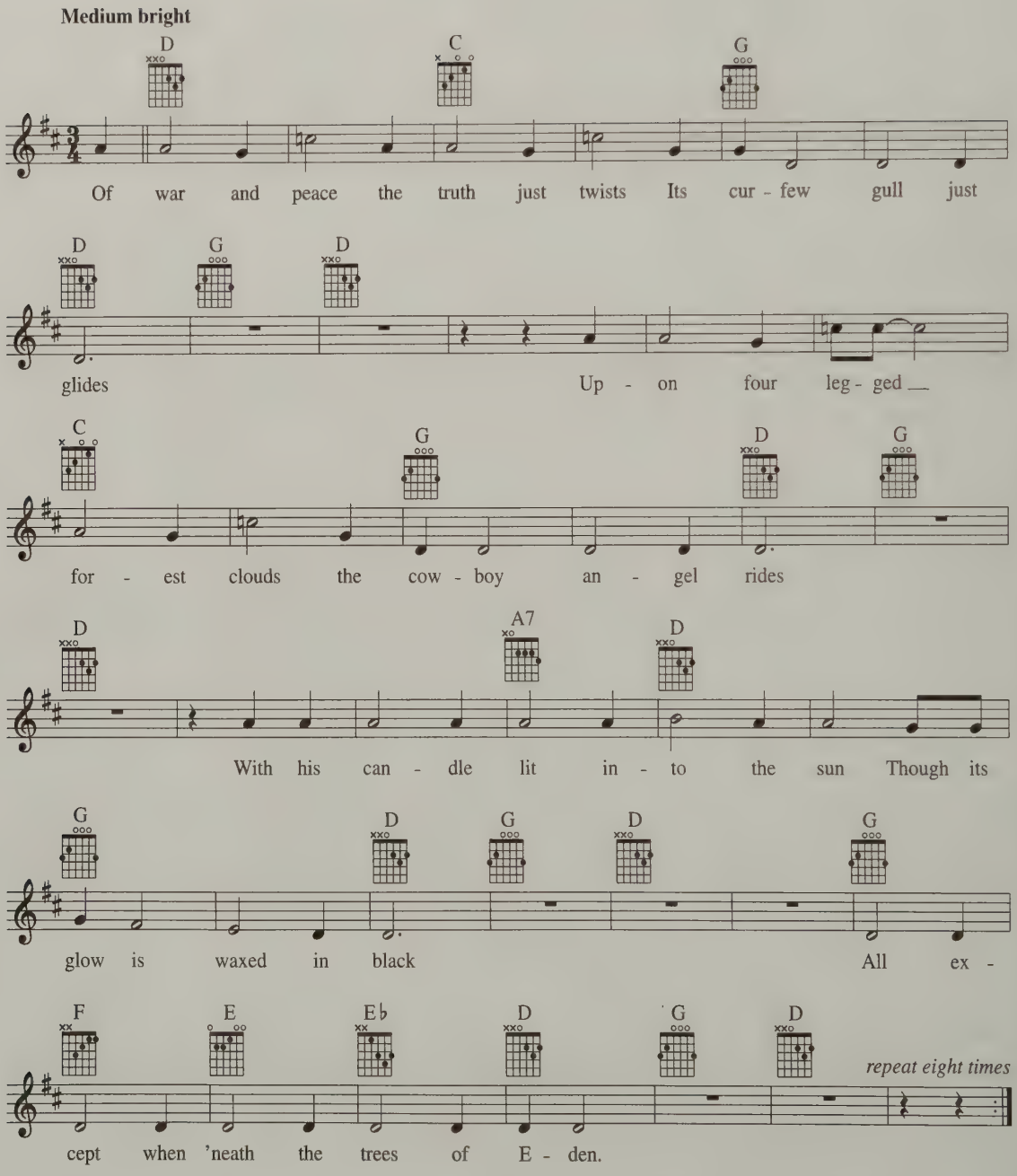
2. Well, when the pipeline gets broken and I'm lost on the river bridge
   I'm cracked up on the highway and on the water's edge
   She comes down the thruway ready to sew me up with thread
   Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

3. Well, she don't make me nervous, she don't talk too much
   She walks like Bo Diddley and she don't need no crutch
   She keeps this four-ten all loaded with lead
   Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

4. Well, you know I need a steam shovel mama to keep away the dead
   I need a dump truck mama to unload my head
   She brings me everything and more, and just like I said
   Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Gates of Eden

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium bright
D C G
Of war and peace the truth just twists Its cur - few gull just
D G D
glides Up - on four leg - ged
C G D G
for - est clouds the cow - boy an - gel rides
D A7 D
With his can - dle lit in - to the sun Though its
G D G D G
glow is waxed in black All ex -
F E E♭ D G D
repeat eight times
cept when 'neath the trees of E - den.

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Additional lyrics

2. The lamppost stands with folded arms
Its iron claws attached
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail
Though it shadows metal badge
All and all can only fall
With a crashing but meaningless blow
No sound ever comes from the Gates of Eden

3. The savage soldier sticks his head in sand
And then complains
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf
But still remains
Upon the beach where hound dogs bay
At ships with tattooed sails
Heading for the Gates of Eden

4. With a time-rusted compass blade
Aladdin and his lamp
Sits with Utopian hermit monks
Side saddle on the Golden Calf
And on their promises of paradise
You will not hear a laugh
All except inside the Gates of Eden

5. Relationships of ownership
They whisper in the wings
To those condemned to act accordingly
And wait for succeeding kings
And I try to harmonize with songs
The lonesome sparrow sings
There are no kings inside the Gates of Eden

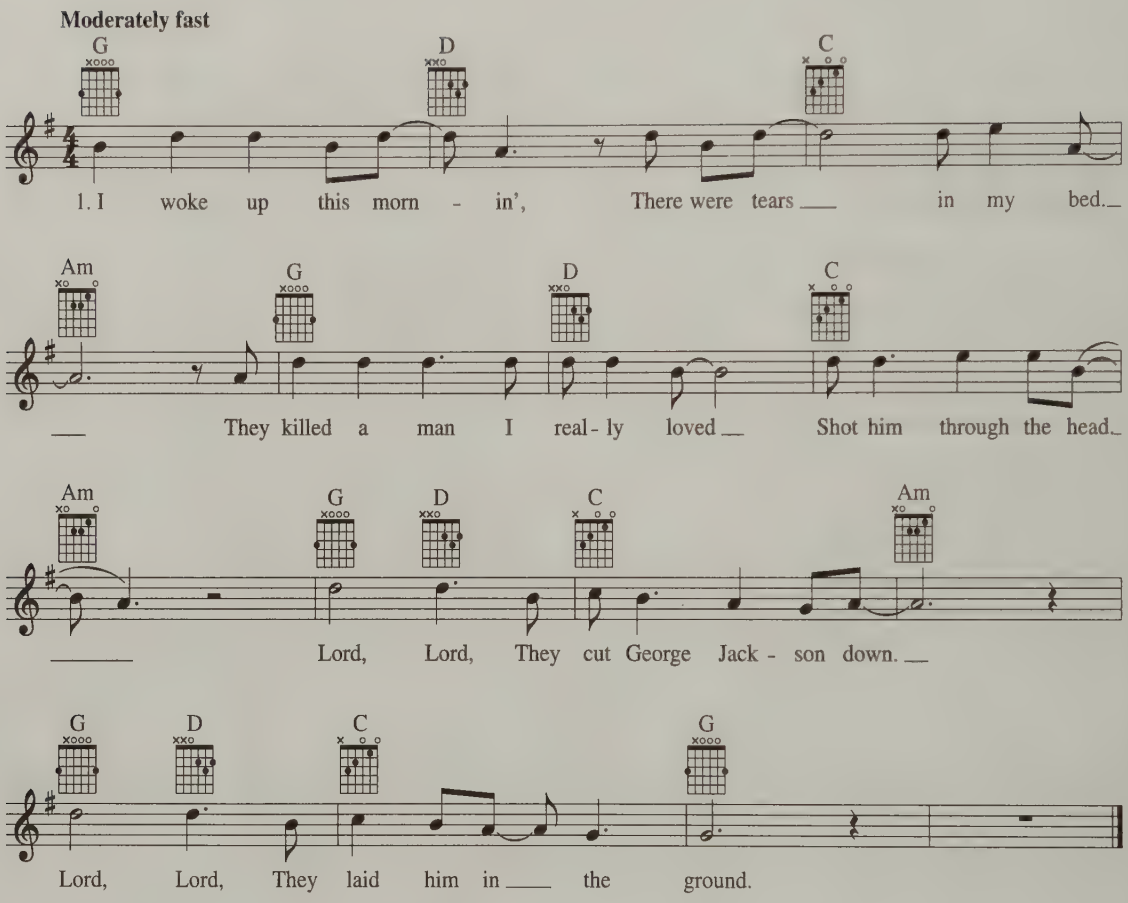
6. The motorcycle black madonna
Two-wheeled gypsy queen
And her silver-studded phantom cause
The gray flannel dwarf to scream
As he weeps to wicked birds of prey
Who pick up on his bread crumb sins
And there are no sins inside the Gates of Eden

7. The kingdoms of Experience
In the precious wind they rot
While paupers change possessions
Each one wishing for what the other has got
And the princess and the prince
Discuss what's real and what is not
It doesn't matter inside the Gates of Eden

8. The foreign sun, it squints upon
A bed that is never mine
As friends and other strangers
From their fates try to resign
Leaving men wholly, totally free
To do anything they wish to do but die
And there are no trials inside the Gates of Eden

9. At dawn my lover comes to me
And tells me of her dreams
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse
Into the ditch of what each one means
At times I think there are no words
But these to tell what's true
And there are no truths outside the Gates of Eden

George Jackson

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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Additional lyrics

2. Sent him off to prison
For a seventy-dollar robbery.
Closed the door behind him
And they threw away the key.
Lord, Lord, They cut George Jackson down.
Lord, Lord,
They laid him in the ground.

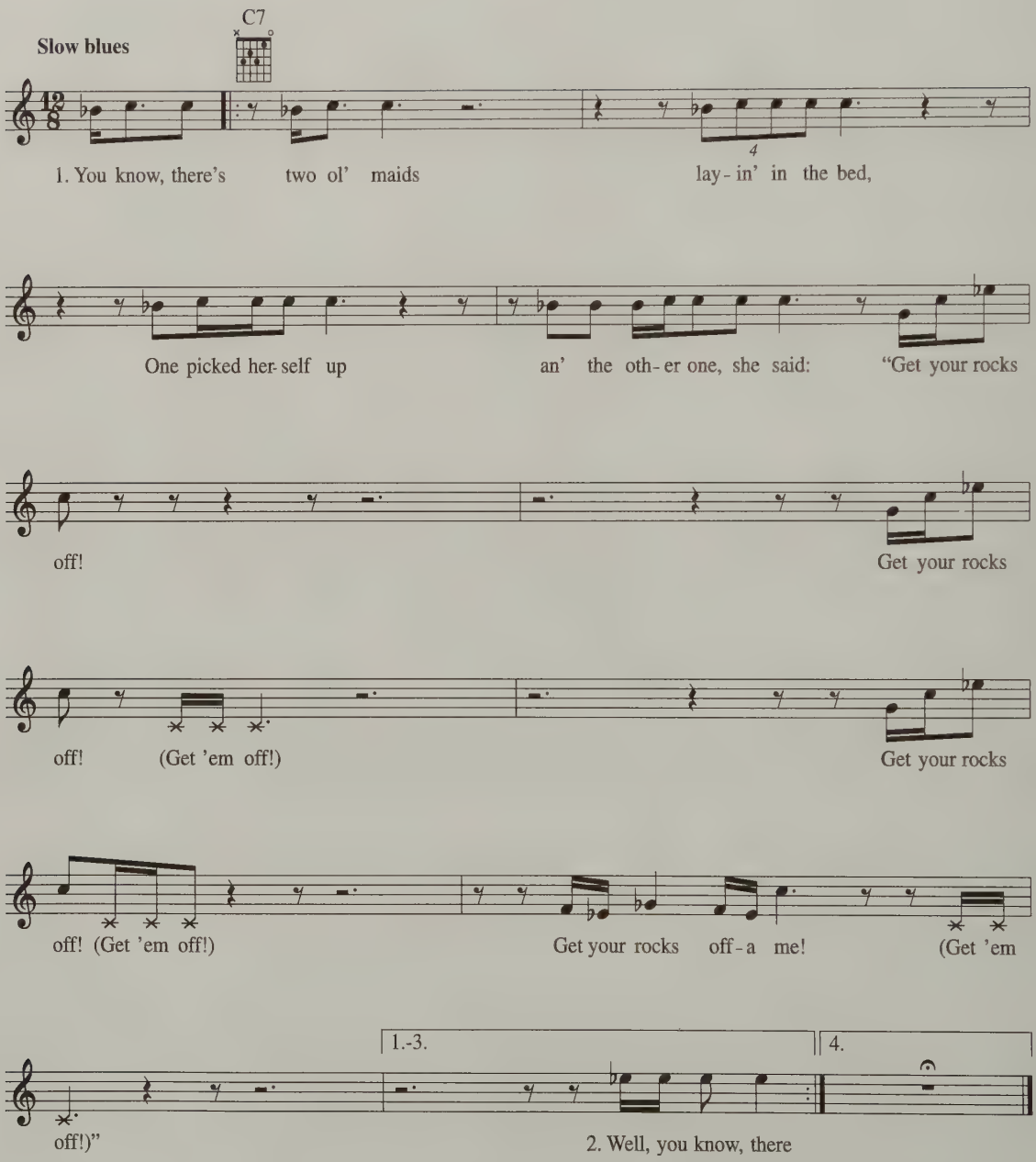
3. He wouldn't take shit from no one
He wouldn't bow down or kneel.
Authorities, they hated him
Because he was just too real.
Lord, Lord,
They cut George Jackson down.
Lord, Lord,
They laid him in the ground.

4. Prison guards, they cursed him
As they watched him from above
But they were frightened of his power
They were scared of his love.
Lord, Lord,
So they cut George Jackson down.
Lord, Lord,
They laid him in the ground.

5. Sometimes I think this whole world
Is one big prison yard.
Some of us are prisoners
The rest of us are guards.
Lord, Lord,
They cut George Jackson down.
Lord, Lord,
They laid him in the ground.

Get Your Rocks Off!

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


C7
Slow blues
1. You know, there's two ol' maids lay-in' in the bed,
One picked her-self up an' the oth-er one, she said: "Get your rocks
off! Get your rocks
off! (Get 'em off!) Get your rocks
off! (Get 'em off!) Get your rocks off-a me! (Get 'em
1.-3.
4.
off!)"
2. Well, you know, there

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Additional lyrics

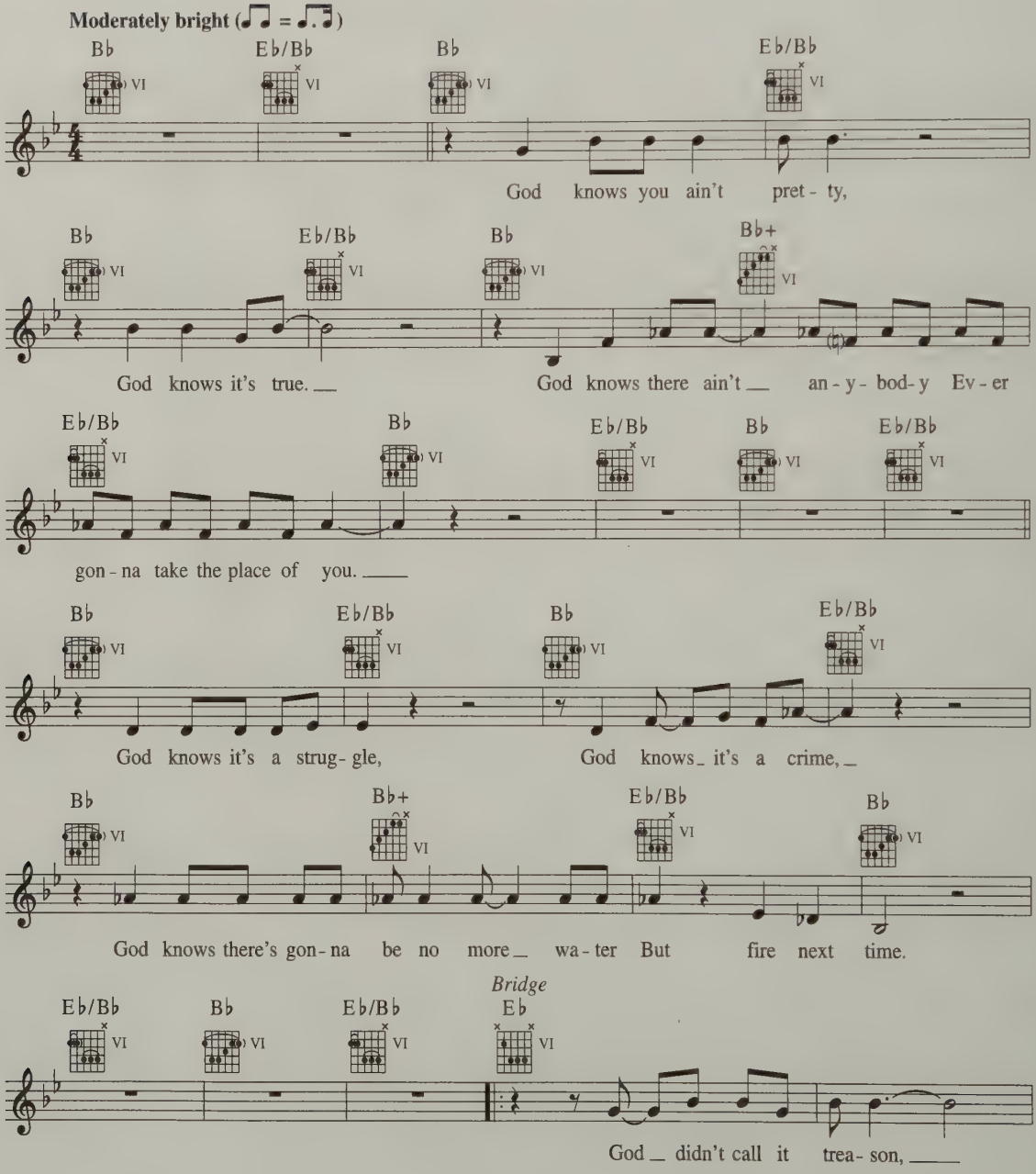
2. Well, you know, there late one night up on Blueberry Hill,
   One man turned to the other man and said, with a blood-curdlin' chill, he said:
   "Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
   Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
   Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
   Get your rocks off-a me! (Get 'em off!)"

3. Well, you know, we was layin' down around Mink Muscle Creek,
   One man said to the other man, he began to speak, he said:
   "Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
   Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
   Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
   Get your rocks off-a me! (Get 'em off!)"

4. Well, you know, we was cruisin' down the highway in a Greyhound bus.
   All kinds-a children in the side road, they was hollerin' at us, sayin':
   "Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
   Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
   Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
   Get your rocks off-a me!"

God Knows

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately bright (♩♩ = ♩.♩)
B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭/B♭
God knows you ain't pret - ty,
B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ B♭+
God knows it's true. God knows there ain't an - y - bod - y Ev - er
E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭/B♭
gon - na take the place of you.
B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭/B♭
God knows it's a strug - gle, God knows it's a crime,
B♭ B♭+ E♭/B♭ B♭
God knows there's gon - na be no more wa - ter But fire next time.
Bridge
E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭/B♭ E♭
God didn't call it trea - son,

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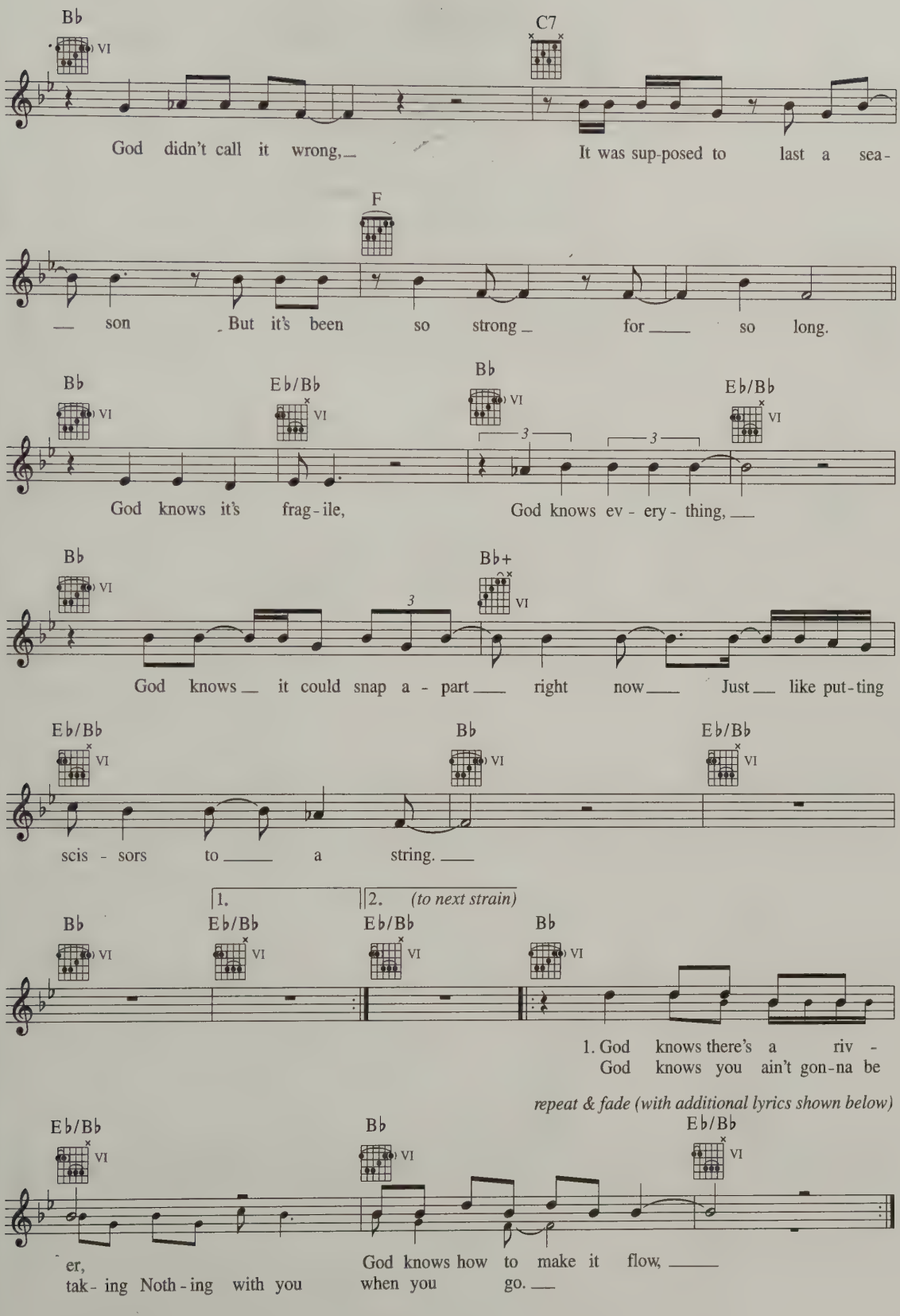

B♭
VI
C7
God didn't call it wrong, It was sup-posed to last a sea-
F
son But it's been so strong for so long.
B♭
VI
E♭/B♭
VI
B♭
VI
E♭/B♭
VI
3
3
God knows it's frag-ile, God knows ev-ery-thing,
B♭
VI
B♭+
VI
3
God knows it could snap a-part right now Just like put-ting
E♭/B♭
VI
B♭
VI
E♭/B♭
VI
scis-sors to a string.
1.
2. (to next strain)
B♭
VI
E♭/B♭
VI
E♭/B♭
VI
B♭
VI
1. God knows there's a riv-
God knows you ain't gon-na be
repeat & fade (with additional lyrics shown below)
E♭/B♭
VI
B♭
VI
E♭/B♭
VI
er,
tak-ing Noth-ing with you
God knows how to make it flow,
when you go.

Additional lyrics

Bridge #2:
God knows it's terrifying,
God sees it all unfold,
There's a million reasons for you to be crying
You been so bold and so cold.

God knows that when you see it,
God knows you've got to weep,
God knows the secrets of your heart,
He'll tell them to you when you're asleep.

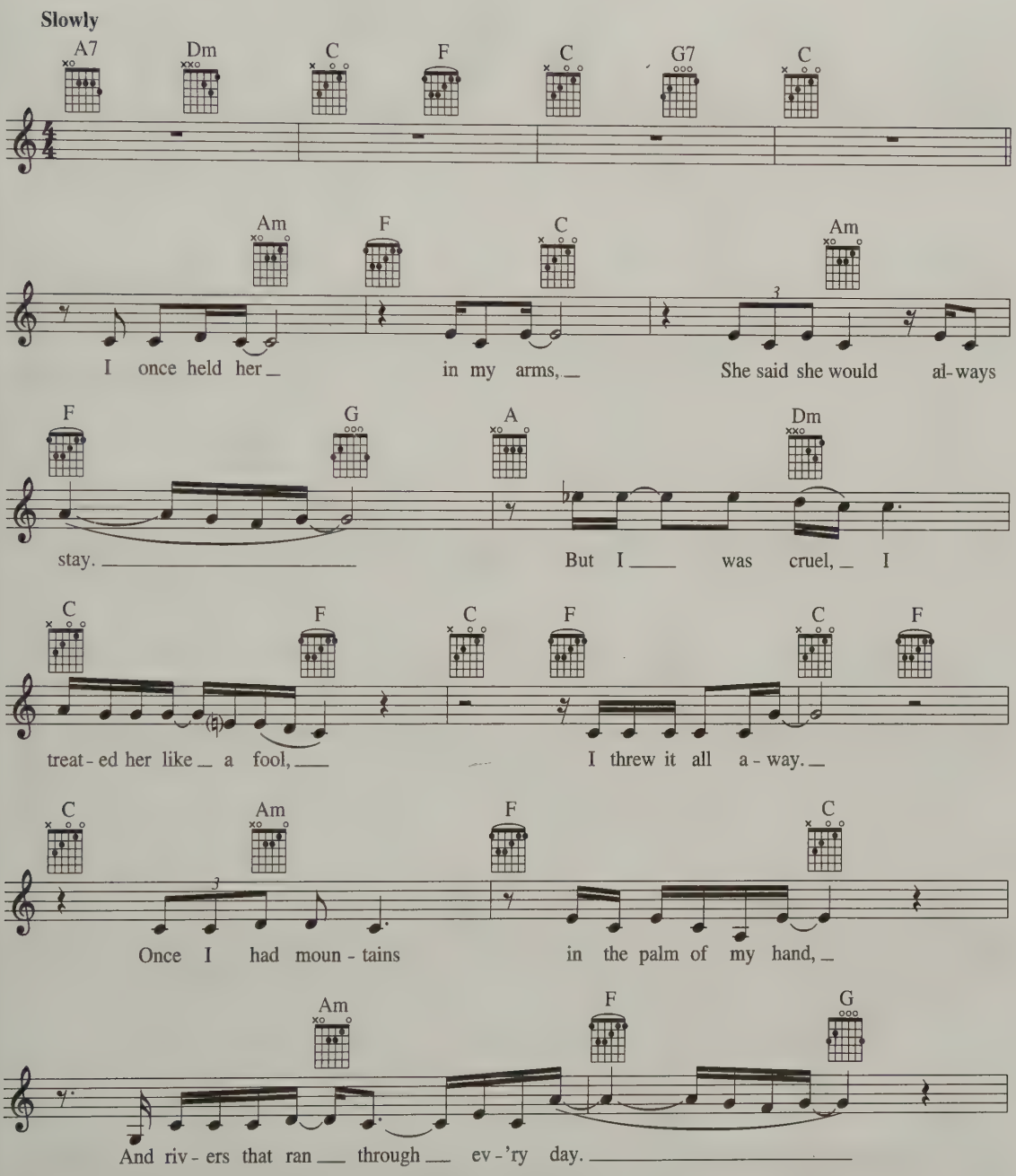
God knows there's a river,
God knows how to make it flow,
God knows you ain't gonna be taking
Nothing with you when you go.

God knows there's a purpose,
God knows there's a chance,
God knows you can rise above the darkest hour
Of any circumstance.

God knows there's a heaven,
God knows it's out of sight,
God knows we can get all the way from here to there
Even if we've got to walk a million miles by candlelight.

I Threw It All Away

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly
A7 Dm C F C G7 C
Am F C Am
I once held her in my arms, She said she would al-ways
F G A Dm
stay. But I was cruel, I
C F C F C F
treat-ed her like a fool, I threw it all a-way.
C Am F C
Once I had moun-tains in the palm of my hand,
Am F G
And riv-ers that ran through ev-'ry day.

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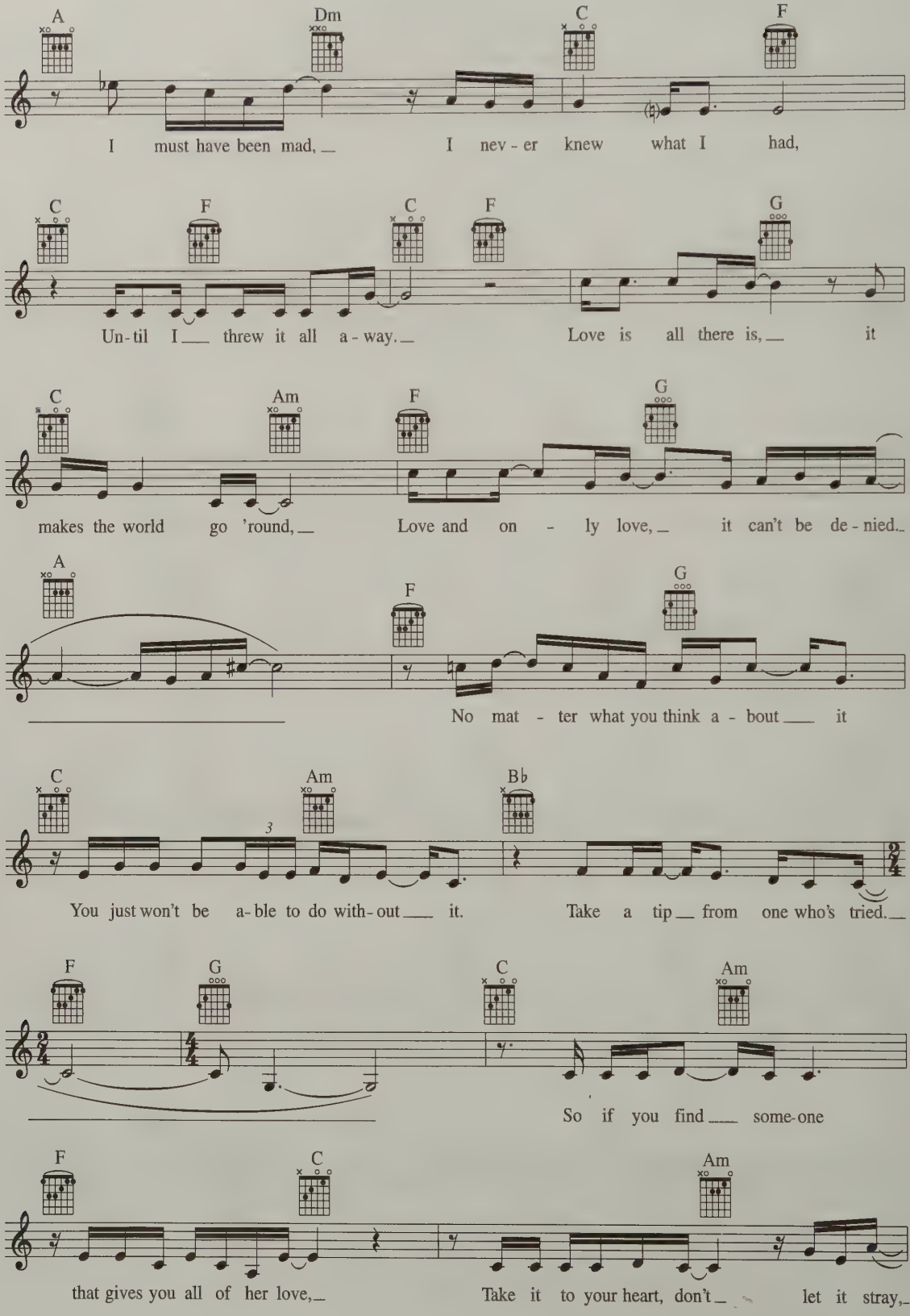
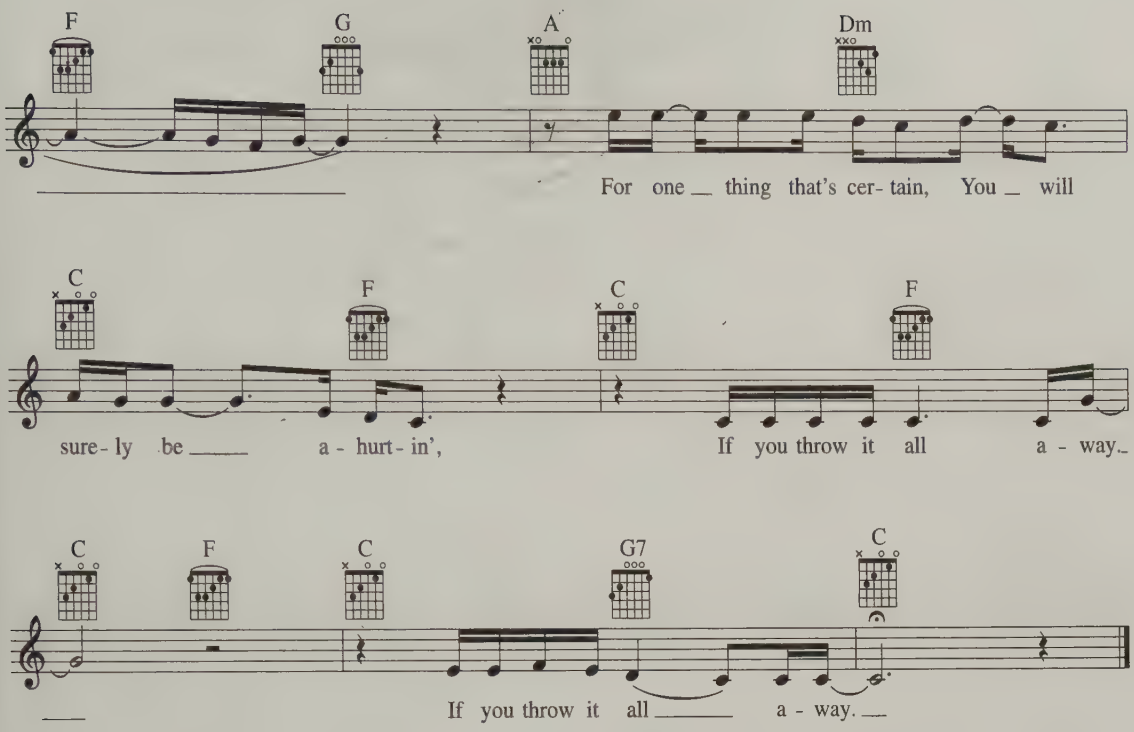
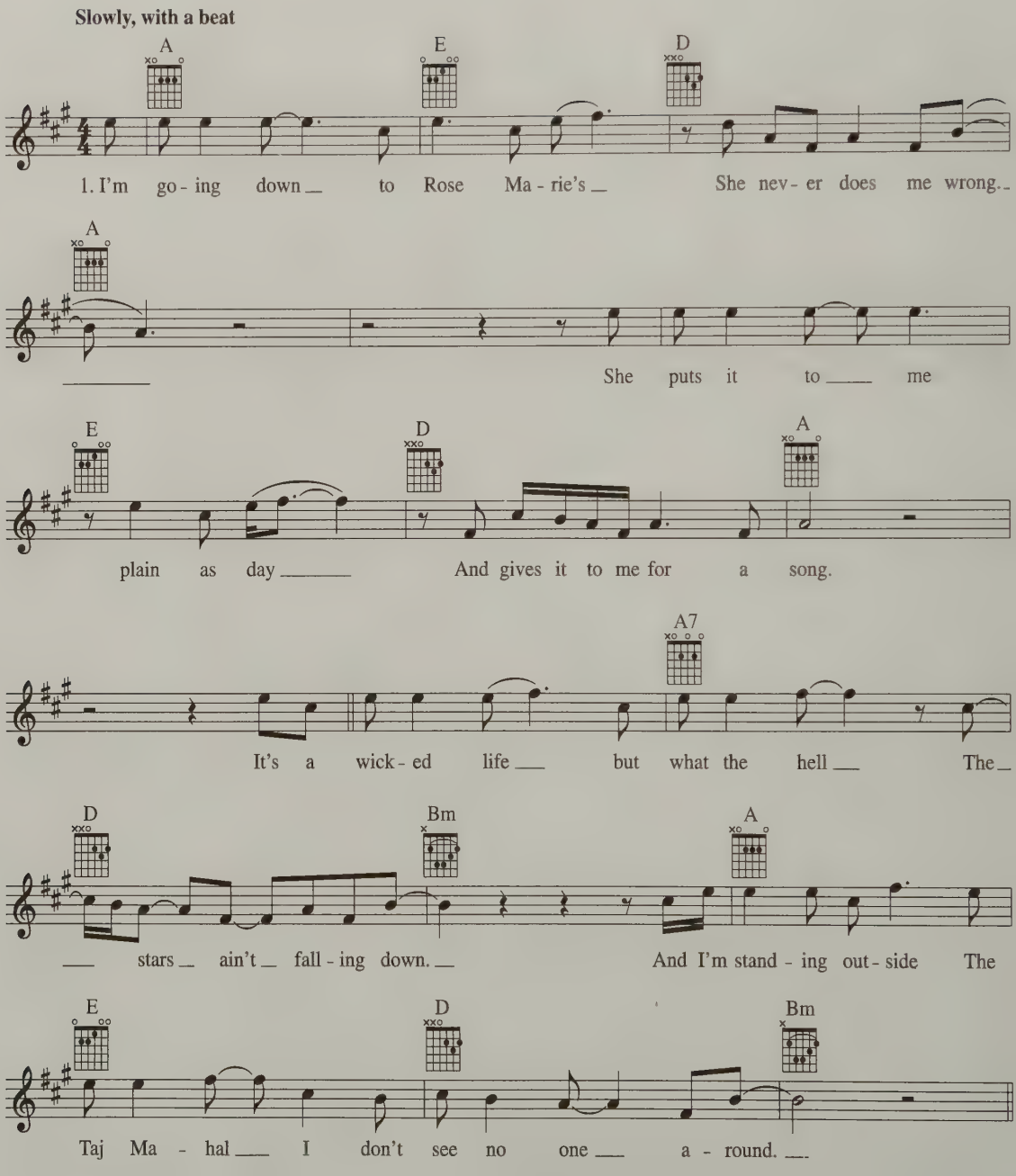

A
Dm
C
F
I must have been mad, I nev - er knew what I had,
C
F
C
F
G
Un - til I threw it all a - way. Love is all there is, it
C
Am
F
G
makes the world go 'round, Love and on - ly love, it can't be de - nied.
A
F
G
No mat - ter what you think a - bout it
C
Am
B♭
3
You just won't be a - ble to do with - out it. Take a tip from one who's tried.
F
G
C
Am
So if you find some - one
F
C
Am
that gives you all of her love, Take it to your heart, don't let it stray,

F
G
A
Dm
For one thing that's cer- tain, You will
C
F
C
F
sure- ly be a - hurt- in', If you throw it all a - way.
C
F
C
G7
C
If you throw it all a - way.

Goin' to Acapulco

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly, with a beat
A
E
D
1. I'm go - ing down to Rose Ma - rie's She nev - er does me wrong.
A
She puts it to me
E
D
A
plain as day And gives it to me for a song.
A7
It's a wick - ed life but what the hell The
D
Bm
A
stars ain't fall - ing down. And I'm stand - ing out - side The
E
D
Bm
Taj Ma - hal I don't see no one a - round.

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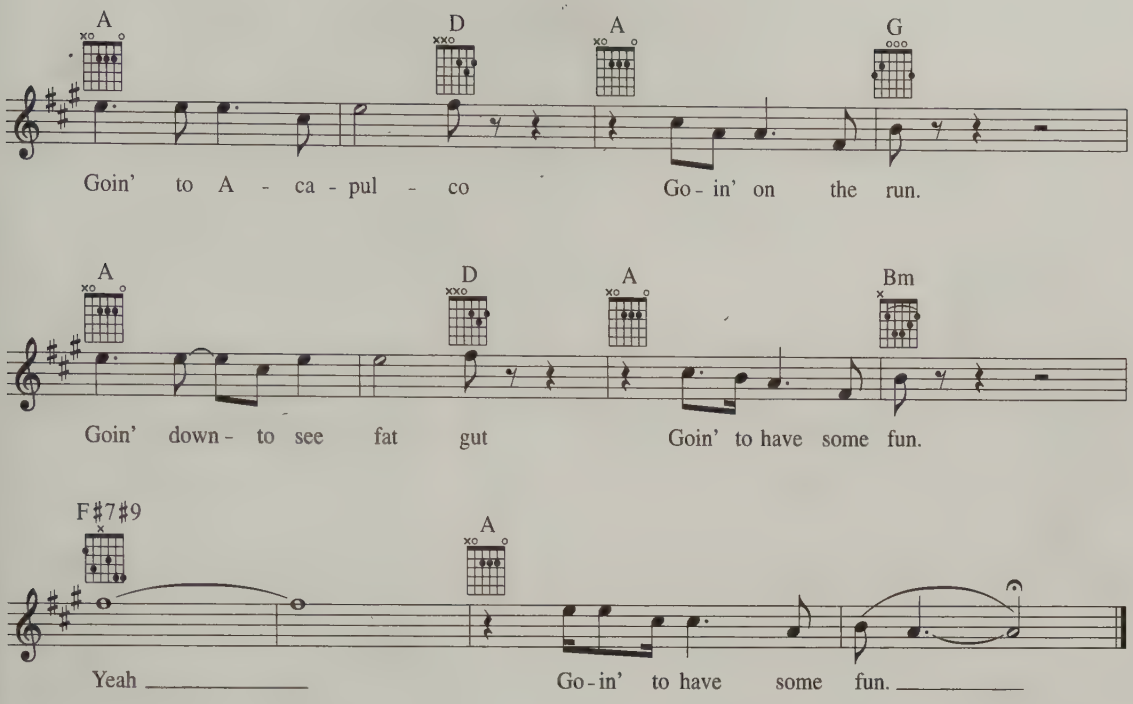


Additional lyrics

2. Now, whenever I get up
And I ain't got what I see
I just make it down to Rose Marie's
'Bout a quarter after three.

There are worse ways of getting there
And I ain't complainin' none.
If the clouds don't drop and the train don't stop
I'm bound to meet the sun.

Goin'to Acapulco
Goin'on the run.
Goin'down to see some girl
Goin'to have some fun.
Yeah
Goin'to have some fun.

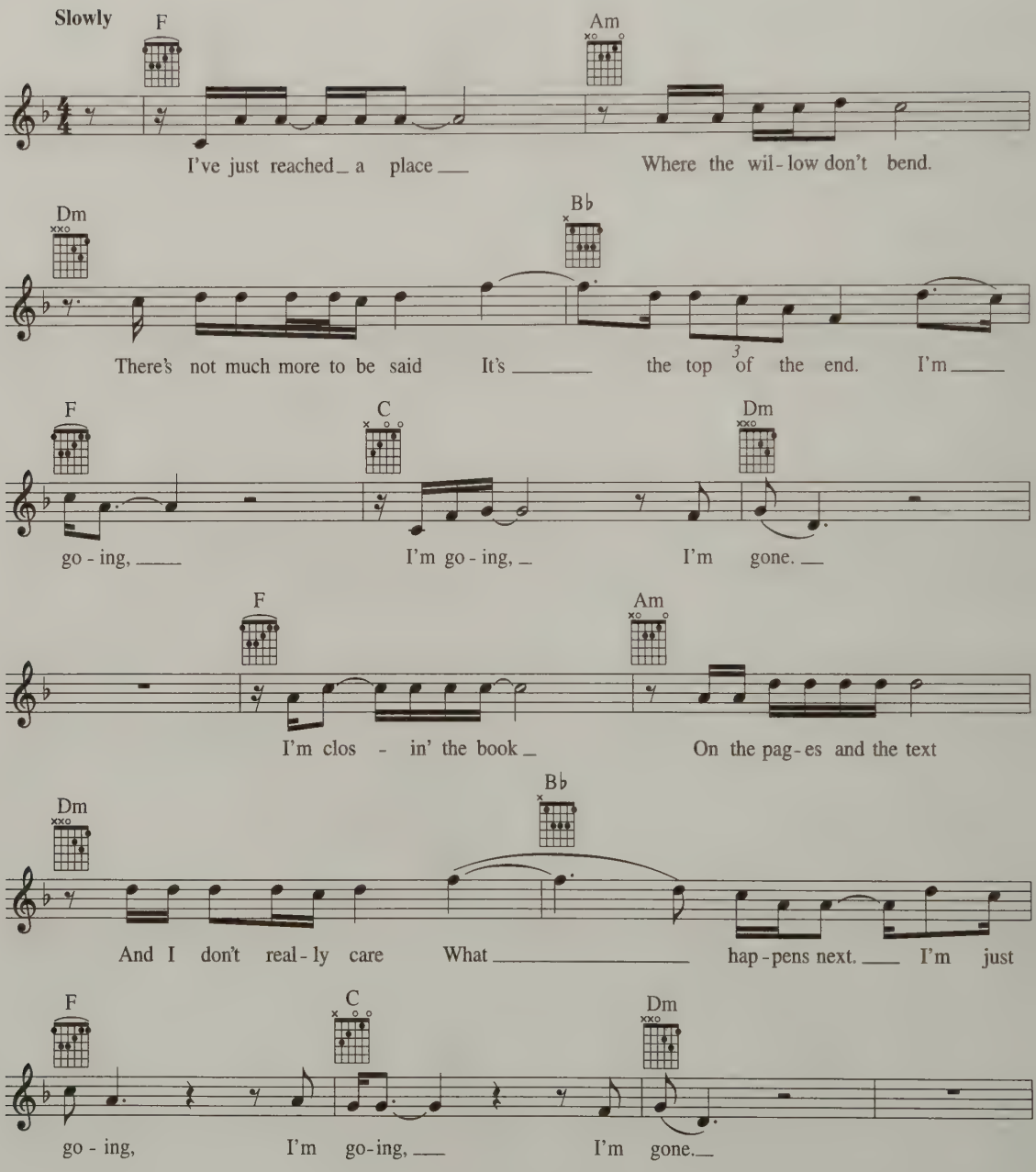
3. Now, if someone offers me a joke
I just say no thanks.
I try to tell it like it is
And keep away from pranks.

Well, sometime you know when the well breaks down
I just go pump on it some.
Rose Marie, she likes to go to big places
And just set there waitin' for me to come.

Goin'to Acapulco
Goin'on the run.
Goin'down to see some girl
Goin'to have some fun.
Yeah
Goin'to have some fun.

Going, Going, Gone

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly
F
Am
I've just reached a place Where the wil - low don't bend.
Dm
B♭
There's not much more to be said It's the top of the end. I'm
3
F
C
Dm
go - ing, I'm go - ing, I'm gone.
F
Am
I'm clos - in' the book On the pag - es and the text
Dm
B♭
And I don't real - ly care What hap - pens next. I'm just
F
C
Dm
go - ing, I'm go - ing, I'm gone.

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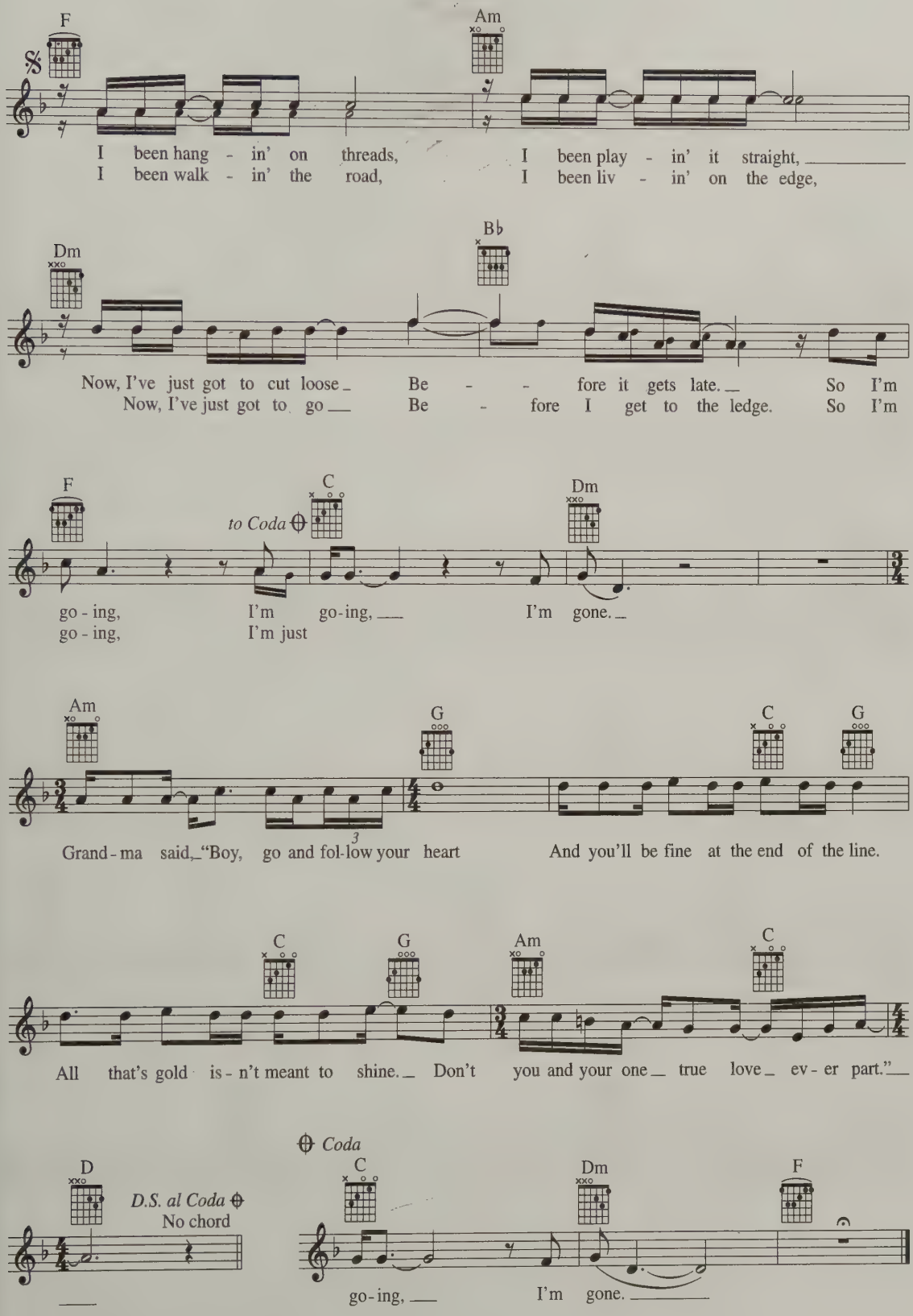
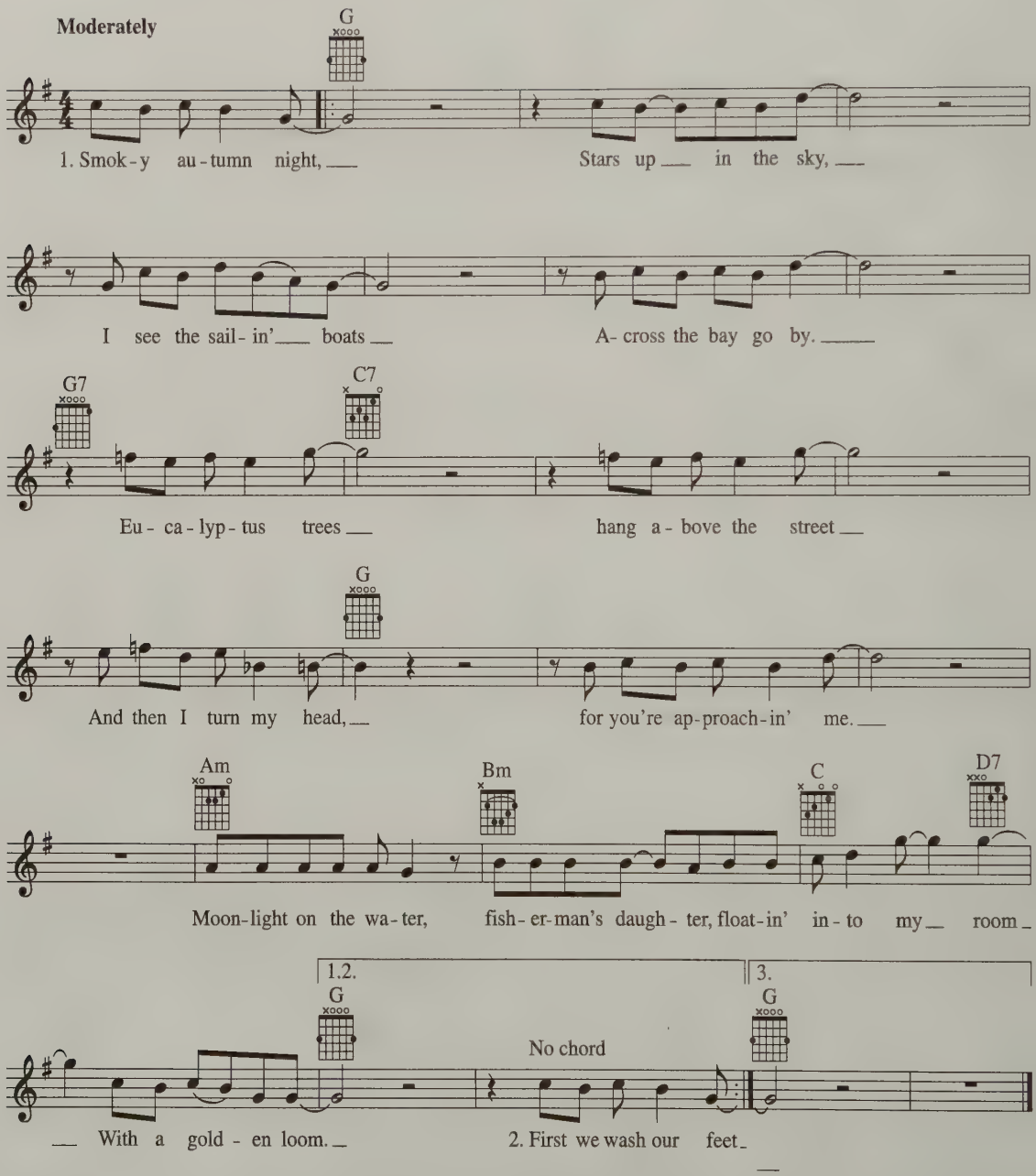

F
Am
I been hang - in' on threads, I been play - in' it straight,
I been walk - in' the road, I been liv - in' on the edge,
Dm
B♭
Now, I've just got to cut loose Be - - fore it gets late. So I'm
Now, I've just got to go Be - fore I get to the ledge. So I'm
F
C
to Coda
Dm
go - ing, I'm go-ing, I'm gone.
go - ing, I'm just
Am
G
C
G
Grand - ma said, "Boy, go and fol-low your heart And you'll be fine at the end of the line.
C
G
Am
C
All that's gold is - n't meant to shine. Don't you and your one true love ev - er part."
D
D.S. al Coda
No chord
Coda
C
Dm
F
go-ing, I'm gone.

Golden Loom

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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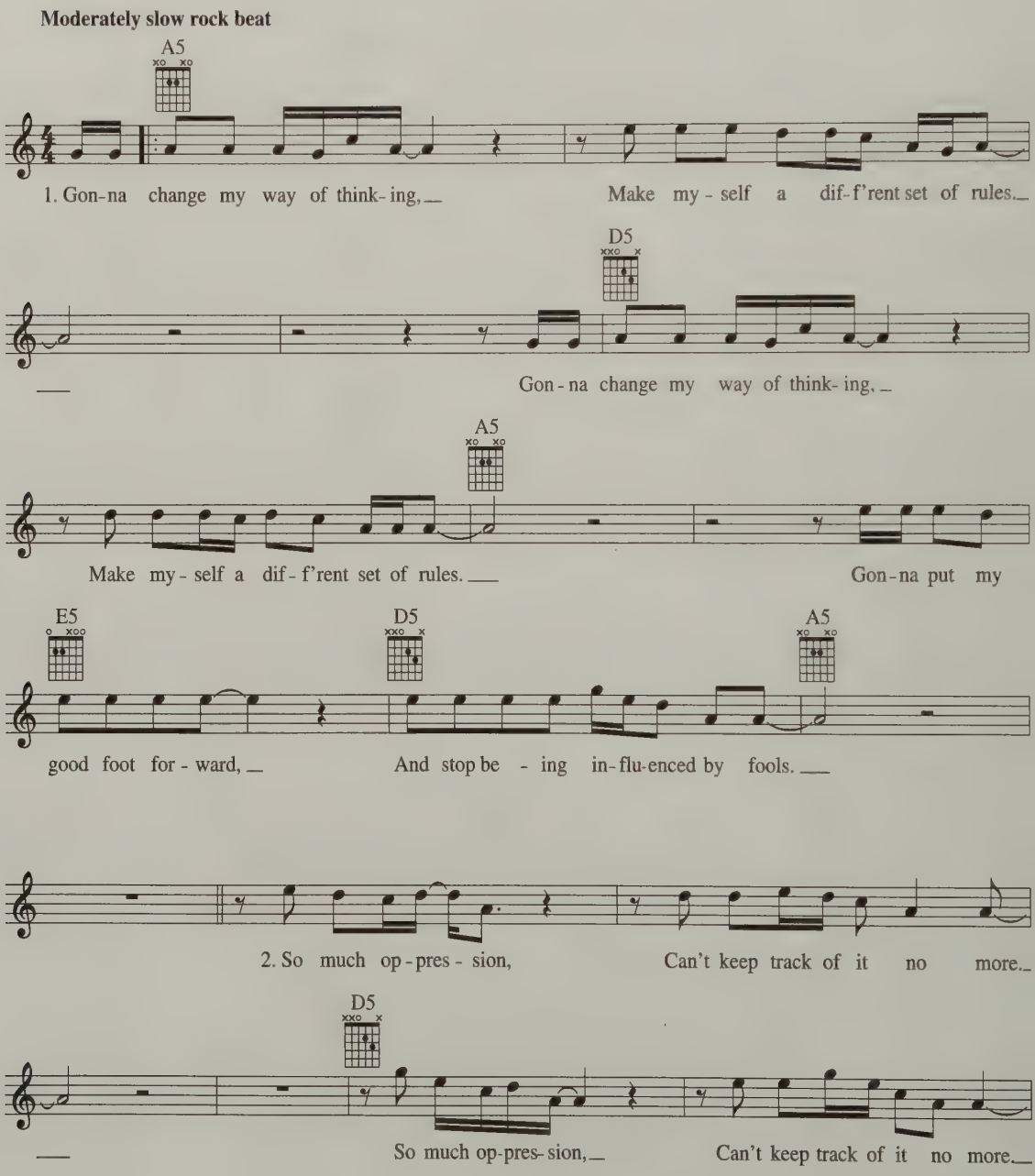
Additional lyrics

2. First we wash our feet near the immortal shrine
   And then our shadows meet and then we drink the wine.
   I see the hungry clouds up above your face
   And then the tears roll down, what a bitter taste.
   And then you drift away on a summer's day where the wildflowers bloom
   With your golden loom.

3. I walk across the bridge in the dismal light
   Where all the cars are stripped between the gates of night.
   I see the trembling lion with the lotus flower tail
   And then I kiss your lips as I lift your veil.
   But you're gone and then all I seem to recall is the smell of perfume
   And your golden loom.

Gonna Change My Way of Thinking

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow rock beat
A5
1. Gon-na change my way of think-ing, Make my-self a dif-f'rent set of rules.
D5
Gon-na change my way of think-ing,
A5
Make my-self a dif-f'rent set of rules. Gon-na put my
E5
D5
A5
good foot for-ward, And stop be-ing in-flu-enced by fools.
2. So much op-pres-sion, Can't keep track of it no more.
D5
So much op-pres-sion, Can't keep track of it no more.

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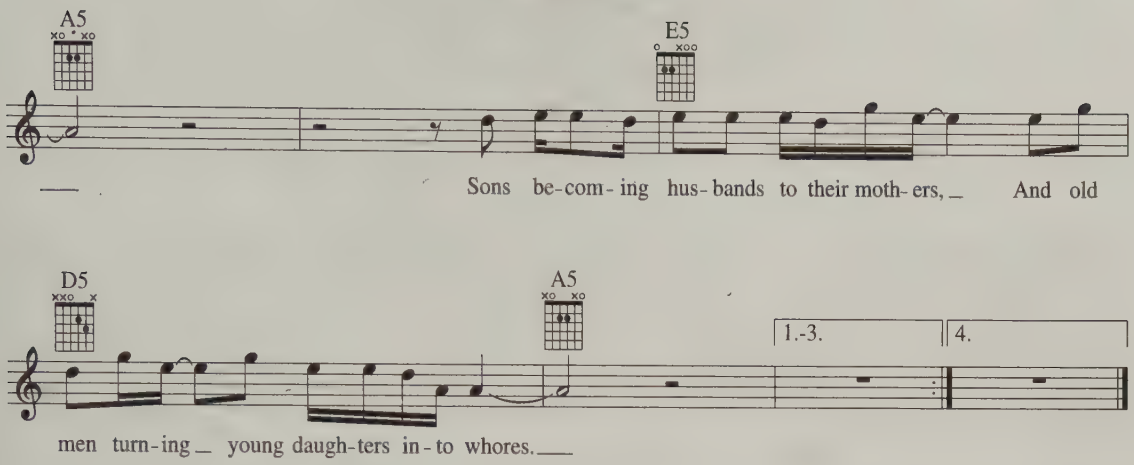


Additional lyrics

3. Stripes on your shoulders,
Stripes on your back and on your hands.
Stripes on your shoulders,
Stripes on your back and on your hands.
Swords piercing your side,
Blood and water flowing through the land.

4. Well don't know which one is worse,
Doing your own thing or just being cool.
Well don't know which one is worse,
Doing your own thing or just being cool.
You remember only about the brass ring,
You forget all about the golden rule.

5. You can mislead a man,
You can take ahold of his heart with your eyes.
You can mislead a man,
You can take ahold of his heart with your eyes.
But there's only one authority,
And that's the authority on high.

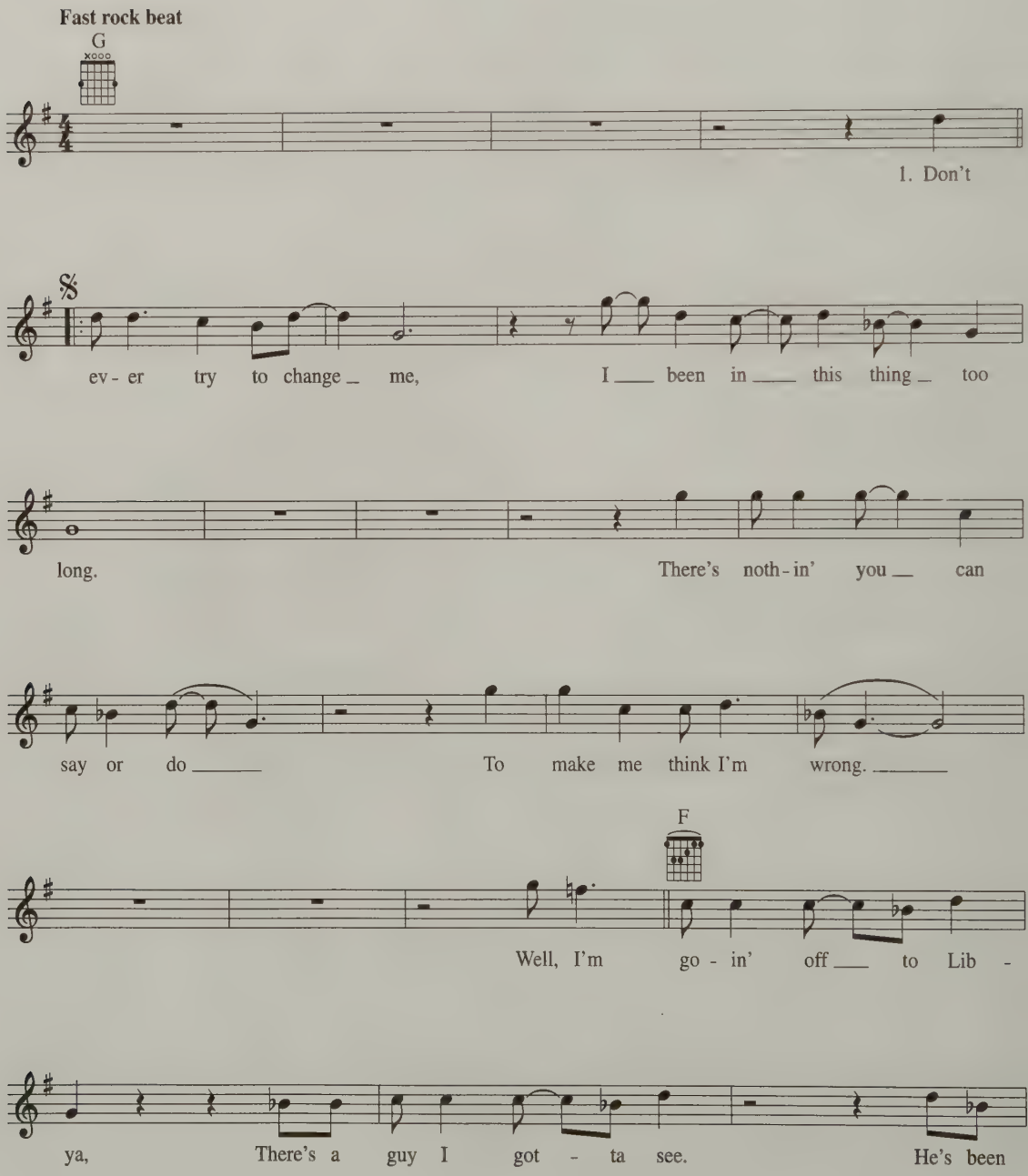
6. I got a God-fearing woman,
One I can easily afford.
I got a God-fearing woman,
One I can easily afford.
She can do the Georgia crawl,
She can walk in the spirit of the Lord.

7. Jesus said, "Be ready,
For you know not the hour in which I come."
Jesus said, "Be ready,
For you know not the hour in which I come."
He said, "He who is not for Me is against Me,"
Just so you know where He's coming from.

8. There's a kingdom called Heaven,
A place where there is no pain of birth.
There's a kingdom called Heaven,
A place where there is no pain of birth.
Well the Lord created it, mister,
About the same time He made the earth.

Got My Mind Made Up

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Tom Petty


Fast rock beat
G
1. Don't
ev - er try to change me, I been in this thing too
long. There's noth - in' you can
say or do To make me think I'm wrong.
F
Well, I'm go - in' off to Lib -
ya, There's a guy I got - ta see. He's been

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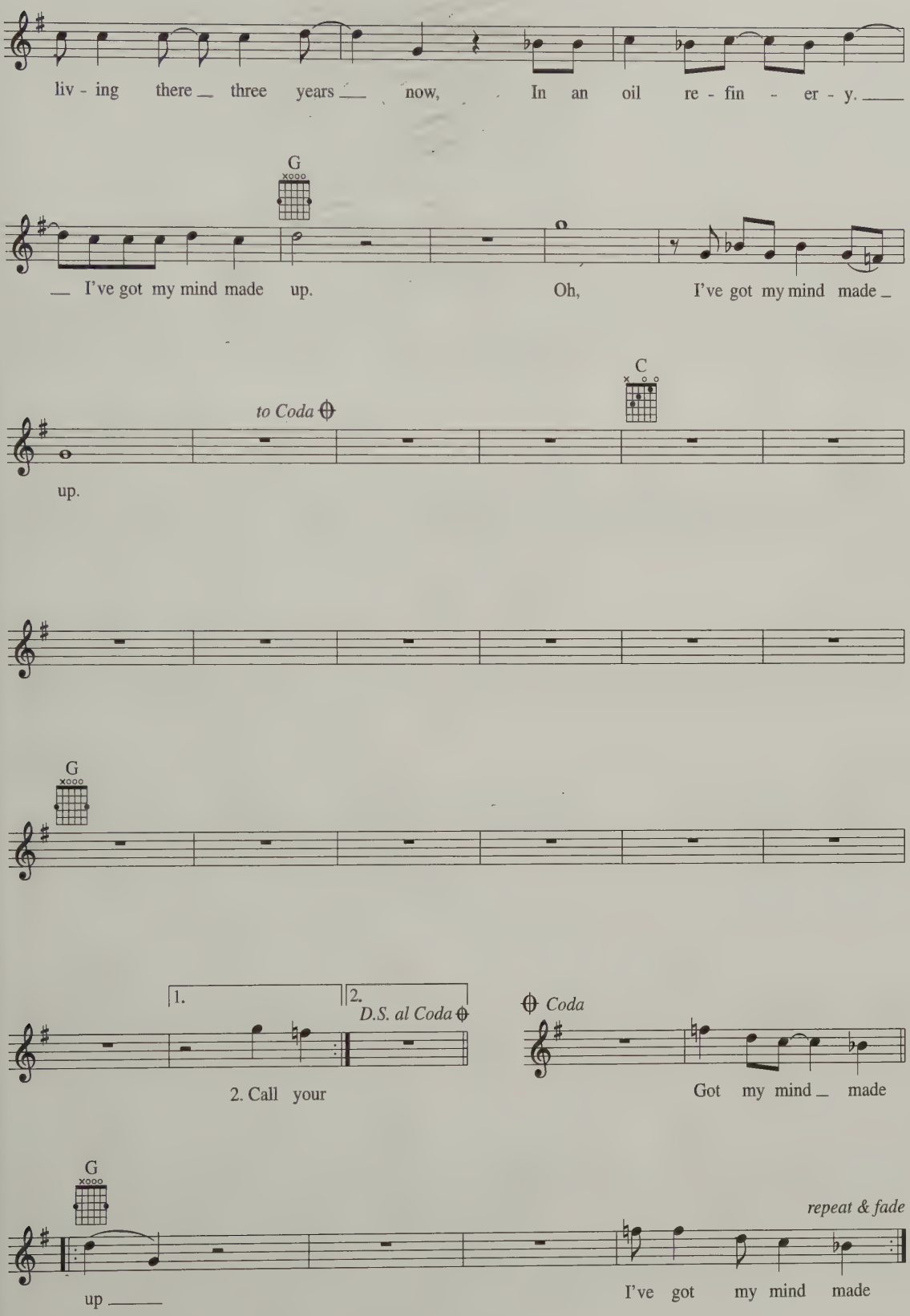

liv - ing there three years now, In an oil re - fin - er - y.
G
I've got my mind made up. Oh, I've got my mind made
to Coda
C
up.
G
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda
2. Call your
Coda
Got my mind made
G
repeat & fade
up
I've got my mind made

Additional lyrics

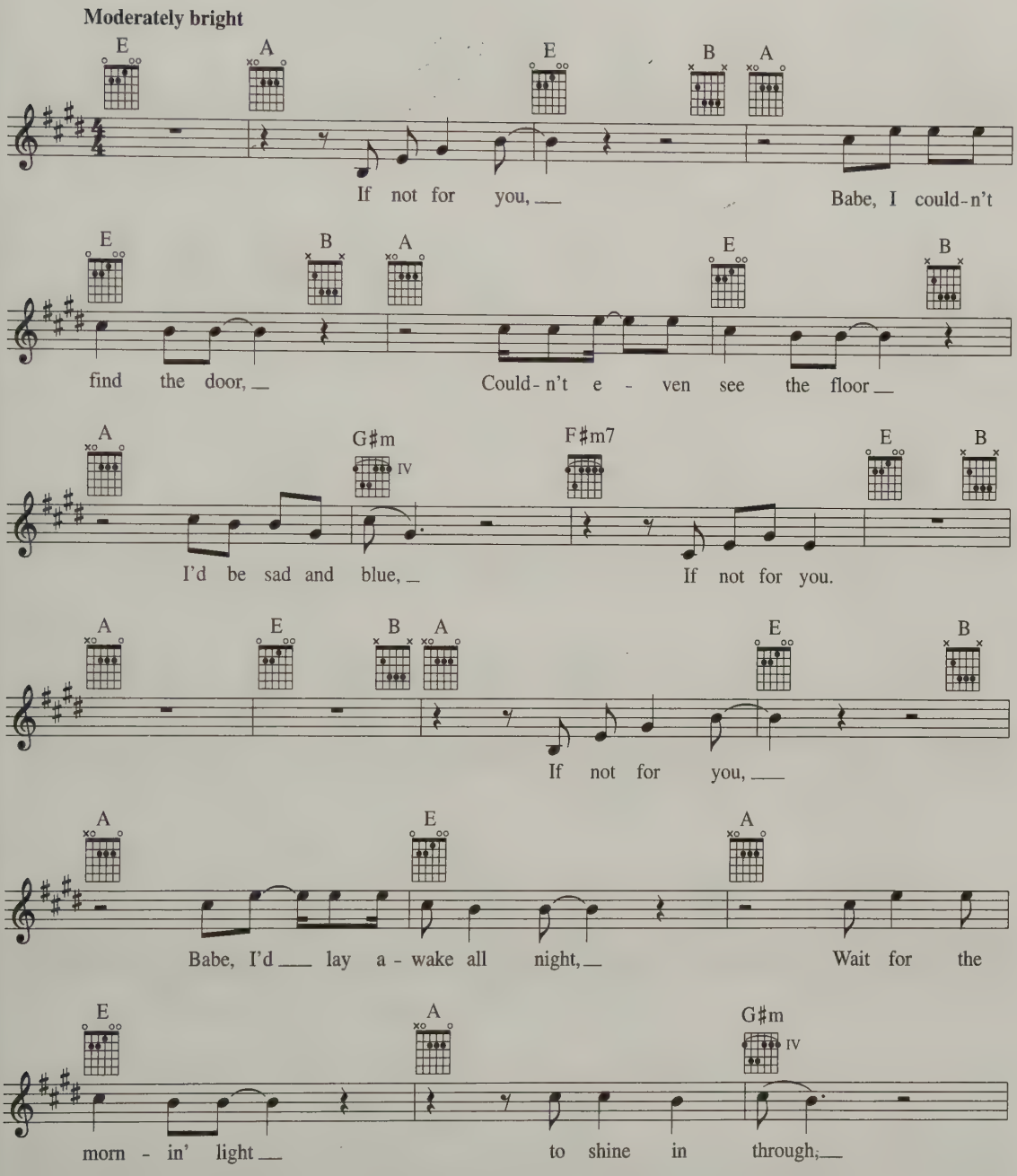
2. Call your Ma in Tallahassee
Tell her her baby's on the line.
Tell her not to worry
Everything is gonna be fine.

Well, I gave you all my money
All my connections, too.
There ain't nothin' in this world, girl
You can say I didn't give to you.
I've got my mind made up.
I've got my mind made up.

3. You will be alright, girl,
Someone's watchin' over you.
He won't do nothin' to you
Baby that I wouldn't do.

Well, if you don't want to see me,
Look the other way.
You don't have to feed me,
I ain't your dog that's gone astray.
I got my mind made up
I got my mind made up
I got my mind made up
I got my mind made up
I got my mind made up

If Not for You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately bright
E A E B A
If not for you, Babe, I could-n't
E B A E B
find the door, Could-n't e - ven see the floor
A G♯m IV F♯m7 E B
I'd be sad and blue, If not for you.
A E B A E B
If not for you,
A E A
Babe, I'd lay a - wake all night, Wait for the
E A G♯m IV
morn - in' light to shine in through;

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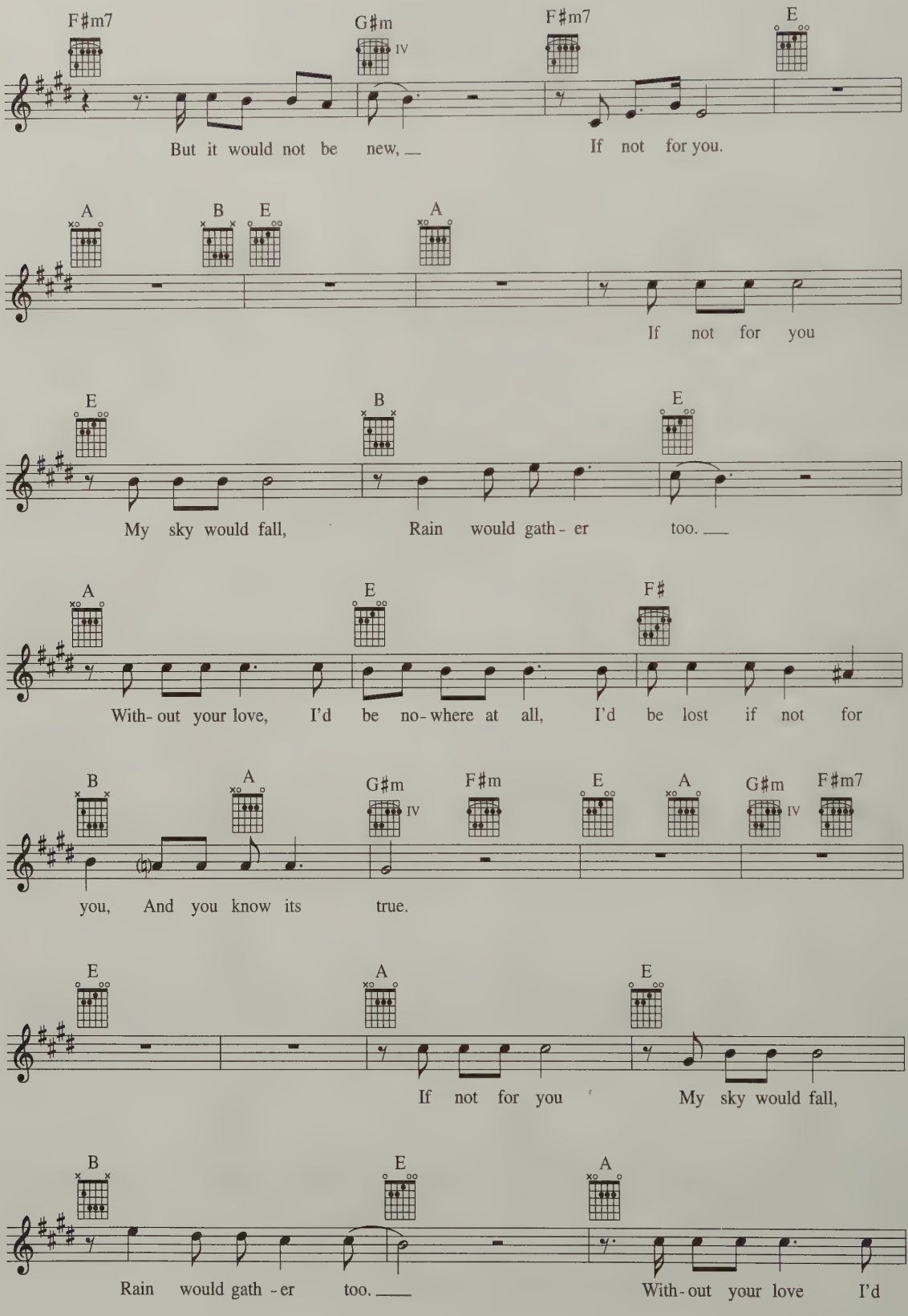
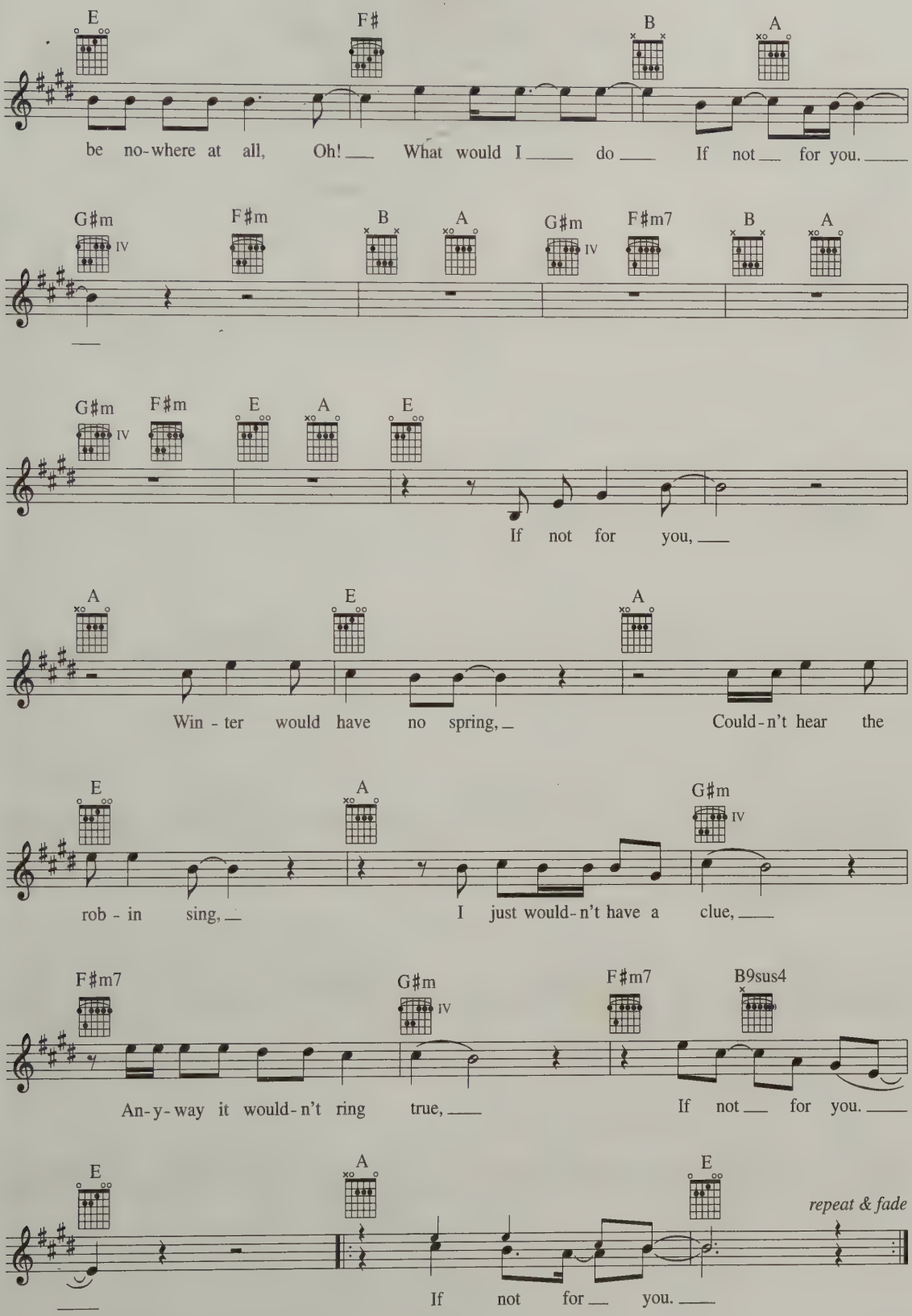
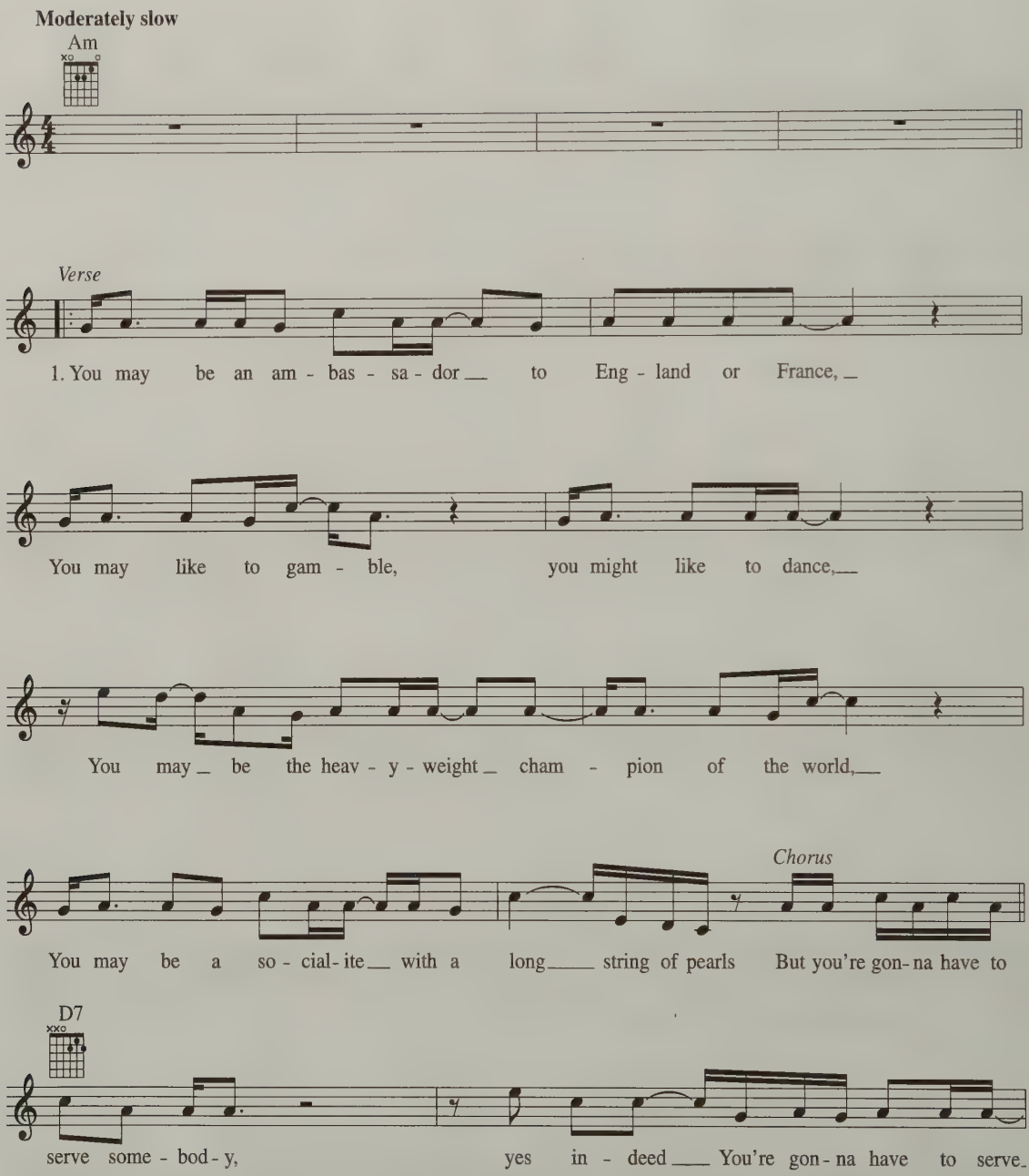

F♯m7
G♯m
IV
F♯m7
E
But it would not be new, _
If not for you.
A
B
E
A
If not for you
E
B
E
My sky would fall,
Rain would gath - er
too. _
A
E
F♯
With - out your love,
I'd be no - where at all,
I'd be lost if not for
B
A
G♯m
IV
F♯m
E
A
G♯m
IV
F♯m7
you,
And you know its
true.
E
A
E
If not for you
My sky would fall,
B
E
A
Rain would gath - er
too. _
With - out your love
I'd


E F♯ B A
be no-where at all, Oh! What would I do If not for you.
G♯m IV F♯m B A G♯m IV F♯m7 B A
G♯m IV F♯m E A E
If not for you,
A E A
Win - ter would have no spring, Could-n't hear the
E A G♯m IV
rob - in sing, I just would-n't have a clue,
F♯m7 G♯m IV F♯m7 B9sus4
An-y-way it would-n't ring true, If not for you.
E A E
repeat & fade
If not for you.

Gotta Serve Somebody

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
Am
Verse
1. You may be an am - bas - sa - dor to Eng - land or France,
You may like to gam - ble, you might like to dance,
You may be the heav - y - weight cham - pion of the world,
Chorus
You may be a so - cial - ite with a long string of pearls But you're gon - na have to
D7
serve some - bod - y, yes in - deed You're gon - na have to serve

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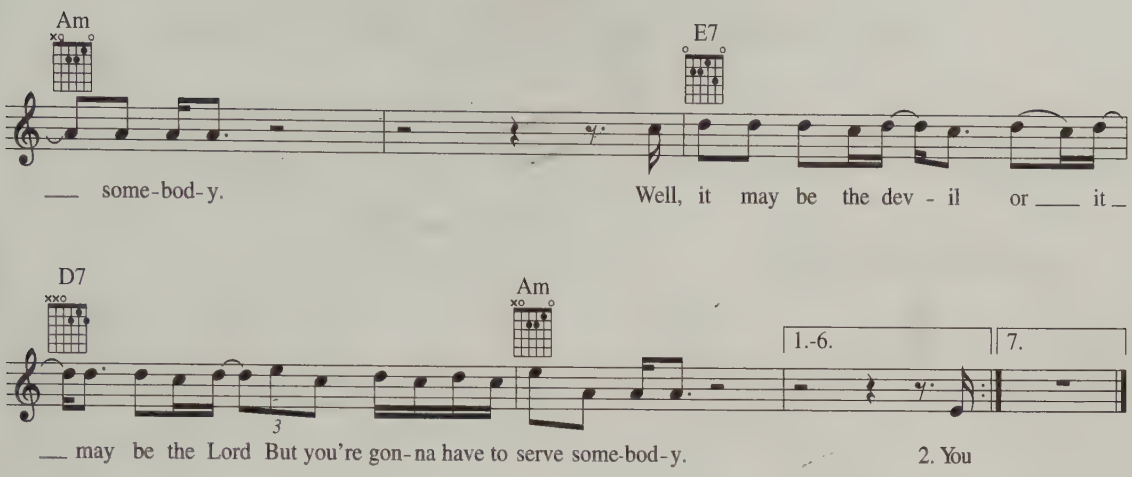


Additional lyrics

2. You might be a rock 'n' roll addict prancing on the stage,
You might have drugs at your command, women in a cage,
You may be a business man or some high degree thief,
They may call you Doctor or they may call you Chief

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

3. You may be a state trooper, you might be a young Turk,
You may be the head of some big TV network,
You may be rich or poor, you may be blind or lame,
You may be living in another country under another name

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

4. You may be a construction worker working on a home,
You may be living in a mansion or you might live in a dome,
You might own guns and you might even own tanks,
You might be somebody's landlord, you might even own banks

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

5. You may be a preacher with your spiritual pride,
You may be a city councilman taking bribes on the side,
You may be workin' in a barbershop, you may know how to cut hair,
You may be somebody's mistress, may be somebody's heir

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

6. Might like to wear cotton, might like to wear silk,
Might like to drink whiskey, might like to drink milk,
You might like to eat caviar, you might like to eat bread,
You may be sleeping on the floor, sleeping in a king-sized bed

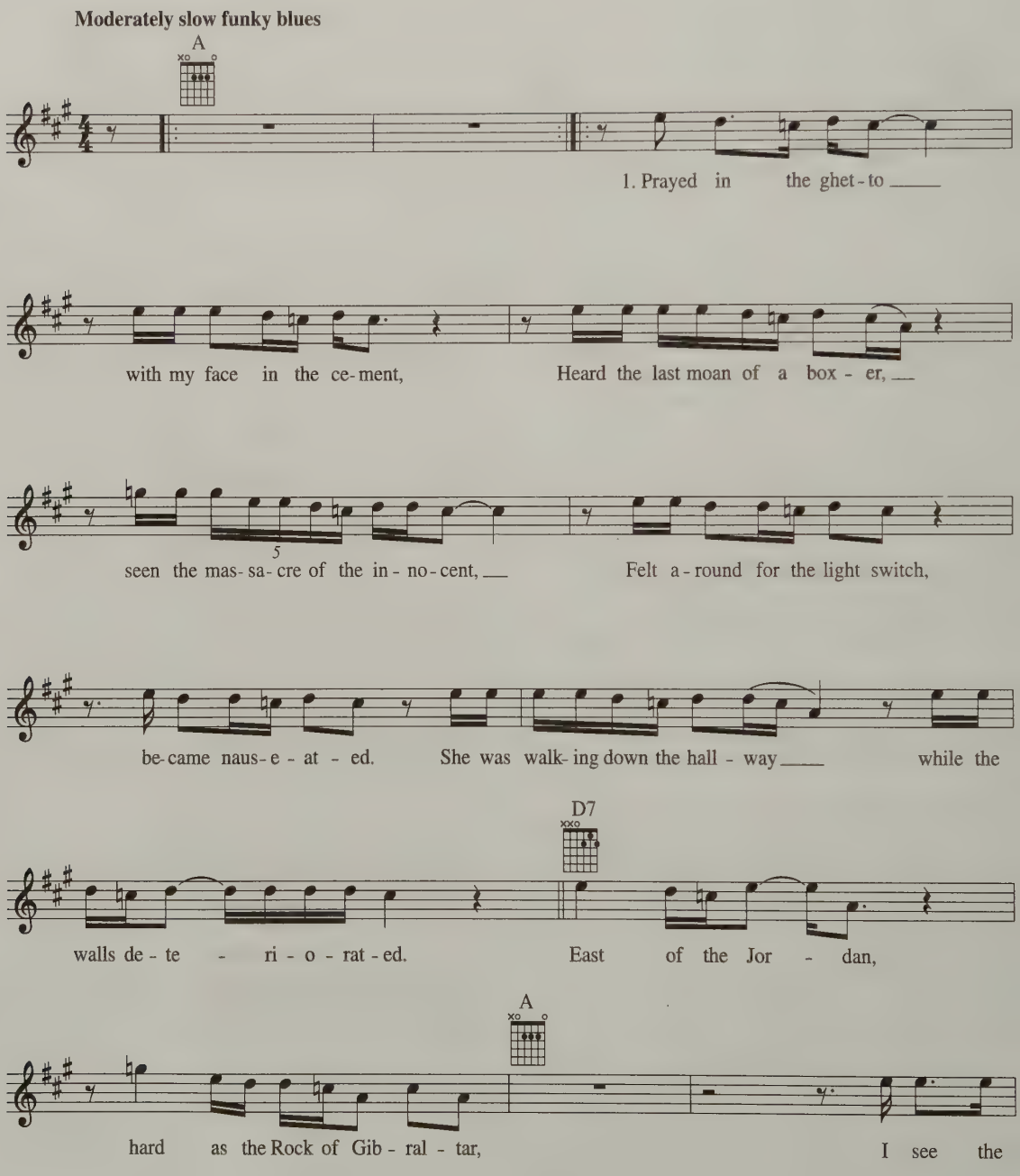
But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

7. You may call me Terry, you may call me Timmy,
You may call me Bobby, you may call me Zimmy,
You may call me R.J., you may call me Ray,
You may call me anything but no matter what you say

You're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody.
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

The Groom's Still Waiting at the Altar

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow funky blues
A
1. Prayed in the ghet - to
with my face in the ce - ment,
Heard the last moan of a box - er,
5
seen the mas - sa - cre of the in - no - cent,
Felt a - round for the light switch,
be - came naus - e - at - ed.
She was walk - ing down the hall - way
while the
D7
walls de - te - ri - o - rat - ed.
East of the Jor - dan,
A
hard as the Rock of Gib - ral - tar,
I see the

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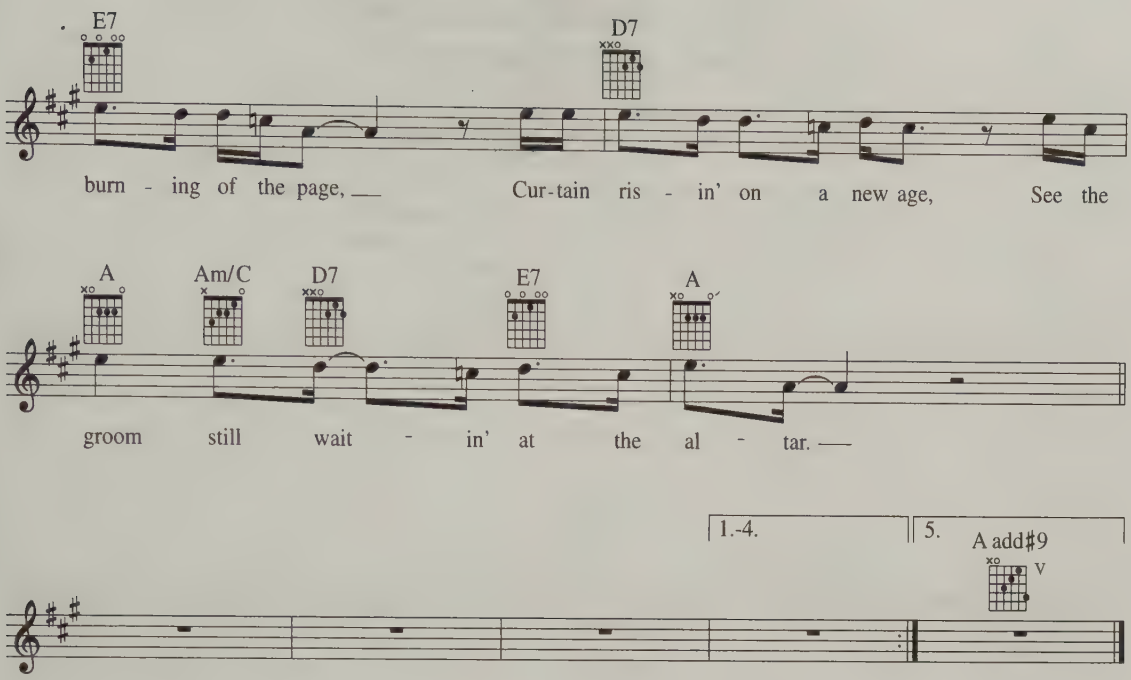


Additional lyrics

2. Try to be pure at heart, they arrest you for robbery,
Mistake your shyness for aloofness, your shyness for snobbery,
Got the message this morning, the one that was sent to me
About the madness of becomin' what one was never meant to be.

West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the stage,
Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

3. Don't know what I can say about Claudette that wouldn't come back to haunt me,
Finally had to give her up 'bout the time she began to want me.
But I know God has mercy on them who are slandered and humiliated.
I'd a-done anything for that woman if she didn't make me feel so obligated.

West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the cage,
Curtain risin' on a new stage,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

4. Put your hand on my head, baby, do I have a temperature?
I see people who are supposed to know better standin' around like furniture.
There's a wall between you and what you want and you got to leap it,
Tonight you got the power to take it, tomorrow you won't have the power to keep it.

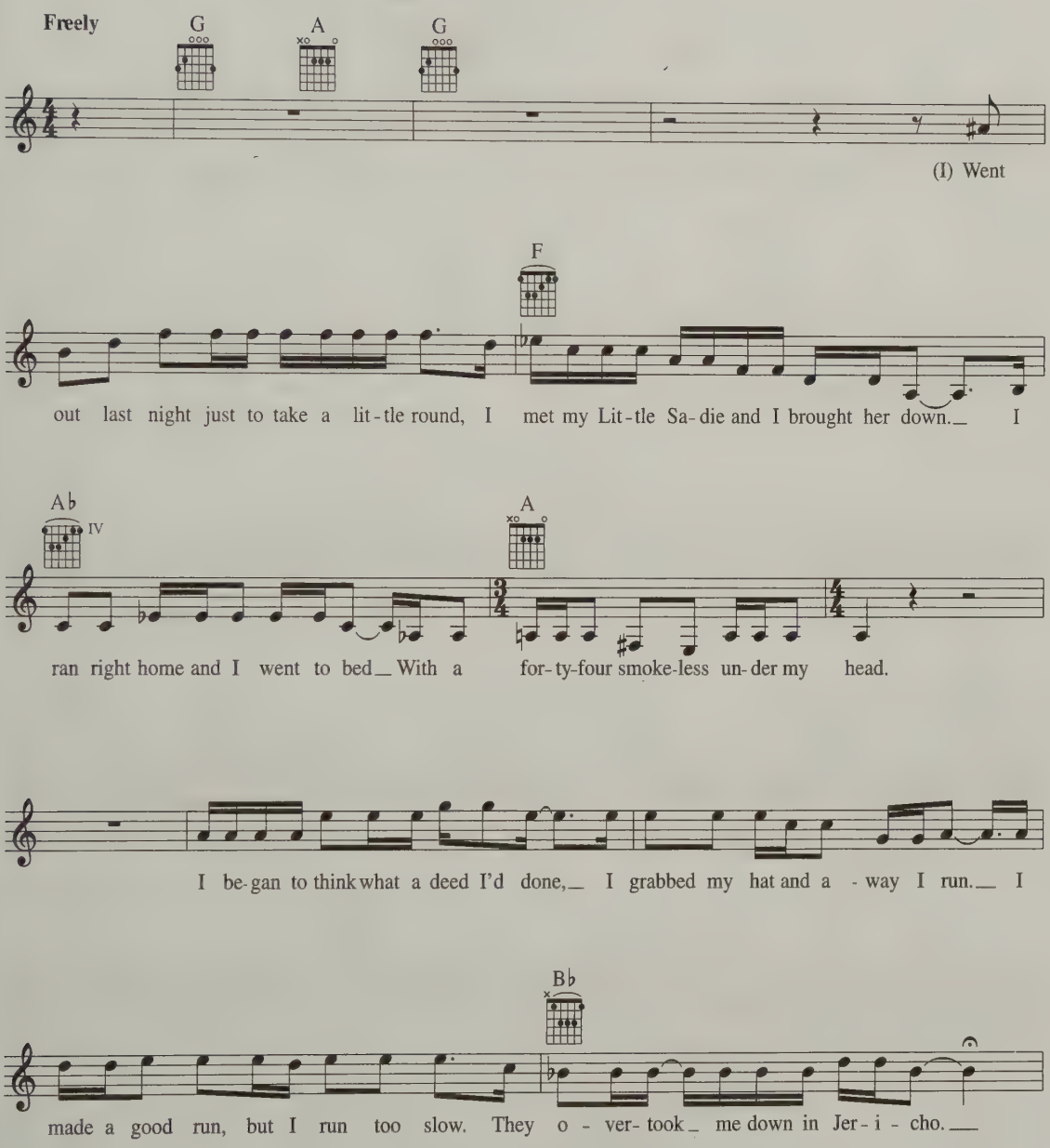
West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the stage,
Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

5. Cities on fire, phones out of order,
They're killing nuns and soldiers, there's fighting on the border.
What can I say about Claudette?
Ain't seen her since January,
She could be respectably married or running a whorehouse in Buenos Aires.

West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the stage,
Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

In Search of Little Sadie

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Freely
G
A
G
(I) Went
F
out last night just to take a lit-tle round, I met my Lit-tle Sa-die and I brought her down. I
A♭
IV
A
ran right home and I went to bed With a for-ty-four smoke-less un-der my head.
I be-gan to think what a deed I'd done, I grabbed my hat and a-way I run. I
B♭
made a good run, but I run too slow. They o-ver-took me down in Jer-i-cho.

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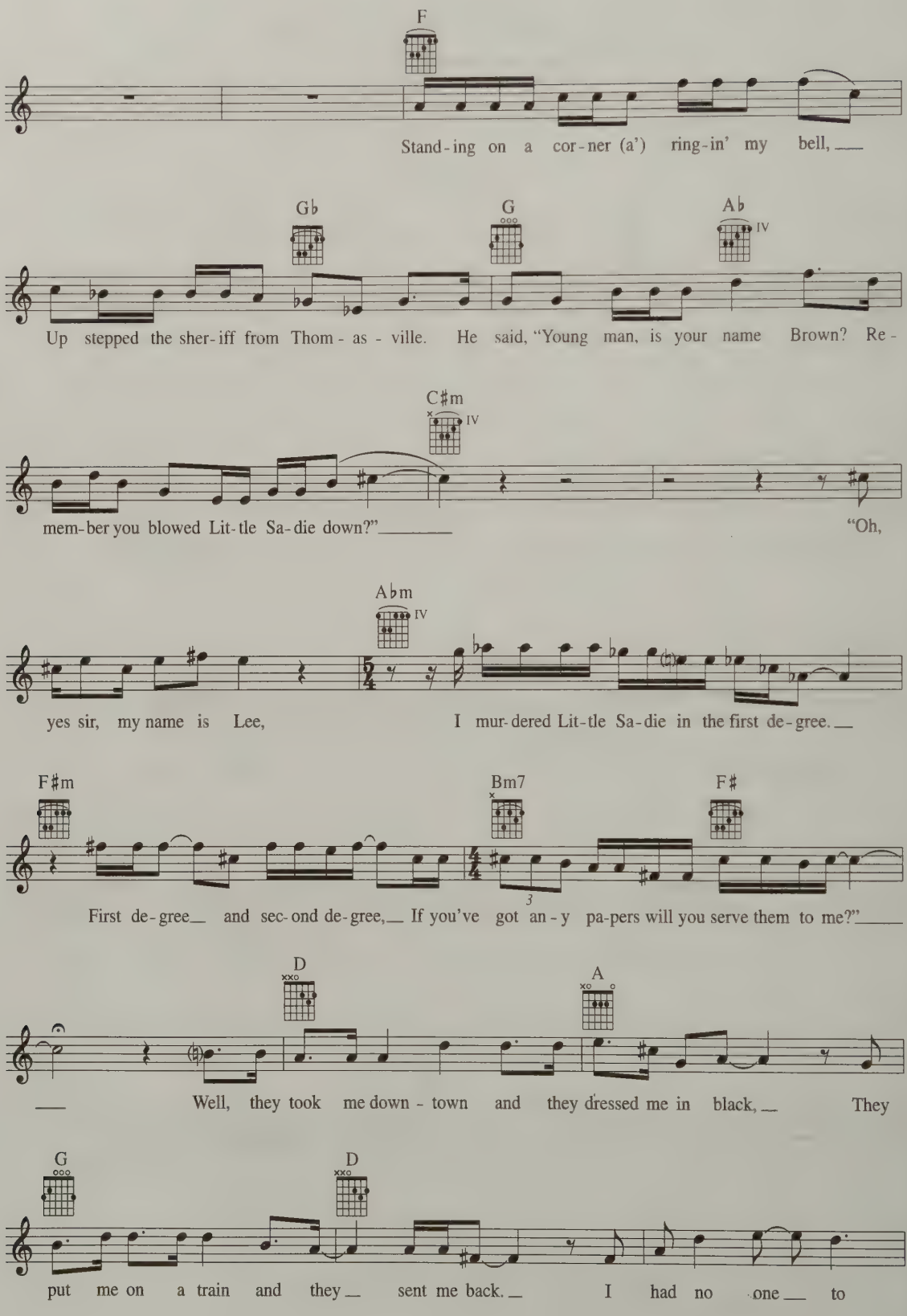
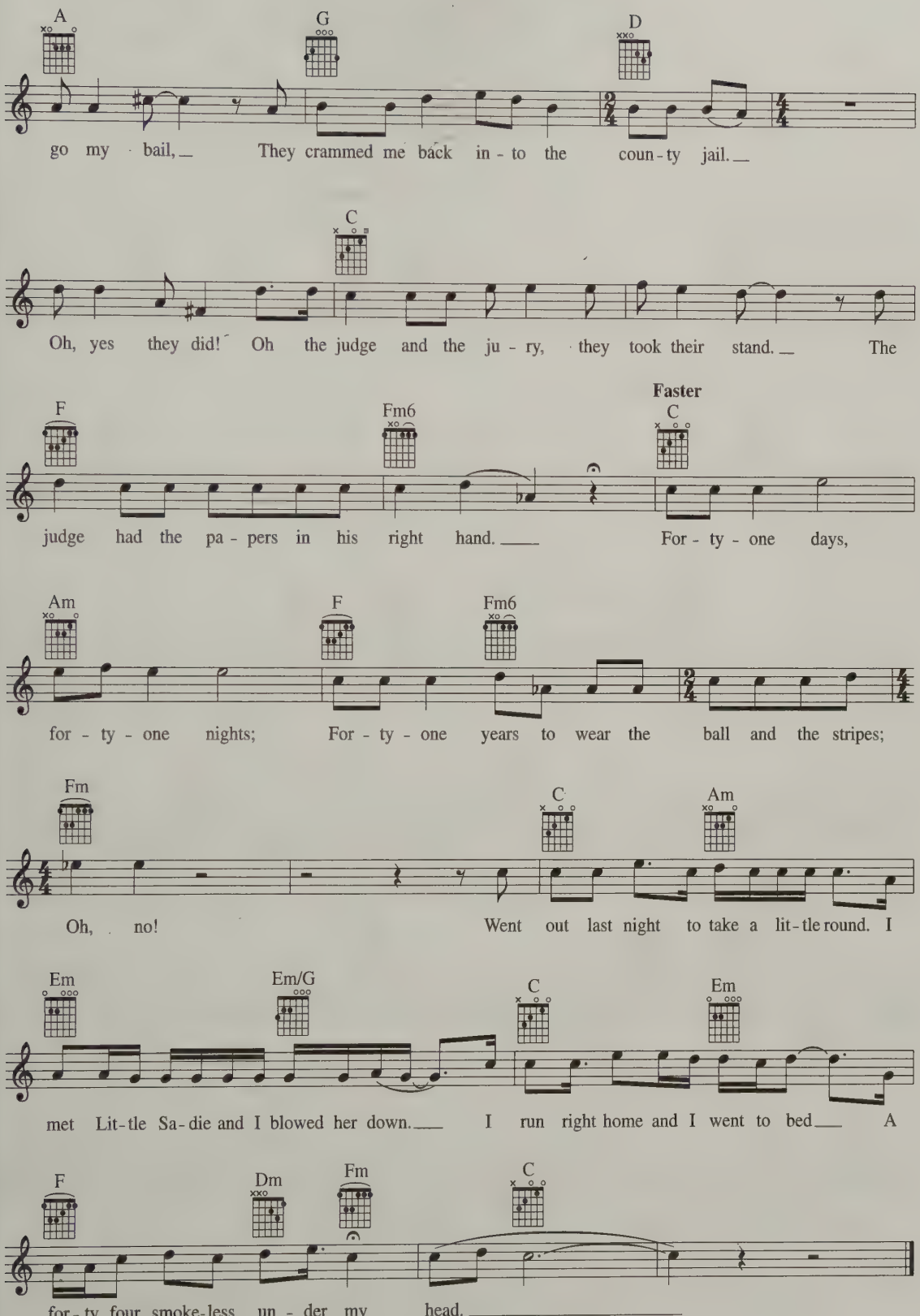
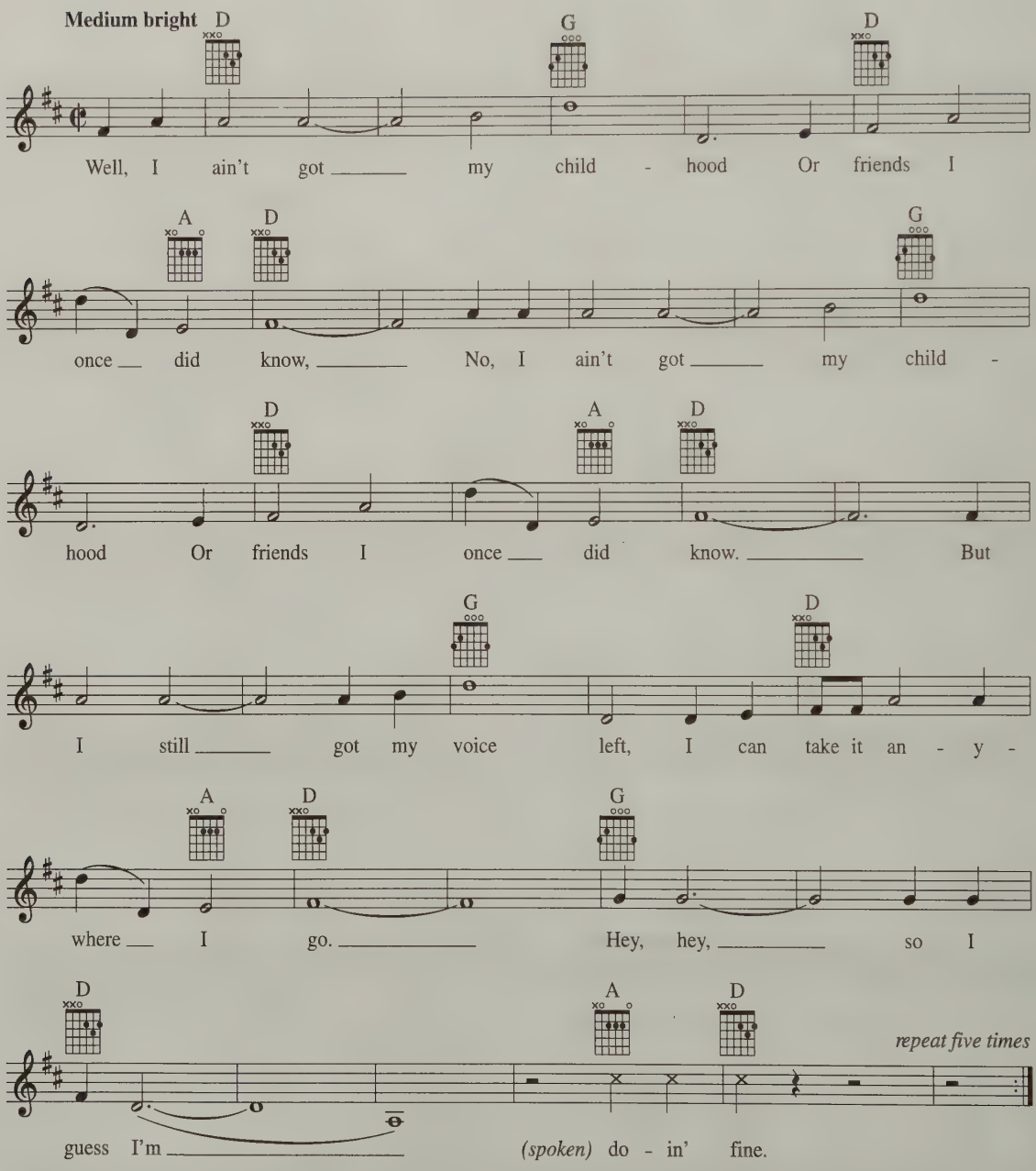

F
Stand-ing on a cor-ner (a') ring-in' my bell,
G♭
G
A♭
IV
Up stepped the sher-iff from Thom-as-ville. He said, "Young man, is your name Brown? Re-
C♯m
IV
mem-ber you blowed Lit-tle Sa-die down?" "Oh,
A♭m
IV
yes sir, my name is Lee, I mur-dered Lit-tle Sa-die in the first de-gree.
F♯m
Bm7
F♯
First de-gree and sec-ond de-gree, If you've got an-y pa-pers will you serve them to me?"
D
A
Well, they took me down-town and they dressed me in black, They
G
D
put me on a train and they sent me back. I had no one to


A
G
D
go my bail, They crammed me back in-to the coun-ty jail.
C
Oh, yes they did! Oh the judge and the ju-ry, they took their stand. The
F
Fm6
Faster
C
judge had the pa-pers in his right hand. For-ty-one days,
Am
F
Fm6
for-ty-one nights; For-ty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes;
Fm
C
Am
Oh, no! Went out last night to take a lit-tle round. I
Em
Em/G
C
Em
met Lit-tle Sa-die and I blowed her down. I run right home and I went to bed A
F
Dm
Fm
C
for-ty four smoke-less un-der my head.

Guess I'm Doin' Fine

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. And I've never had much money
But I'm still around somehow.
No, I've never had much money
But I'm still around somehow.
Many times I've bended
But I ain't never yet bowed.
Hey, hey, so I guess I'm doin' fine.

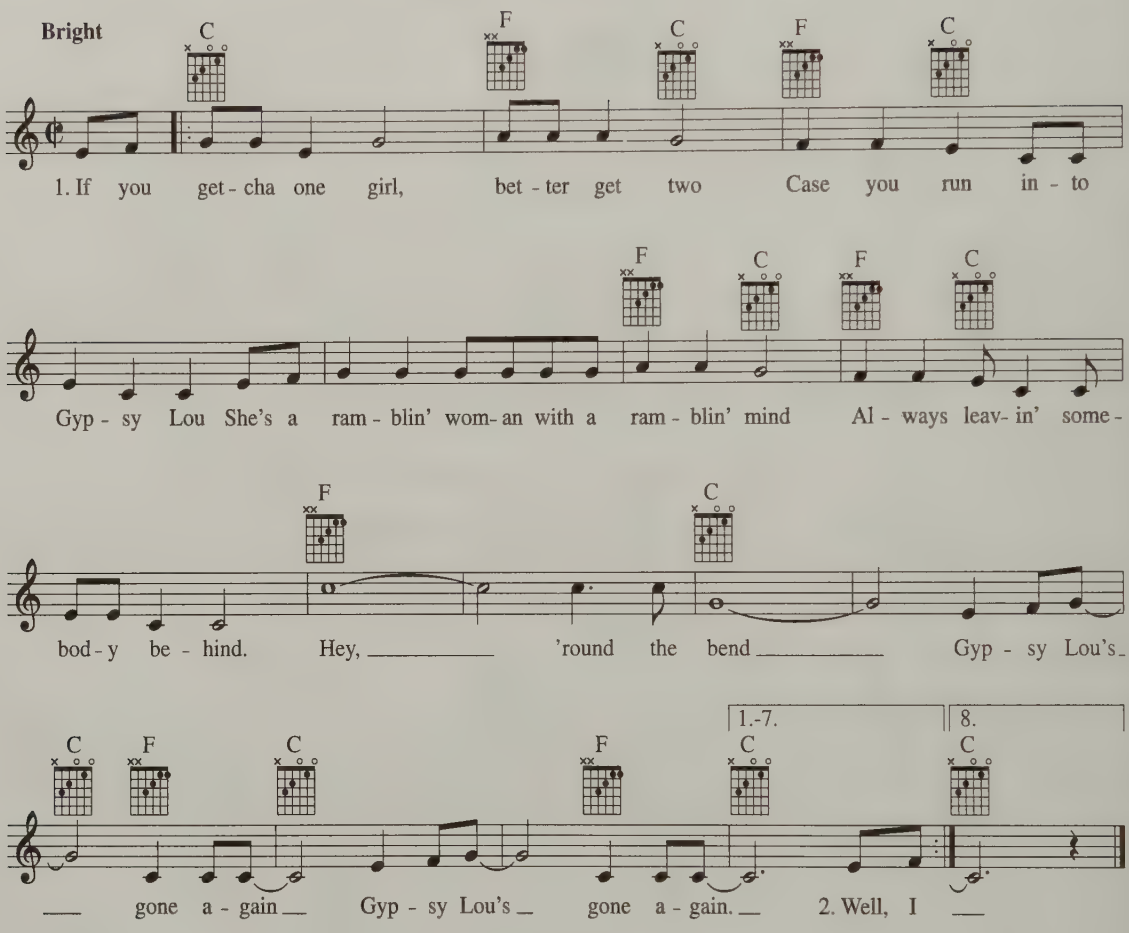
3. Trouble, oh trouble,
I've trouble on my mind
Trouble, oh trouble,
Trouble on my mind.
But the trouble in the world, Lord,
Is much more bigger than mine.
Hey, hey, so I guess I'm doin' fine.

4. And I never had no armies
To jump at my command.
No, I ain't got no armies
To jump at my command.
But I don't need no armies,
I got me one good friend.
Hey, hey, so I guess I'm doin' fine.

5. I been kicked and whipped and trampled on,
I been shot at just like you.
I been kicked and whipped and trampled on,
I been shot at just like you.
But as long as the world keeps a-turnin',
I just keep a-turnin' too.
Hey, hey, so I guess I'm doin' fine.

6. Well, my road might be rocky,
The stones might cut my face.
My road it might be rocky,
The stones might cut my face.
But as some folks ain't got no road at all,
They gotta stand in the same old place.
Hey, hey, so I guess I'm doin' fine.

Gypsy Lou

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Bright
C F C F C
1. If you get - cha one girl, bet - ter get two Case you run in - to
F C F C
Gyp - sy Lou She's a ram - blin' wom- an with a ram - blin' mind Al - ways leav- in' some -
F C
bod - y be - hind. Hey, 'round the bend Gyp - sy Lou's
1.-7. 8.
C F C F C C
gone a - gain Gyp - sy Lou's gone a - gain. 2. Well, I

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Additional lyrics

2. Well, I seen the whole country through
Just to find Gypsy Lou
Seen it up, seen it down
Followin' Gypsy Lou around.
Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again.

3. Well, I gotta stop and take some rest
My poor feet are second best
My poor feet are wearin' thin
Gypsy Lou's gone again.
Hey, gone again
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend.

4. Well, seen her up in old Cheyenne
Turned my head and away she ran
From Denver Town to Wichita
Last I heard she's in Arkansas.
Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again.

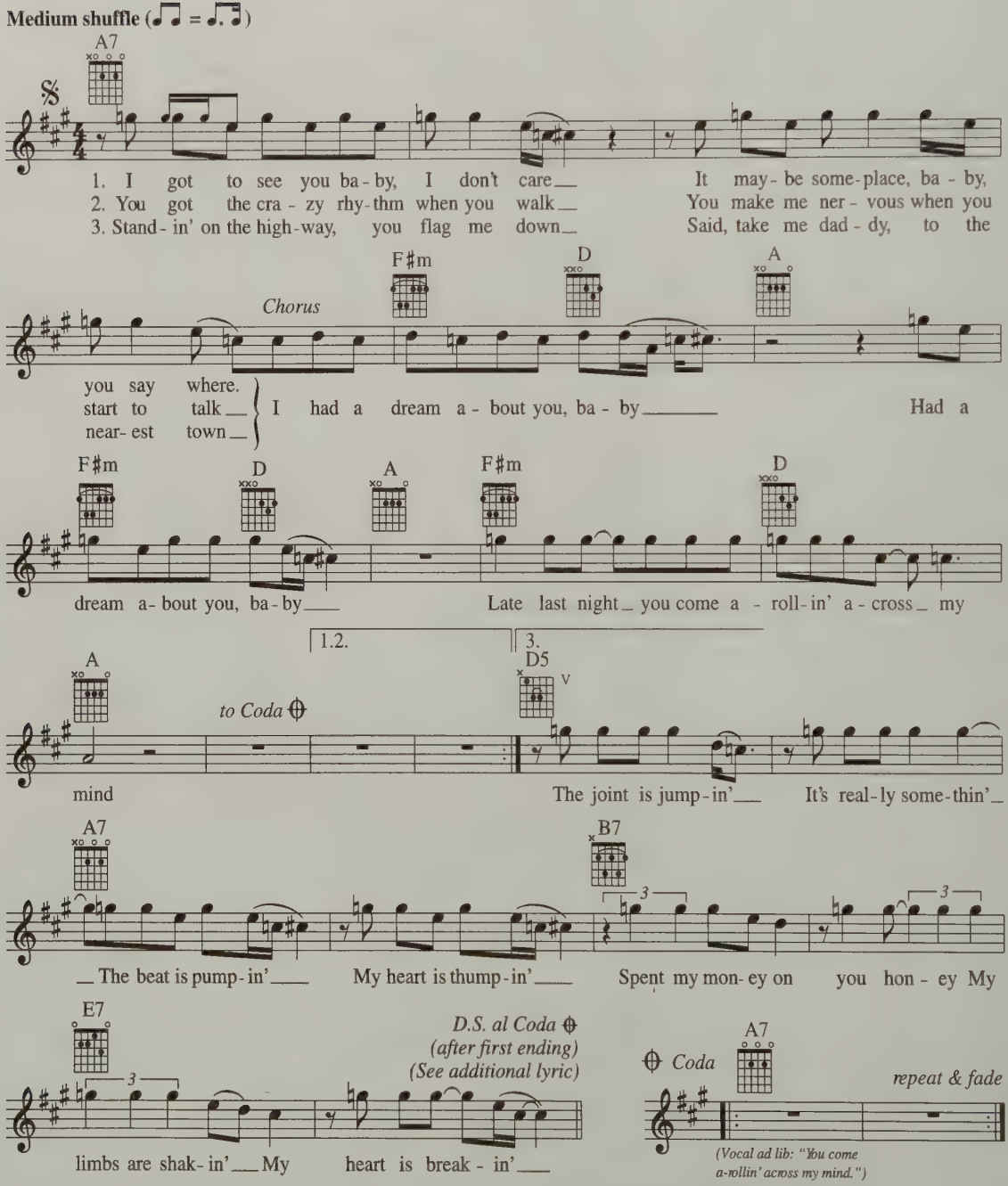
5. Well, I tell you what if you want to do
Tell you what, you'll wear out your shoes
If you want to wear out your shoes
Try and follow Gypsy Lou.
Hey, gone again
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend.

6. Well, Gypsy Lou, I been told
Livin' down on Gallus Road
Gallus Road, Arlington
Moved away to Washington.
Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again.

7. Well, I went down to Washington
Then she went to Oregon
I skipped the ground and hopped a train
She's back in Gallus Road again.
Hey, I can't win
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again.

8. Well, the last I heard of Gypsy Lou
She's in a Memphis calaboose
She left one too many a boy behind
He committed suicide.
Hey, you can't win
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again.

Had a Dream About You, Baby

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Medium shuffle (♩♫ = ♩.♫)
A7
1. I got to see you ba - by, I don't care
2. You got the cra - zy rhy - thm when you walk
3. Stand - in' on the high - way, you flag me down
It may - be some - place, ba - by,
You make me ner - vous when you
Said, take me dad - dy, to the
F♯m
D
A
Chorus
you say where.
start to talk
near - est town
I had a dream a - bout you, ba - by
Had a
F♯m
D
A
F♯m
D
dream a - bout you, ba - by
Late last night you come a - roll - in' a - cross my
1.2.
3.
A
D5
to Coda
mind
The joint is jump - in'
It's real - ly some - thin'
A7
B7
The beat is pump - in'
My heart is thump - in'
Spent my mon - ey on you hon - ey My
E7
D.S. al Coda
(after first ending)
(See additional lyric)
limbs are shak - in' My heart is break - in'
Coda
A7
repeat & fade
(Vocal ad lib: "You come a-rollin' across my mind.")

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Additional lyrics

4. You kiss me, baby, in the coffee shop
   You make me nervous, you gotta stop

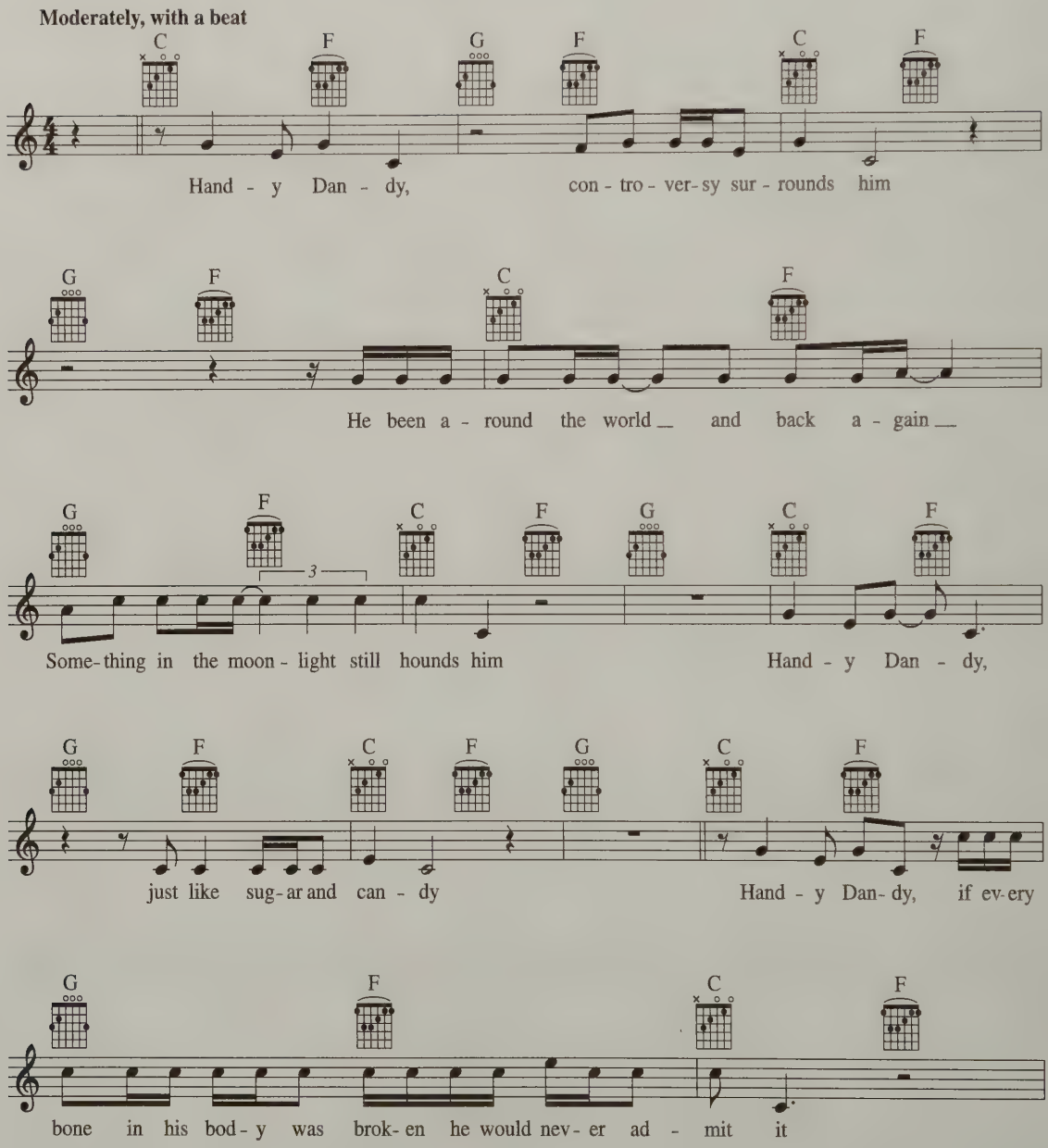
   Chorus

5. You got a rag wrapped around your head
   Wearing a long dress fire engine red

   Chorus

Handy Dandy

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately, with a beat
C F G F C F
Hand - y Dan - dy, con - tro - ver - sy sur - rounds him
G F C F
He been a - round the world _ and back a - gain _
G F C F G C F
3
Some - thing in the moon - light still hounds him Hand - y Dan - dy,
G F C F G C F
just like sug - ar and can - dy Hand - y Dan - dy, if ev - ery
G F C F
bone in his bod - y was brok - en he would nev - er ad - mit it

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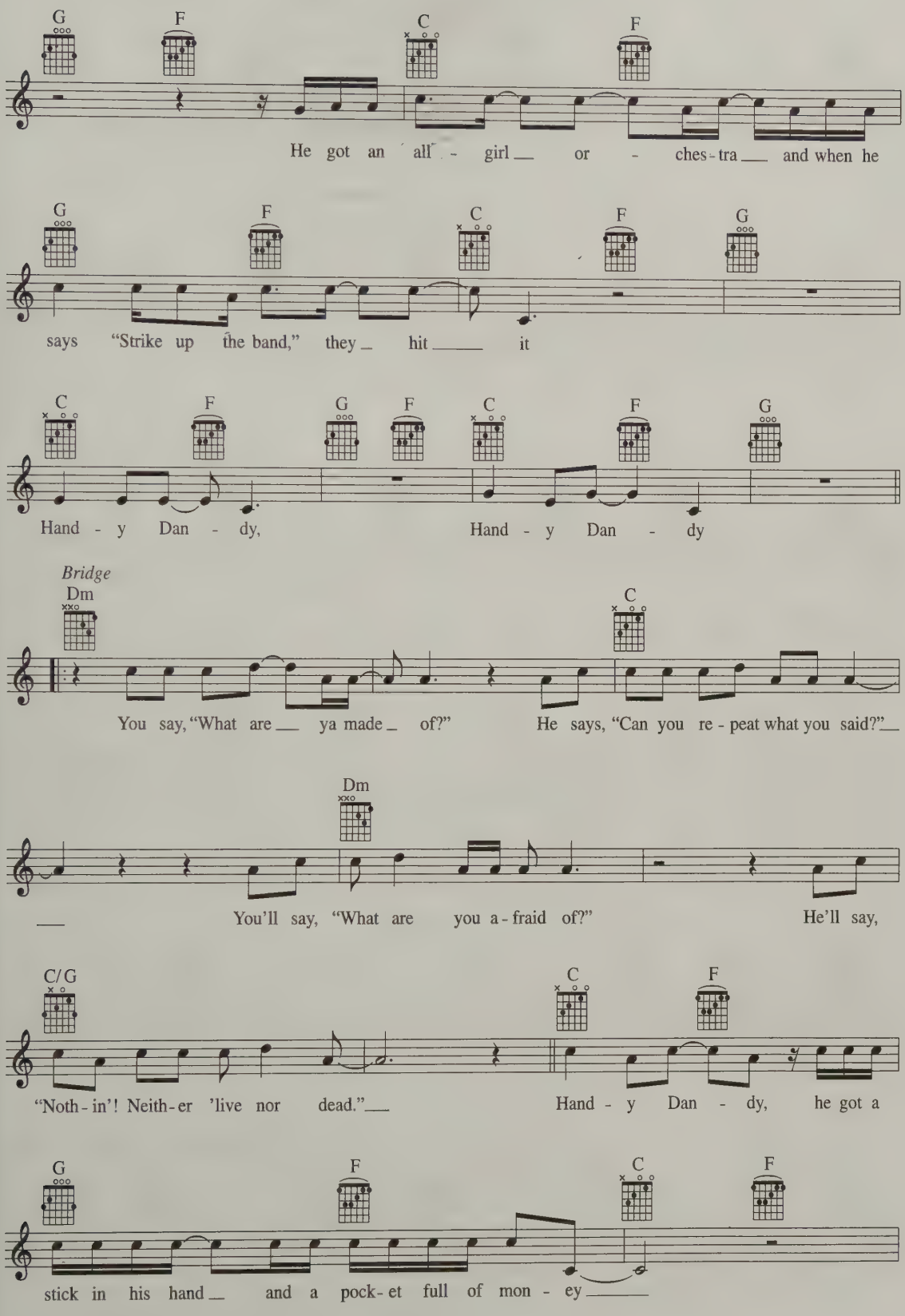
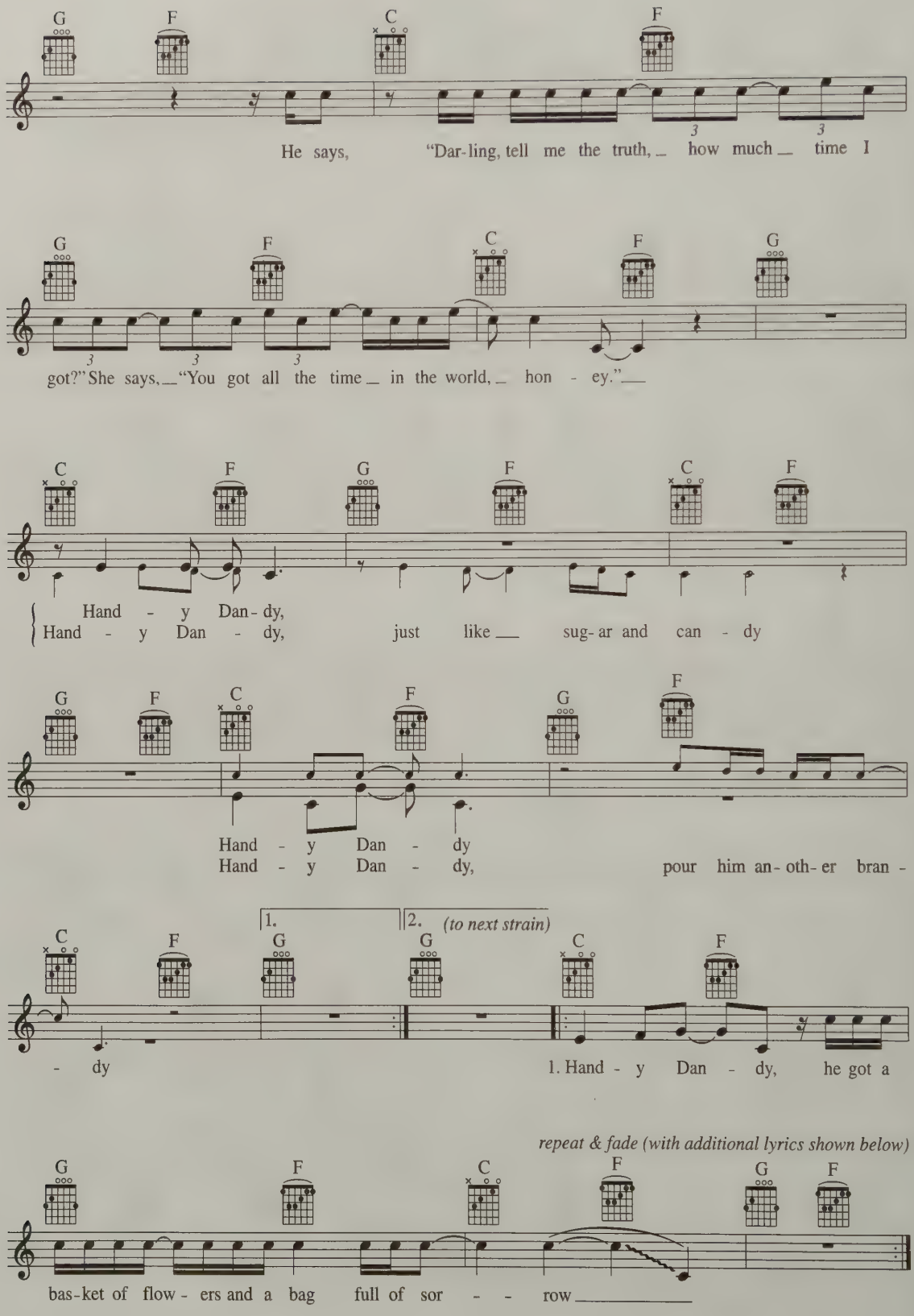

G F C F
He got an all - girl or - ches-tra and when he
G F C F G
says "Strike up the band," they hit it
C F G F C F G
Hand - y Dan - dy, Hand - y Dan - dy
Bridge
Dm C
You say, "What are ya made of?" He says, "Can you re - peat what you said?"
Dm
You'll say, "What are you a-fraid of?" He'll say,
C/G C F
"Noth-in'! Neith-er 'live nor dead." Hand - y Dan - dy, he got a
G F C F
stick in his hand and a pock-et full of mon - ey


G F C F
He says, "Dar-ling, tell me the truth, _ how much _ time I
G F C F G
got?" She says, _ "You got all the time _ in the world, _ hon - ey." _
C F G F C F
Hand - y Dan - dy,
Hand - y Dan - dy, just like _ sug-ar and can - dy
G F C F G F
Hand - y Dan - dy
Hand - y Dan - dy, pour him an-oth-er bran -
1. 2. (to next strain)
C F G G C F
- dy
1. Hand - y Dan - dy, he got a
repeat & fade (with additional lyrics shown below)
G F C F G F
bas-ket of flow - ers and a bag full of sor - - row

Additional lyrics

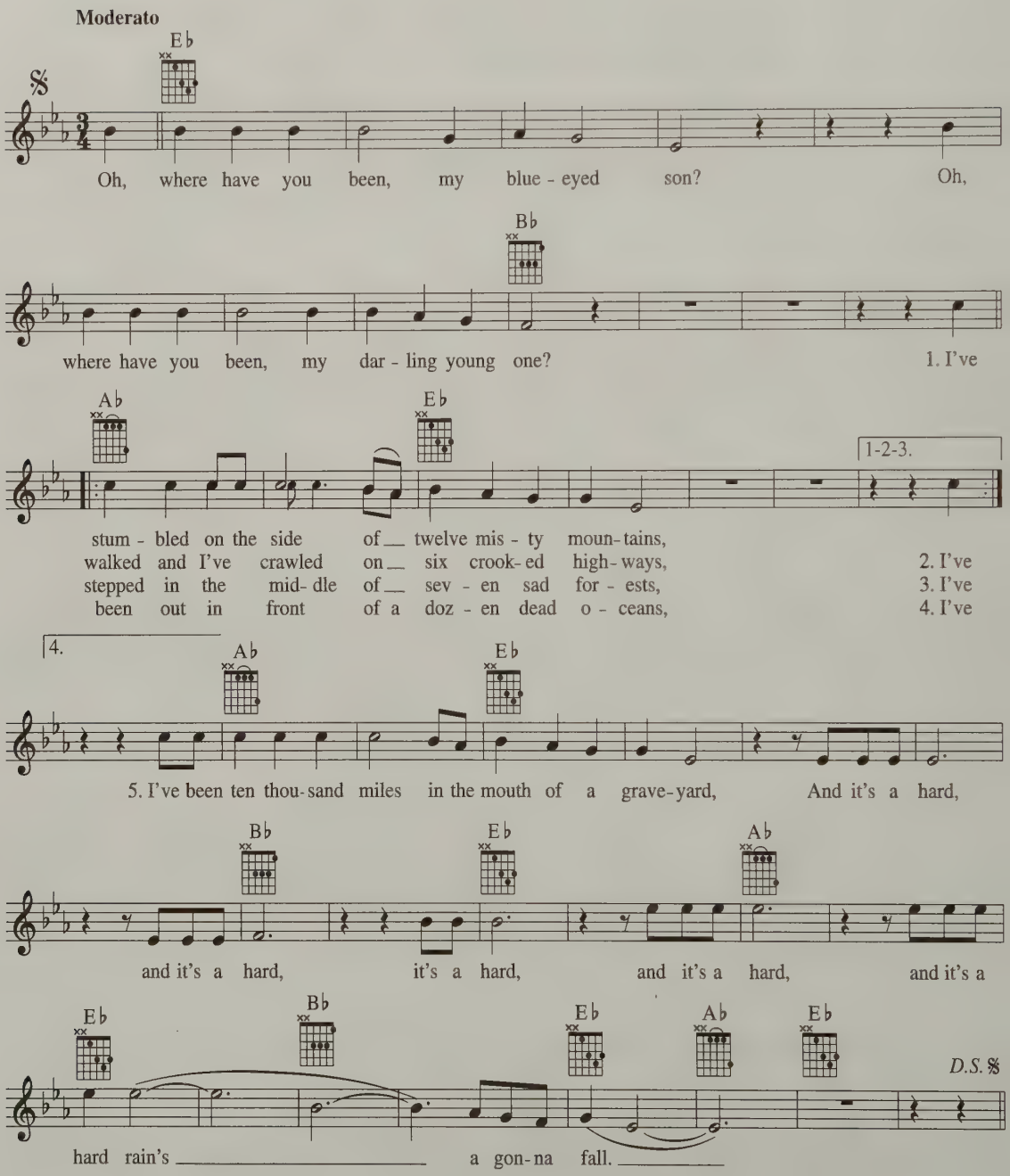
Bridge #2:
He's got that clear crystal fountain
He's got that soft silky skin
He's got that fortress on the mountain
With no doors, no windows, no thieves can break in

Handy Dandy, sitting with a girl named Nancy in a garden feelin' kind of lazy
He says, "Ya want a gun? I'll give you one." She says, "Boy, you talking crazy."
Handy Dandy, just like sugar and candy
Handy Dandy, pour him another brandy

Handy Dandy, he got a basket of flowers and a bag full or sorrow
He finishes his drink, he gets up from the table he says, "Okay, boys, I'll see you tomorrow."
Handy Dandy, Handy Dandy, just like sugar and candy
Handy Dandy, just like sugar and candy

A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato
Eb
Oh, where have you been, my blue - eyed son? Oh,
Bb
where have you been, my dar - ling young one? 1. I've
Ab
Eb
1-2-3.
stum - bled on the side of twelve mis - ty moun - tains,
walked and I've crawled on six crook - ed high - ways, 2. I've
stepped in the mid - dle of sev - en sad for - ests, 3. I've
been out in front of a doz - en dead o - ceans, 4. I've
4.
Ab
Eb
5. I've been ten thou - sand miles in the mouth of a grave - yard, And it's a hard,
Bb
Eb
Ab
and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard, and it's a
Eb
Bb
Eb
Ab
Eb
D.S. 𝄋
hard rain's a gon - na fall.

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Additional lyrics

2. Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?

I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it,
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin',
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin',
I saw a white ladder all covered with water,
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,

I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

3. And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?

I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin',
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin',
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin',
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin',
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

4. Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?

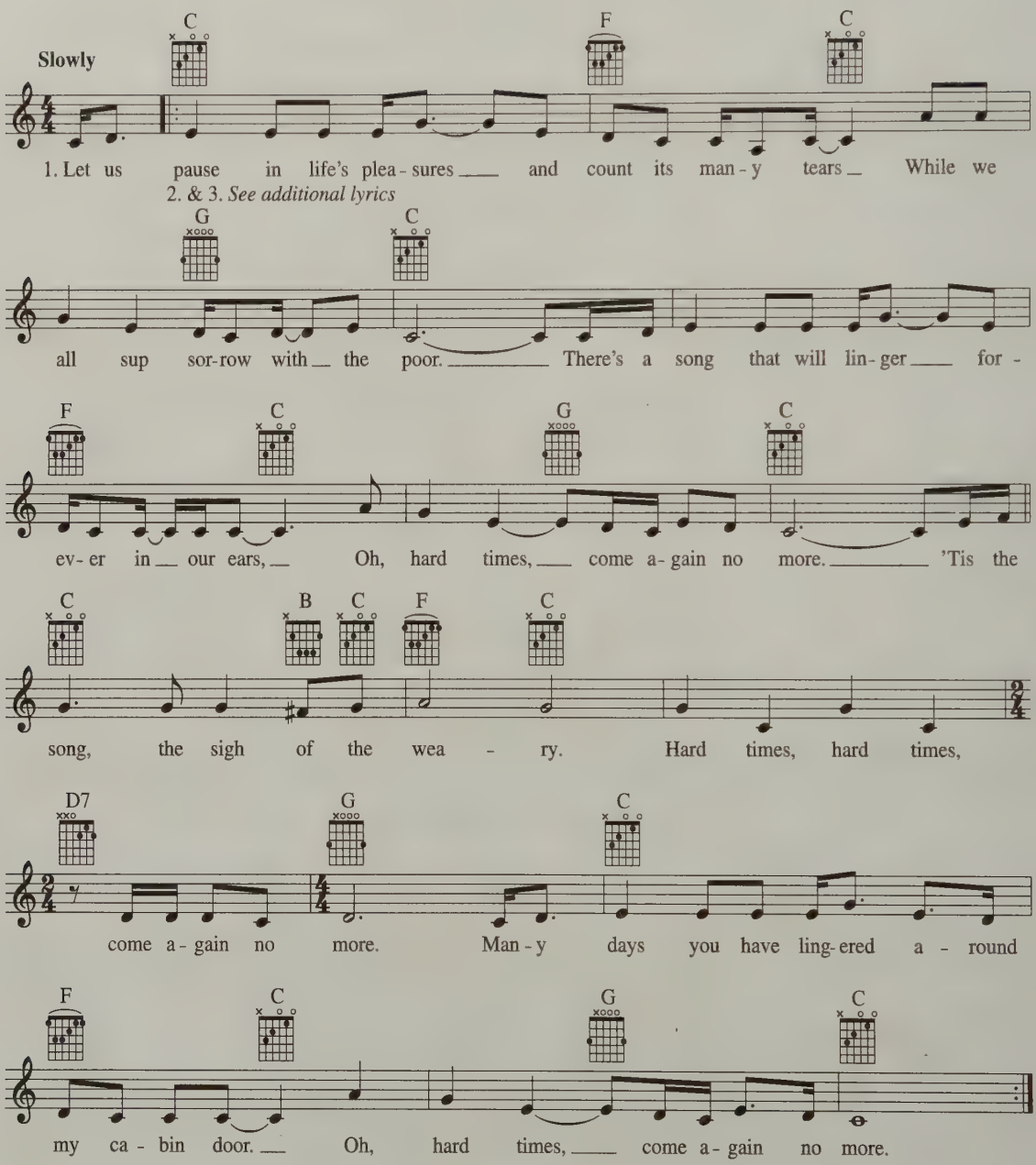
I met a young child beside a dead pony,
I met a white man who walked a black dog,
I met a young woman whose body was burning,
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,
I met one man who was wounded in love,
I met another man who was wounded with hatred,
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

5. Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?

I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin',
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest,
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,
Where black is the color, where none is the number,
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',
But I'll know my song well before I start singin',
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Hard Times

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Slowly
C
F
C
1. Let us pause in life's plea - sures ___ and count its man - y tears _ While we
2. & 3. See additional lyrics
G
C
all sup sor-row with _ the poor. _____ There's a song that will lin - ger ___ for -
F
C
G
C
ev - er in _ our ears, _ Oh, hard times, ___ come a - gain no more. _____ 'Tis the
C
B
C
F
C
song, the sigh of the wea - ry. Hard times, hard times,
D7
G
C
come a - gain no more. Man - y days you have ling - ered a - round
F
C
G
C
my ca - bin door. _ Oh, hard times, ___ come a - gain no more.

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Additional lyrics

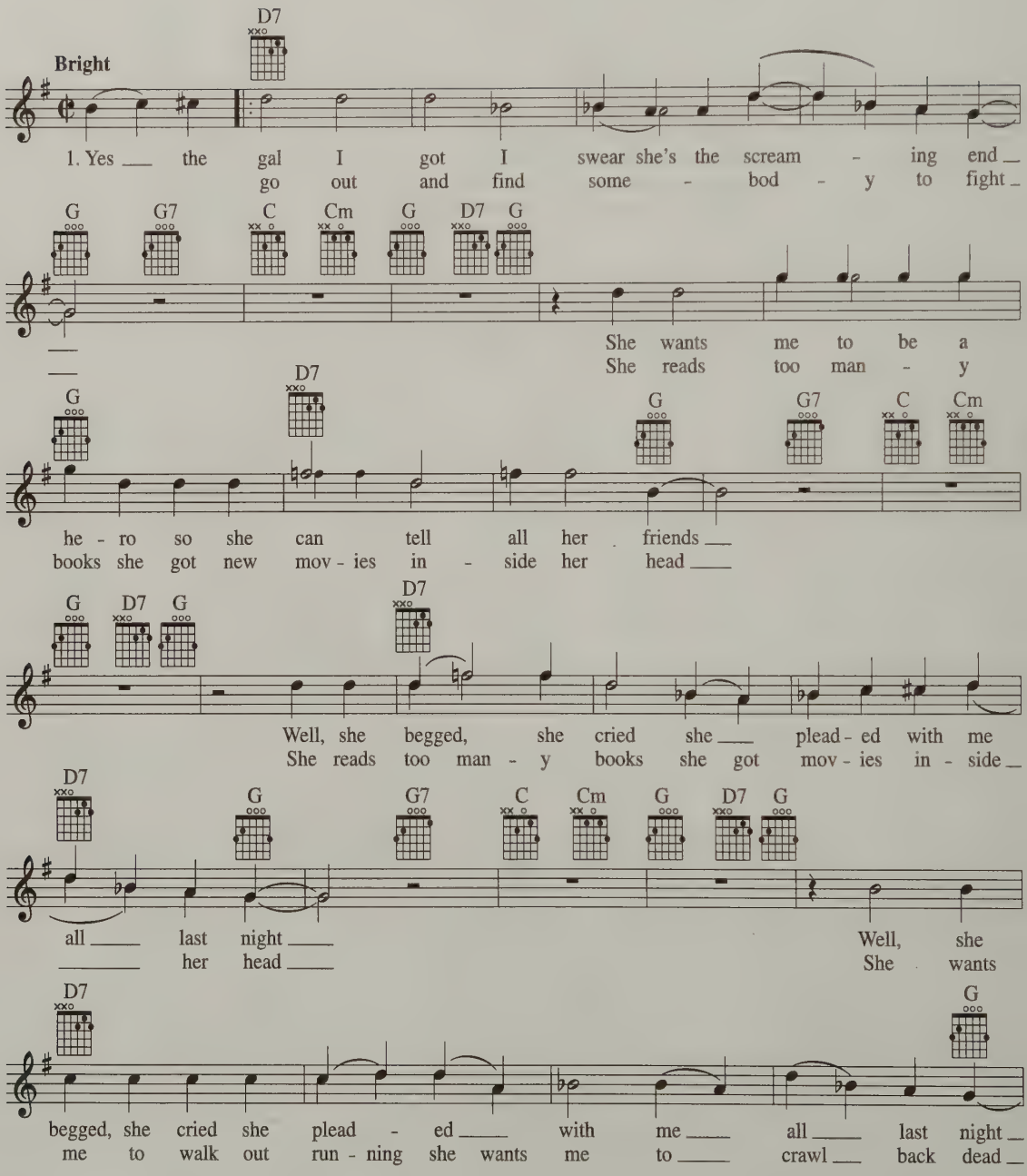
2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door.
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

3. There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart, whose better days are o'er.
Though her voice it would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

Hero Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Bright
D7
1. Yes the gal I got I swear she's the scream - ing end
go out and find some - bod - y to fight
G G7 C Cm G D7 G
She wants me to be a
She reads too man - y
G D7 G Cm
he - ro so she can tell all her friends
books she got new mov - ies in - side her head
G D7 G D7
Well, she begged, she cried she plead - ed with me
She reads too man - y books she got mov - ies in - side
D7 G G7 C Cm G D7 G
all last night
her head
Well, she
She wants
D7 G
begged, she cried she plead - ed with me all last night
me to walk out run - ning she wants me to crawl back dead

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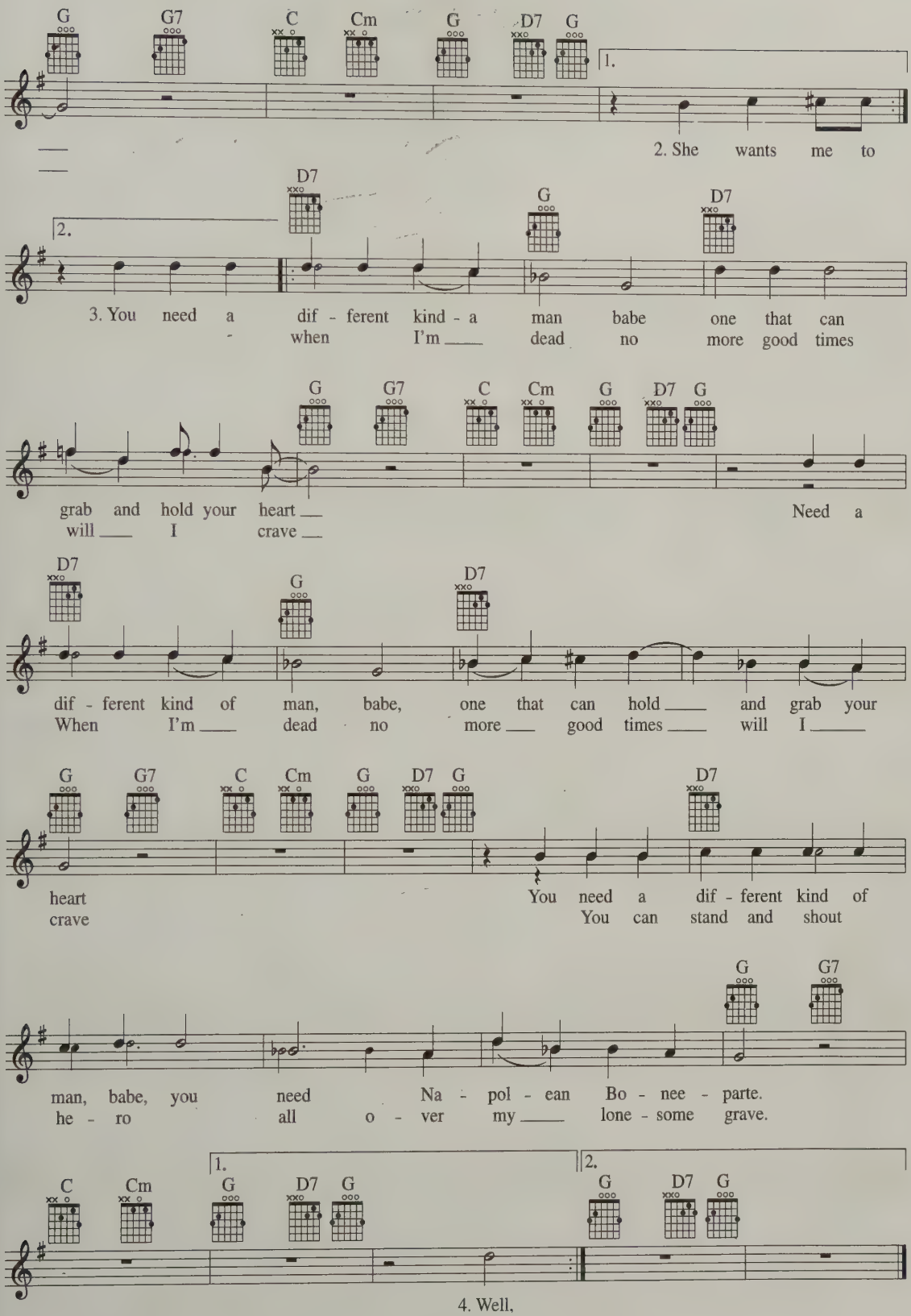
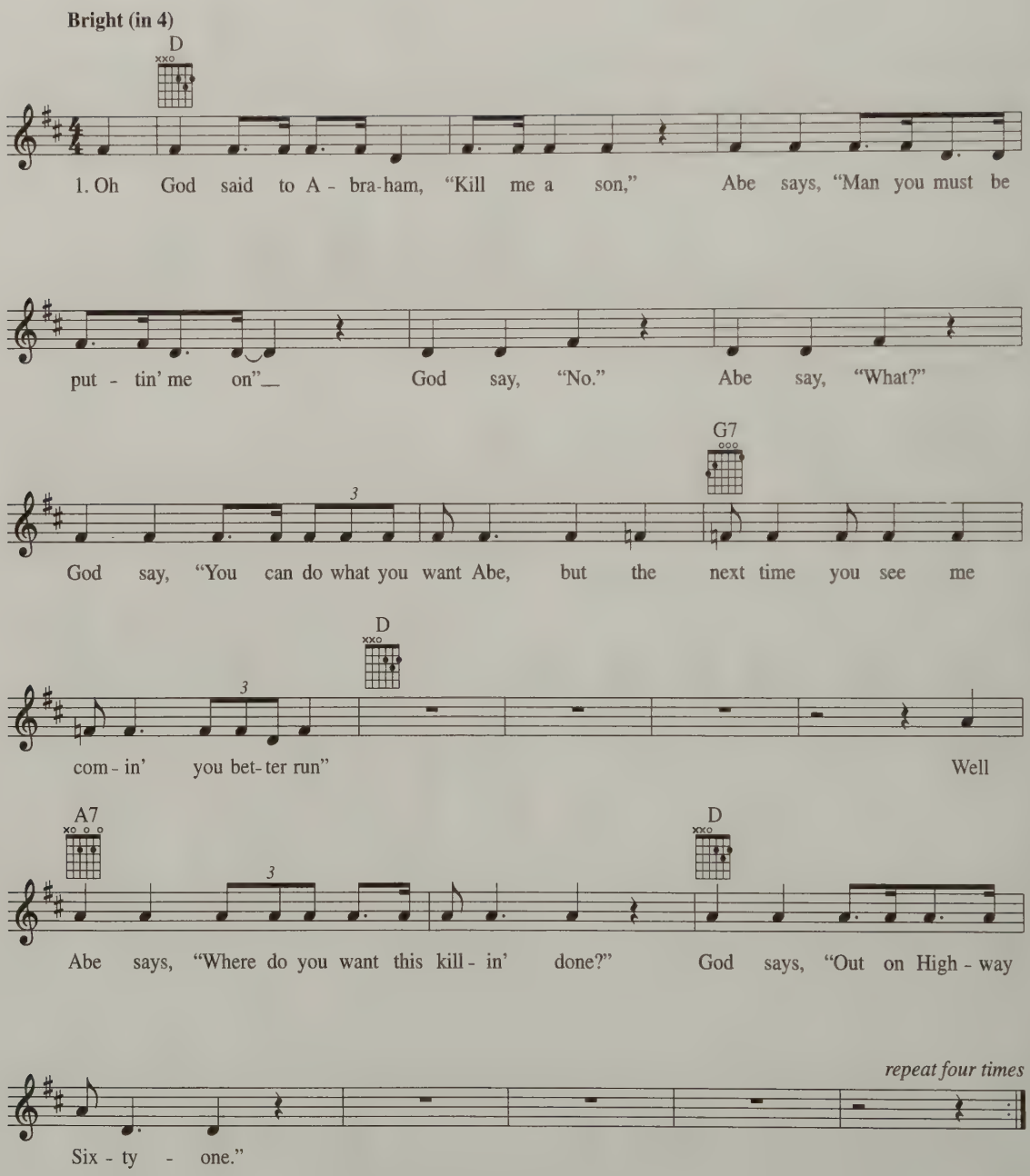

G G7 C Cm G D7 G
1.
2. She wants me to
D7 G D7
2.
3. You need a dif - ferent kind - a man babe one that can
when I'm ___ dead no more good times
G G7 C Cm G D7 G
grab and hold your heart ___ Need a
will ___ I crave ___
D7 G D7
dif - ferent kind of man, babe, one that can hold ___ and grab your
When I'm ___ dead no more ___ good times ___ will I ___
G G7 C Cm G D7 G D7
heart You need a dif - ferent kind of
crave You can stand and shout
G G7
man, babe, you need Na - pol - ean Bo - nee - parte.
he - ro all o - ver my ___ lone - some grave.
C Cm 1. G D7 G 2. G D7 G
4. Well,

Highway 61 Revisited

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Bright (in 4)
D
1. Oh God said to A - bra-ham, "Kill me a son," Abe says, "Man you must be
put - tin' me on"_ God say, "No." Abe say, "What?"
G7
God say, "You can do what you want Abe, but the next time you see me
D
com - in' you bet-ter run" Well
A7
D
Abe says, "Where do you want this kill - in' done?" God says, "Out on High - way
repeat four times
Six - ty - one."

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Additional lyrics

2. Well Georgia Sam he had a bloody nose
Welfare Department they wouldn't give him no clothes
He asked poor Howard where can I go
Howard said there's only one place I know
Sam said tell me quick man I got to run
Ol' Howard just pointed with his gun
And said that way down on Highway 61.

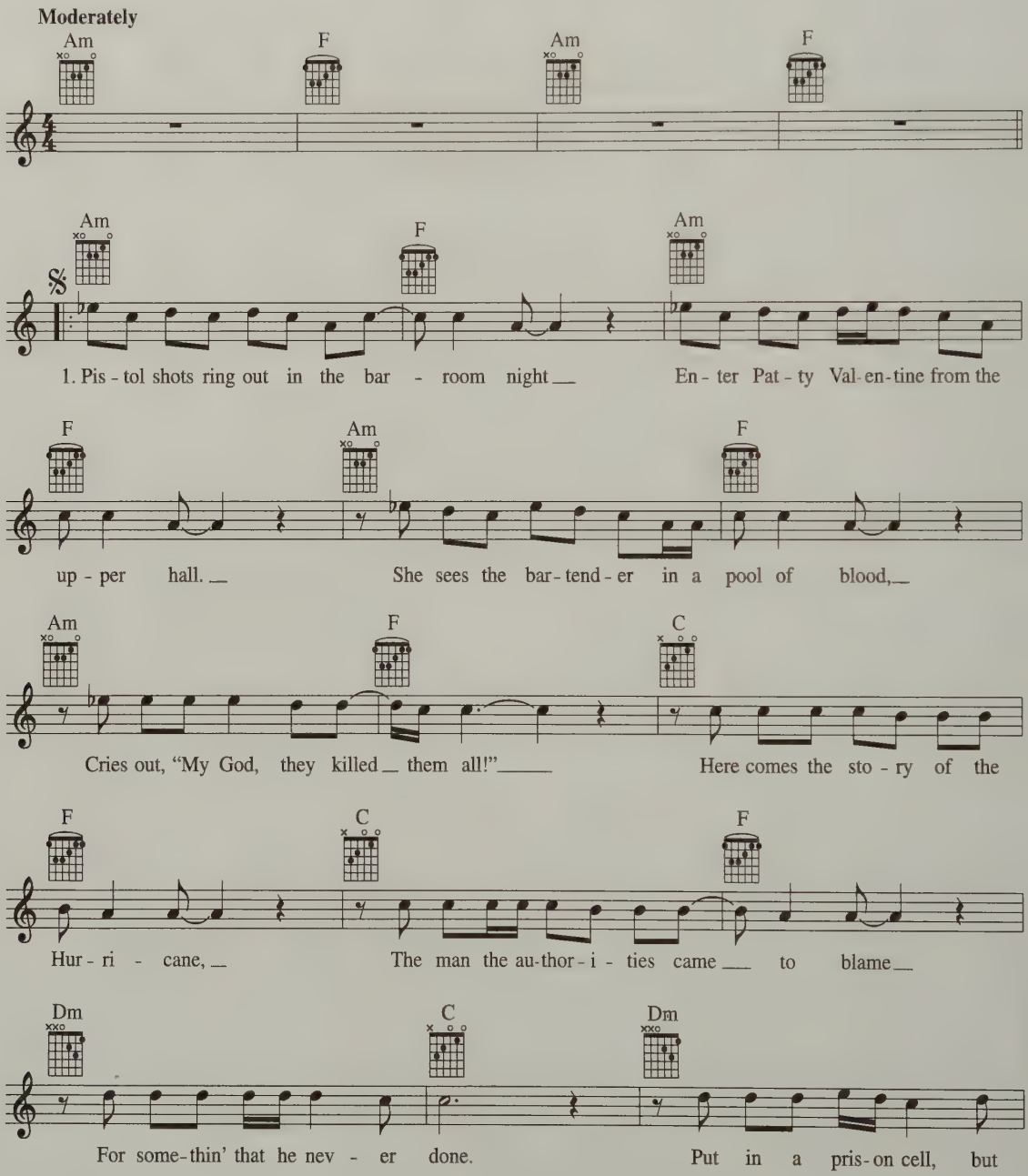
3. Well Mack the Finger said to Louie the King
I got forty red white and blue shoe strings
And a thousand telephones that don't ring
Do you know where I can get rid of these things
And Louie the King said let me think for a minute son
And he said yes I think it can be easily done
Just take everything down to Highway 61.

4. Now the fifth daughter on the twelfth night
Told the first father that things weren't right
My complexion she said is much too white
He said come here and step into the light he says hmm you're right
Let me tell the second mother this has been done
But the second mother was with the seventh son
And they were both out on Highway 61.

5. Now the rovin' gambler he was very bored
He was tryin' to create a next world war
He found a promoter who nearly fell off the floor
He said I never engaged in this kind of thing before
But yes I think it can be very easily done
We'll just put some bleachers out in the sun
And have it on Highway 61.

Hurricane

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy


Moderately
Am F Am F
Am F Am
1. Pis - tol shots ring out in the bar - room night En - ter Pat - ty Val - en - tine from the
F Am F
up - per hall. She sees the bar - tend - er in a pool of blood,
Am F C
Cries out, "My God, they killed them all!" Here comes the sto - ry of the
F C F
Hur - ri - cane, The man the au - thor - i - ties came to blame
Dm C Dm
For some - thin' that he nev - er done. Put in a pris - on cell, but

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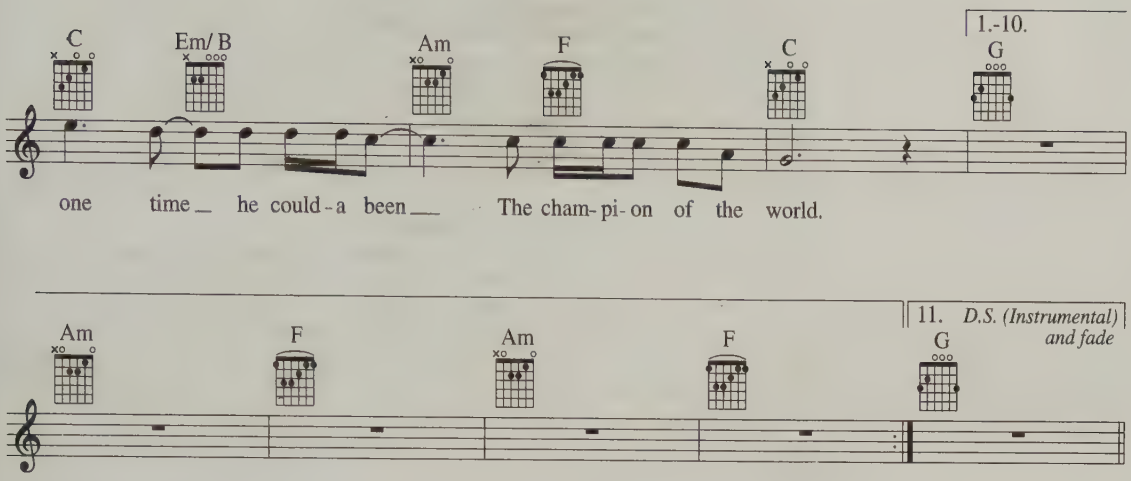


Additional lyrics

2. Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see
And another man named Bello, movin' around mysteriously.
"I didn't do it," he says, and he throws up his hands
"I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand.
I saw them leavin'," he says, and he stops
"One of us had better call up the cops."
And so Patty calls the cops
And they arrive on the scene with their red lights flashin'
In the hot New Jersey night.

3. Meanwhile, far away in another part of town
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around.
Number one contender for the middleweight crown
Had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down
When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road
Just like the time before and the time before that.
In Paterson that's just the way things go.
If you're black you might as well not show up on the street
'Less you wanna draw the heat.

4. Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops.
Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around
He said, "I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middleweights
They jumped into a white car with out-of-state plates."
And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head.
Cop said, "Wait a minute, boys, this one's not dead"
So they took him to the infirmary
And though this man could hardly see
They told him that he could identify the guilty men.

5. Four in the mornin' and they haul Rubin in,
Take him to the hospital and they bring him upstairs.
The wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye
Says, "Wha'd you bring him in here for? He ain't the guy!"
Yes, here's the story of the Hurricane,
The man the authorities came to blame
For somethin' that he never done.
Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been
The champion of the world.

6. Four months later, the ghettos are in flame,
Rubin's in South America, fightin' for his name
While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game
And the cops are puttin' the screws to him, lookin' for somebody to blame.
"Remember that murder that happened in a bar?"
"Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"
"You think you'd like to play ball with the law?"
"Think it might-a been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?"
"Don't forget that you are white."

7. Arthur Dexter Bradley said, "I'm really not sure."
Cops said, "A poor boy like you could use a break
We got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello
Now you don't wanta have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow.
You'll be doin' society a favor.
That sonofabitch is brave and gettin' braver.
We want to put his ass in stir
We want to pin this triple murder on him
He ain't no Gentleman Jim."

8. Rubin could take a man out with just one punch
But he never did like to talk about it all that much.
"It's my work," he'd say, "and I do it for pay.
And when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way
Up to some paradise
Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice
And ride a horse along a trail."
But then they took him to the jailhouse
Where they try to turn a man into a mouse.

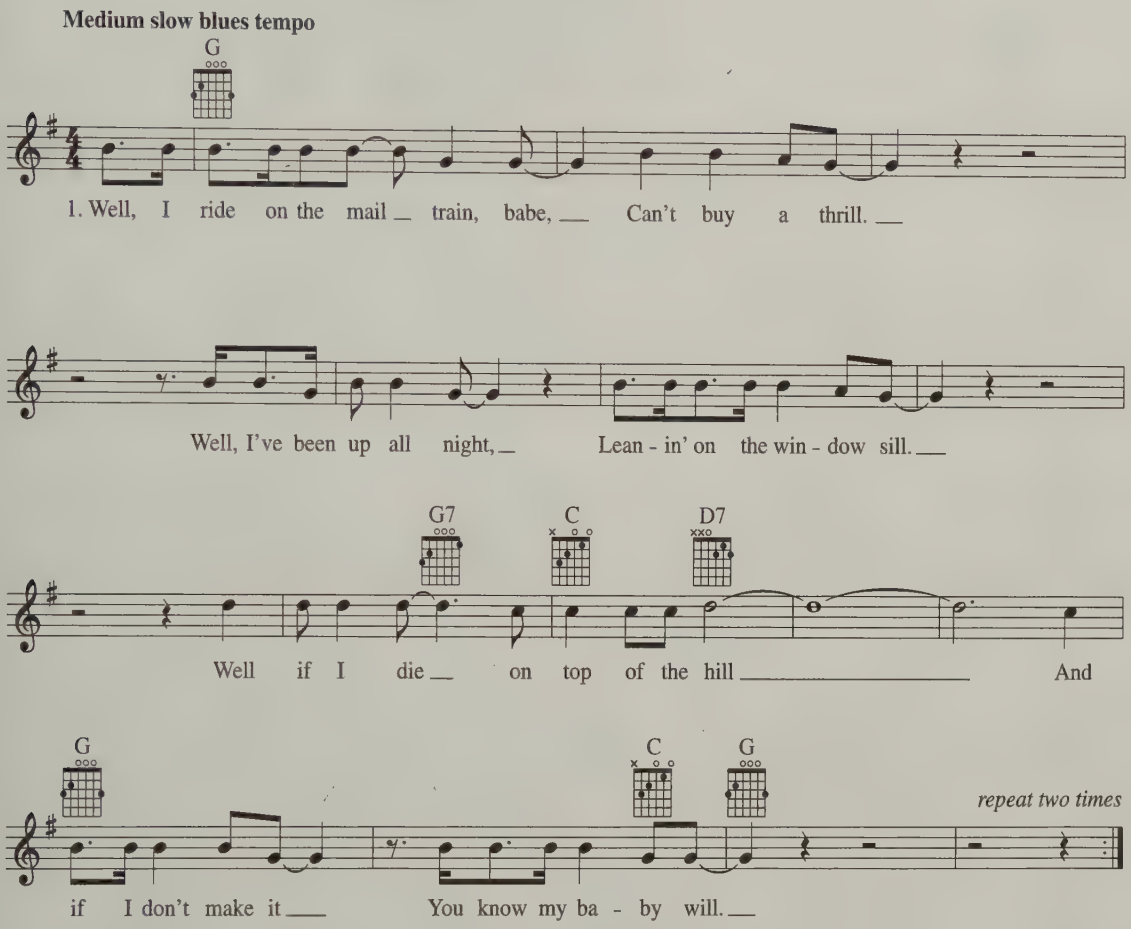
9. All of Rubin's cards were marked in advance
The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance.
The judge made Rubin's witnesses drunkards from the slums
To the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary bum
And to the black folks he was just a crazy nigger.
No one doubted that he pulled the trigger
And though they could not produce the gun,
The D.A. said he was the one who did the deed
And the all-white jury agreed.

10. Rubin Carter was falsely tried.
The crime was murder "one," guess who testified?
Bello and Bradley and they both baldly lied
And the newspapers, they all went along for the ride.
How can the life of such a man
Be in the palm of some fool's hand?
To see him obviously framed
Couldn't help but make me feel ashamed to live in a land
Where justice is a game.

11. Now all the criminals in their coats and their ties'
Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise
While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell
An innocent man in a living hell.
That's the story of the Hurricane,
But it won't be over till they clear his name
And give him back the time he's done.
Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been
The champion of the world.

It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium slow blues tempo
G
1. Well, I ride on the mail _ train, babe, __ Can't buy a thrill. __
Well, I've been up all night, _ Lean - in' on the win - dow sill. __
G7
C
D7
Well if I die __ on top of the hill _____ And
G
C
G
repeat two times
if I don't make it ___ You know my ba - by will. __

Additional lyrics

2. Don't the moon look good, mama,
Shinin' through the trees?
Don't the brakeman look good, mama,
Flagging down the "Double E"?
Don't the sun look good
Goin' down over the sea?
Don't my gal look fine
When she's comin' after me?

3. Now the wintertime is coming,
The windows are filled with frost.
I went to tell everybody,
But I could not get across.
Well, I wanna be your lover, baby,
I don't wanna be your boss.
Don't say I never warned you
When your train gets lost.

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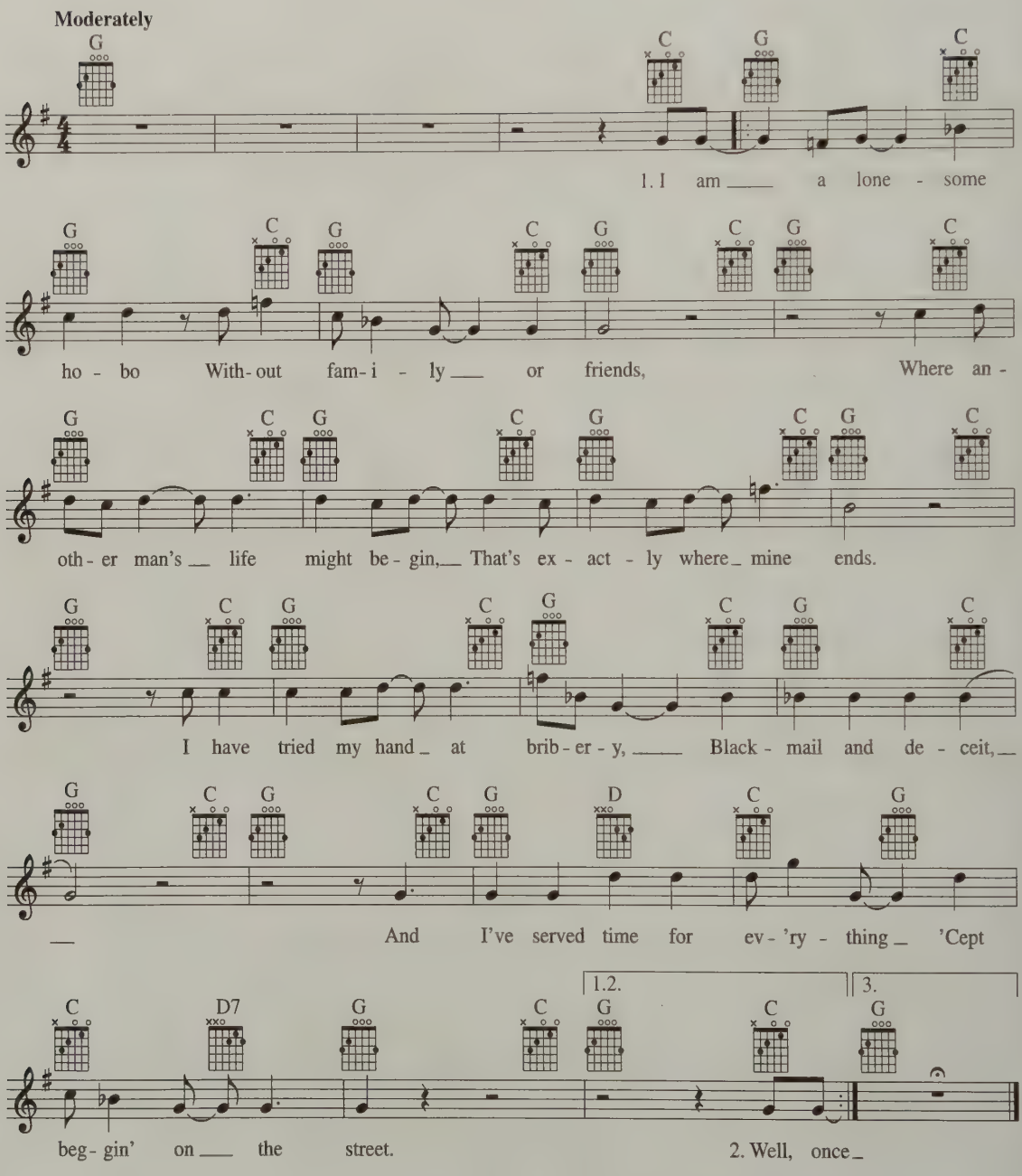
I Am a Lonesome Hobo

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
1. I am a lone - some
ho - bo With - out fam - i - ly or friends, Where an -
oth - er man's life might be - gin, That's ex - act - ly where mine ends.
I have tried my hand at brib - er - y, Black - mail and de - ceit,
And I've served time for ev - 'ry - thing 'Cept
beg - gin' on the street.
2. Well, once
1.2.
3.

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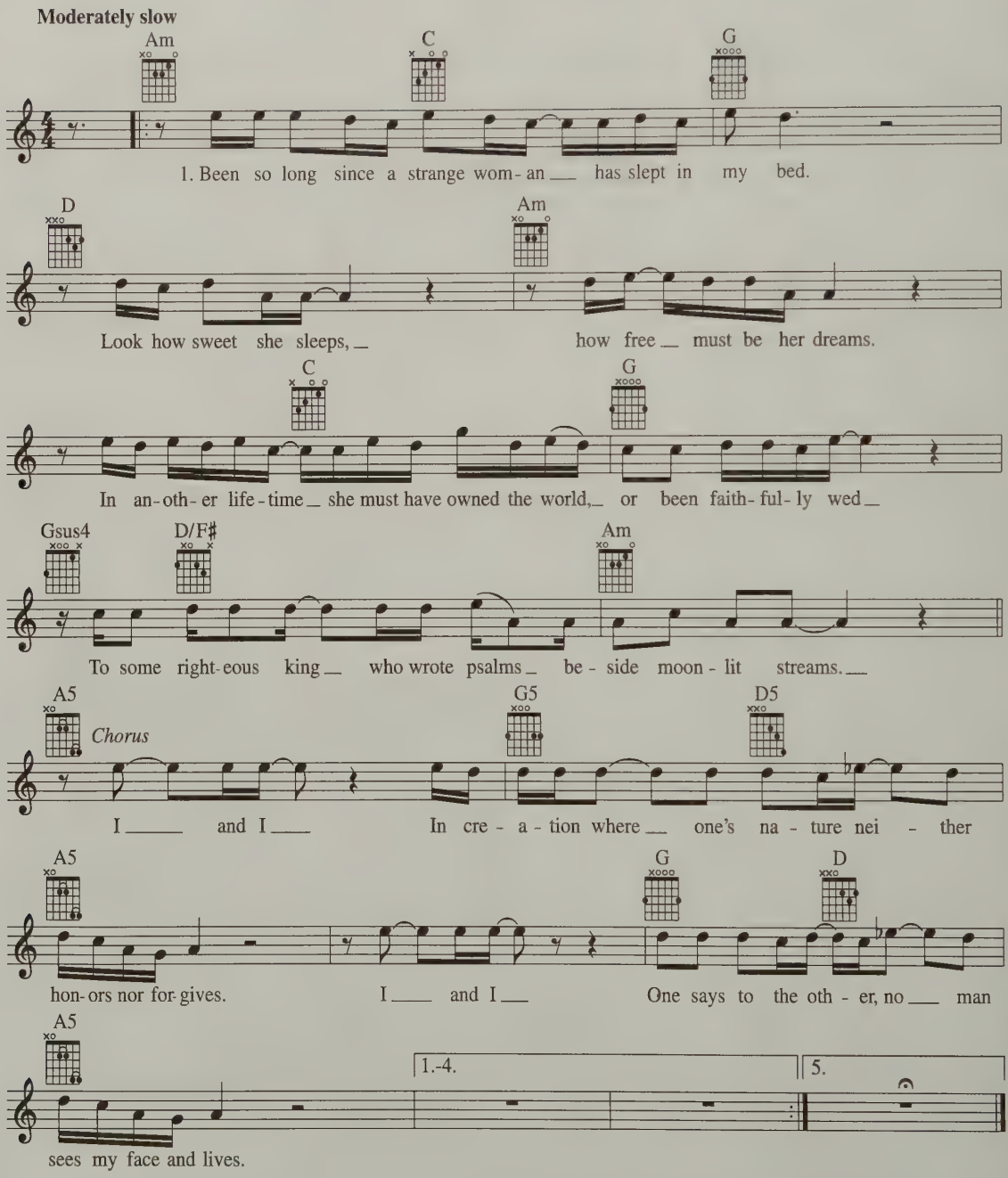
Additional lyrics

2. Well, once I was rather prosperous,
   There was nothing I did lack.
   I had fourteen-karat gold in my mouth
   And silk upon my back.
   But I did not trust my brother,
   I carried him to blame,
   Which led me to my fatal doom,
   To wander off in shame.

3. Kind ladies and kind gentlemen,
   Soon I will be gone,
   But let me just warn you all,
   Before I do pass on;
   Stay free from petty jealousies,
   Live by no man's code,
   And hold your judgment for yourself
   Lest you wind up on this road.

I and I

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
Am
C
G
1. Been so long since a strange wom- an has slept in my bed.
D
Am
Look how sweet she sleeps, how free must be her dreams.
C
G
In an- oth- er life- time she must have owned the world, or been faith- ful- ly wed
Gsus4
D/F♯
Am
To some right- eous king who wrote psalms be- side moon- lit streams.
A5
Chorus
G5
D5
I and I In cre- a- tion where one's na- ture nei- ther
A5
G
D
hon- ors nor for- gives. I and I One says to the oth- er, no man
A5
1.-4.
5.
sees my face and lives.

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Additional lyrics

2. Think I'll go out and go for a walk,
Not much happenin' here, nothin' ever does.
Besides, if she wakes up now, she'll just want me to talk
I got nothin' to say, 'specially about whatever was.

Chorus

3. Took an untrodden path once, where the swift don't win the race,
It goes to the worthy, who can divide the word of truth.
Took a stranger to teach me, to look into justice's beautiful face
And to see an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Chorus

4. Outside of two men on a train platform there's nobody in sight,
They're waiting for spring to come, smoking down the track.
The world could come to an end tonight, but that's all right.
She should still be there sleepin' when I get back.

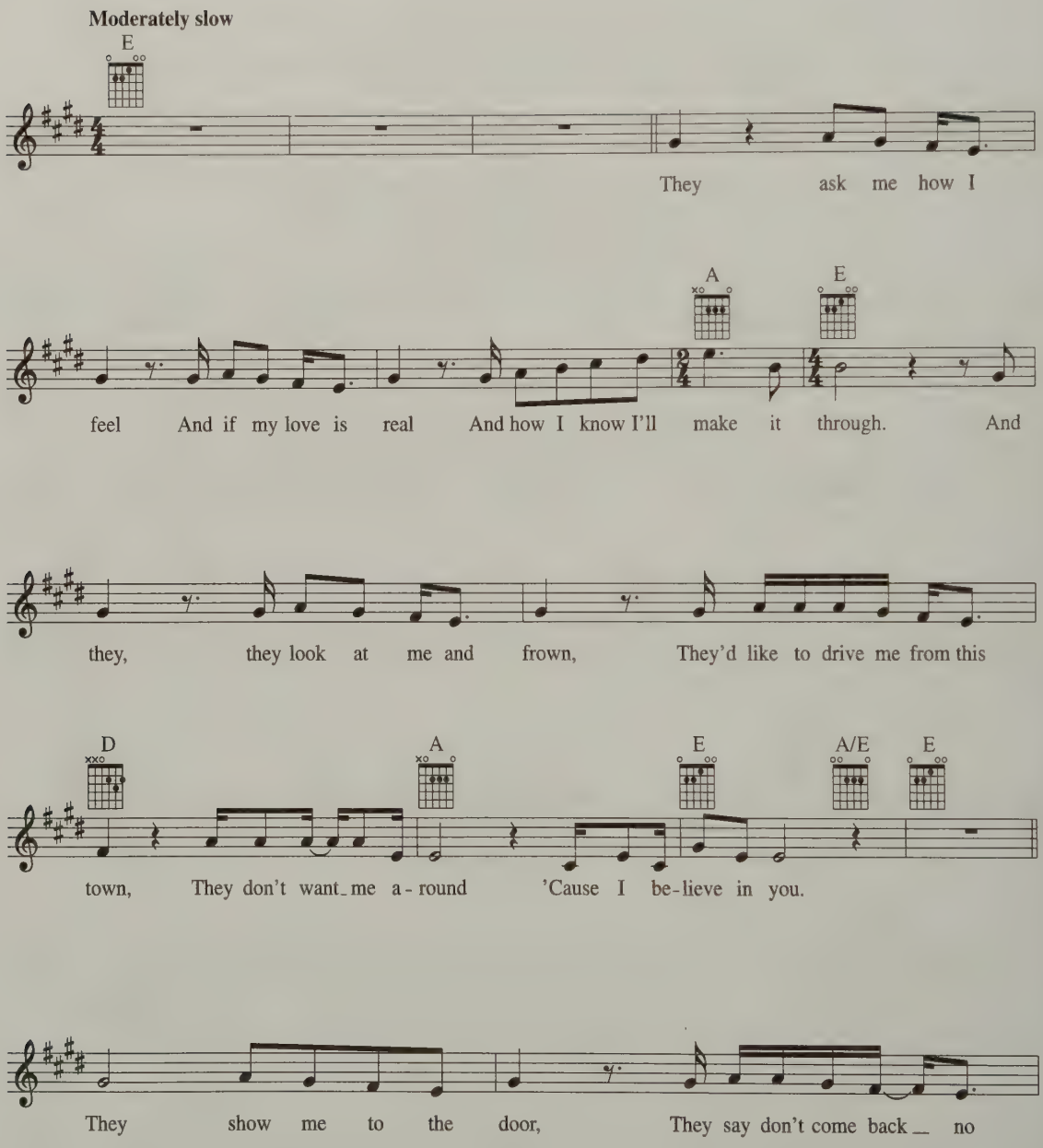
Chorus

5. Noontime, and I'm still pushin' myself along the road, the darkest part,
Into the narrow lanes, I can't stumble or stay put.
Someone else is speakin' with my mouth, but I'm listening only to my heart.
I've made shoes for everyone, even you, while I still go barefoot.

Chorus

I Believe in You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
E
They ask me how I
A
E
feel And if my love is real And how I know I'll make it through. And
they, they look at me and frown, They'd like to drive me from this
D
A
E
A/E
E
town, They don't want me a - round 'Cause I be - lieve in you.
They show me to the door, They say don't come back no

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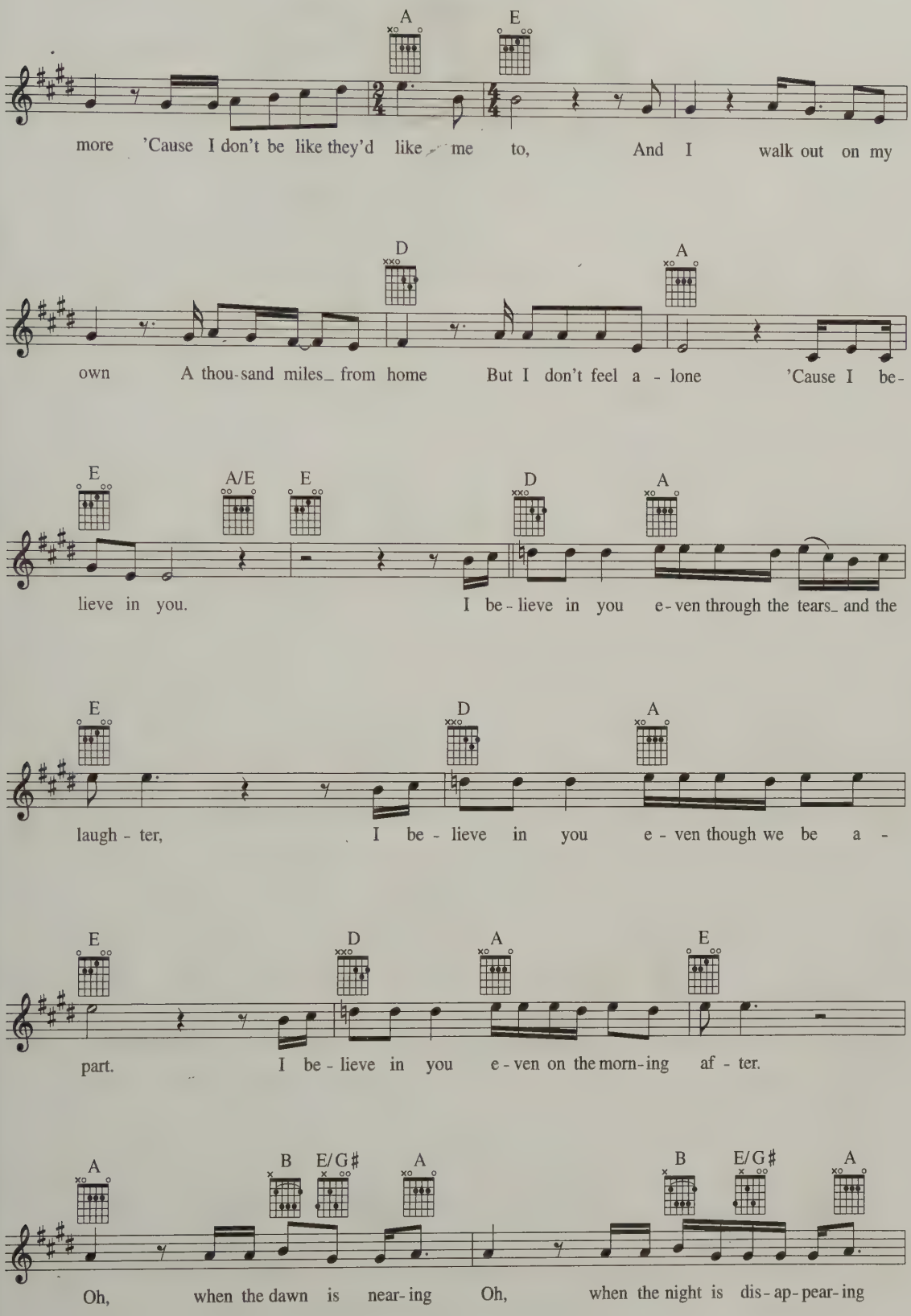
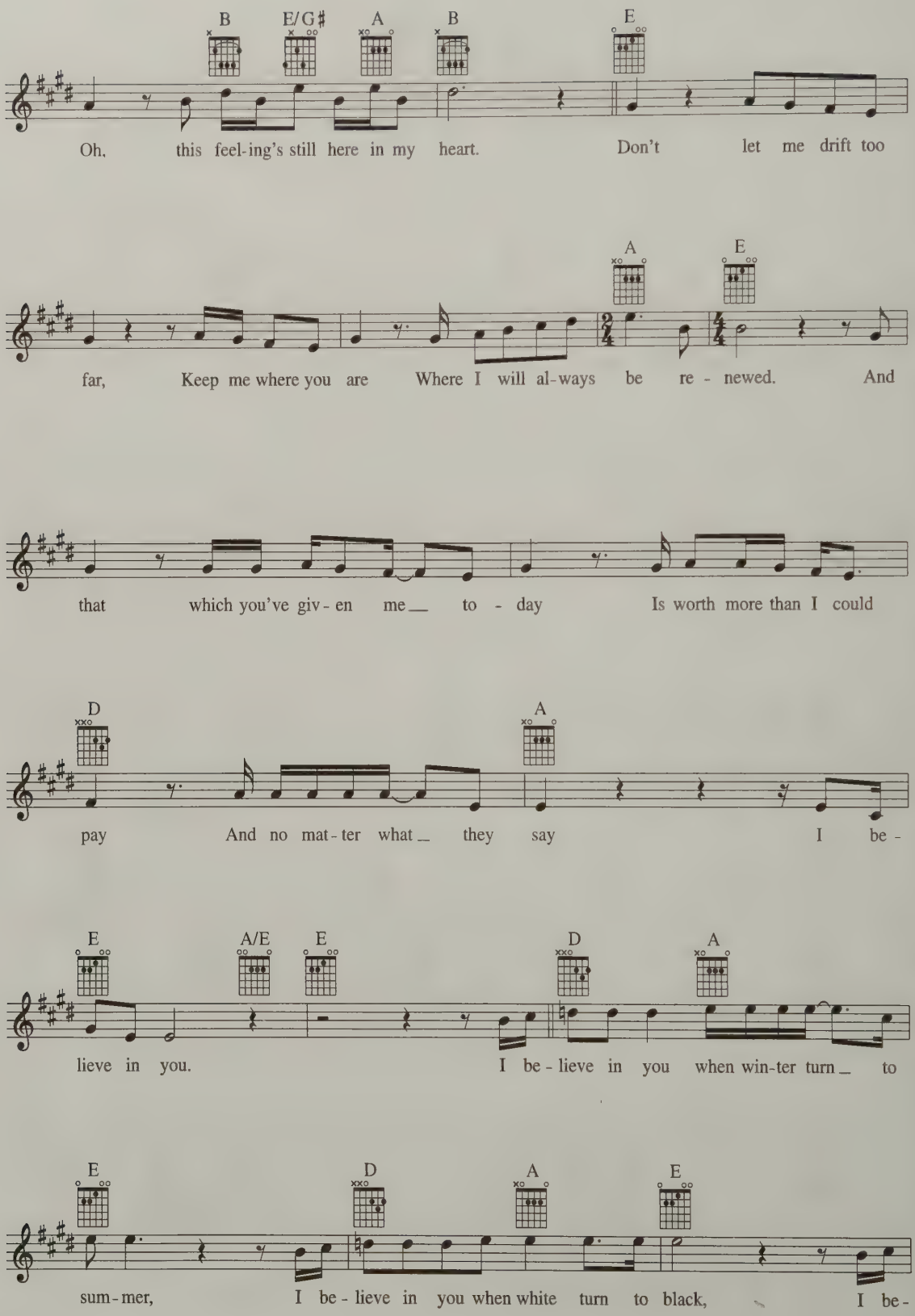
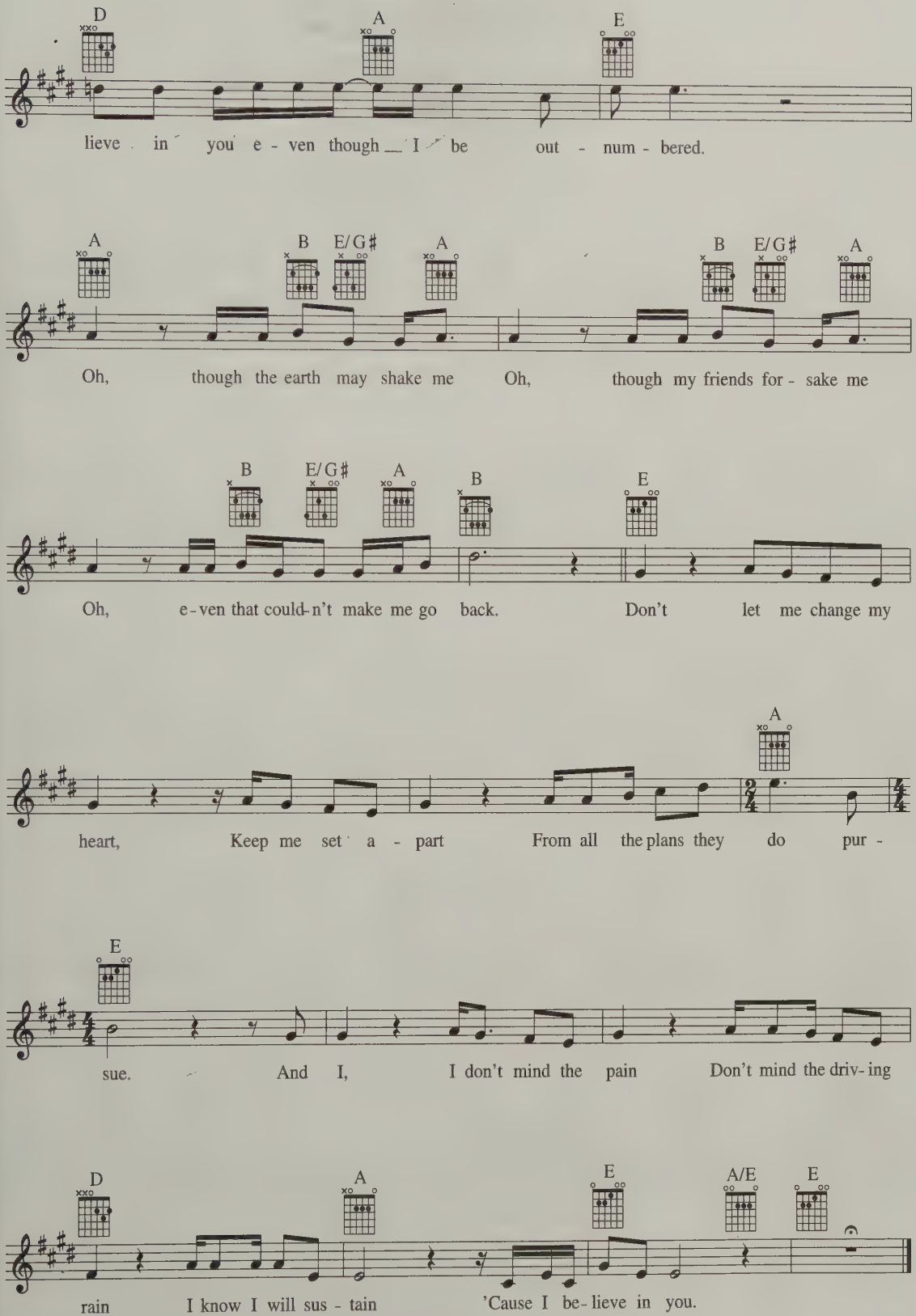

A
E
more 'Cause I don't be like they'd like me to, And I walk out on my
D
A
own A thou-sand miles_ from home But I don't feel a - lone 'Cause I be-
E
A/E
E
D
A
lieve in you. I be - lieve in you e - ven through the tears_ and the
E
D
A
laugh - ter, I be - lieve in you e - ven though we be a -
E
D
A
E
part. I be - lieve in you e - ven on the morn - ing af - ter.
A
B
E/G♯
A
B
E/G♯
A
Oh, when the dawn is near - ing Oh, when the night is dis - ap - pear - ing

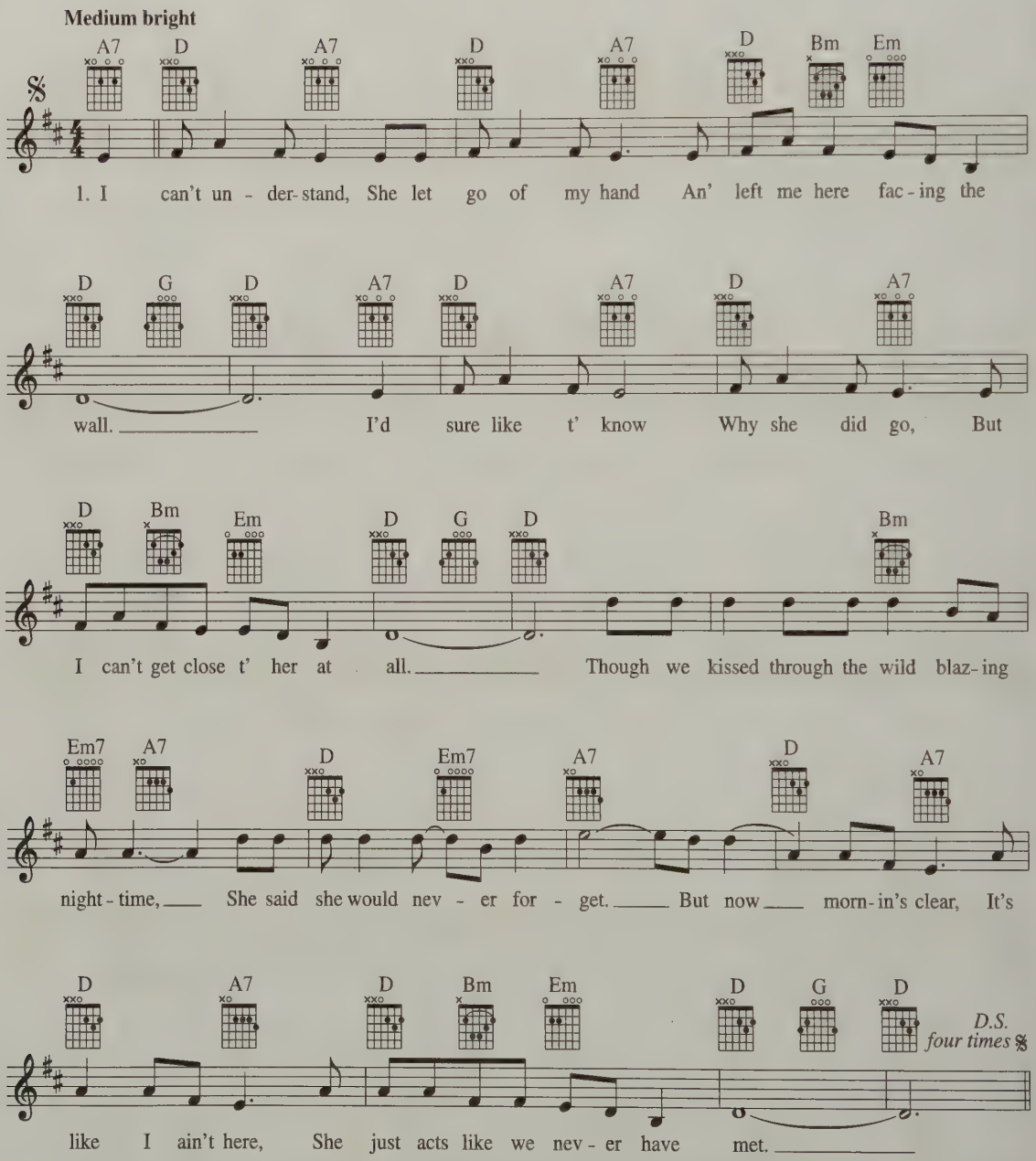

B E/G♯ A B E
Oh, this feel-ing's still here in my heart. Don't let me drift too
A E
far, Keep me where you are Where I will al-ways be re - newed. And
that which you've giv - en me to - day Is worth more than I could
D A
pay And no mat - ter what they say I be -
E A/E E D A
lieve in you. I be - lieve in you when win-ter turn to
E D A E
sum - mer, I be - lieve in you when white turn to black, I be -


D A E
lieve in you e - ven though I be out - num - bered.
A B E/G♯ A B E/G♯ A
Oh, though the earth may shake me Oh, though my friends for - sake me
B E/G♯ A B E
Oh, e-ven that could-n't make me go back. Don't let me change my
A
heart, Keep me set a - part From all the plans they do pur -
E
sue. And I, I don't mind the pain Don't mind the driv-ing
D A E A/E E
rain I know I will sus - tain 'Cause I be-lieve in you.

I Don't Believe You

(She Acts Like We Never Have Met)

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium bright
A7 D A7 D A7 D Bm Em
1. I can't un - der - stand, She let go of my hand An' left me here fac - ing the
D G D A7 D A7 D A7
wall. I'd sure like t' know Why she did go, But
D Bm Em D G D Bm
I can't get close t' her at all. Though we kissed through the wild blaz - ing
Em7 A7 D Em7 A7 D A7
night - time, She said she would nev - er for - get. But now morn - in's clear, It's
D A7 D Bm Em D G D
D.S. four times
like I ain't here, She just acts like we nev - er have met.

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Additional lyrics

2. It's all new t' me,
Like some mystery,
It could even be like a myth.
Yet it's hard t' think on,
That she's the same one
That last night I was with.
From darkness, dreams're deserted,
Am I still dreamin' yet?
I wish she'd unlock
Her voice once an' talk,
'Stead of acting like we never have met.

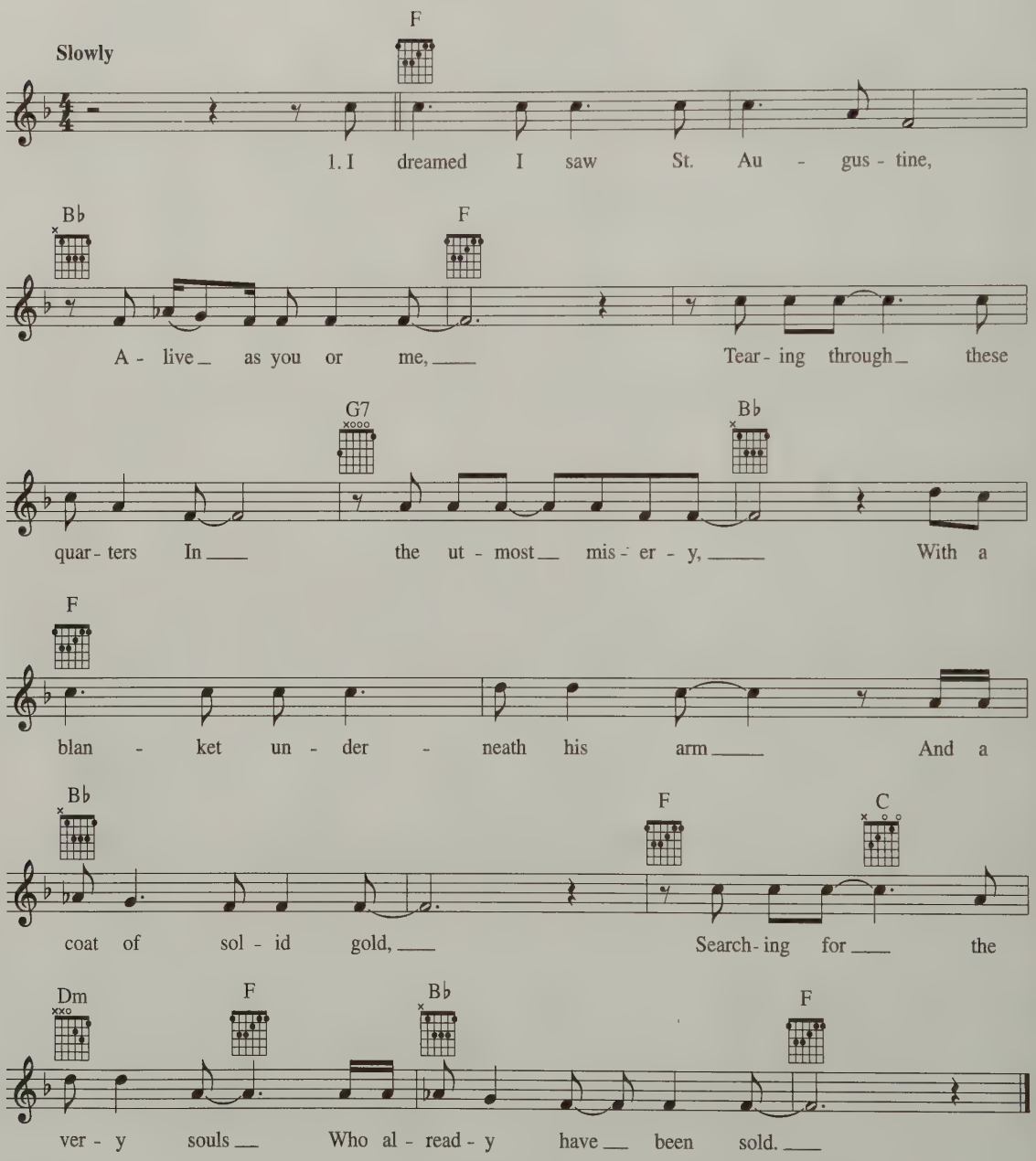
3. If she ain't feelin' well,
Then why don't she tell
'Stead of turnin' her back t' my face?
Without any doubt,
She seems too far out
For me t' return t' her chase.
Though the night ran swirling an' whirling,
I remember her whispering yet.
But evidently she don't
An' evidently she won't,
She just acts like we never have met.

4. If I didn't have t' guess,
I'd gladly confess
T' anything I might've tried.
If I was with 'er too long
Or have done something wrong,
I wish she'd tell me what it is, I'll run an' hide.
Though her skirt it swayed as a guitar played,
Her mouth was watery and wet.
But now something has changed
For she ain't the same,
She just acts like we never have met.

5. I'm leavin' today,
I'll be on my way
Of this I can't say very much.
But if you want me to,
I can be just like you
An' pretend that we never have touched.
An' if anybody asks me, "Is it easy to forget?"
I'll say, "It's easily done,
You just pick anyone,
An' pretend that you never have met!"

I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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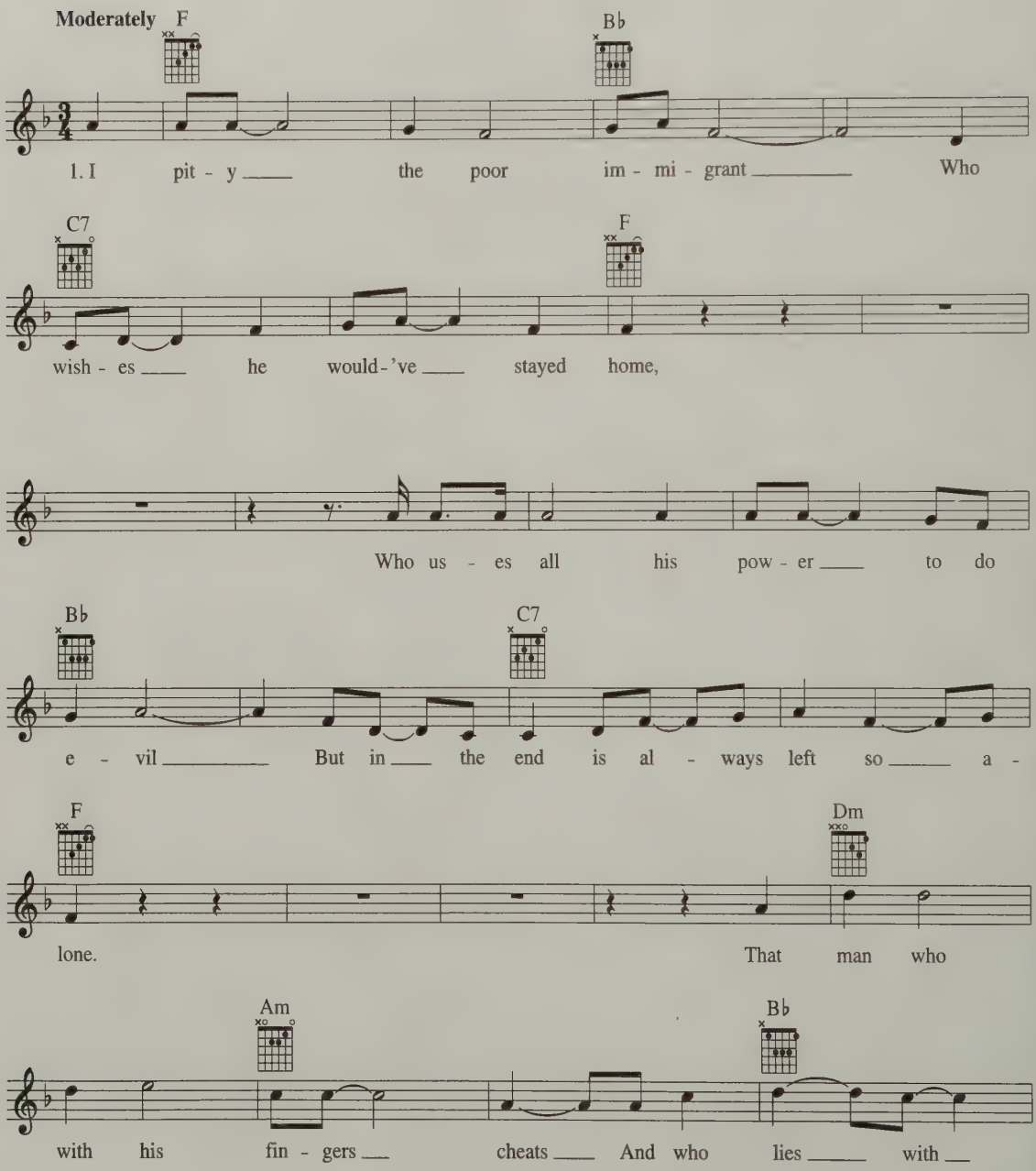
Additional lyrics

2. "Arise, arise," he cried so loud,
   In a voice without restraint,
   "Come out, ye gifted kings and queens
   And hear my sad complaint.
   No martyr is among ye now
   Whom you can call your own,
   So go on your way accordingly
   But know you're not alone."

3. I dreamed I saw St. Augustine,
   Alive with fiery breath,
   And I dreamed I was amongst the ones
   That put him out to death.
   Oh, I awoke in anger,
   So alone and terrified,
   I put my fingers against the glass
   And bowed my head and cried.

I Pity the Poor Immigrant

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
F
B♭
1. I pit - y the poor im - mi - grant Who
C7
F
wish - es he would-'ve stayed home,
Who us - es all his pow - er to do
B♭
C7
e - vil But in the end is al - ways left so a -
F
Dm
lone. That man who
Am
B♭
with his fin - gers cheats And who lies with

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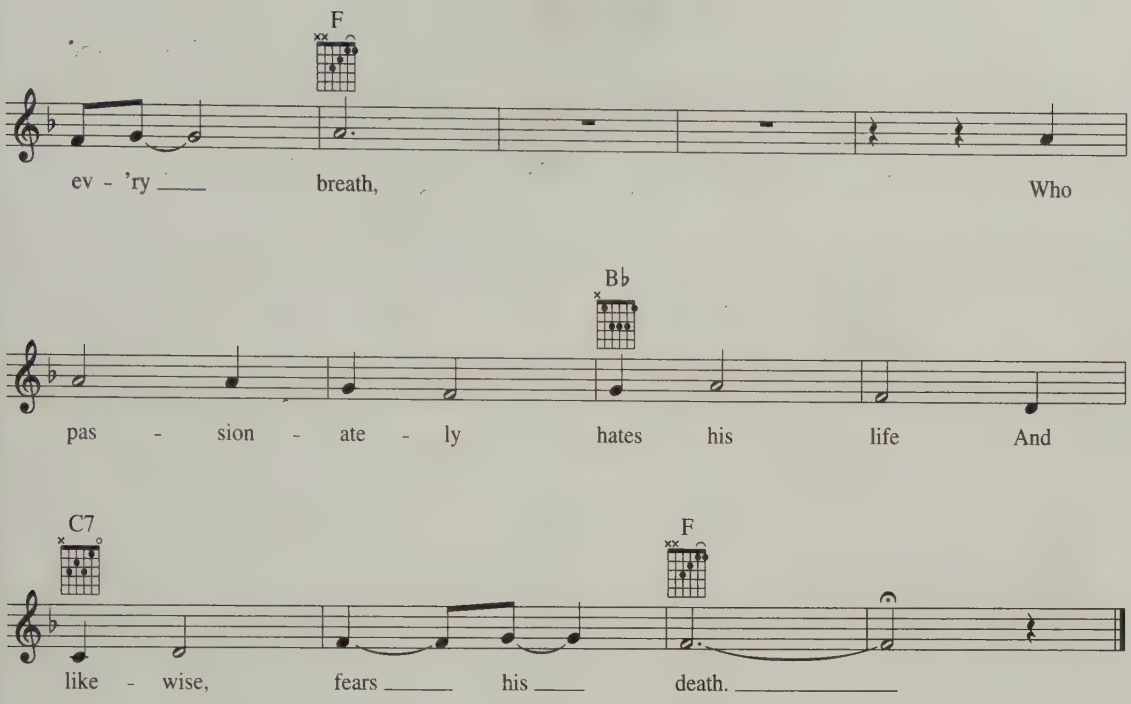


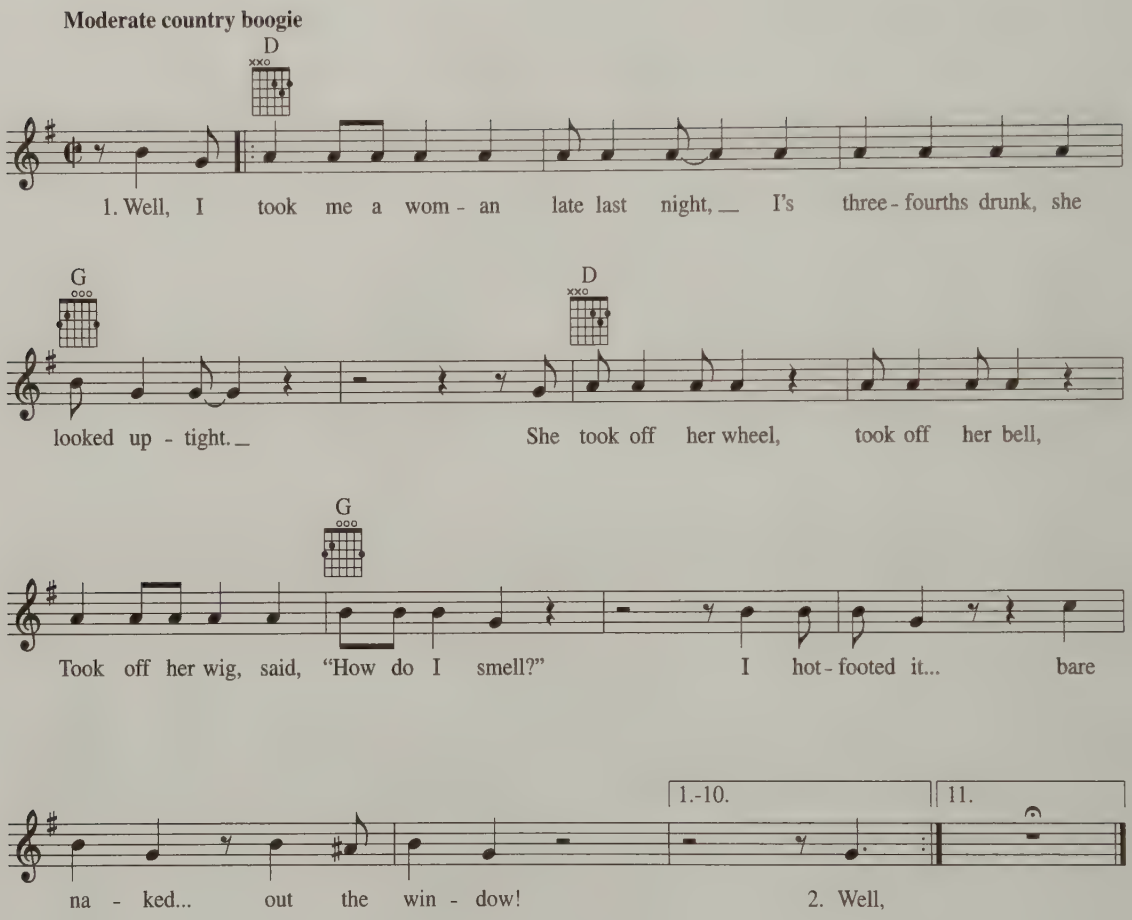
Additional lyrics

2. I pity the poor immigrant
Whose strength is spent in vain,
Whose heaven is like Ironsides,
Whose tears are like rain,
Who eats but is not satisfied,
Who hears but does not see,
Who falls in love with wealth itself
And turns his back on me.

3. I pity the poor immigrant
Who tramples through the mud,
Who fills his mouth with laughing
And who builds his town with blood,
Whose visions in the final end
Must shatter like the glass.
I pity the poor immigrant
When his gladness comes to pass.

I Shall Be Free

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate country boogie
D
1. Well, I took me a wom - an late last night, I's three - fourths drunk, she
G
D
looked up - tight. She took off her wheel, took off her bell,
G
Took off her wig, said, "How do I smell?" I hot - footed it... bare
1.-10.
11.
na - ked... out the win - dow! 2. Well,

Additional lyrics

2. Well, sometimes I might get drunk,
Walk like a duck and stomp like a skunk.
Don't hurt me none, don't hurt my pride
'Cause I got my little lady right by my side.
(Right there
Proud as can be)

3. I's out there paintin' on the old woodshed
When a can a black paint it fell on my head.
I went down to scrub and rub
But I had to sit in back of the tub.
(Cost a quarter
And I had to get out quick . . .
Someone wanted to come in and take a sauna)

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4. Well, my telephone rang it would not stop,
   It's President Kennedy callin' me up.
   He said, "My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?"
   I said, "My friend, John, Brigitte Bardot,
   Anita Ekberg, Sophia Loren."
   (Put 'em all in the same room with Ernest Borgnine!)

5. Well, I got a woman sleeps on a cot,
   She yells and hollers and squeals a lot.
   Licks my face and tickles my ear,
   Bends me over and buys me beer.
   (She's a honeymooner
   A June crooner
   A spoon feeder
   And a natural leader)

6. Oh, there ain't no use in me workin' so heavy,
   I got a woman who works on the levee.
   Pumping that water up to her neck,
   Every week she sends me a monthly check.
   (She's a humdinger
   Folk singer
   Dead ringer
   For a thing-a-muh jigger)

7. Late one day in the middle of the week,
   Eyes were closed I was half asleep.
   I chased me a woman up the hill,
   Right in the middle of an air raid drill.
   It was Little Bo Peep!
   (I jumped a fallout shelter
   I jumped a bean stalk
   I jumped a ferris wheel)

8. Now, the man on the stand he wants my vote,
   He's a-runnin' for office on the ballot note.
   He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple,
   Tellin' me he loves all kinds-a people.
   (He's eatin' bagels
   He's eatin' pizza
   He's eatin' chitlins
   He's eatin' bullshit!)

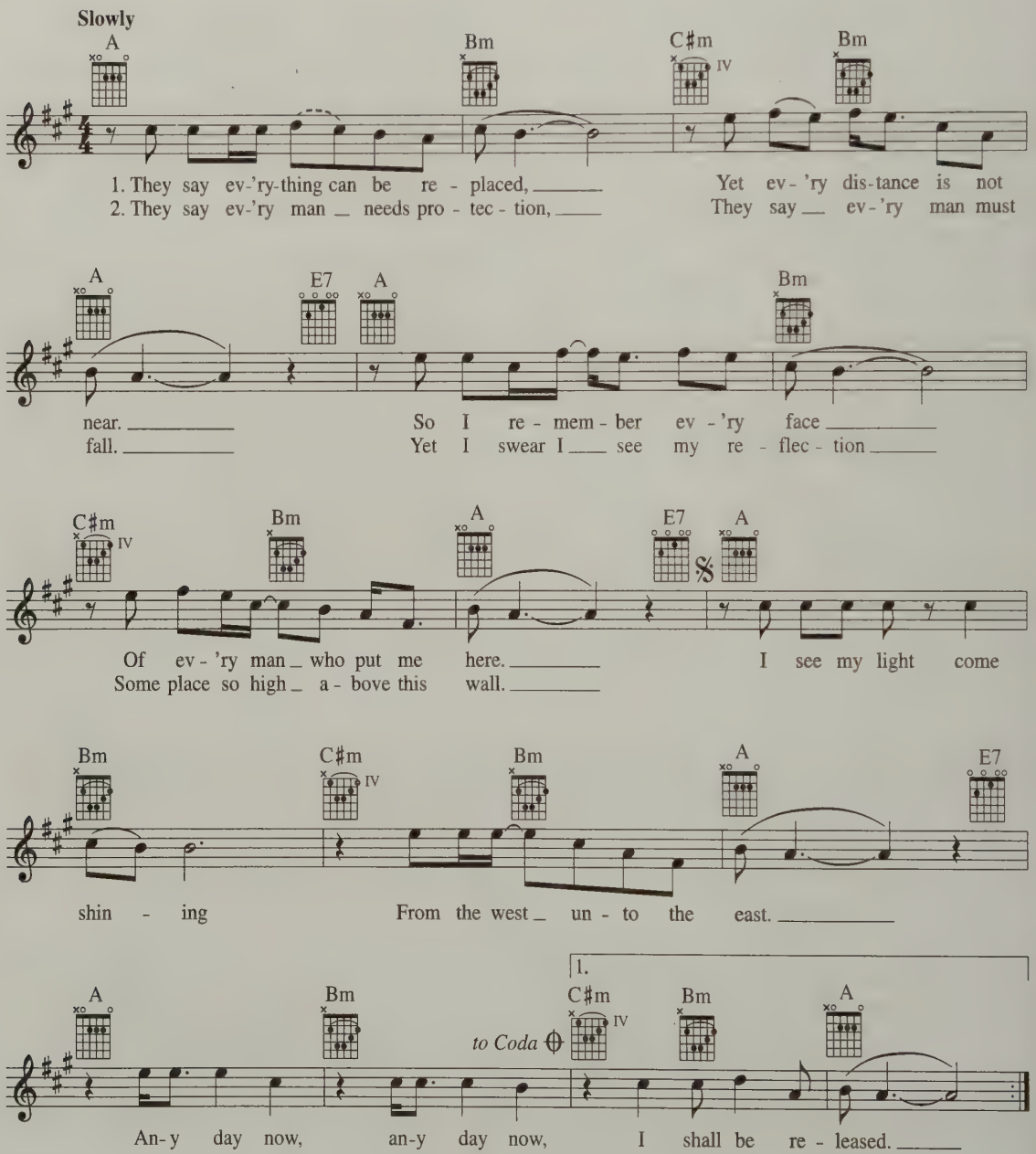
9. Oh, set me down on a television floor,
   I'll flip the channel to number four.
   Out of the shower comes a grown-up man
   With a bottle of hair oil in his hand.
   (It's that greasy kid stuff.
   What I want to know, Mr. Football Man, is
   What do you do about Willy Mays and Yul Brynner,
   Charles de Gaulle
   And Robert Louis Stevenson?)

10. Well, the funniest woman I ever seen
    Was the great-granddaughter of Mr. Clean.
    She takes about fifteen baths a day,
    Wants me to grow a cigar on my face.
    (She's a little bit heavy!)

11. Well, ask me why I'm drunk alla time,
    It levels my head and eases my mind.
    I just walk along and stroll and sing,
    I see better days and I do better things.
    (I catch dinosaurs
    I make love to Elizabeth Taylor . . .
    Catch hell from Richard Burton!)

I Shall Be Released

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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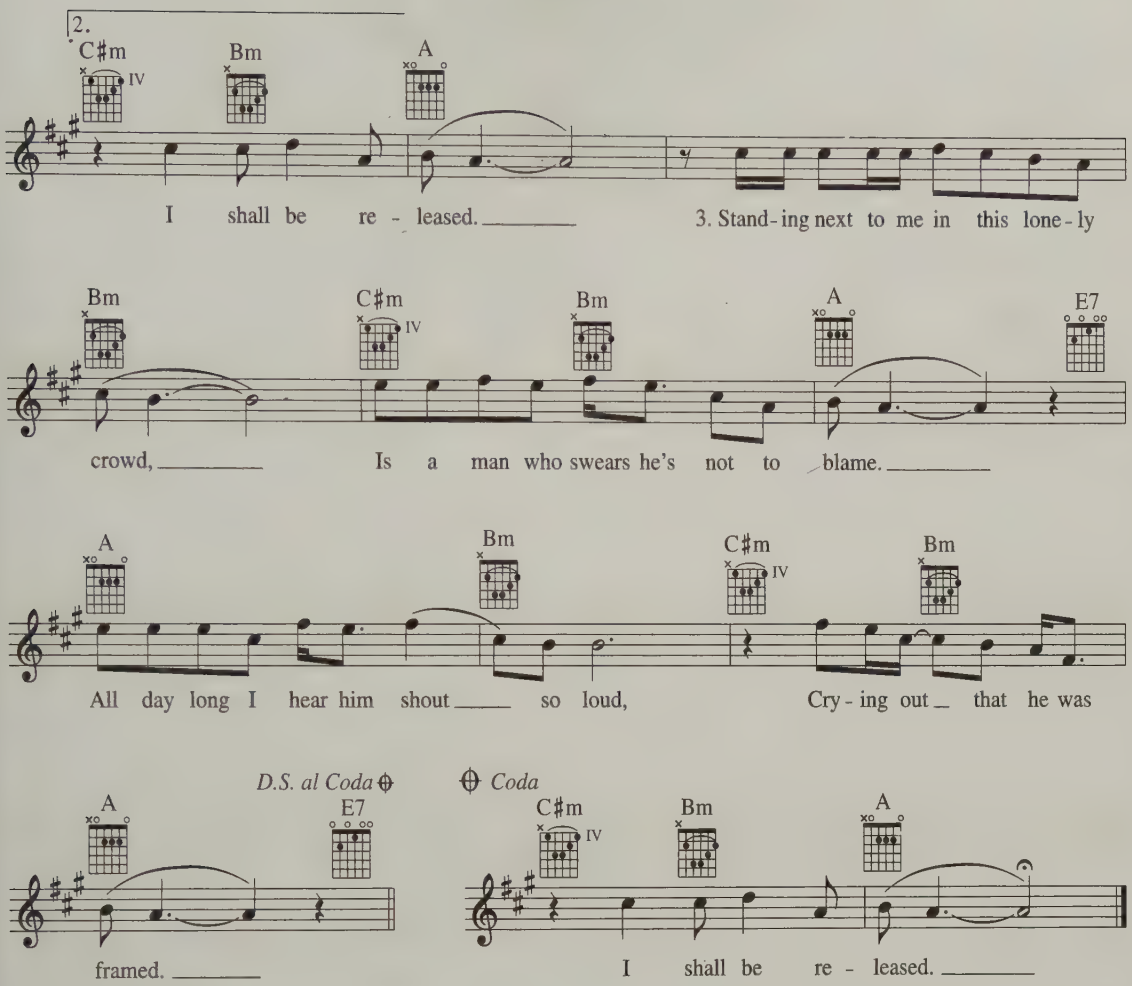
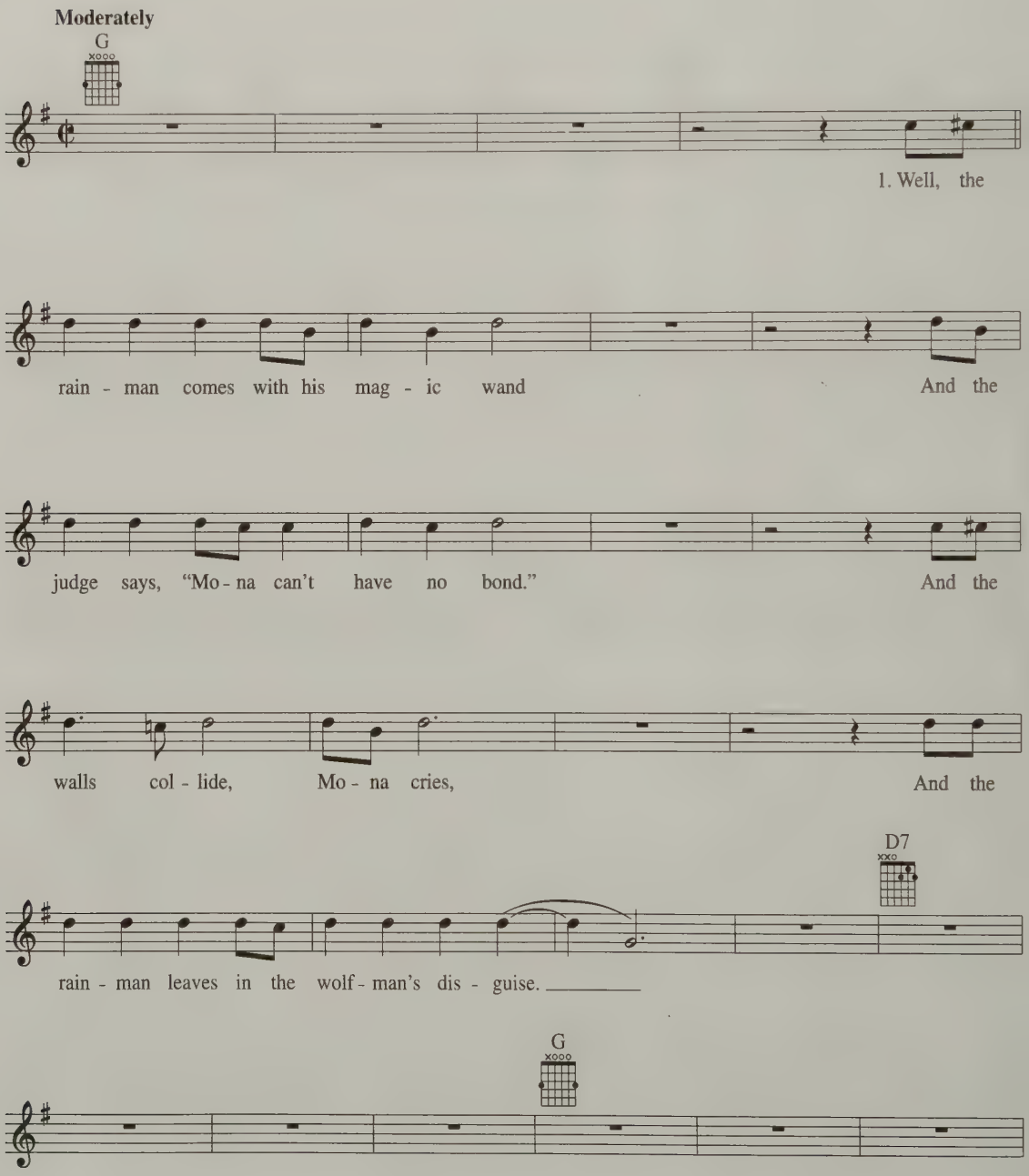

2.
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
I shall be re - leased.
3. Stand - ing next to me in this lone - ly
Bm
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
E7
crowd,
Is a man who swears he's not to blame.
A
Bm
C♯m
IV
Bm
All day long I hear him shout so loud,
Cry - ing out that he was
D.S. al Coda
A
E7
framed.
Coda
C♯m
IV
Bm
A
I shall be re - leased.

I Wanna Be Your Lover

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
G
1. Well, the
rain - man comes with his mag - ic wand And the
judge says, "Mo - na can't have no bond." And the
walls col - lide, Mo - na cries, And the
D7
rain - man leaves in the wolf - man's dis - guise.
G

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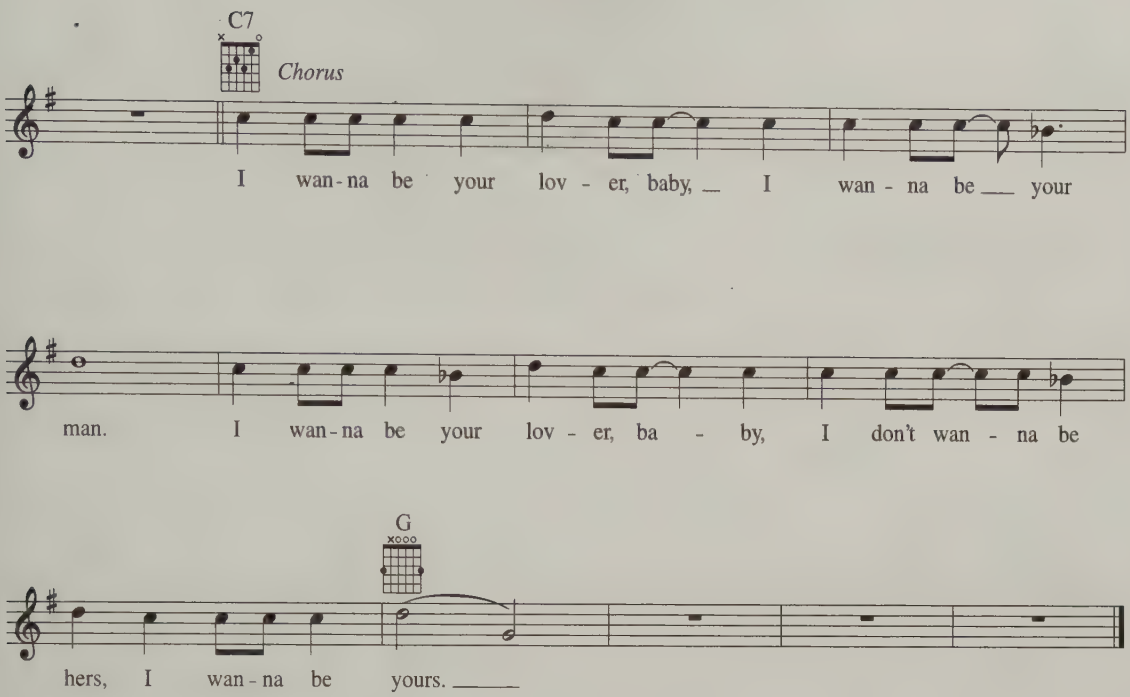


Additional lyrics

2. Well, the undertaker in his midnight suit
Says to the masked man, "Ain't you cute!"
Well, the mask man he gets up on the shelf
And he says, "You ain't so bad yourself."

Chorus

3. Well, jumpin' Judy can't go no higher.
She had bullets in her eyes, and they fire.
Rasputin he's so dignified,
He touched the back of her head an' he died.

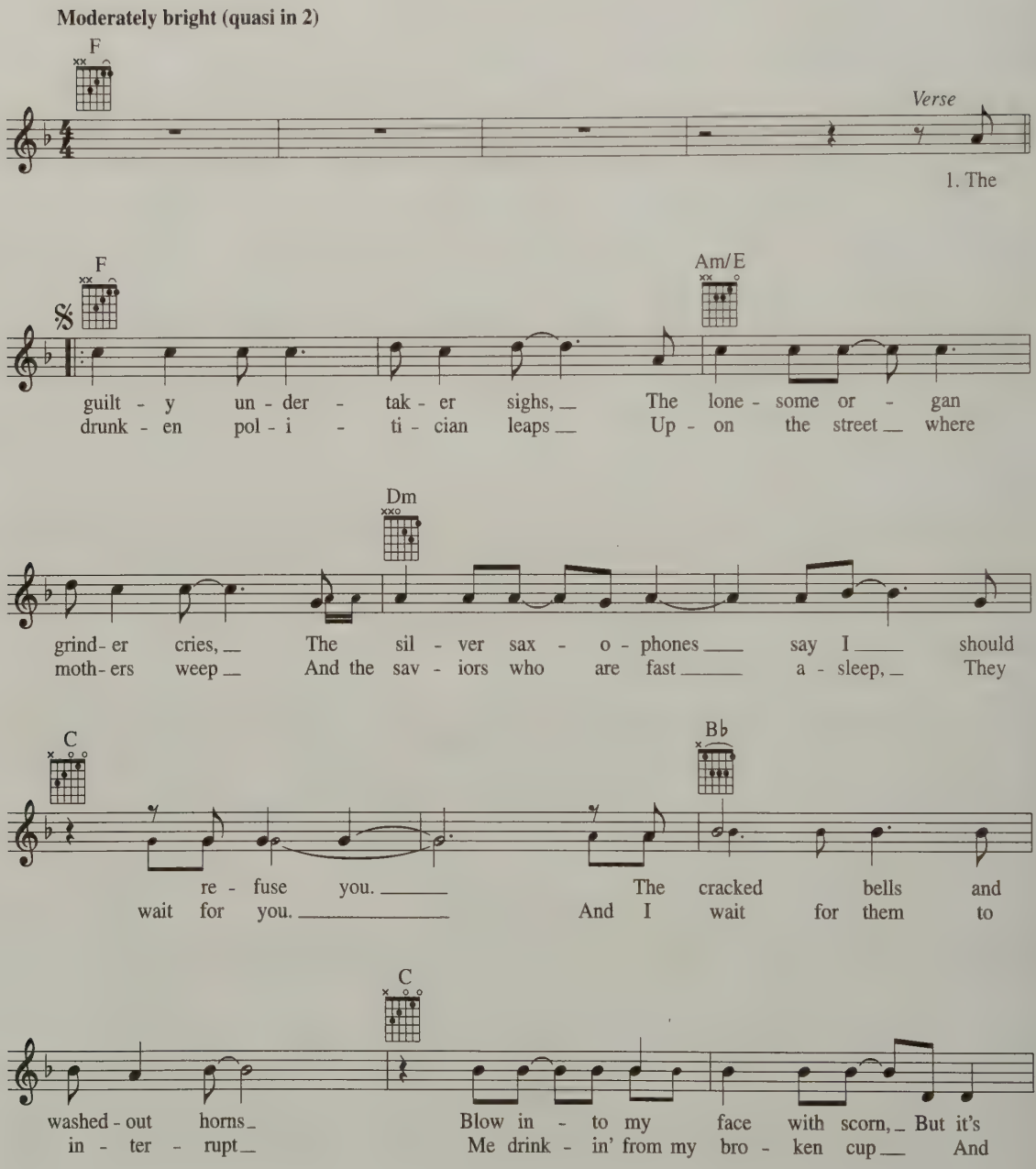
Chorus

4. Well, Phaedra with her looking glass,
Stretchin' out upon the grass.
She gets all messed up and she faints
That's 'cause she's so obvious and you ain't.

Chorus

I Want You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately bright (quasi in 2)
F
Verse
1. The
F
Am/E
guilt - y un - der - tak - er sighs, The lone - some or - gan
drunk - en pol - i - ti - cian leaps Up - on the street where
Dm
grind - er cries, The sil - ver sax - o - phones say I should
moth - ers weep And the sav - iors who are fast a - sleep, They
C
Bb
re - fuse you. The cracked bells and
wait for you. And I wait for them to
C
washed - out horns Blow in - to my face with scorn, But it's
in - ter - rupt Me drink - in' from my bro - ken cup And

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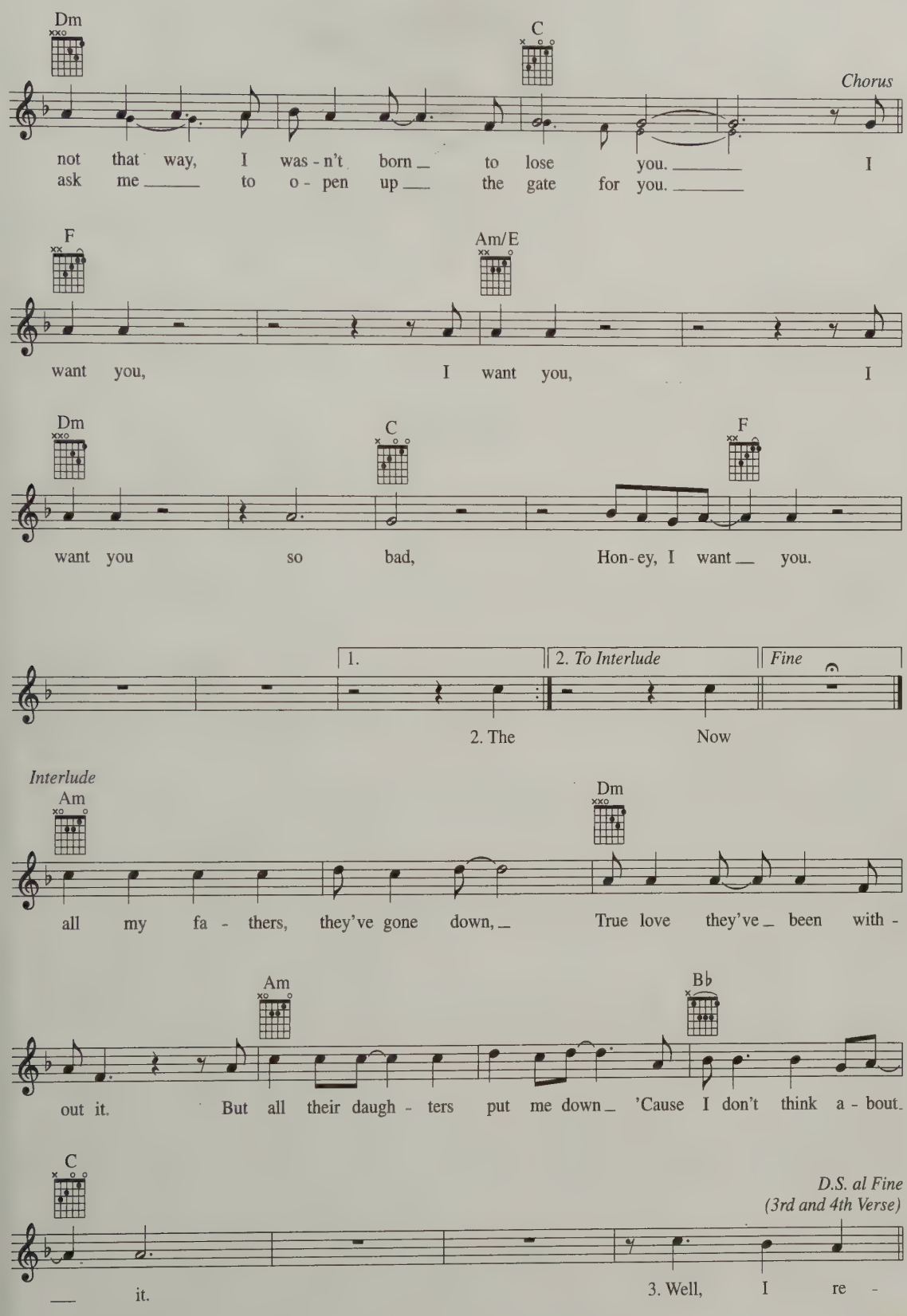

Dm
C
Chorus
not that way, I was - n't born _ to lose you. _____ I
ask me _____ to o - pen up ___ the gate for you. _____
F
Am/E
want you, I want you, I
Dm
C
F
want you so bad, Hon - ey, I want __ you.
1.
2. To Interlude
Fine
2. The Now
Interlude
Am
Dm
all my fa - thers, they've gone down, _ True love they've _ been with -
Am
B♭
out it. But all their daugh - ters put me down _ 'Cause I don't think a - bout
C
D.S. al Fine
(3rd and 4th Verse)
___ it. 3. Well, I re -

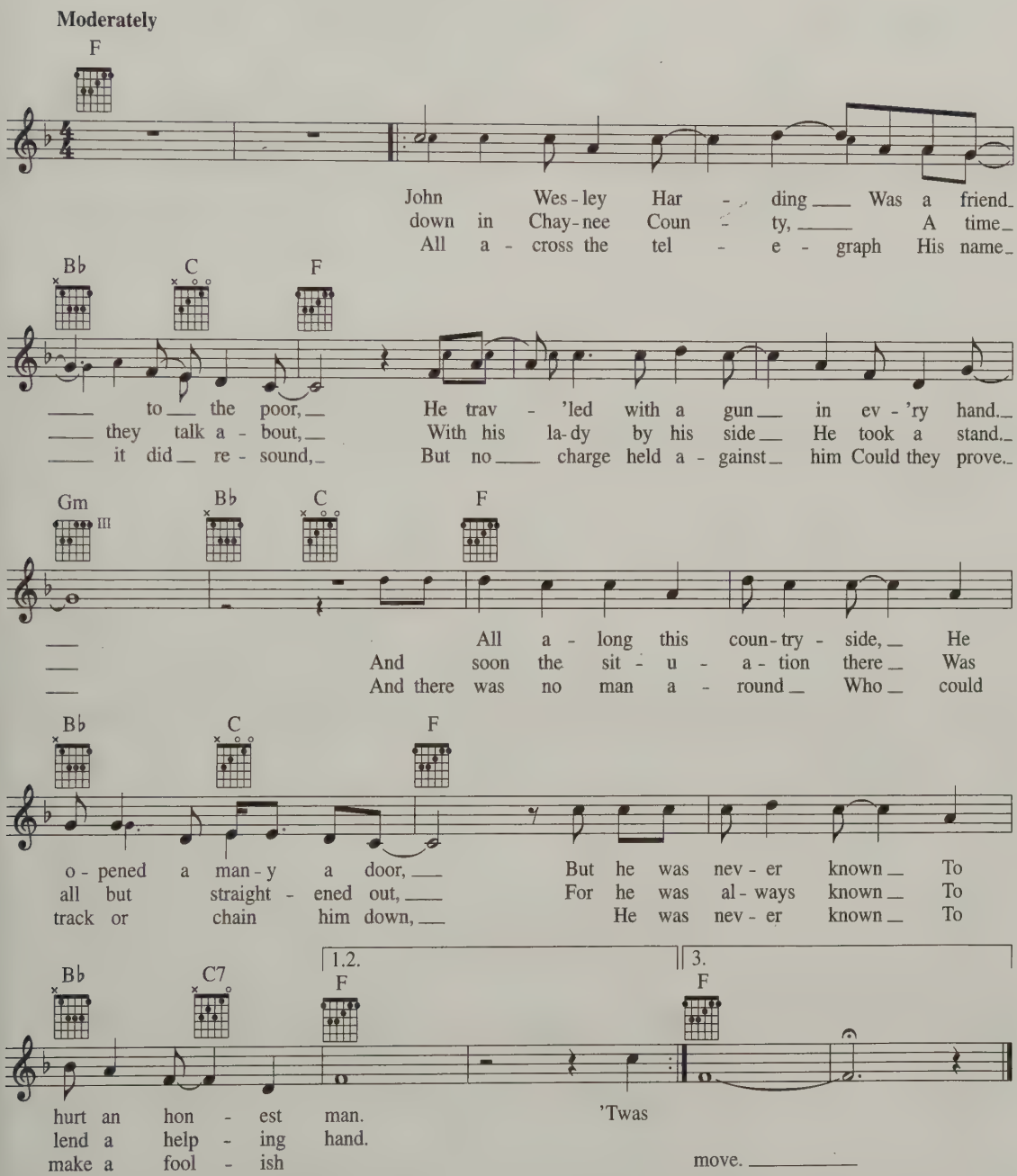
Additional lyrics

3. Well, I return to the Queen of Spades
   And talk with my chambermaid.
   She knows that I'm not afraid
   To look at her.
   She is good to me
   And there's nothing she doesn't see.
   She knows where I'd like to be
   But it doesn't matter.
   I want you, I want you,
   I want you so bad,
   Honey, I want you.

4. Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit,
   He spoke to me, I took his flute.
   No, I wasn't very cute to him,
   Was I?
   But I did it, though, because he lied
   Because he took you for a ride
   And because time was on his side
   And because I . . .
   I want you, I want you,
   I want you so bad,
   Honey, I want you.

John Wesley Harding

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
F
John Wes-ley Har-ding Was a friend
down in Chay-nee Coun-ty, A time
All a-cross the tel-e-graph His name
Bb C F
to the poor, He trav-'led with a gun in ev-'ry hand
they talk a-bout, With his la-dy by his side He took a stand
it did re-sound, But no charge held a-gainst him Could they prove
Gm III Bb C F
All a-long this coun-try-side, He
And soon the sit-u-a-tion there Was
And there was no man a-round Who could
Bb C F
o-pened a man-y a door, But he was nev-er known To
all but straight-ened out, For he was al-ways known To
track or chain him down, He was nev-er known To
Bb C7 1.2. F 3. F
hurt an hon-est man. 'Twas
lend a help-ing hand.
make a fool-ish move.

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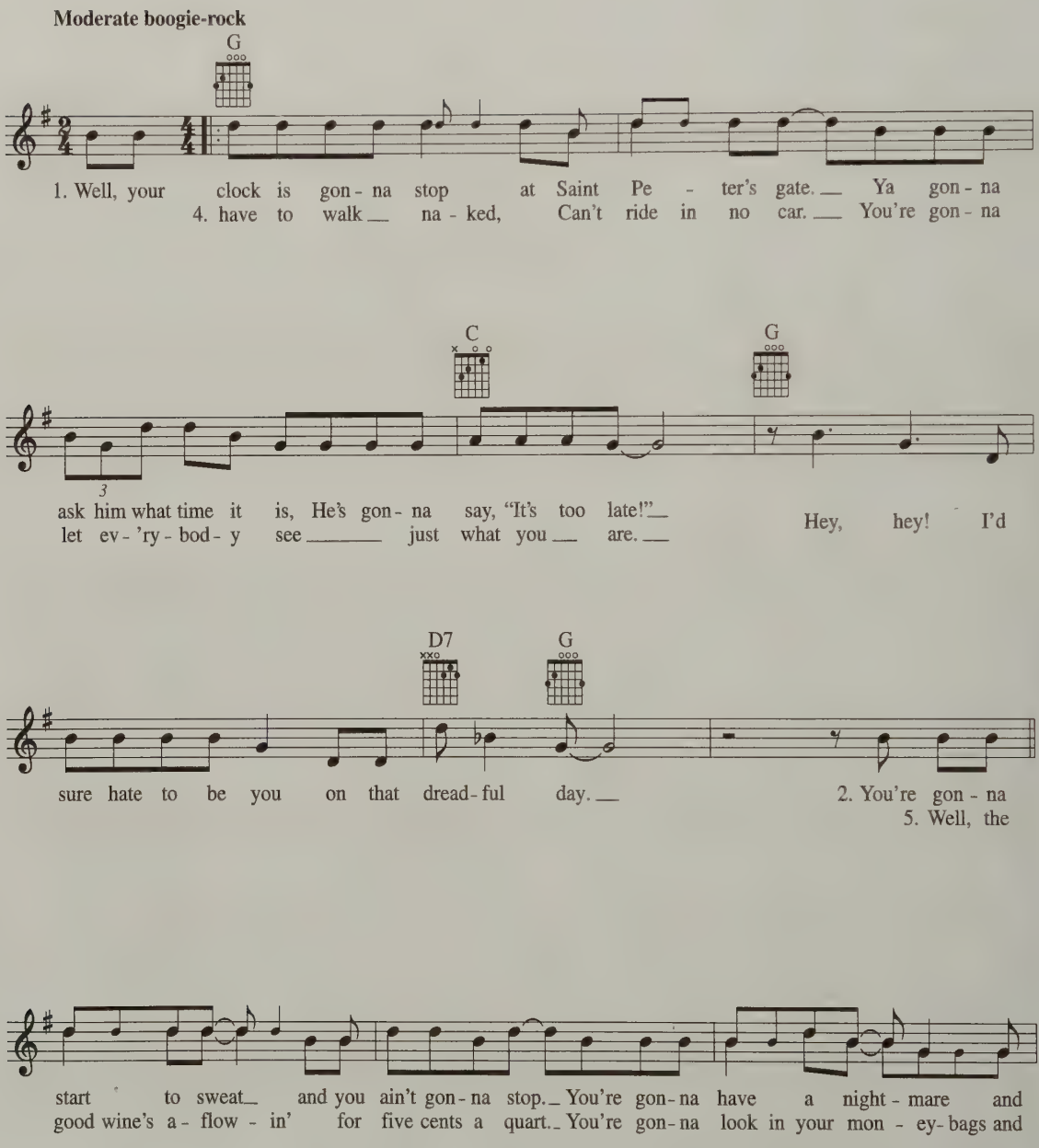
I'd Hate to Be You On That Dreadful Day

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate boogie-rock
G
1. Well, your clock is gon - na stop at Saint Pe - ter's gate. Ya gon - na
4. have to walk na - ked, Can't ride in no car. You're gon - na
C
G
ask him what time it is, He's gon - na say, "It's too late!"
let ev - 'ry - bod - y see just what you are.
Hey, hey! I'd
D7
G
sure hate to be you on that dread - ful day.
2. You're gon - na
5. Well, the
start to sweat and you ain't gon - na stop. You're gon - na have a night - mare and
good wine's a - flow - in' for five cents a quart. You're gon - na look in your mon - ey - bags and

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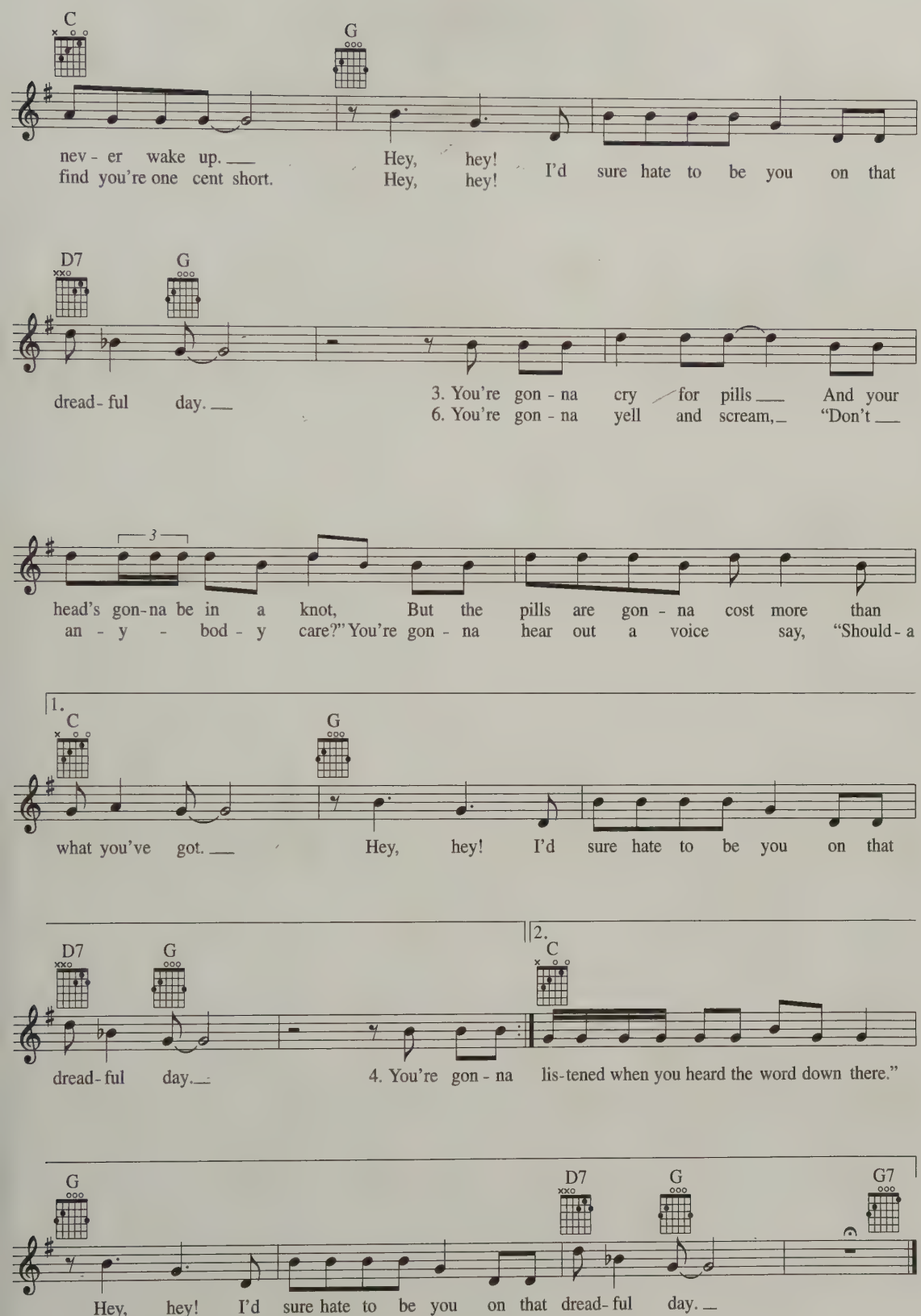
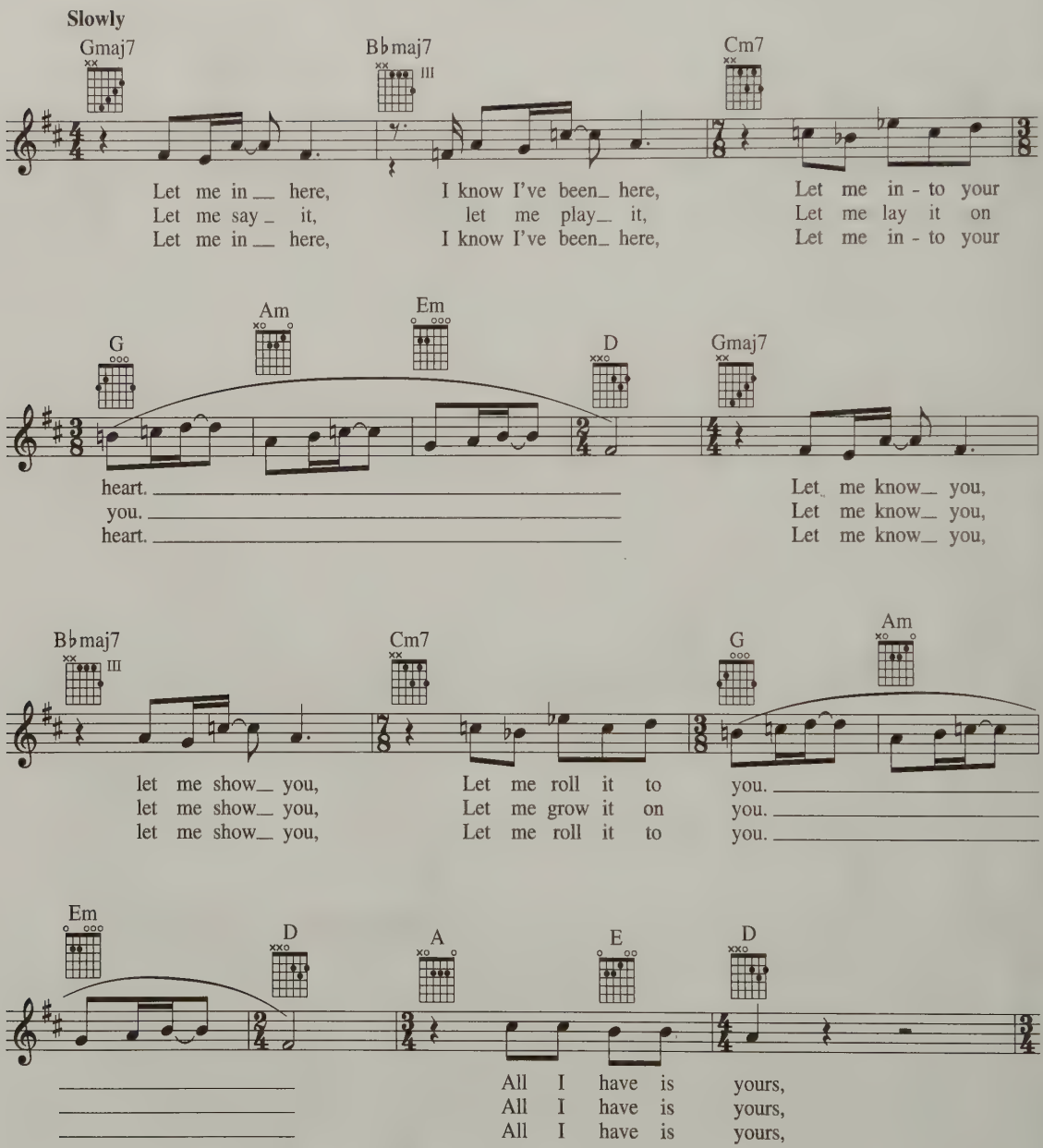

C
G
nev - er wake up. ___ Hey, hey!
find you're one cent short. Hey, hey! I'd sure hate to be you on that
D7
G
dread - ful day. ___
3. You're gon - na cry for pills ___ And your
6. You're gon - na yell and scream, _ "Don't ___
3
head's gon-na be in a knot, But the pills are gon - na cost more than
an - y - bod - y care?" You're gon - na hear out a voice say, "Should - a
1.
C
G
what you've got. ___ Hey, hey! I'd sure hate to be you on that
D7
G
2.
C
dread - ful day. ___ 4. You're gon - na lis-tened when you heard the word down there."
G
D7
G
G7
Hey, hey! I'd sure hate to be you on that dread - ful day. _

I'd Have You Any Time

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and George Harrison



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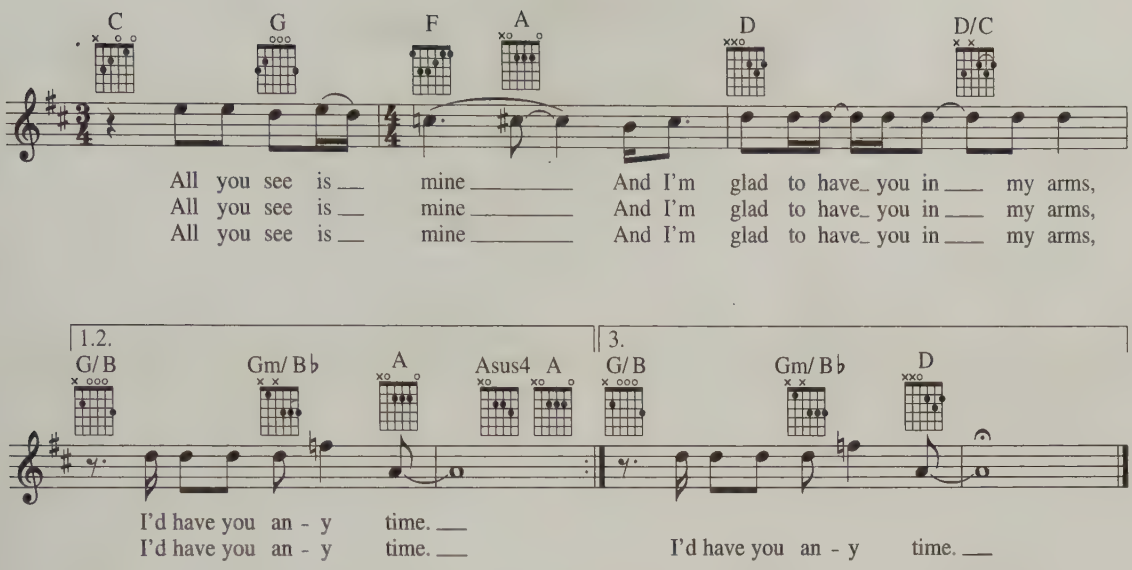
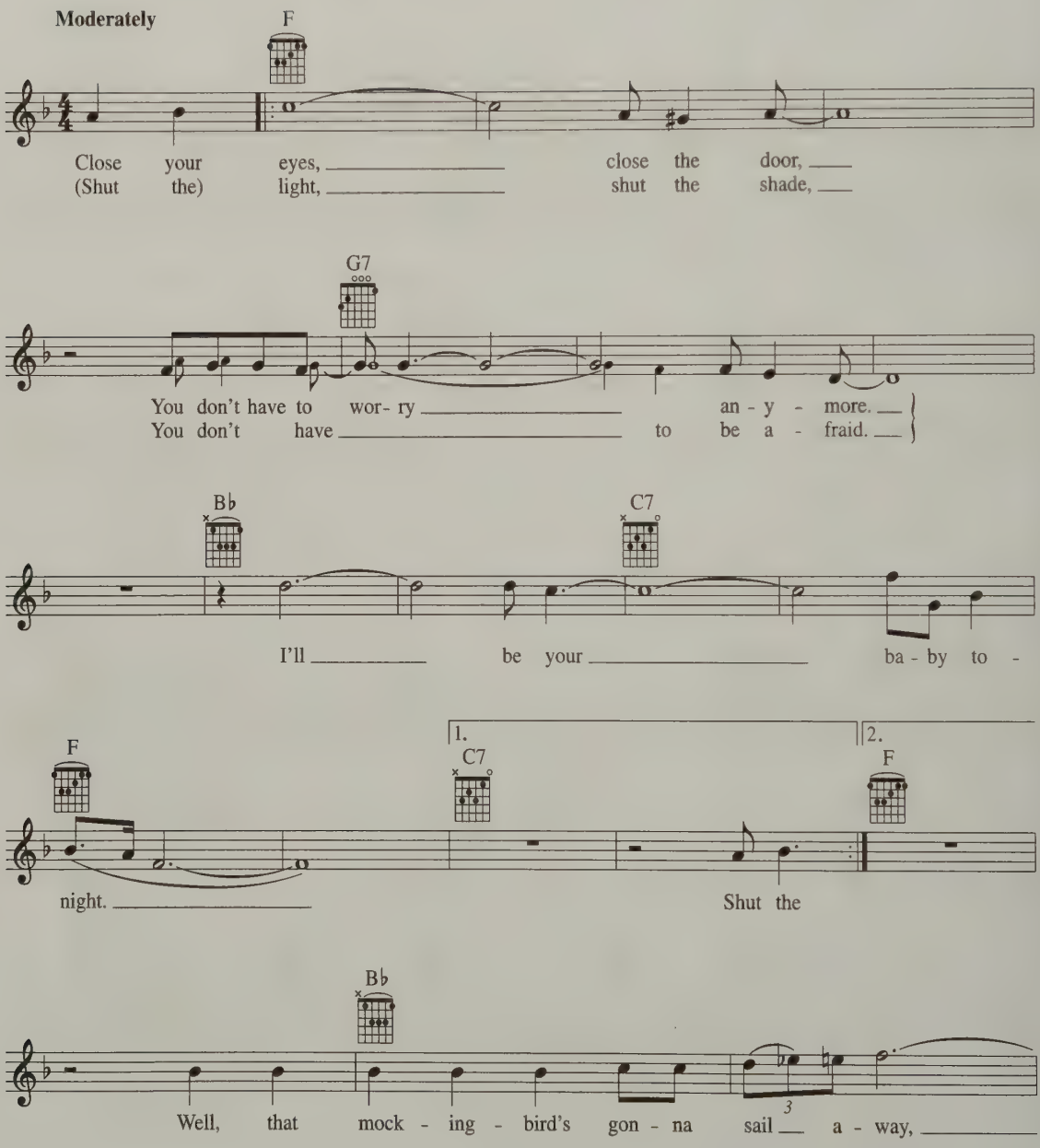

C
G
F
A
D
D/C
All you see is mine And I'm glad to have you in my arms,
All you see is mine And I'm glad to have you in my arms,
All you see is mine And I'm glad to have you in my arms,
1.2.
G/B
Gm/B♭
A
Asus4
A
I'd have you an - y time.
I'd have you an - y time.
3.
G/B
Gm/B♭
D
I'd have you an - y time.

I'll Be Your Baby Tonight

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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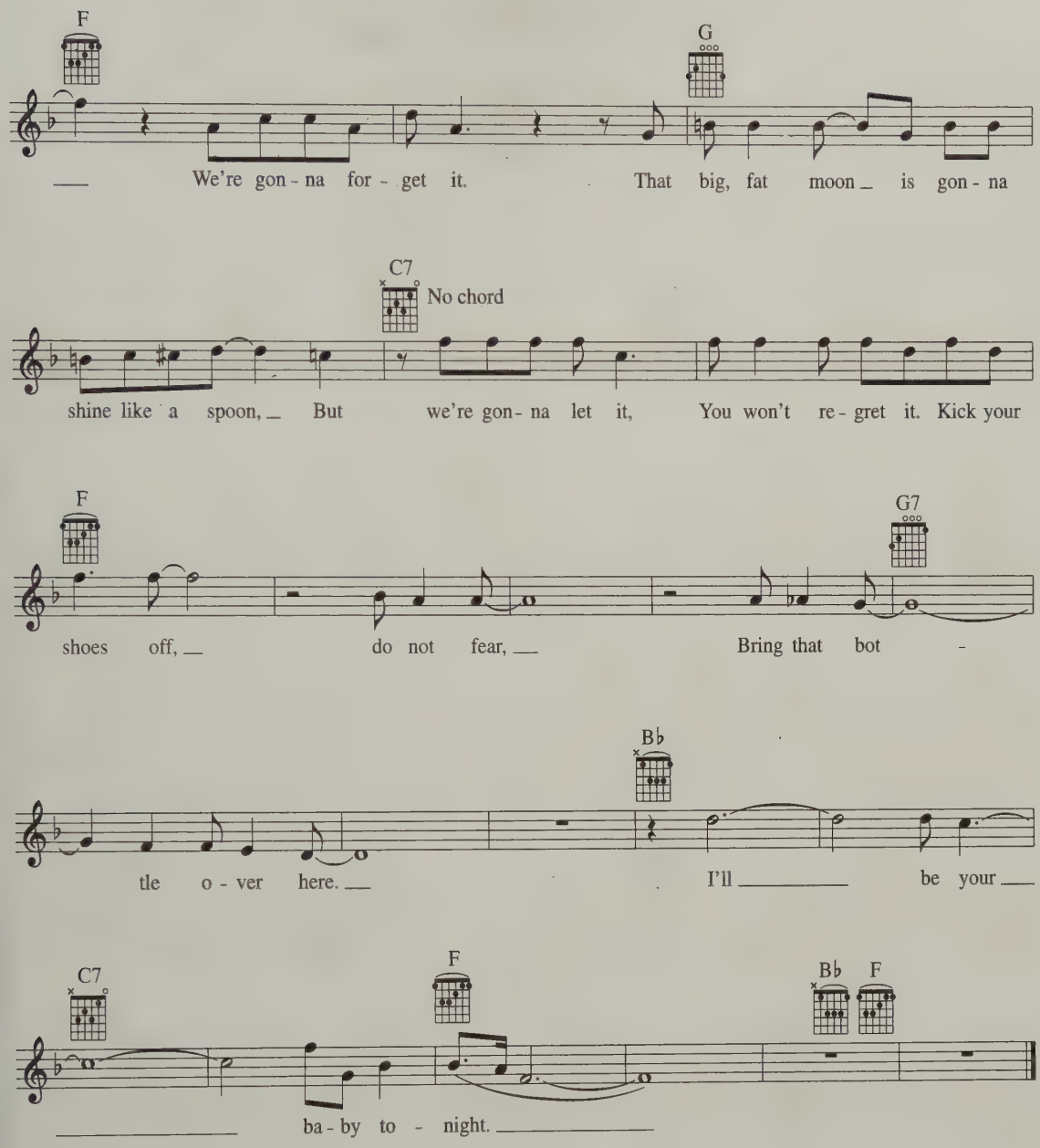
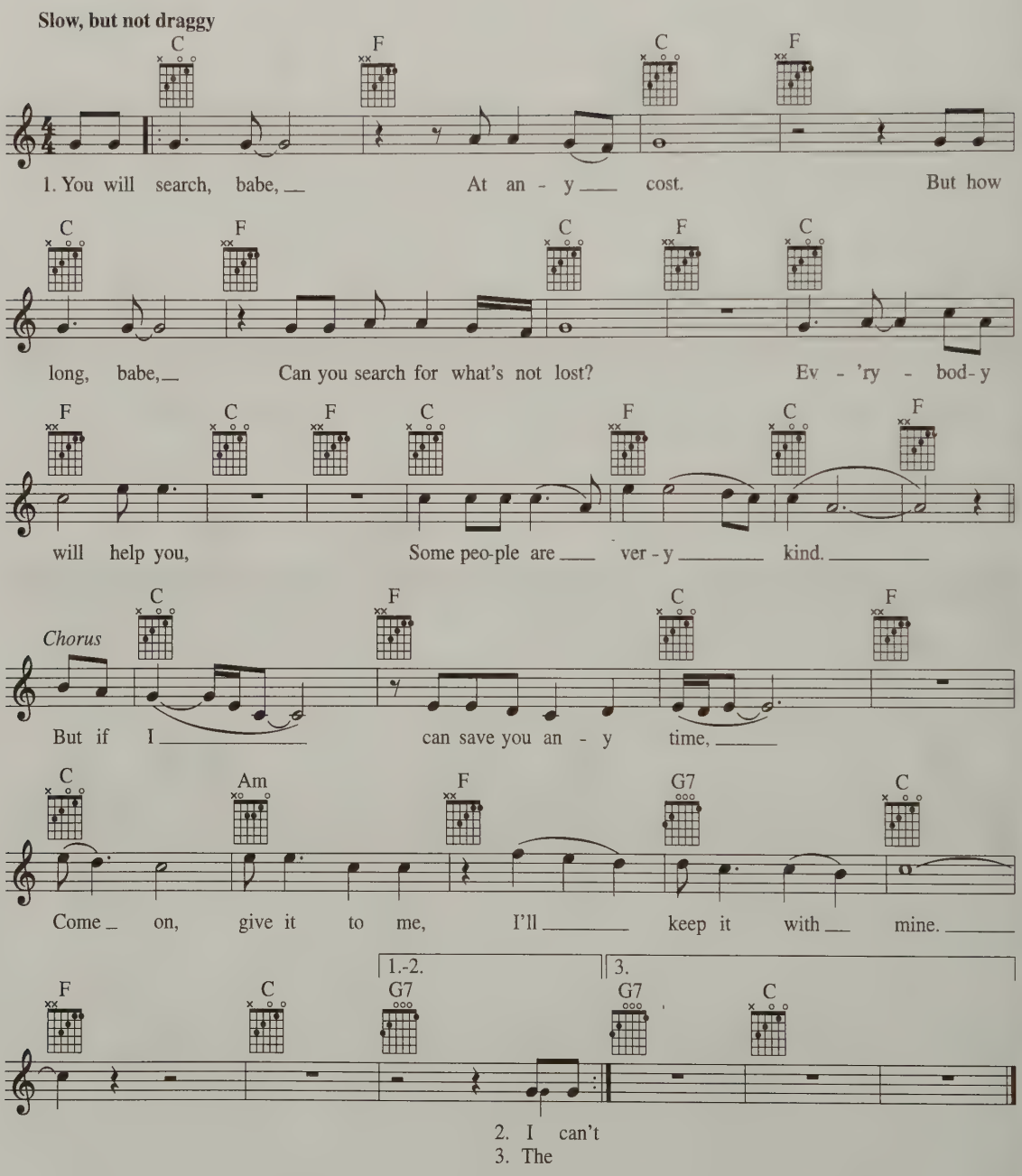

F
G
We're gon - na for - get it. That big, fat moon _ is gon - na
C7
No chord
shine like a spoon, _ But we're gon - na let it, You won't re - gret it. Kick your
F
G7
shoes off, _ do not fear, _ Bring that bot -
B♭
tle o - ver here. _ I'll _____ be your _
C7
F
B♭
F
_____ ba - by to - night. _____

I'll Keep It with Mine

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slow, but not draggy
C F C F
1. You will search, babe, At an - y cost. But how
C F C F C
long, babe, Can you search for what's not lost? Ev - 'ry - bod - y
F C F C F C F
will help you, Some peo-ple are ver - y kind.
Chorus
C F C F
But if I can save you an - y time,
C Am F G7 C
Come on, give it to me, I'll keep it with mine.
1.-2. 3.
F C G7 G7 C
2. I can't
3. The

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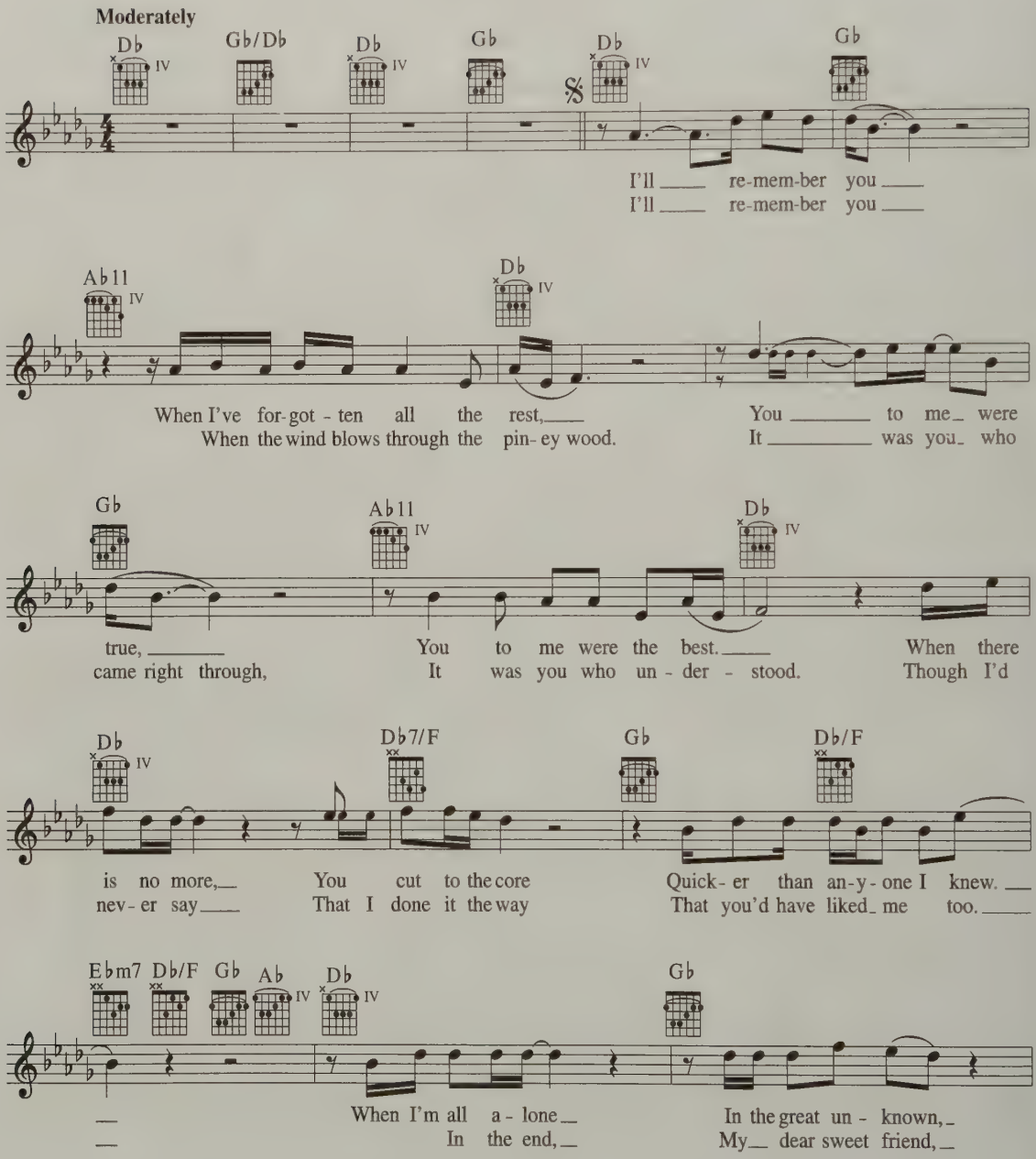
Additional lyrics

2. I can't help it
If you might think I'm odd,
If I say I'm not loving you for what you are
But for what you're not.
Everybody will help you
Discover what you set out to find.
But if I can save you any time,
Come on, give it to me,
I'll keep it with mine.

3. The train leaves
At half past ten,
But it'll be back tomorrow,
Same time again.
The conductor he's weary,
He's still stuck on the line.
But if I can save you any time,
Come on, give it to me,
I'll keep it with mine.

I'll Remember You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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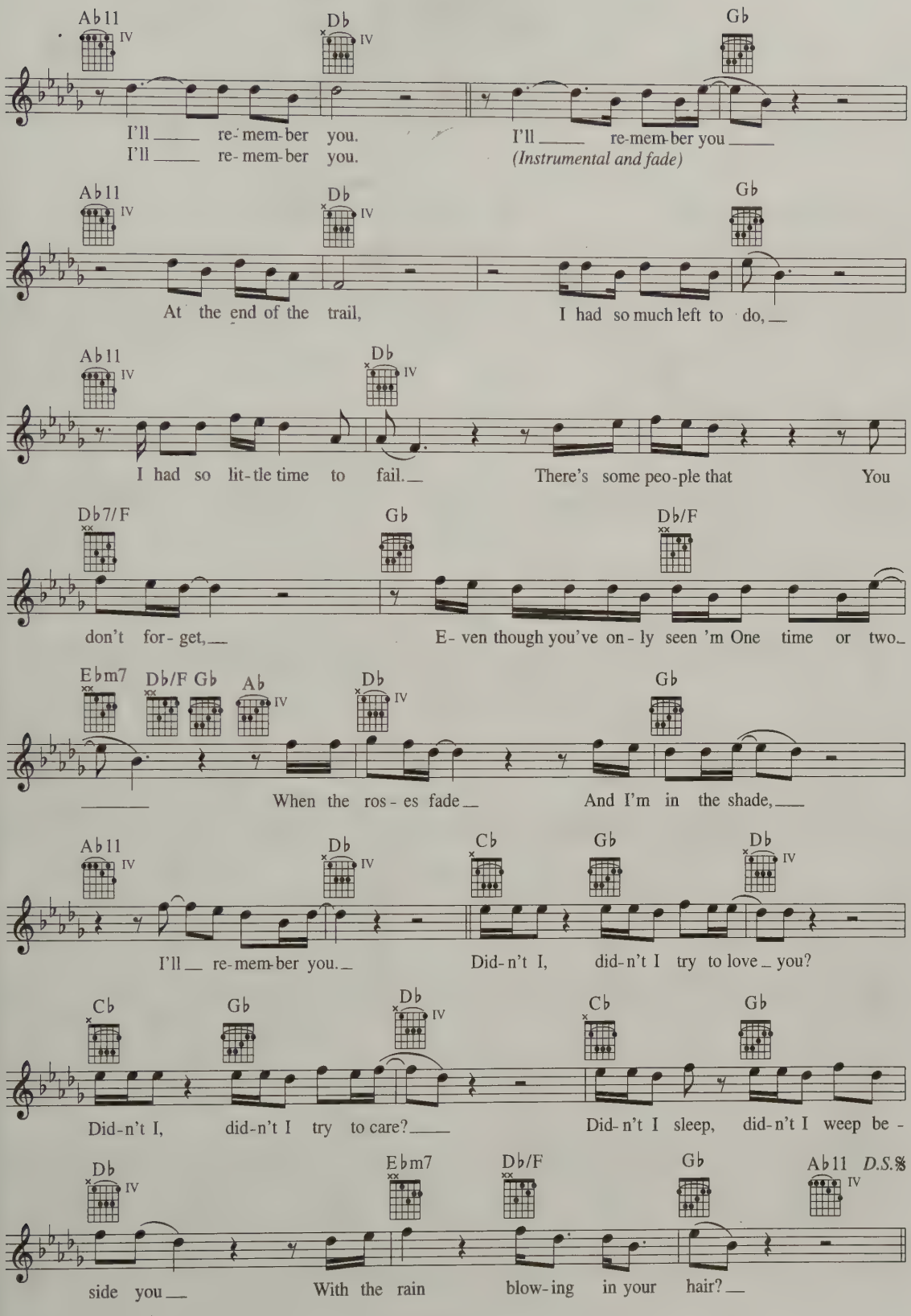
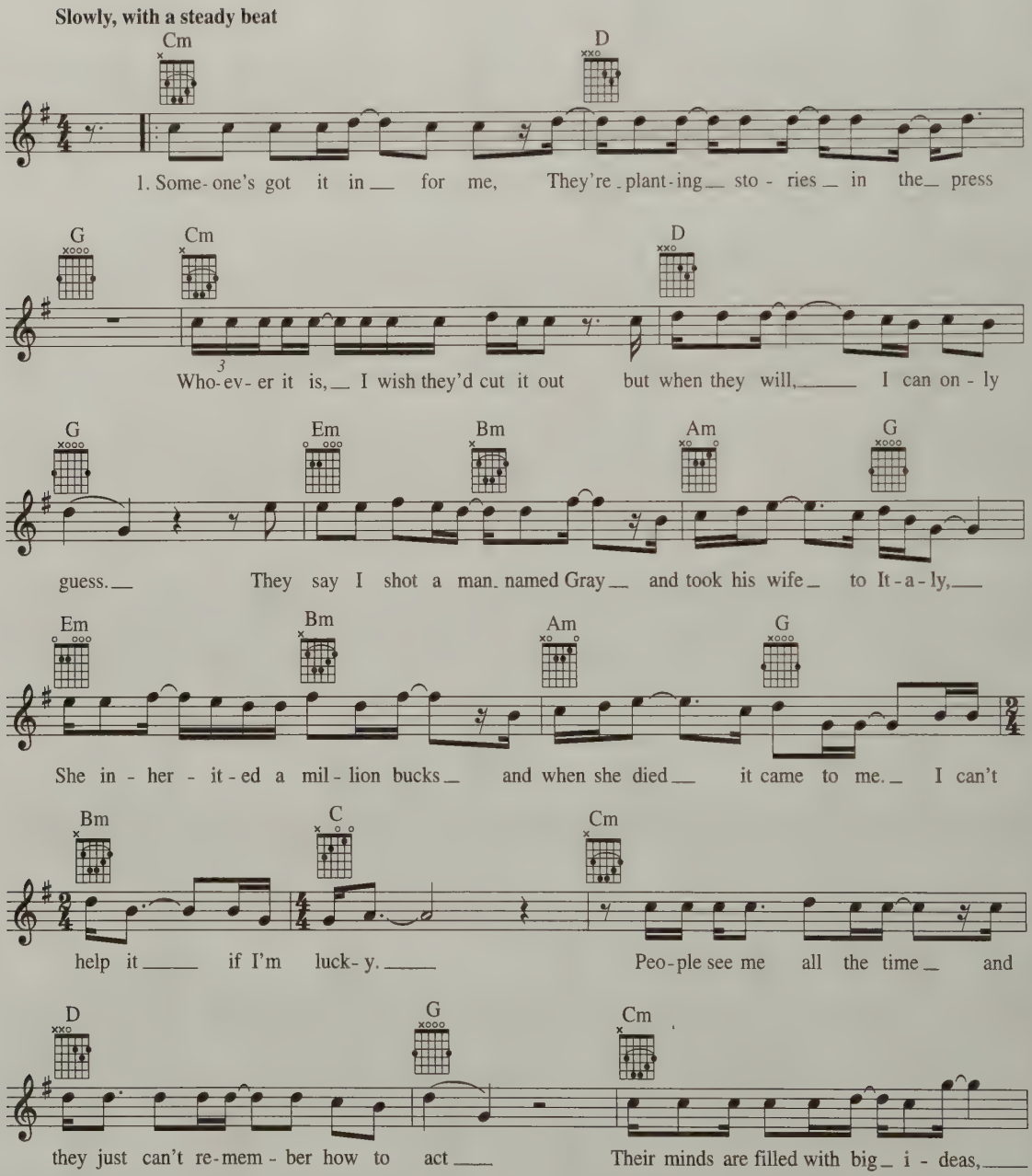

Ab11 IV
Db IV
Gb
I'll ___ re-mem-ber you.
I'll ___ re-mem-ber you.
I'll ___ re-mem-ber you ___
(Instrumental and fade)
Ab11 IV
Db IV
Gb
At the end of the trail,
I had so much left to do, ___
Ab11 IV
Db IV
I had so lit-tle time to fail. ___
There's some peo-ple that You
Db7/F
Gb
Db/F
don't for-get, ___
E-ven though you've on-ly seen 'm One time or two ___
Ebm7
Db/F Gb
Ab IV
Db IV
Gb
___
When the ros-es fade ___
And I'm in the shade, ___
Ab11 IV
Db IV
Cb
Gb
Db IV
I'll ___ re-mem-ber you. ___
Did-n't I, did-n't I try to love ___ you?
Cb
Gb
Db IV
Cb
Gb
Did-n't I, did-n't I try to care? ___
Did-n't I sleep, did-n't I weep be-
Db IV
Ebm7
Db/F
Gb
Ab11 IV D.S.𝄋
side you ___
With the rain blow-ing in your hair? ___

Idiot Wind

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly, with a steady beat
Cm
D
1. Some-one's got it in for me, They're plant-ing sto-ries in the press
G
Cm
D
Who-ev-er it is, I wish they'd cut it out but when they will, I can on-ly
G
Em
Bm
Am
G
guess. They say I shot a man named Gray and took his wife to It-a-ly,
Em
Bm
Am
G
She in-her-it-ed a mil-lion bucks and when she died it came to me. I can't
Bm
C
Cm
help it if I'm luck-y. Peo-ple see me all the time and
D
G
Cm
they just can't re-mem-ber how to act Their minds are filled with big i-deas,

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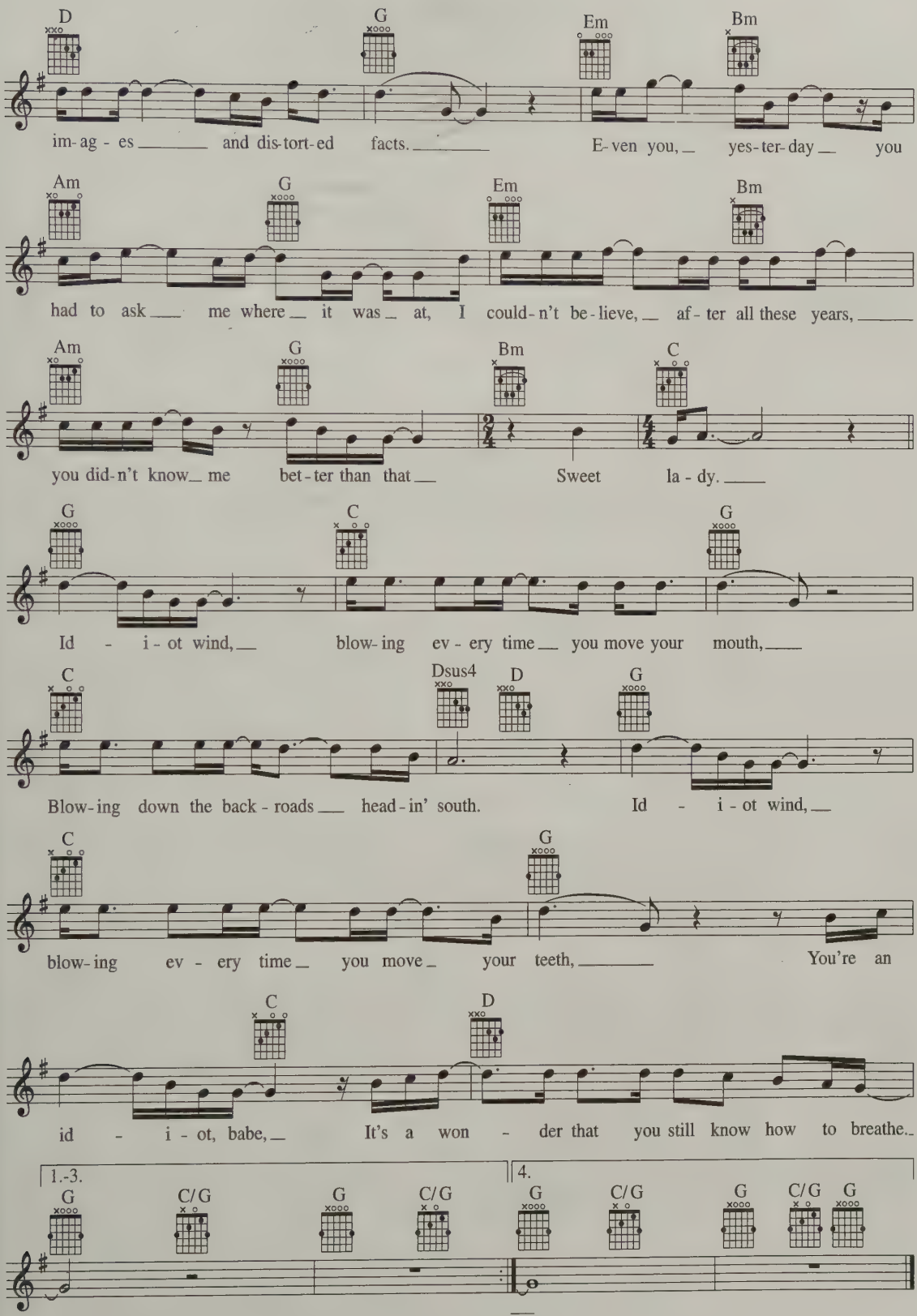

D G Em Bm
im-ag-es and dis-tort-ed facts. E-ven you, yes-ter-day you
Am G Em Bm
had to ask me where it was at, I could-n't be-lieve, af-ter all these years,
Am G Bm C
you did-n't know me bet-ter than that Sweet la-dy.
G C G
Id - i-ot wind, blow-ing ev-ery time you move your mouth,
C Dsus4 D G
Blow-ing down the back-roads head-in' south. Id - i-ot wind,
C G
blow-ing ev-ery time you move your teeth, You're an
C D
id - i-ot, babe, It's a won - der that you still know how to breathe.
1.-3.
G C/G G C/G
4.
G C/G G C/G G

Additional lyrics

2. I ran into the fortune-teller, who said beware of lightning that might strike
I haven't known peace and quiet for so long I can't remember what it's like.
There's a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin' out of a boxcar door,
You didn't know it, you didn't think it could be done, in the final end he won the wars
After losin' every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, daydreamin' 'bout the way things sometimes are
Visions of your chestnut mare shoot through my head and are makin' me see stars.
You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.
One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,
Blood on your saddle.

Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,
Blowing through the curtains in your room.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

3. It was gravity which pulled us down and destiny which broke us apart
You tamed the lion in my cage but it just wasn't enough to change my heart.
Now everything's a little upside down, as a matter of fact the wheels have stopped,
What's good is bad, what's bad is good, you'll find out when you reach the top
You're on the bottom.

I noticed at the ceremony, your corrupt ways had finally made you blind.
I can't remember your face anymore, your mouth has changed, your eyes don't look into mine.
The priest wore black on the seventh day and sat stone-faced while the building burned.
I waited for you on the running boards, near the cypress trees, while the springtime turned
Slowly into autumn.

Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull,
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

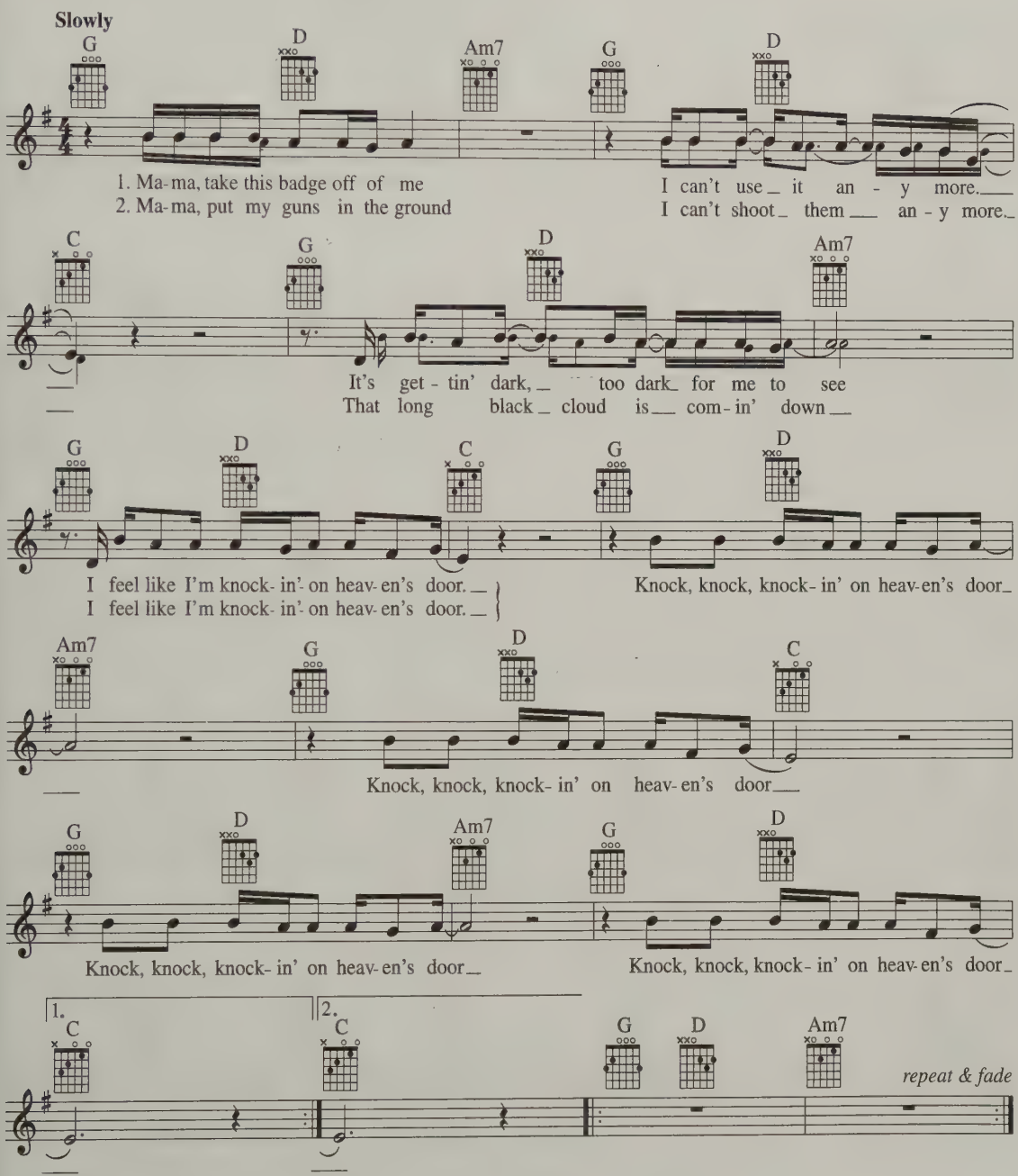
4. I can't feel you anymore, I can't even touch the books you've read
Every time I crawl past your door, I been wishin' I was somebody else instead.
Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy,
I followed you beneath the stars, hounded by your memory
And all your ragin' glory.

I been double-crossed now for the very last time and now I'm finally free,
I kissed goodbye the howling beast on the borderline which separated you from me.
You'll never know the hurt I suffered nor the pain I rise above,
And I'll never know the same about you, your holiness or your kind of love,
And it makes me feel so sorry.

Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,
Blowing through the letters that we wrote.
Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves,
We're idiots, babe.
It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves.

Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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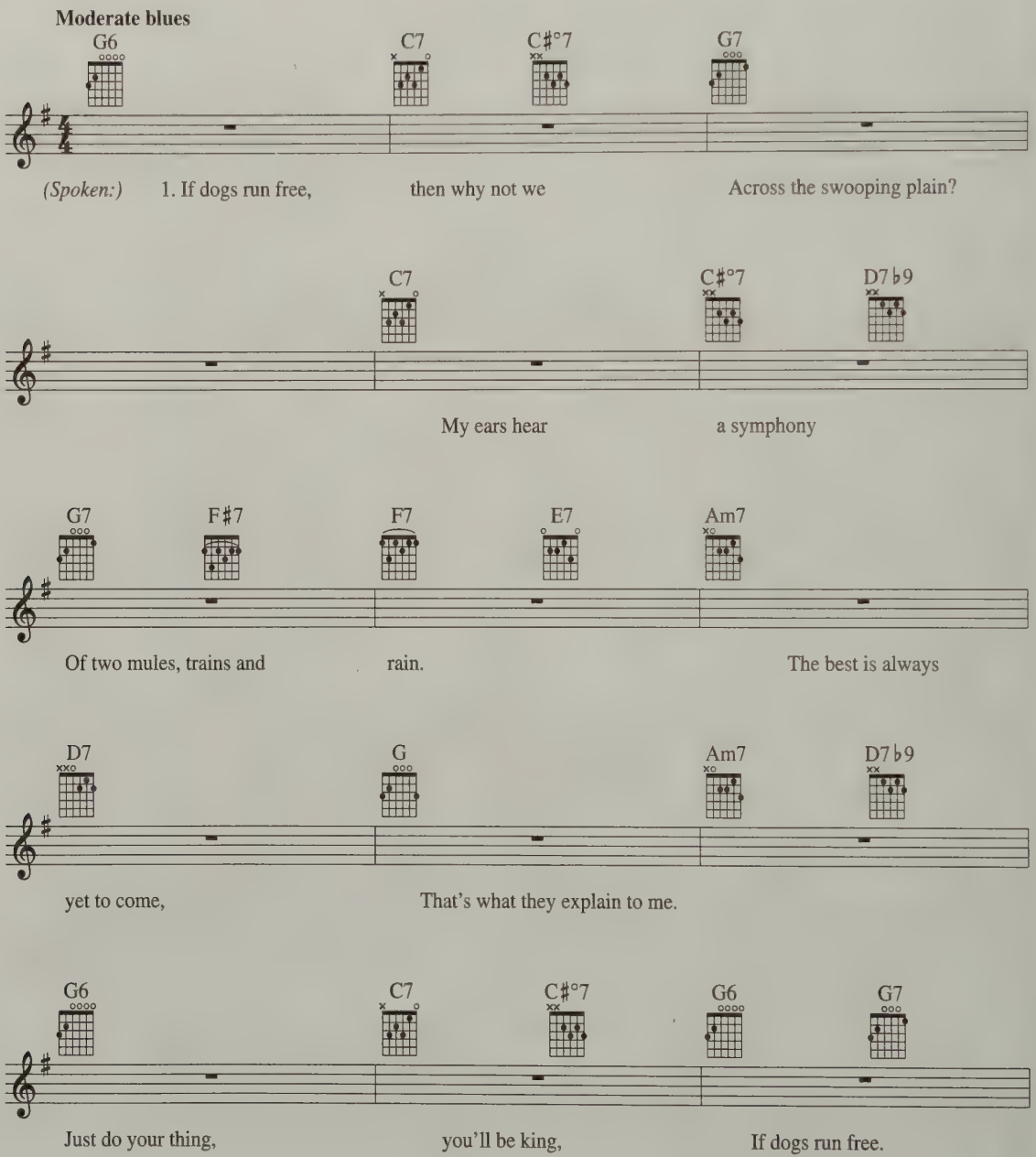
If Dogs Run Free

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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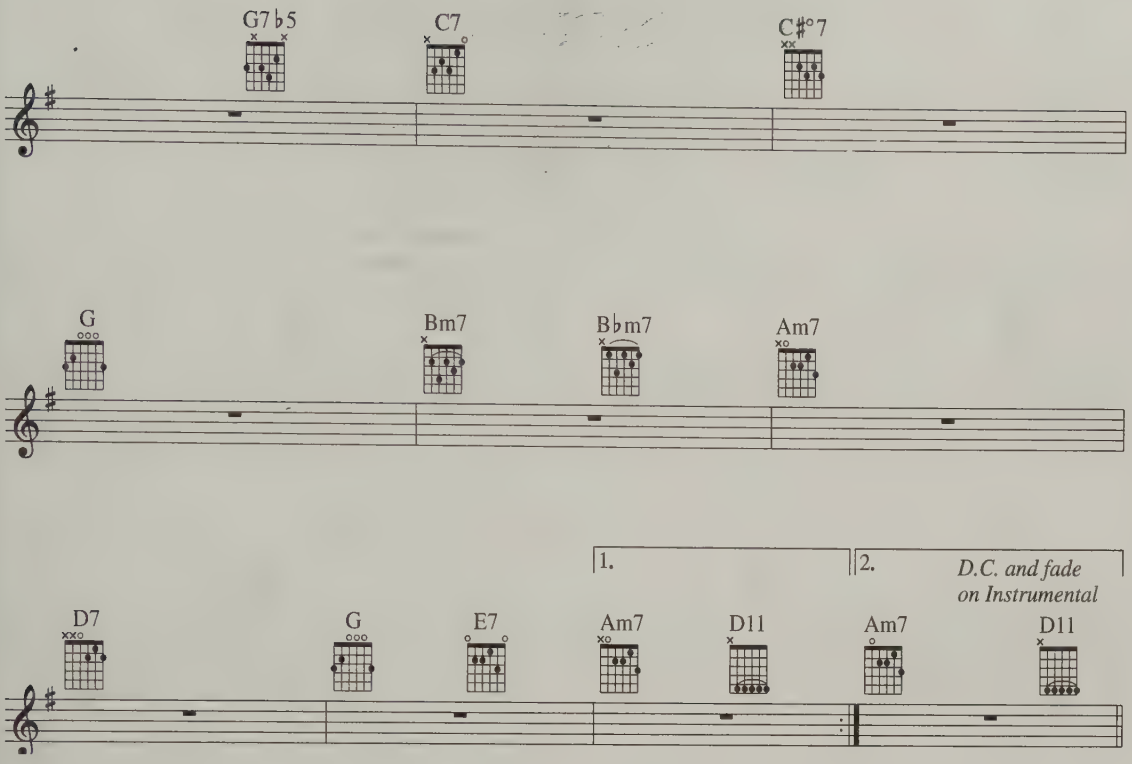


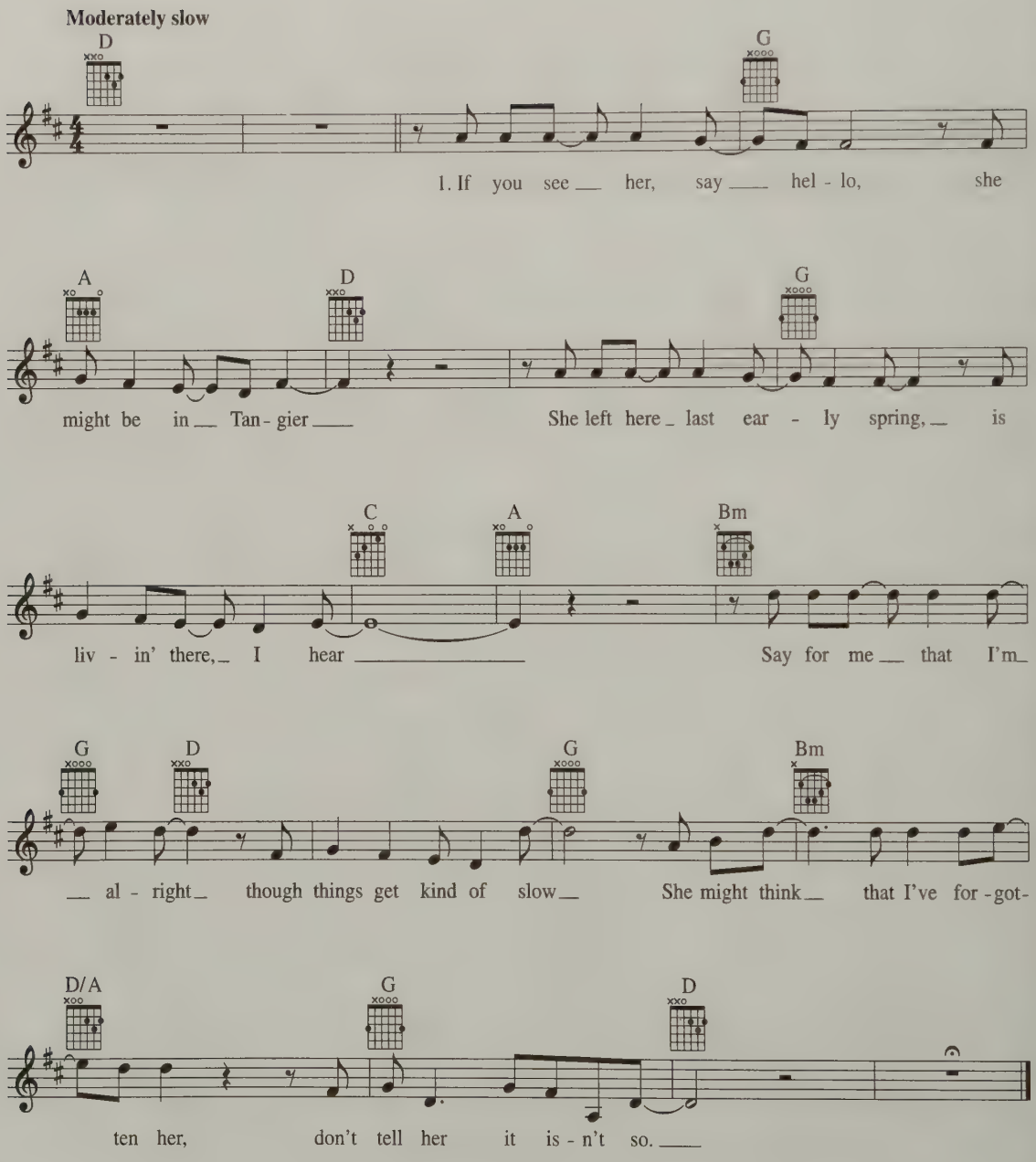
Additional lyrics

2. If dogs run free, why not me
Across the swamp of time?
My mind weaves a symphony
And tapestry of rhyme.
Oh, winds which rush my tale to thee
So it may flow and be,
To each his own, it's all unknown,
If dogs run free.

3. If dogs run free, then what must be,
Must be, and that is all.
True love can make a blade of grass
Stand up straight and tall.
In harmony with the cosmic sea,
True love needs no company,
It can cure the soul, it can make it whole,
If dogs run free.

If You See Her, Say Hello

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. We had a falling-out, like lovers often will
   And to think of how she left that night, it still brings me a chill
   And though our separation, it pierced me to the heart
   She still lives inside of me, we've never been apart.

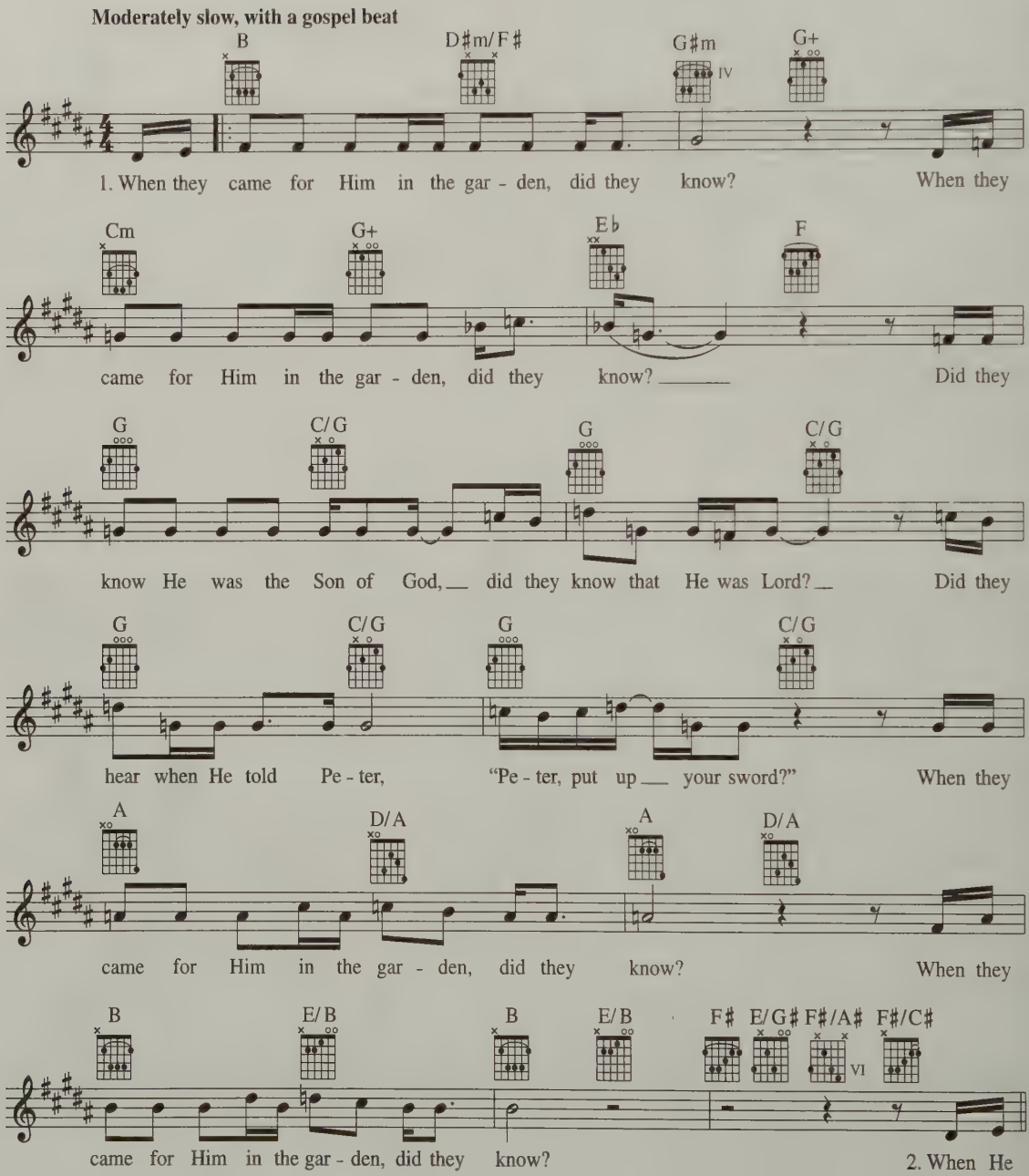
3. If you get close to her, kiss her once for me
   I always have respected her for busting out and gettin' free
   Oh, whatever makes her happy, I won't stand in the way
   Though the bitter taste still lingers on from the night I tried to make her stay.

4. I see a lot of people as I make the rounds
   And I hear her name here and there as I go from town to town
   And I've never gotten used to it, I've just learned to turn it off
   Either I'm too sensitive or else I'm gettin' soft.

5. Sundown, yellow moon, I replay the past
   I know every scene by heart, they all went by so fast
   If she's passin' back this way, I'm not that hard to find
   Tell her she can look me up if she's got the time.

In the Garden

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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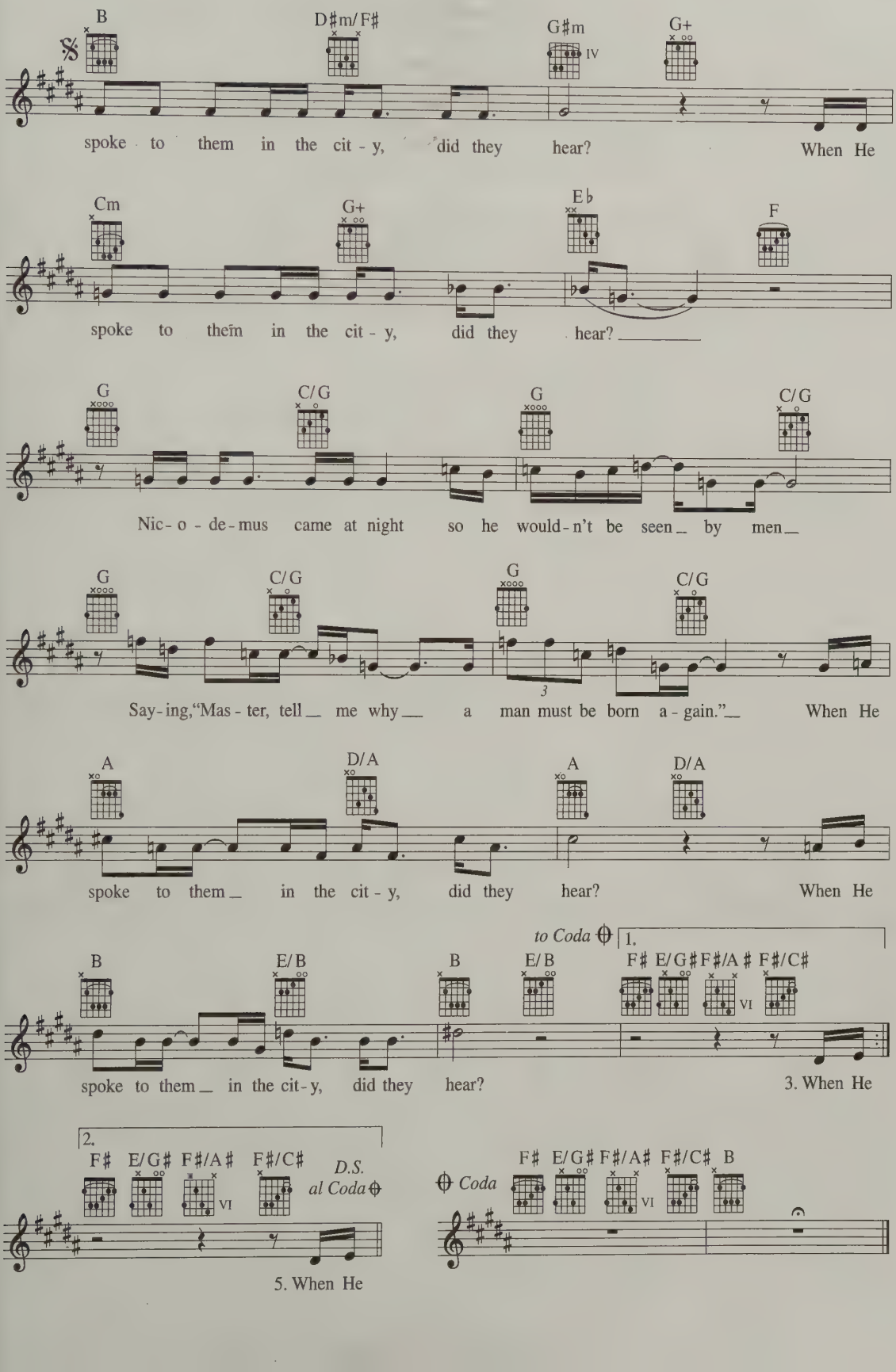

B
D♯m/F♯
G♯m
IV
G+
spoke to them in the cit - y, did they hear? When He
Cm
G+
E♭
F
spoke to them in the cit - y, did they hear?
G
C/G
G
C/G
Nic - o - de - mus came at night so he would - n't be seen by men
G
C/G
G
C/G
3
Say - ing, "Mas - ter, tell me why a man must be born a - gain." When He
A
D/A
A
D/A
spoke to them in the cit - y, did they hear? When He
to Coda
1.
B
E/B
B
E/B
F♯ E/G♯ F♯/A♯ F♯/C♯
VI
spoke to them in the cit - y, did they hear?
3. When He
2.
F♯ E/G♯ F♯/A♯ F♯/C♯
VI
D.S. al Coda
5. When He
Coda
F♯ E/G♯ F♯/A♯ F♯/C♯ B
VI

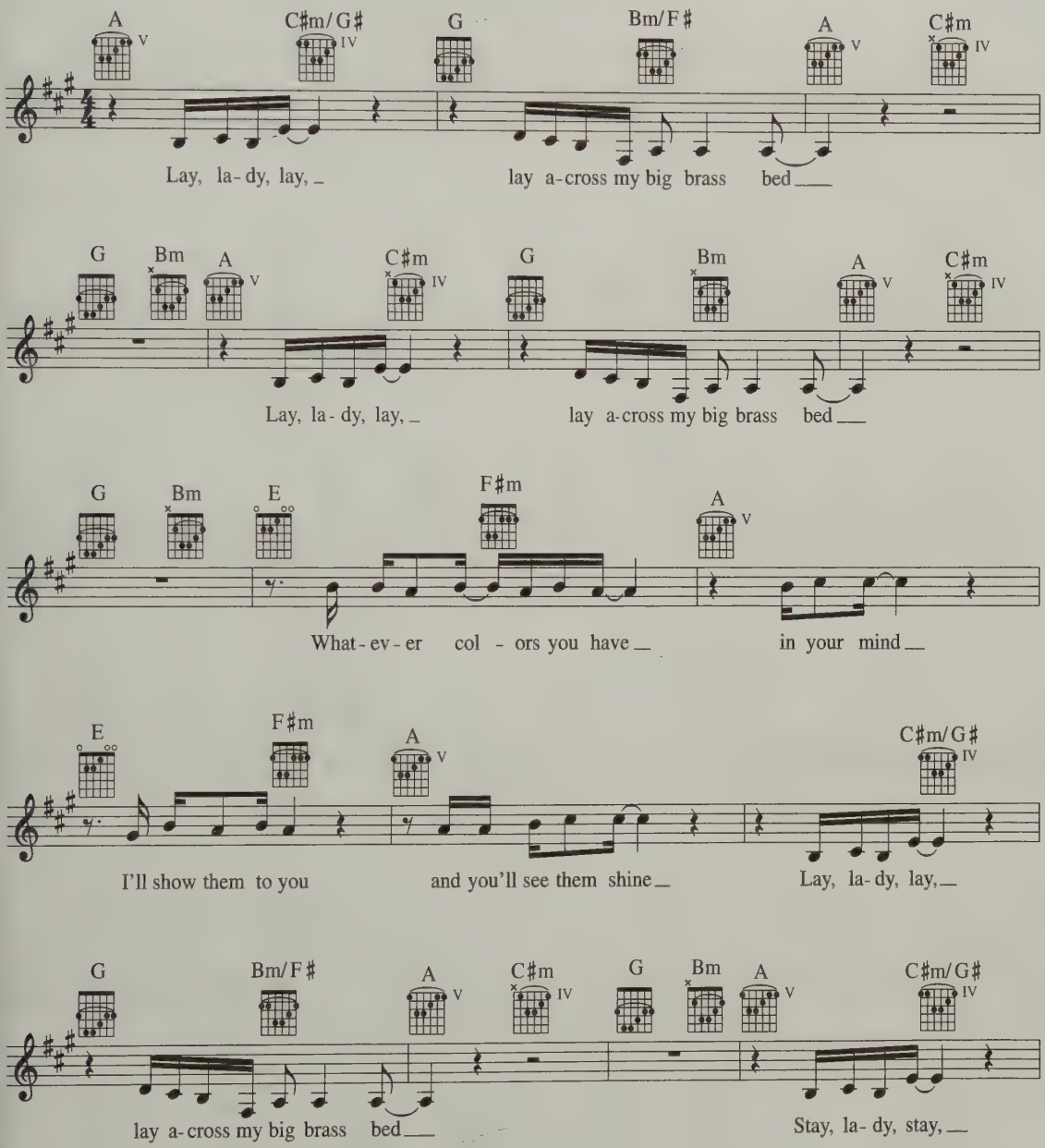
Additional lyrics

3. When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He said, "Pick up your bed and walk, why must you criticize?
Same thing My Father do, I can do likewise."
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?

4. Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
The multitude wanted to make Him king, put a crown upon His head
Why did He slip away to a quiet place instead?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?

5. When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
He said, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth."
Did they know right then and there what that power was worth?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?

Lay, Lady, Lay

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

A C♯m/G♯ G Bm/F♯ A C♯m
Lay, la-dy, lay, lay a-cross my big brass bed
G Bm A C♯m G Bm A C♯m
Lay, la-dy, lay, lay a-cross my big brass bed
G Bm E F♯m A
What-ev-er col-ors you have in your mind
E F♯m A C♯m/G♯
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine Lay, la-dy, lay,
G Bm/F♯ A C♯m G Bm A C♯m/G♯
lay a-cross my big brass bed Stay, la-dy, stay,

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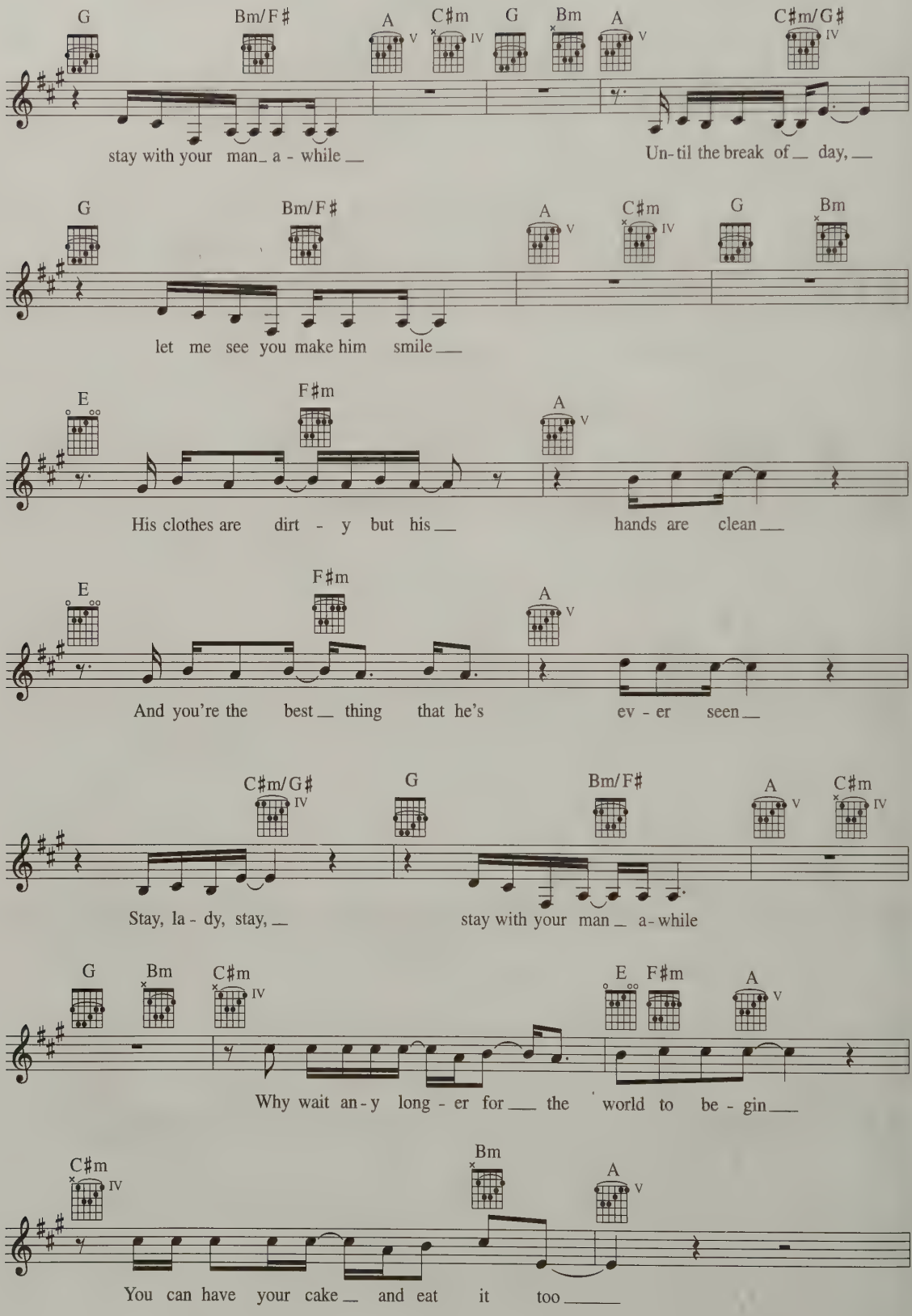
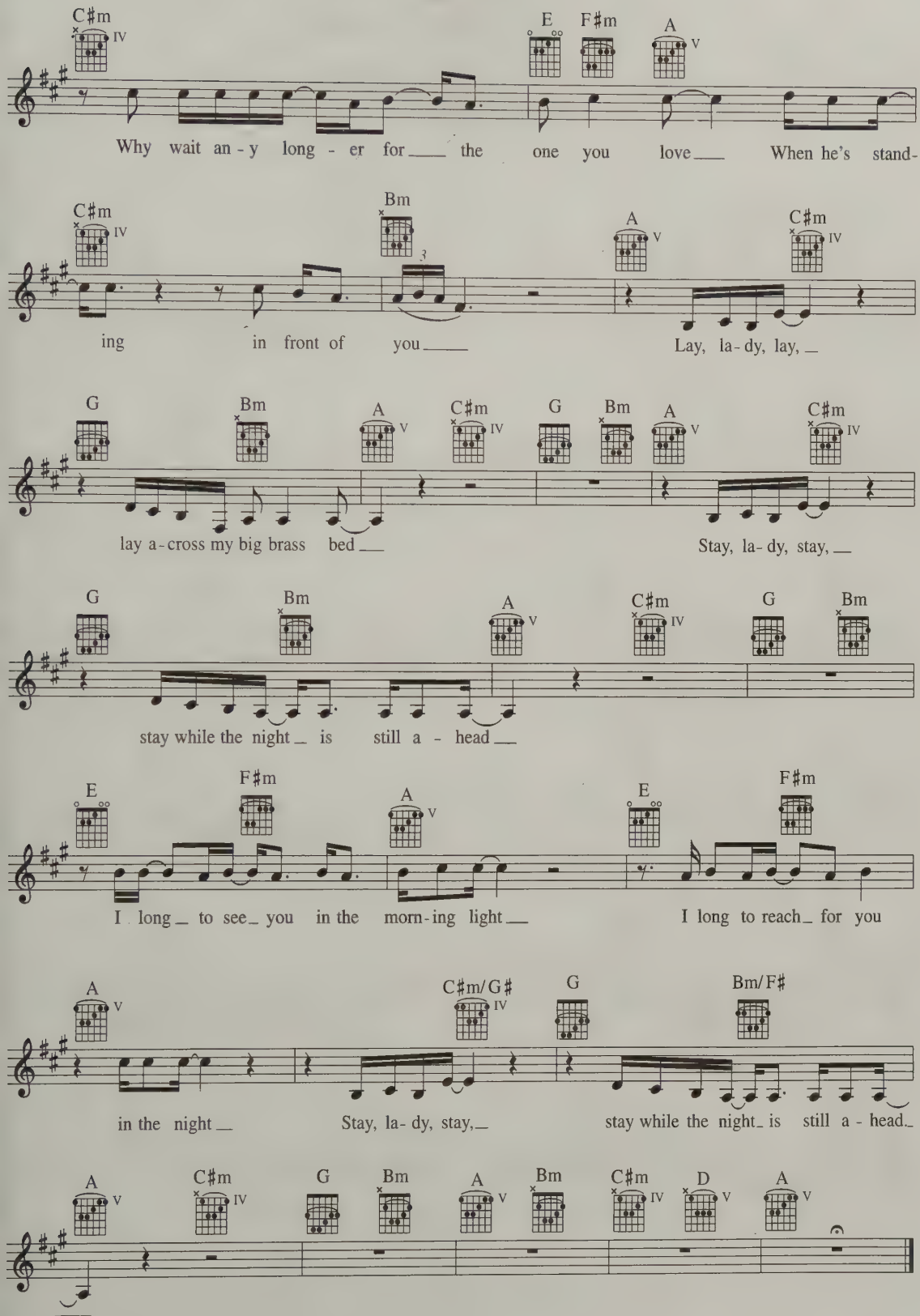
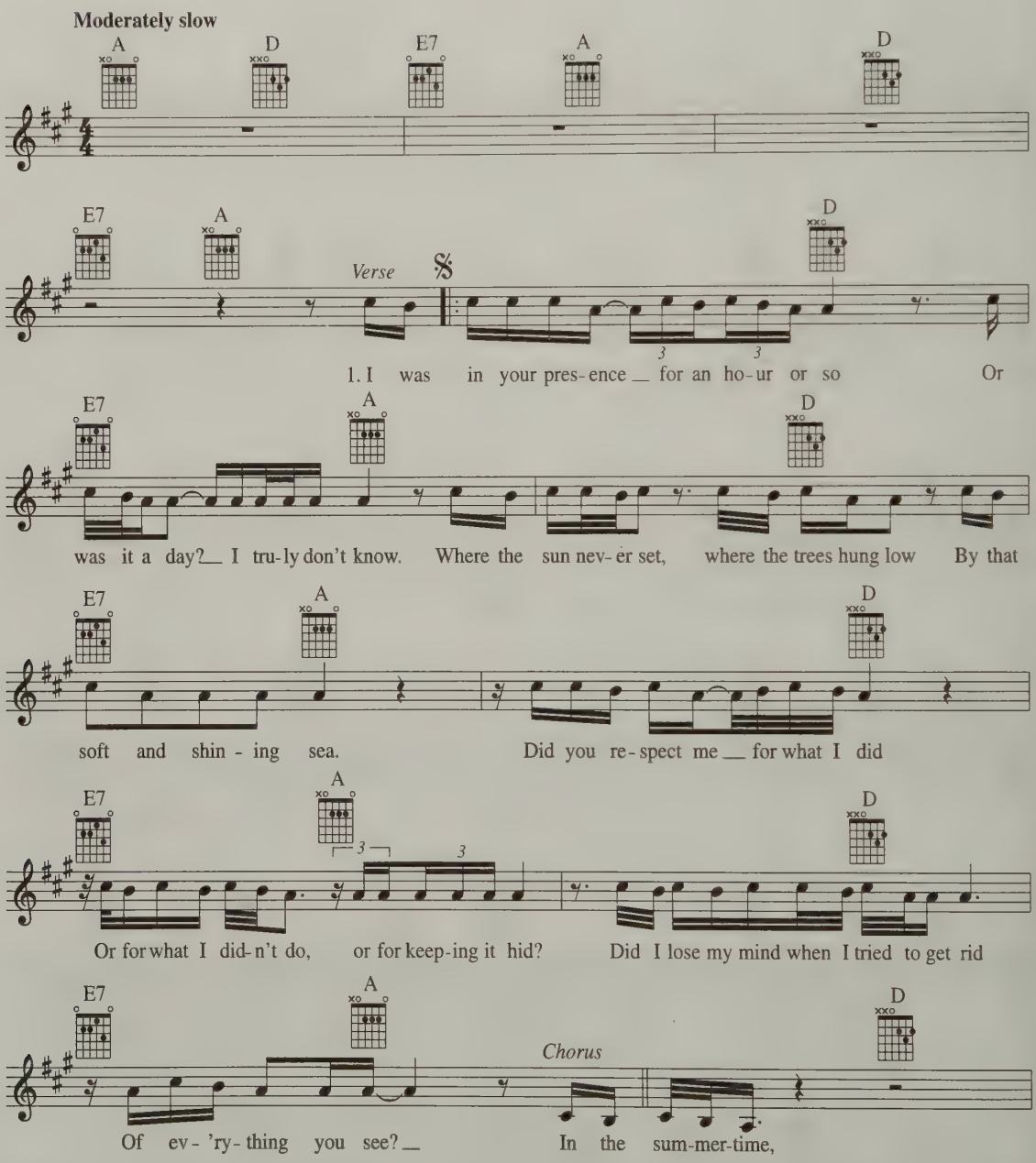

G Bm/F♯ A V C♯m IV G Bm A V C♯m/G♯ IV
stay with your man_ a - while __
Un-til the break of __ day, __
G Bm/F♯ A V C♯m IV G Bm
let me see you make him smile __
E F♯m A V
His clothes are dirt - y but his __
hands are clean __
E F♯m A V
And you're the best __ thing that he's
ev - er seen __
C♯m/G♯ IV G Bm/F♯ A V C♯m IV
Stay, la - dy, stay, __
stay with your man _ a-while
G Bm C♯m IV E F♯m A V
Why wait an-y long - er for __ the world to be - gin __
C♯m IV Bm A V
You can have your cake __ and eat it too ____


C♯m IV
E
F♯m
A V
Why wait an - y long - er for ___ the one you love ___ When he's stand-
C♯m IV
Bm
A V
C♯m IV
ing in front of you ___ Lay, la - dy, lay, _
G
Bm
A V
C♯m IV
G
Bm
A V
C♯m IV
lay a - cross my big brass bed ___ Stay, la - dy, stay, ___
G
Bm
A V
C♯m IV
G
Bm
stay while the night _ is still a - head ___
E
F♯m
A V
E
F♯m
I long _ to see _ you in the morn - ing light ___ I long to reach _ for you
A V
C♯m/G♯ IV
G
Bm/F♯
in the night ___ Stay, la - dy, stay, _ stay while the night _ is still a - head _
A V
C♯m IV
G
Bm
A V
Bm
C♯m IV
D V
A V

In the Summertime

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
A D E7 A D
E7 A D
Verse
1. I was in your pres-ence for an ho-ur or so Or
E7 A D
was it a day? I tru-ly don't know. Where the sun nev-er set, where the trees hung low By that
E7 A D
soft and shin - ing sea. Did you re-spect me for what I did
E7 A D
Or for what I did-n't do, or for keep-ing it hid? Did I lose my mind when I tried to get rid
E7 A D
Chorus
Of ev-'ry-thing you see? In the sum-mer-time,

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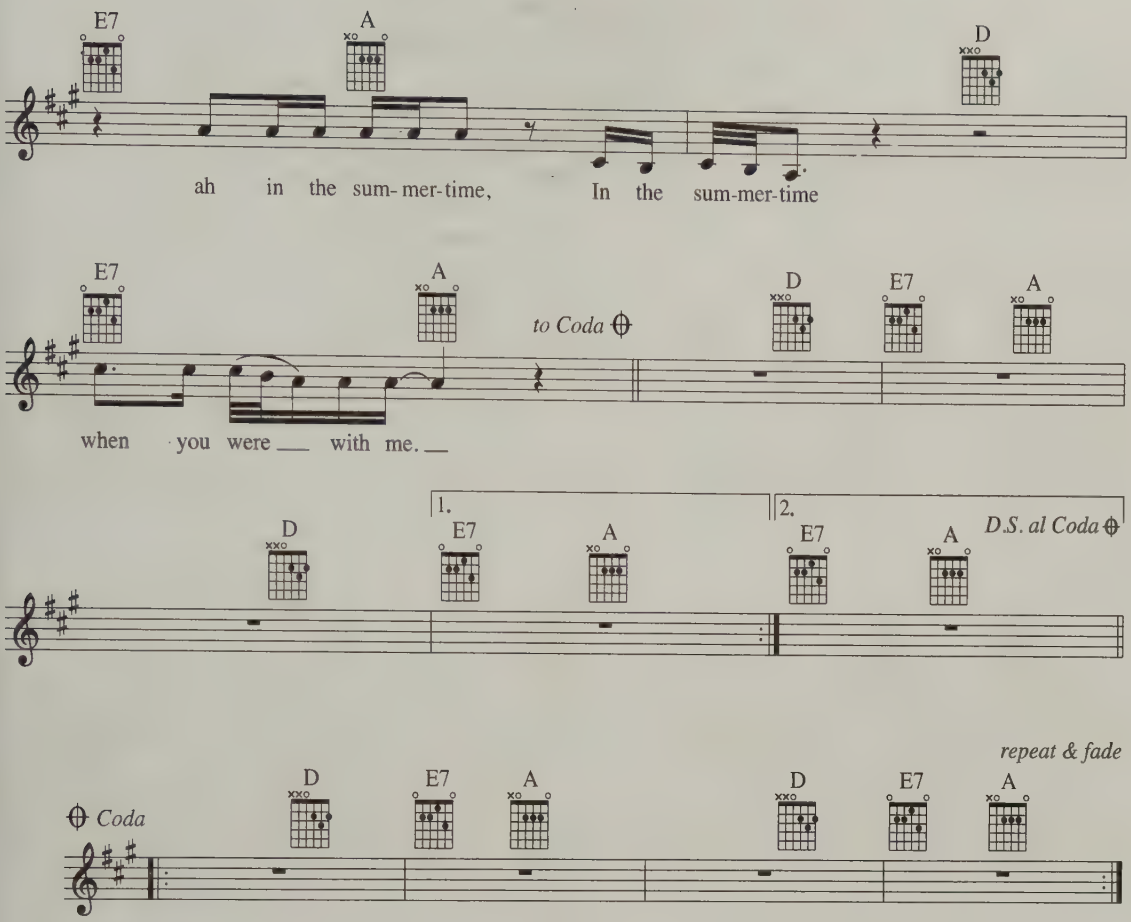

Additional lyrics

2. I got the heart and you got the blood,
We cut through iron and we cut through mud.
Then came the warnin' that was before the flood
That set everybody free.
Fools they made a mock of sin,
Our loyalty they tried to win
But you were closer to me than my next of kin
When they didn't want to know or see.

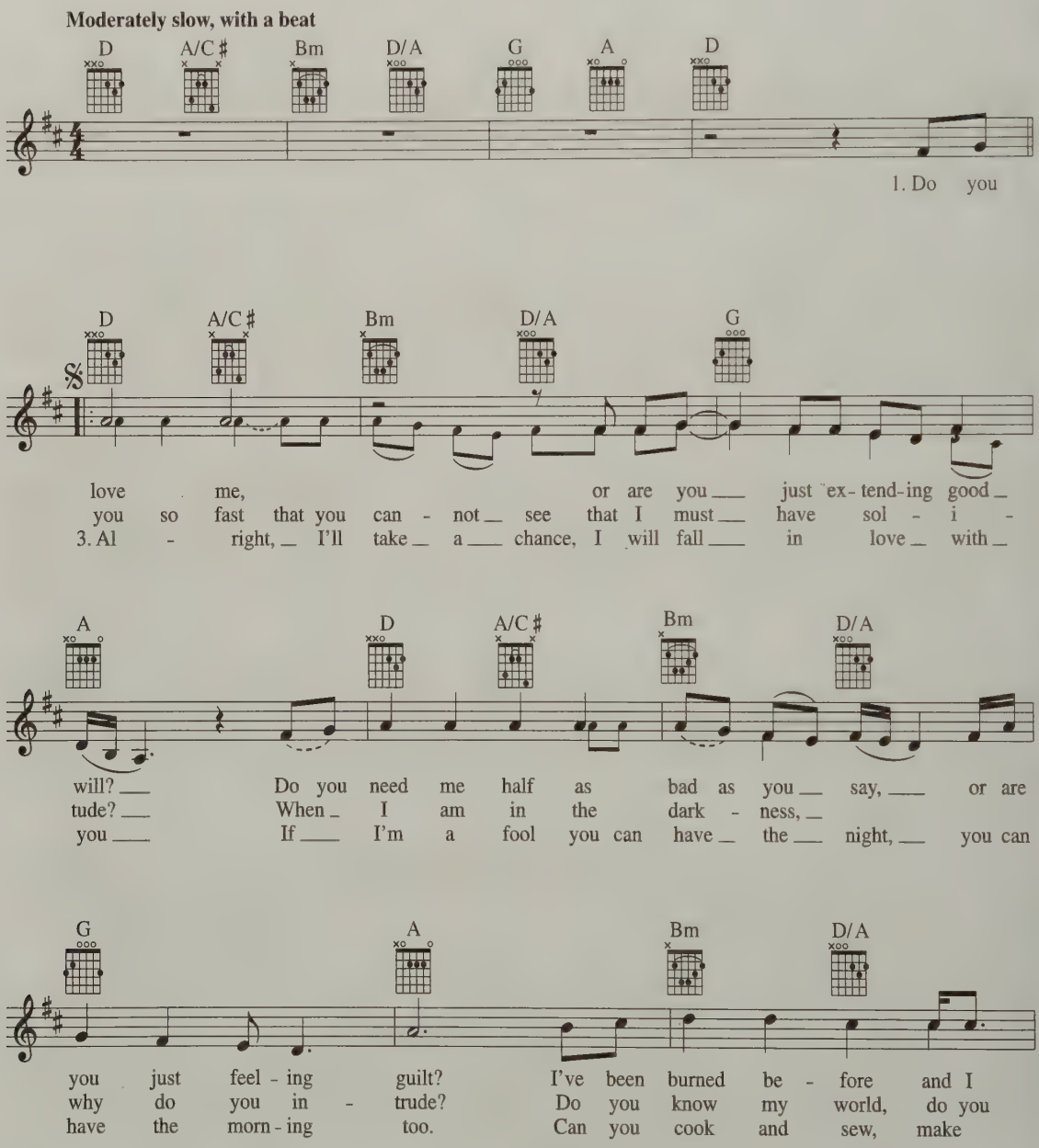
Chorus

3. Strangers, they meddled in our affairs,
Poverty and shame was theirs.
But all that sufferin' was not to be compared
With the glory that is to be.
And I'm still carrying the gift you gave,
It's a part of me now, it's been cherished and saved,
It'll be with me unto the grave
And then unto eternity.

Chorus

Is Your Love in Vain?

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow, with a beat
D A/C♯ Bm D/A G A D
1. Do you
D A/C♯ Bm D/A G
love me, or are you just ex-tend-ing good
you so fast that you can-not see that I must have sol-i-
3. Al-right, I'll take a chance, I will fall in love with
A D A/C♯ Bm D/A
will? Do you need me half as bad as you say, or are
tude? When I am in the dark-ness,
you If I'm a fool you can have the night, you can
G A Bm D/A
you just feel-ing guilt? I've been burned be-fore and I
why do you in-trude? Do you know my world, do you
have the morn-ing too. Can you cook and sew, make

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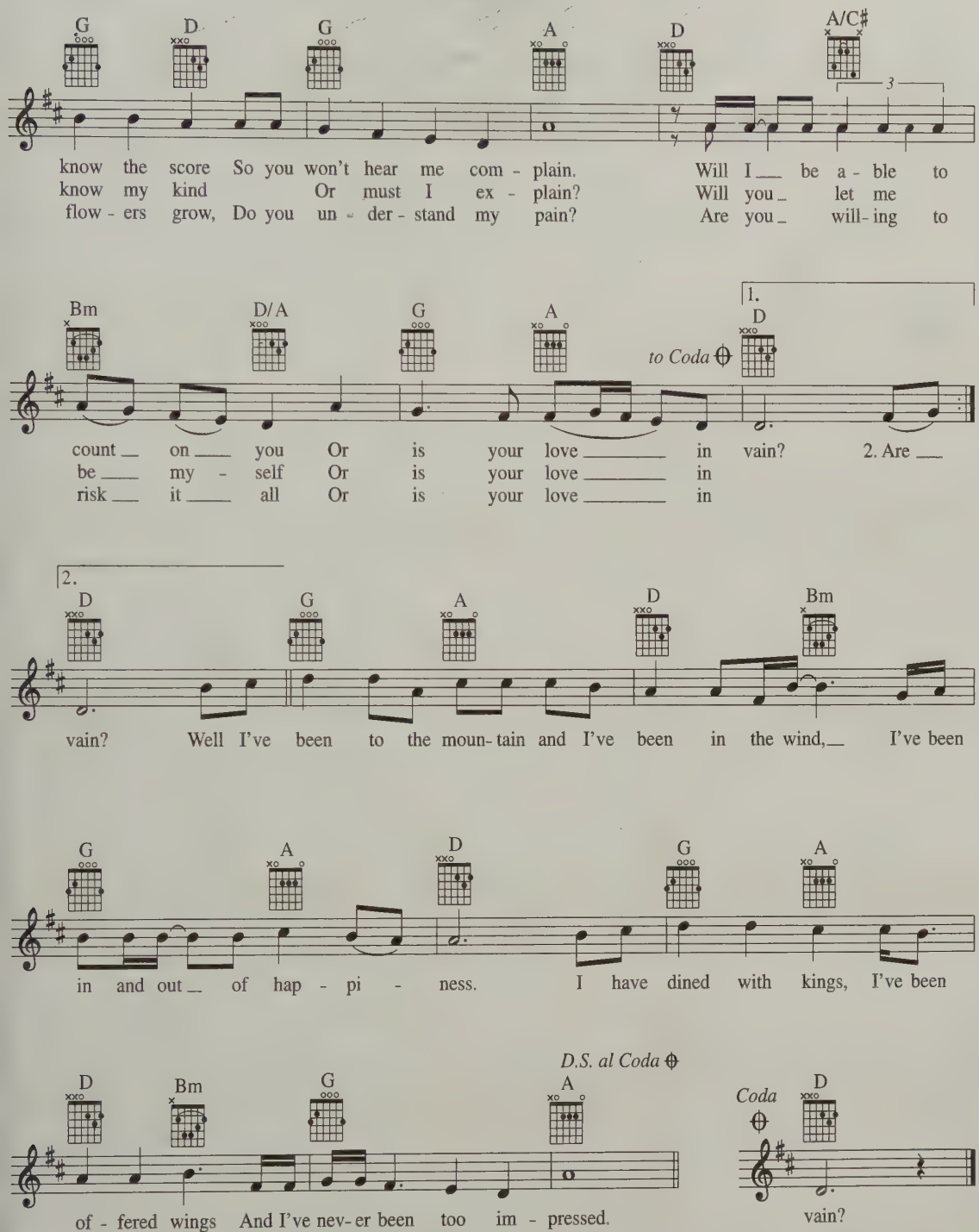
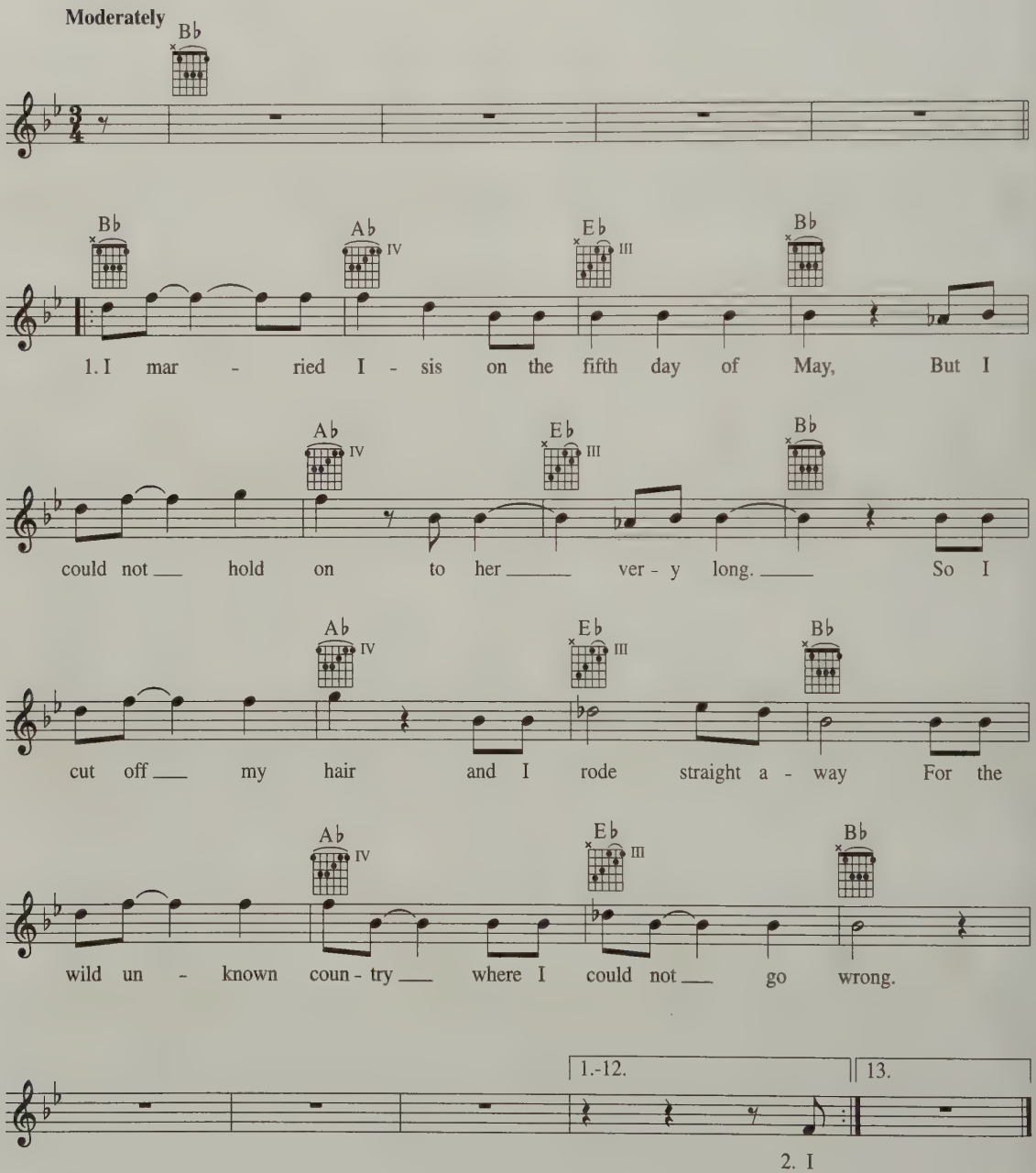

G D G A D A/C♯
3
know the score So you won't hear me com - plain. Will I be a - ble to
know my kind Or must I ex - plain? Will you let me
flow - ers grow, Do you un - der - stand my pain? Are you will - ing to
Bm D/A G A
to Coda
1. D
count on you Or is your love in vain? 2. Are
be my - self Or is your love in
risk it all Or is your love in
2. D G A D Bm
vain? Well I've been to the moun - tain and I've been in the wind, I've been
G A D G A
in and out of hap - pi - ness. I have dined with kings, I've been
D.S. al Coda
D Bm G A
of - fered wings And I've nev - er been too im - pressed.
Coda D
vain?

Isis

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy



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Additional lyrics

2. I came to a high place of darkness and light.
   The dividing line ran through the center of town.
   I hitched up my pony to a post on the right,
   Went in to a laundry to wash my clothes down.

3. A man in the corner approached me for a match.
   I knew right away he was not ordinary.
   He said, "Are you lookin' for somethin' easy to catch?"
   I said, "I got no money." He said, "That ain't necessary."

4. We set out that night for the cold in the North.
   I gave him my blanket, he gave me his word.
   I said, "Where are we goin'?" He said we'd be back by the fourth.
   I said, "That's the best news that I've ever heard."

5. I was thinkin' about turquoise, I was thinkin' about gold,
   I was thinkin' about diamonds and the world's biggest necklace.
   As we rode through the canyons, through the devilish cold,
   I was thinkin' about Isis, how she thought I was so reckless.

6. How she told me that one day we would meet up again,
   And things would be different the next time we wed,
   If I only could hang on and just be her friend.
   I still can't remember all the best things she said.

7. We came to the pyramids all embedded in ice.
   He said, "There's a body I'm tryin' to find.
   If I carry it out it'll bring a good price."
   'Twas then that I knew what he had on his mind.

8. The wind it was howlin' and the snow was outrageous.
   We chopped through the night and we chopped through the dawn.
   When he died I was hopin' that it wasn't contagious,
   But I made up my mind that I had to go on.

9. I broke into the tomb, but the casket was empty.
   There was no jewels, no nothin', I felt I'd been had.
   When I saw that my partner was just bein' friendly,
   When I took up his offer I must-a been mad.

10. I picked up his body and I dragged him inside,
    Threw him down in the hole and I put back the cover.
    I said a quick prayer and I felt satisfied.
    Then I rode back to find Isis just to tell her I love her.

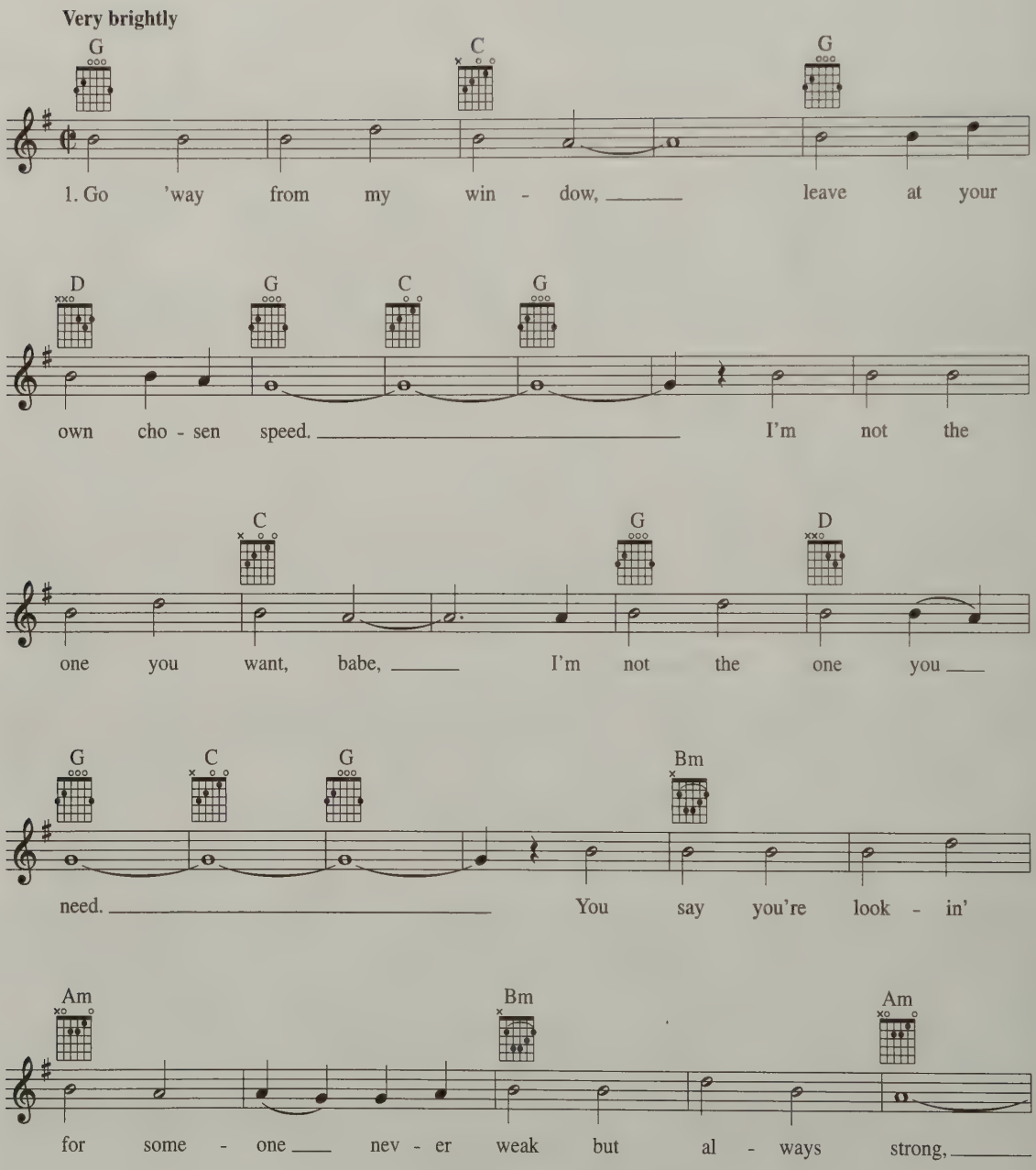
11. She was there in the meadow where the creek used to rise.
    Blinded by sleep and in need of a bed,
    I came in from the East with the sun in my eyes.
    I cursed her one time then I rode on ahead.

12. She said, "Where ya been?" I said, "No place special."
    She said, "You look different." I said, "Well, not quite."
    She said, "You been gone." I said, "That's only natural."
    She said, "You gonna stay?" I said, "Yeah, I jes might."

13. Isis, oh, Isis, you mystical child.
    What drives me to you is what drives me insane.
    I still can remember the way that you smiled
    On the fifth day of May in the drizzlin' rain.

It Ain't Me, Babe

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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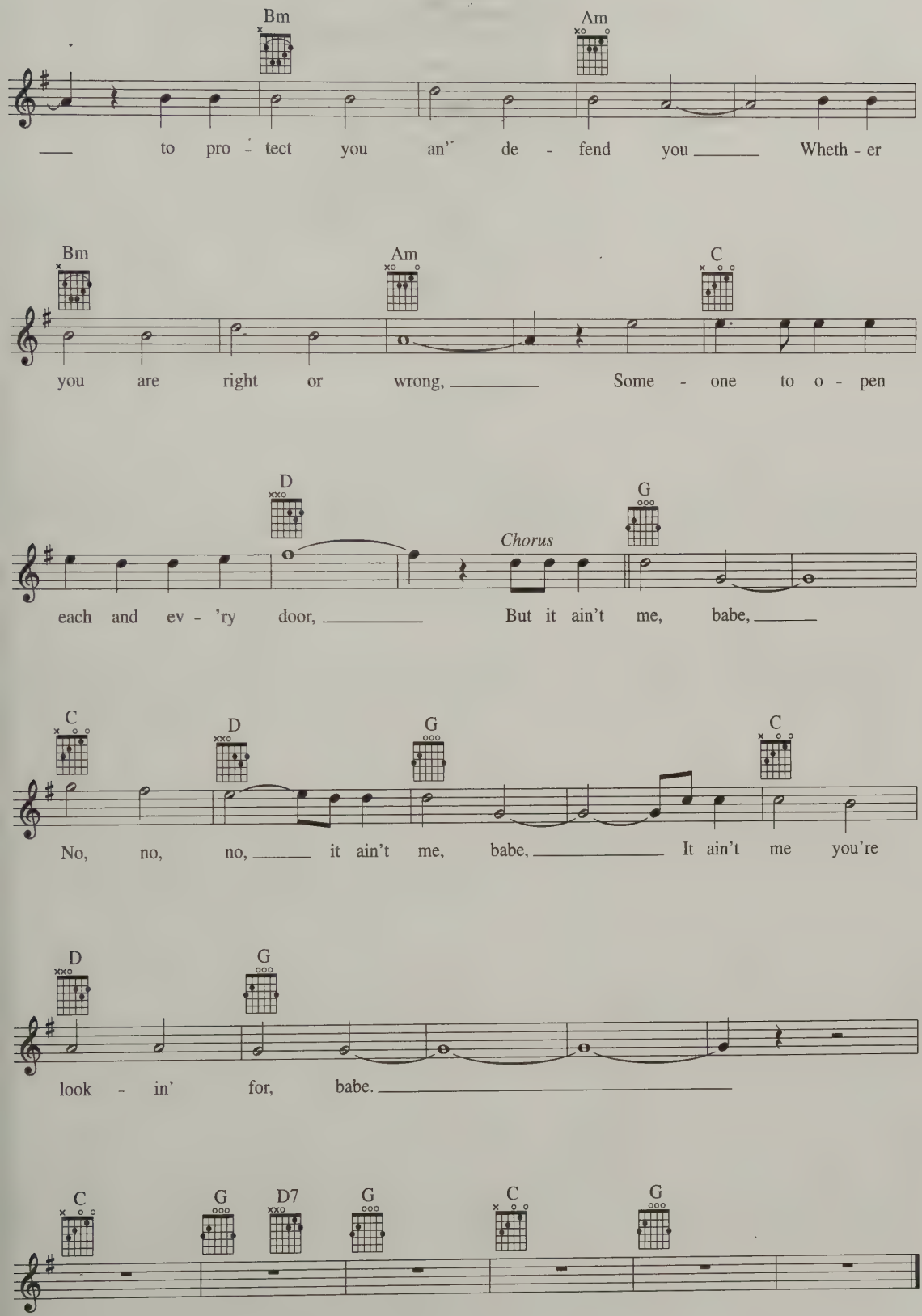

Bm
Am
to pro - tect you an'' de - fend you Wheth - er
Bm
Am
C
you are right or wrong, Some - one to o - pen
D
G
Chorus
each and ev - 'ry door, But it ain't me, babe,
C
D
G
C
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe, It ain't me you're
D
G
look - in' for, babe.
C
G
D7
G
C
G

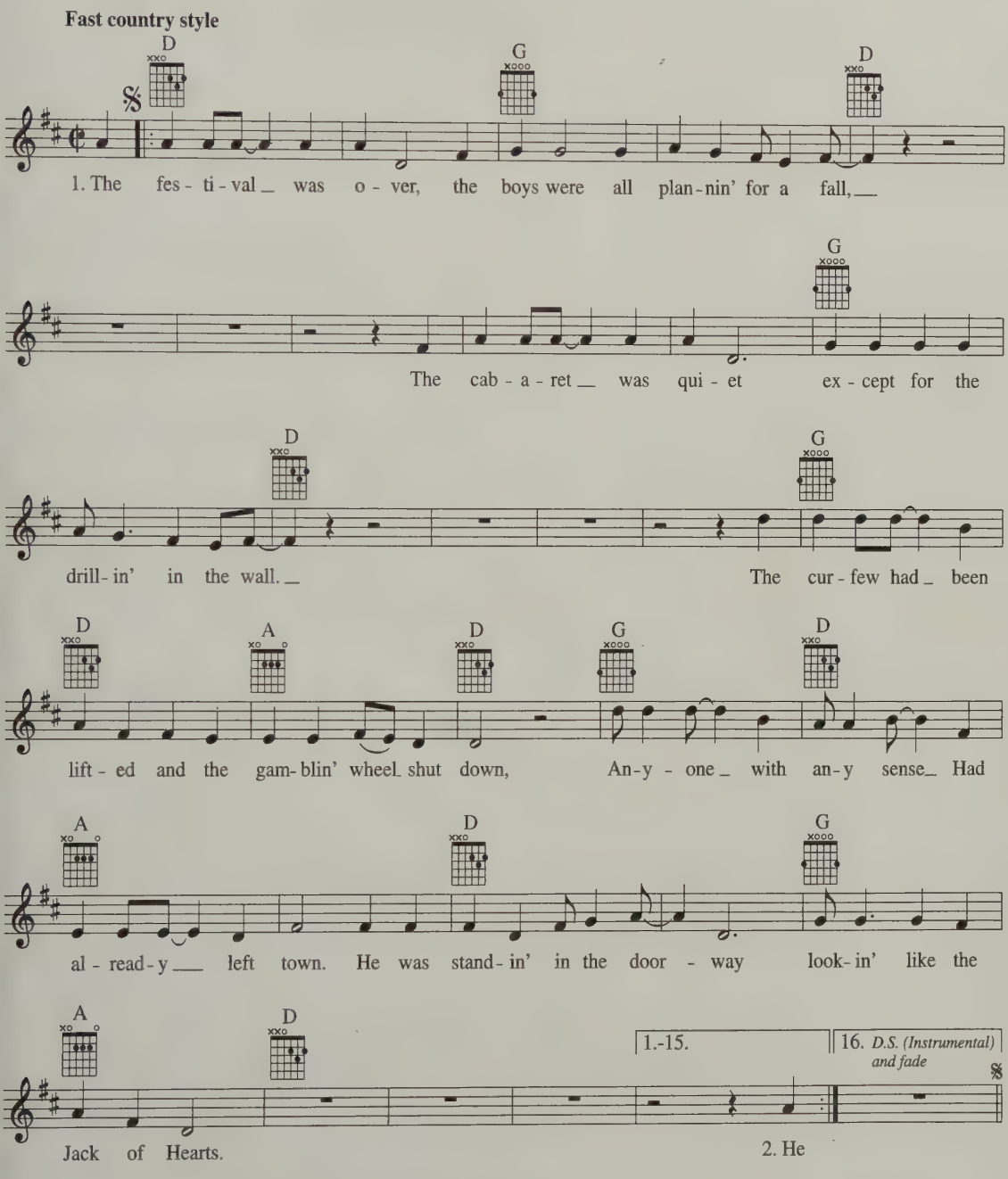
Additional lyrics

2. Go lightly from the ledge, babe,
Go lightly on the ground.
I'm not the one you want, babe,
I will only let you down.
You say you're lookin' for someone
Who will promise never to part,
Someone to close his eyes for you,
Someone to close his heart,
Someone who will die for you an' more,
But it ain't me, babe,
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe,
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.

3. Go melt back into the night, babe,
Everything inside is made of stone.
There's nothing in here moving
An' anyway I'm not alone.
You say you're looking for someone
Who'll pick you up each time you fall,
To gather flowers constantly
An' to come each time you call,
A lover for your life an' nothing more,
But it ain't me, babe,
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe,
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.

Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Fast country style
D
G
D
1. The fes - ti - val was o - ver, the boys were all plan - nin' for a fall,
G
The cab - a - ret was qui - et ex - cept for the
D
G
drill - in' in the wall. The cur - few had been
D
A
D
G
D
lift - ed and the gam - blin' wheel shut down, An - y - one with an - y sense Had
A
D
G
al - read - y left town. He was stand - in' in the door - way look - in' like the
A
D
1.-15.
16. D.S. (Instrumental) and fade
Jack of Hearts.
2. He

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Additional lyrics

2. He moved across the mirrored room, "Set it up for everyone," he said,
   Then everyone commenced to do what they were doin' before he turned their heads.
   Then he walked up to a stranger and he asked him with a grin,
   "Could you kindly tell me, friend, what time the show begins?"
   Then he moved into the corner, face down like the Jack of Hearts.

3. Backstage the girls were playin' five-card stud by the stairs,
   Lily had two queens, she was hopin' for a third to match her pair.
   Outside the streets were fillin' up, the window was open wide,
   A gentle breeze was blowin', you could feel it from inside.
   Lily called another bet and drew up the Jack of Hearts.

4. Big Jim was no one's fool, he owned the town's only diamond mine,
   He made his usual entrance lookin' so dandy and so fine.
   With his bodyguards and silver cane and every hair in place,
   He took whatever he wanted to and he laid it all to waste.
   But his bodyguards and silver cane were no match for the Jack of Hearts.

5. Rosemary combed her hair and took a carriage into town,
   She slipped in through the side door lookin' like a queen without a crown.
   She fluttered her false eyelashes and whispered in his ear,
   "Sorry, darlin', that I'm late," but he didn't seem to hear.
   He was starin' into space over at the Jack of Hearts.

6. "I know I've seen that face before," Big Jim was thinkin' to himself,
   "Maybe down in Mexico or a picture up on somebody's shelf."
   But then the crowd began to stamp their feet and the house lights did dim
   And in the darkness of the room there was only Jim and him,
   Starin' at the butterfly who just drew the Jack of Hearts.

7. Lily was a princess, she was fair-skinned and precious as a child,
   She did whatever she had to do, she had that certain flash every time she smiled.
   She'd come away from a broken home, had lots of strange affairs
   With men in every walk of life which took her everywhere.
   But she'd never met anyone quite like the Jack of Hearts.

8. The hangin' judge came in unnoticed and was being wined and dined,
   The drillin' in the wall kept up but no one seemed to pay it any mind.
   It was known all around that Lily had Jim's ring
   And nothing would ever come between Lily and the king.
   No, nothin' ever would except maybe the Jack of Hearts.

9. Rosemary started drinkin' hard and seein' her reflection in the knife,
   She was tired of the attention, tired of playin' the role of Big Jim's wife.
   She had done a lot of bad things, even once tried suicide,
   Was lookin' to do just one good deed before she died.
   She was gazin' to the future, riding on the Jack of Hearts.

10. Lily washed her face, took her dress off and buried it away.
    "Has your luck run out?" she laughed at him, "Well, I guess you must have known it would someday.
    Be careful not to touch the wall, there's a brand-new coat of paint,
    I'm glad to see you're still alive, you're lookin' like a saint."
    Down the hallway footsteps were comin' for the Jack of Hearts.

11. The backstage manager was pacing all around by his chair.
"There's something funny going on," he said, "I can just feel it in the air."
He went to get the hangin' judge, but the hangin' judge was drunk,
As the leading actor hurried by in the costume of a monk.
There was no actor anywhere better than the Jack of Hearts.

12. Lily's arms were locked around the man that she dearly loved to touch,
She forgot all about the man she couldn't stand who hounded her so much.
"I've missed you so," she said to him, and he felt she was sincere,
But just beyond the door he felt jealousy and fear.
Just another night in the life of the Jack of Hearts.

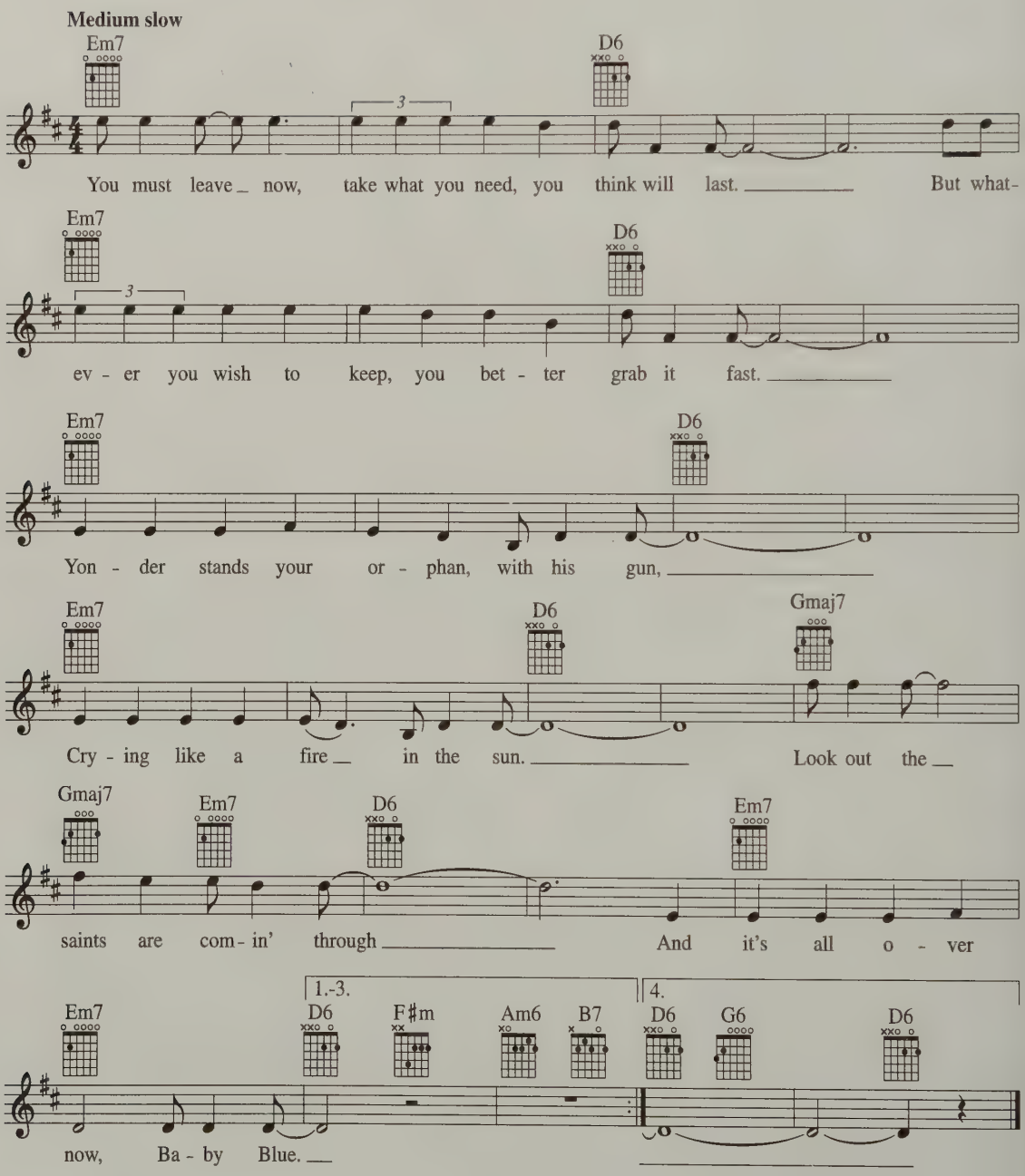
13. No one knew the circumstance but they say that it happened pretty quick,
The door to the dressing room burst open and a cold revolver clicked.
And Big Jim was standin' there, ya couldn't say surprised,
Rosemary right beside him, steady in her eyes.
She was with Big Jim but she was leanin' to the Jack of Hearts.

14. Two doors down the boys finally made it through the wall
And cleaned out the bank safe, it's said that they got off with quite a haul.
In the darkness by the riverbed they waited on the ground
For one more member who had business back in town.
But they couldn't go no further without the Jack of Hearts.

15. The next day was hangin' day, the sky was overcast and black,
Big Jim lay covered up, killed by a penknife in the back.
And Rosemary on the gallows, she didn't even blink,
The hangin' judge was sober, he hadn't had a drink.
The only person on the scene missin' was the Jack of Hearts.

16. The cabaret was empty now, a sign said, "Closed for repair,"
Lily had already taken all of the dye out of her hair.
She was thinkin' 'bout her father, who she very rarely saw,
Thinkin' 'bout Rosemary and thinkin' about the law.
But, most of all she was thinkin' 'bout the Jack of Hearts.

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Medium slow
Em7
D6
You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last. But what-
ev - er you wish to keep, you bet - ter grab it fast.
Yon - der stands your or - phan, with his gun,
Gmaj7
Cry - ing like a fire in the sun. Look out the
saints are com - in' through And it's all o - ver
1.-3.
4.
F♯m
Am6
B7
G6
now, Ba - by Blue.

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Additional lyrics

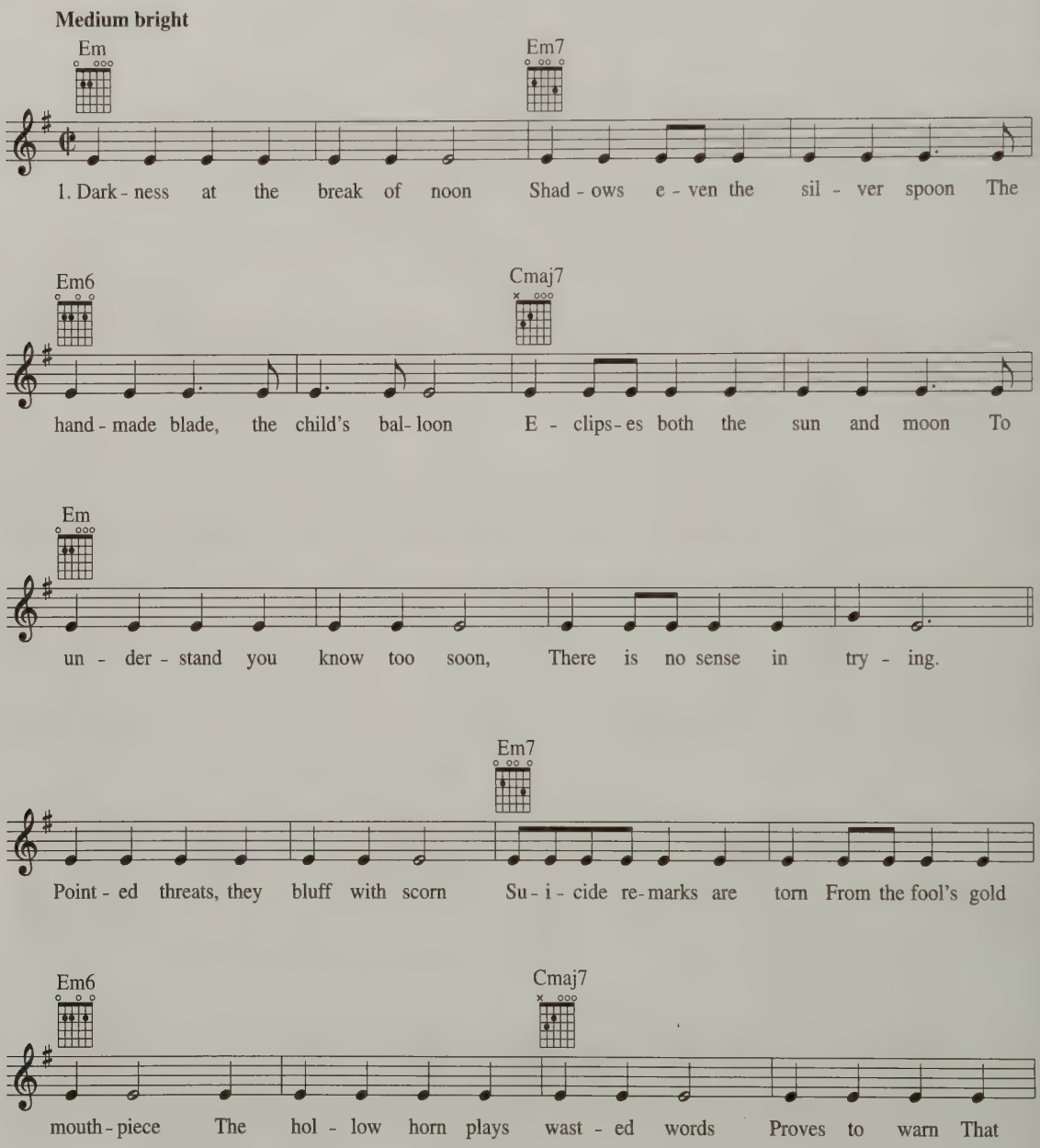
2. The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense.
Take what you have gathered from coincidence.
The empty-handed painter from your streets
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets.
This sky, too, is folding under you
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

3. All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home.
All your reindeer armies, are all going home.
The lover who just walked out your door
Has taken all his blankets from the floor.
The carpet, too, is moving under you
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

4. Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you.
Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you.
The vagabond who's rapping at your door
Is standing in the clothes that you once wore.
Strike another match, go start anew
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

It's Alright, Ma
(I'm Only Bleeding)

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium bright
Em
Em7
1. Dark - ness at the break of noon Shad - ows e - ven the sil - ver spoon The
Em6
Cmaj7
hand - made blade, the child's bal - loon E - clips - es both the sun and moon To
Em
un - der - stand you know too soon, There is no sense in try - ing.
Em7
Point - ed threats, they bluff with scorn Su - i - cide re - marks are torn From the fool's gold
Em6
Cmaj7
mouth - piece The hol - low horn plays wast - ed words Proves to warn That

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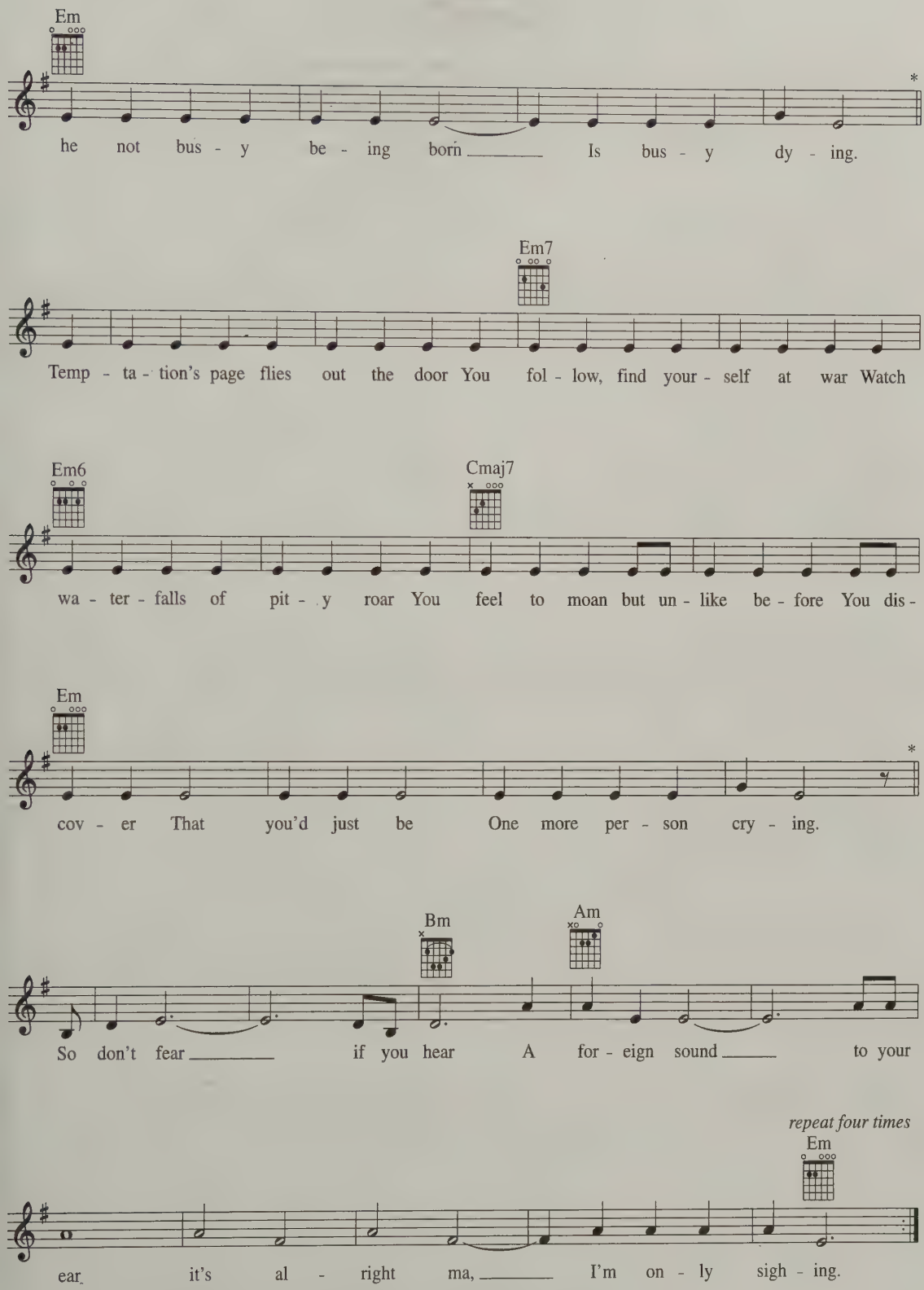

Em
he not bus - y be - ing born Is bus - y dy - ing.
Em7
Temp - ta - tion's page flies out the door You fol - low, find your - self at war Watch
Em6
Cmaj7
wa - ter - falls of pit - y roar You feel to moan but un - like be - fore You dis -
Em
cov - er That you'd just be One more per - son cry - ing.
Bm
Am
So don't fear if you hear A for - eign sound to your
repeat four times
Em
ear it's al - right ma, I'm on - ly sigh - ing.

** The asterisks denote ad lib guitar breaks which occur at these points in the Dylan recording.*

Additional lyrics

2. As some warn victory, some downfall
Private reasons great or small
Can be seen in the eyes of those that call
To make all that should be killed to crawl
While others say don't hate nothing at all
Except hatred.

Disillusioned words like bullets bark
As human gods aim for their mark
Made everything from toy guns that spark
To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark
It's easy to see without looking too far
That not much is really sacred.

While preachers preach of evil fates
Teachers teach that knowledge waits
Can lead to hundred-dollar plates
Goodness hides behind its gates
But even the president of the United States
Sometimes must have to stand naked.

An' though the rules of the road have been lodged
It's only people's games that you got to dodge
And it's alright, Ma, I can make it.

3. Advertising signs that con you
Into thinking you're the one
That can do what's never been done
That can win what's never been won
Meantime life outside goes on
All around you.

You lose yourself, you reappear
You suddenly find you got nothing to fear
Alone you stand with nobody near
When a trembling distant voice, unclear
Startles your sleeping ears to hear
That somebody thinks they really found you.

A question in your nerves is lit
Yet you know there is no answer fit to satisfy
Insure you not to quit
To keep it in your mind and not forget
That it is not he or she or them or it
That you belong to.

Although the masters make the rules
For the wise men and the fools
I got nothing, Ma, to live up to.

4. For them that must obey authority
That they do not respect in any degree
Who despise their jobs, their destinies
Speak jealously of them that are free
Cultivate their flowers to be
Nothing more than something they invest in.

While some on principles baptized
To strict party platform ties
Social clubs in drag disguise
Outsiders they can freely criticize
Tell nothing except who to idolize
And then say God bless him.

While one who sings with his tongue on fire
Gargles in the rat race choir
Bent out of shape from society's pliers
Cares not to come up any higher
But rather get you down in the hole
That he's in.

But I mean no harm nor put fault
On anyone that lives in a vault
But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please him.

5. Old lady judges watch people in pairs
Limited in sex, they dare
To push fake morals, insult and stare
While money doesn't talk, it swears
Obscenity, who really cares
Propaganda, all is phony.

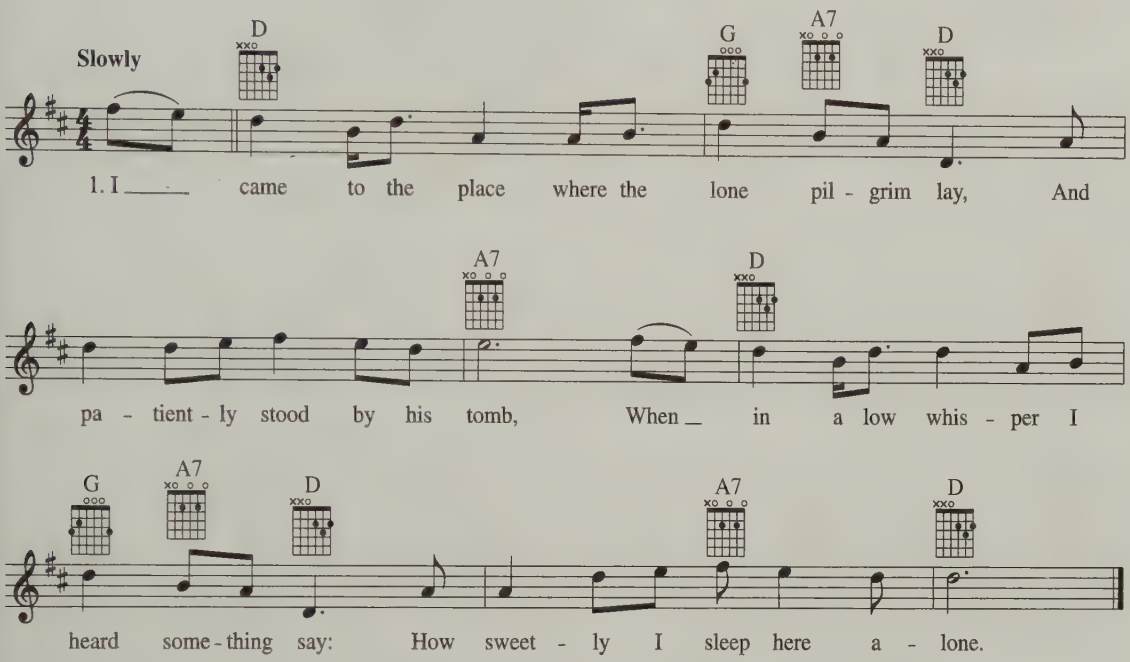
While them that defend what they cannot see
With a killer's pride, security
It blows the minds most bitterly
For them that think death's honesty
Won't fall upon them naturally
Life sometimes must get lonely.

My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards
False gods, I scuff
At pettiness which plays so rough
Walk upside-down inside handcuffs
Kick my legs to crash it off
Say okay, I have had enough what else can you show me?

And if my thought-dreams could be seen
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine
But it's alright, Ma, it's life, and life only.

Lone Pilgrim

Words and Music by B.F. White and Adgar M. Pace



Additional lyrics

2. The tempest may howl and the loud thunder roar
And gathering storms may arise,
But calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3. The call of my master compelled me from home,
No kindred or relative nigh.
I met the contagion and sank to the tomb,
My soul flew to mansions on high.

4. Go tell my companion and children most dear
To weep not for me now I'm gone.
The same hand that led me through seas most severe
Has kindly assisted me home.

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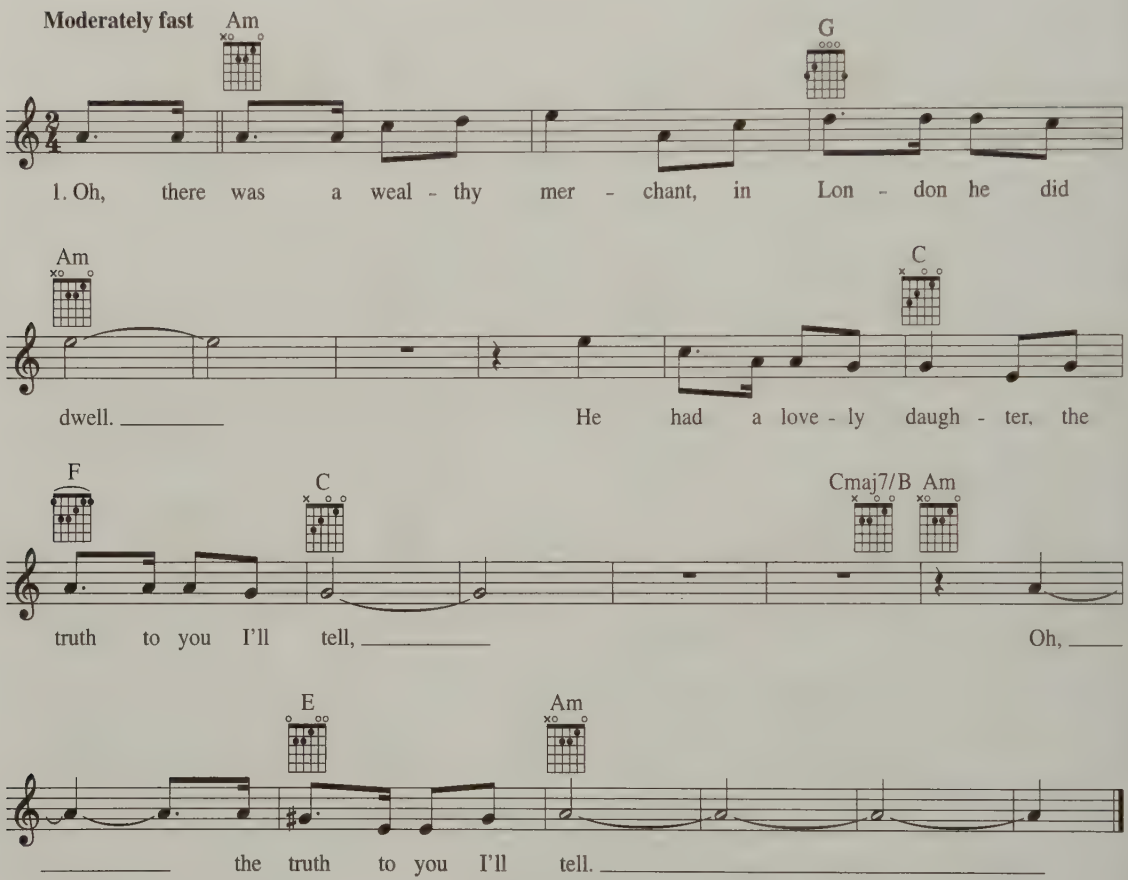
Jack-A-Roe

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan

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Additional lyrics

2. She had sweethearts a-plenty and men of high degree.
   There was none but Jackie Frazier, her true love e'er to be,
   Oh, her true love e'er to be.

3. "Oh daughter, oh daughter, your body I will confine.
   If none but Jack the sailor would ever suit your mind,
   Oh, would ever suit your mind."

4. "This body you may imprison, my heart you can't confine.
   There's none but Jack the sailor would have this heart of mine,
   Oh, would have this heart of mine.

5. Now Jackie's gone sailing with trouble on his mind.
   To leave his native country and his darling girl behind,
   Oh, his darling girl behind.

6. She went into the tailor shop and dressed in men's array,
   Then she went into the vessel to convey herself away,
   Oh, convey herself away.

7. "Before you step onboard, sir, your name I'd like to know."
   She smiled all in her countenance, said, "They call me Jack-A-Roe,
   Oh, they call me Jack-A-Roe."

8. "Your waist is light and slender, your fingers neat and small,
   Your cheeks too red and rosy for to face the cannonball,
   Oh, to face the cannonball."

9. "I know my waist is slender and my fingers they are small,
   But they would not make me tremble for to see ten thousand fall,
   Oh, to see ten thousand fall."

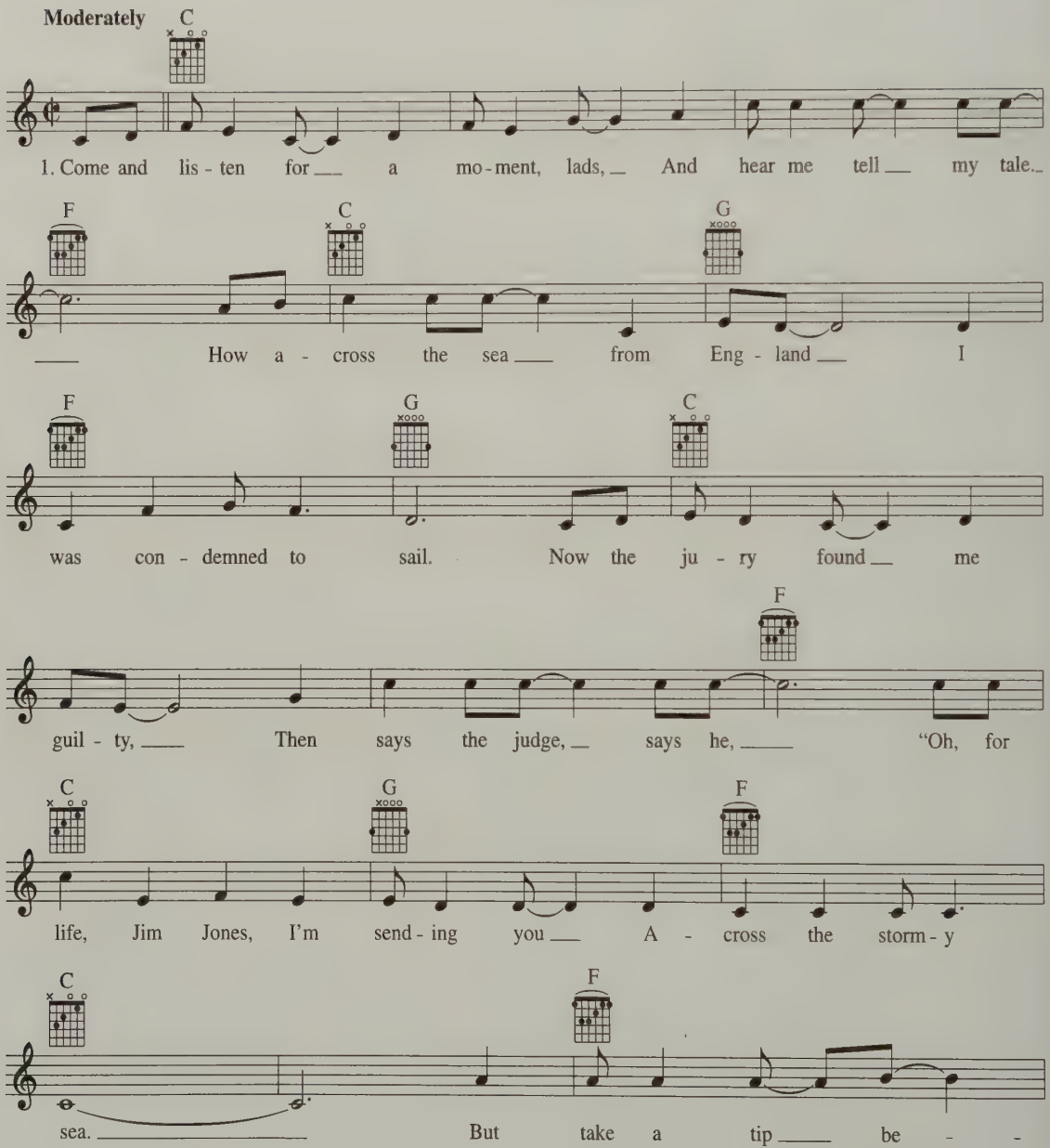
10. The war soon being over, they hunted all around.
    Among the dead and dying her darling love she found,
    Oh, her darling love she found.

11. She picked him up all in her arms and carried him to town,
    And sent for her physician to quickly heal his wounds,
    Oh, to quickly heal his wounds.

12. This couple, they got married, so well they did agree,
    This couple they got married, so why not you and me,
    Oh, so why not you and me.

Jim Jones

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
C
1. Come and lis - ten for a mo - ment, lads, And hear me tell my tale.
F
C
G
How a - cross the sea from Eng - land I
F
G
C
was con - demned to sail. Now the ju - ry found me
F
guil - ty, Then says the judge, says he, "Oh, for
C
G
F
life, Jim Jones, I'm send - ing you A - cross the storm - y
C
F
sea. But take a tip be - -

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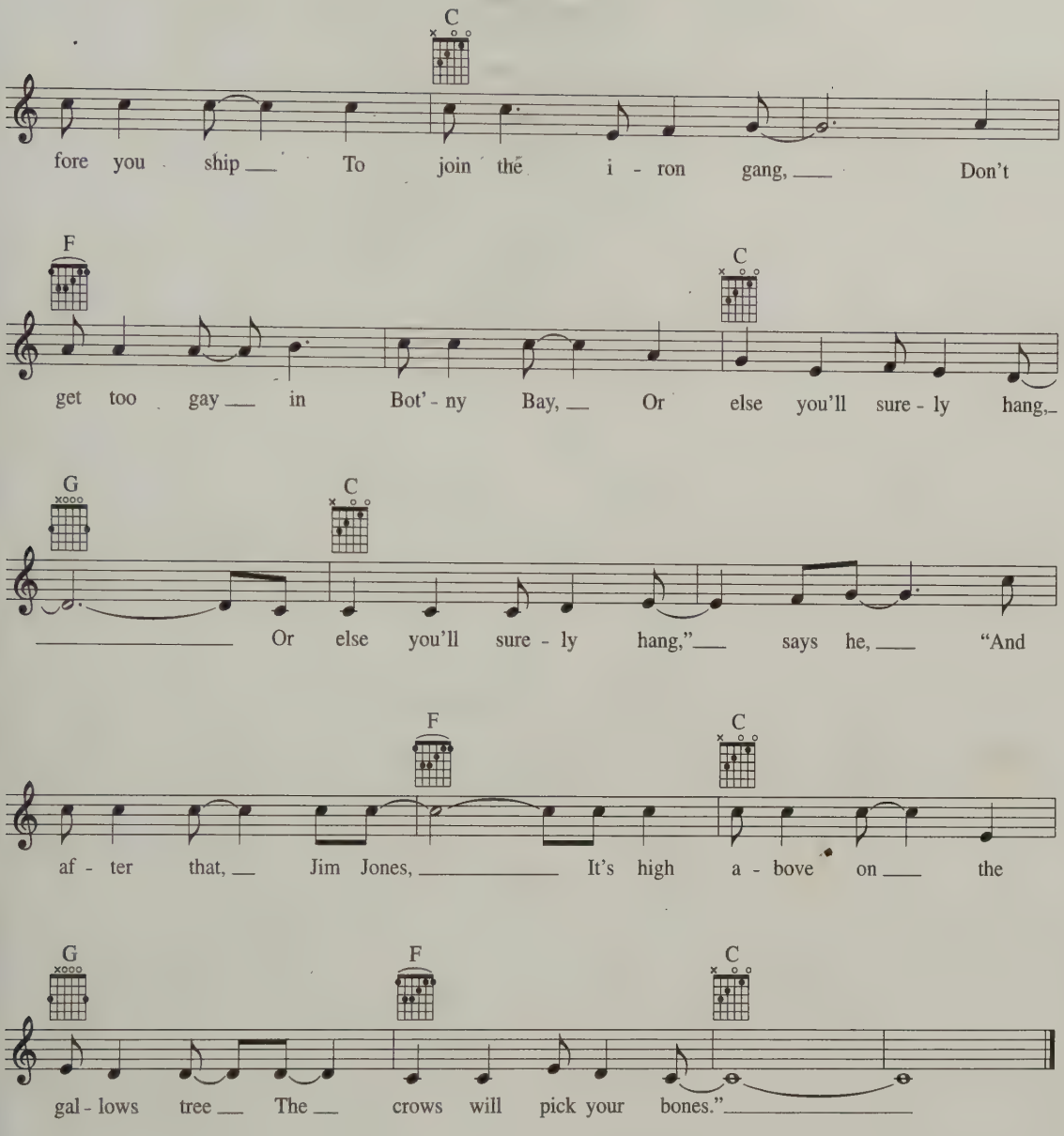
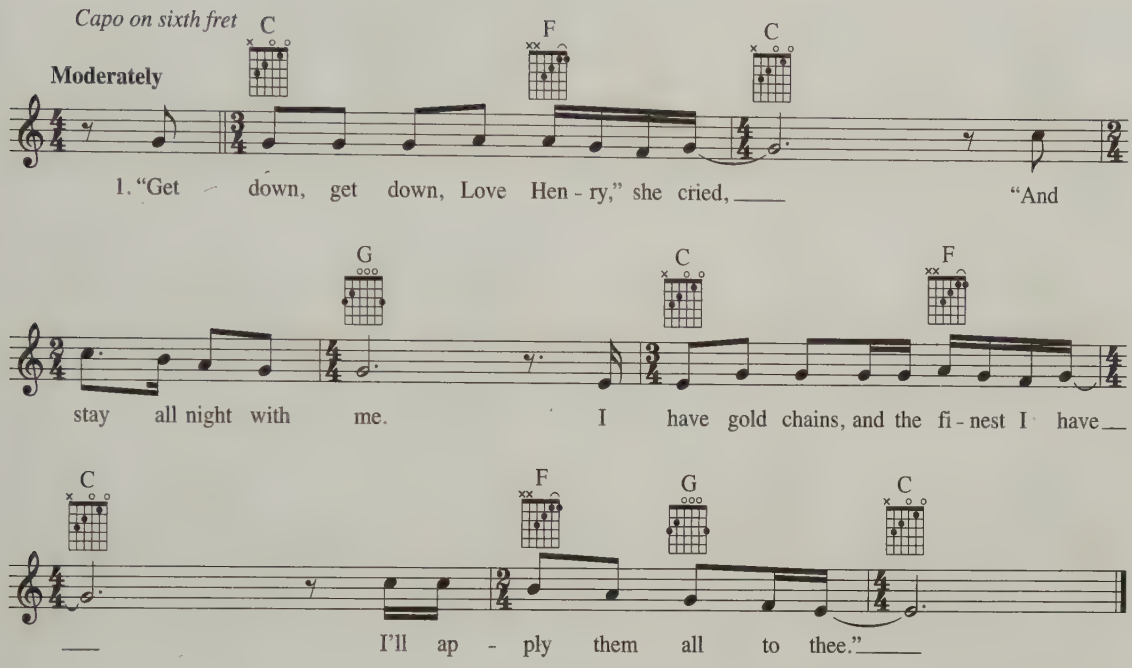

C
fore you ship To join the i - ron gang, Don't
F
C
get too gay in Bot' - ny Bay, Or else you'll sure - ly hang,
G
C
Or else you'll sure - ly hang," says he, "And
F
C
af - ter that, Jim Jones, It's high a - bove on the
G
F
C
gal - lows tree The crows will pick your bones."

Additional lyrics

2. And our ship was high upon the sea
When pirates came along,
But the soldiers on our convict ship
Were full five hundred strong,
For they opened fire and somehow drove
That pirate ship away,
But I'd rather have joined that pirate ship
Than gone to Botany Bay.
With the storms ragin' round us,
And the winds a-blowin' gale,
I'd rather have drowned in misery
Than gone to New South Wales.
There's no time for mischief there, they say,
Remember that, says they,
Or they'll flog the poaching out of you,
Down in Botany Bay.

3. Now it's day and night and the irons clang,
And like poor galley slaves
We toil and toil, and when we die
Must fill dishonored graves.
And it's by and by I'll slip my chains,
Well, into the bush I'll go,
And I'll join the bravest rankers there,
Jack Donohue and co.
And some dark night, when everything
Is silent in the town,
I'll shoot those tyrants one and all,
I'll gun the floggers down.
Oh, I'll give the land a little shock,
Remember what I say,
And they'll yet regret they've sent Jim Jones
In chains to Botany Bay.

Love Henry

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan

Additional lyrics

2. "I can't get down and I shan't get down,
Or stay all night with thee.
Some pretty little girl in Cornersville
I love far better than thee."

3. He layed his head on a pillow of down.
Kisses she gave him three.
With a penny knife that she held in her hand
She murdered mortal he.

Instrumental

4. "Get well, get well, Love Henry," she cried,
"Get well, get well," said she.
"Oh don't you see my own heart's blood
Come flowin' down so free?"

5. She took him by his long yellow hair,
And also by his feet.
She plunged him into well water, where
It runs both cold and deep.

6. "Lie there, lie there, Love Henry," she cried,
"Til the flesh rots off your bones.
Some pretty little girl in Cornersville
Will mourn for your return."

Instrumental

7. "Hush up, hush up, my parrot," she cried,
"Don't tell no news on me;
Or these costly beads around my neck,
I'll apply them all to thee."

8. "Fly down, fly down, pretty parrot," she cried,
"And light on my right knee.
The doors to your cage shall be decked with gold
And hung on a willow tree."

9. "I won't fly down, I can't fly down
And light on your right knee.
A girl who would murder her own true love
Would kill a little bird like me."

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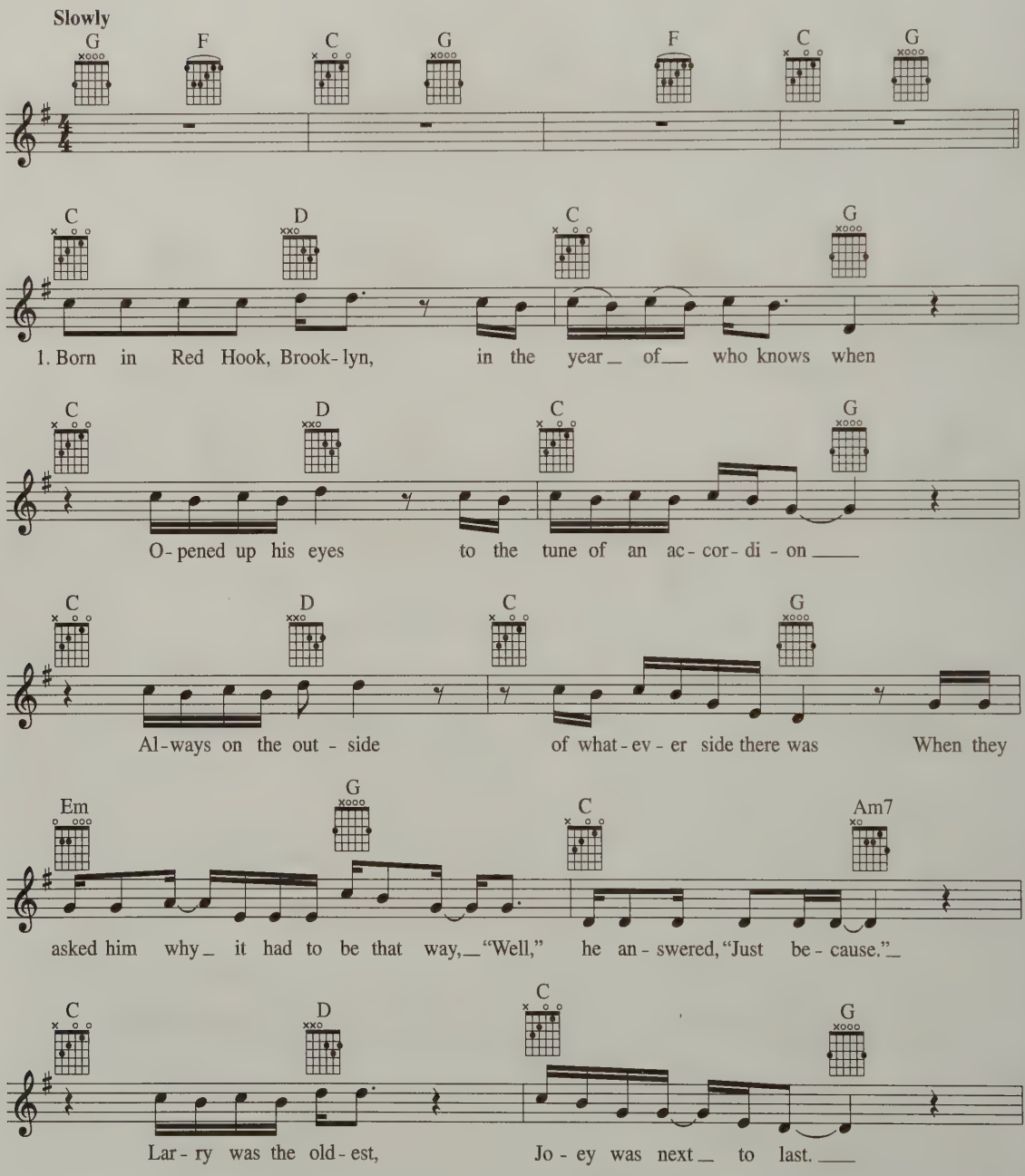
Joey

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy


Slowly
G F C G F C G
C D C G
1. Born in Red Hook, Brook- lyn, in the year_ of__ who knows when
C D C G
O- pened up his eyes to the tune of an ac- cor- di - on ____
C D C G
Al- ways on the out - side of what- ev - er side there was When they
Em G C Am7
asked him why_ it had to be that way,_"Well," he an - swered, "Just be - cause."_
C D C G
Lar - ry was the old - est, Jo - ey was next_ to last. ____

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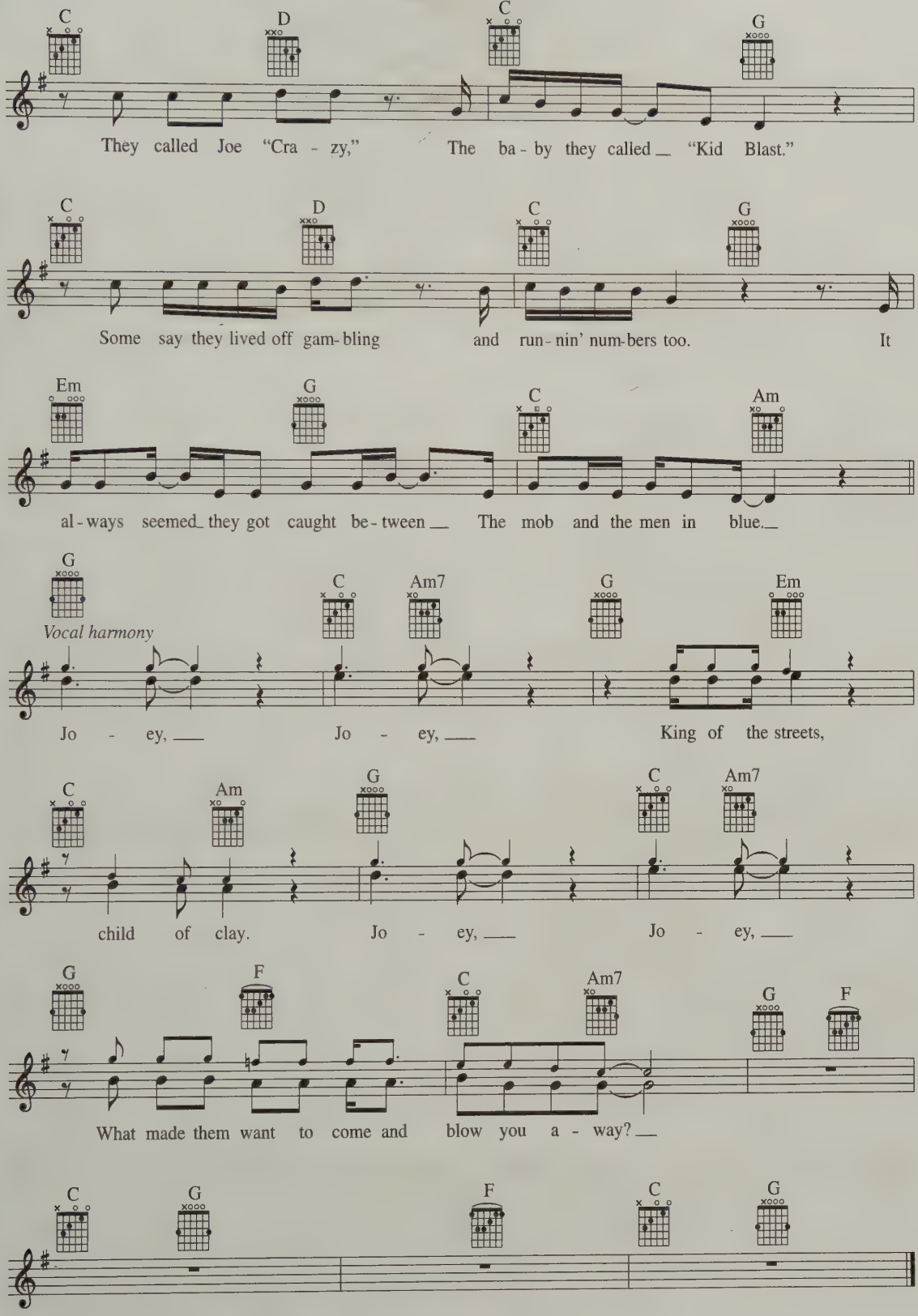

C D C G
They called Joe "Cra - zy," The ba - by they called _ "Kid Blast."
C D C G
Some say they lived off gam-bling and run-nin' num-bers too. It
Em G C Am
al-ways seemed_ they got caught be-tween _ The mob and the men in blue._
G C Am7 G Em
Vocal harmony
Jo - ey, _ Jo - ey, _ King of the streets,
C Am G C Am7
child of clay. Jo - ey, _ Jo - ey, _
G F C Am7 G F
What made them want to come and blow you a - way? _
C G F C G

Additional lyrics

2. There was talk they killed their rivals, but the truth was far from that
No one ever knew for sure where they were really at.
When they tried to strangle Larry, Joey almost hit the roof.
He went out that night to seek revenge, thinkin' he was bulletproof.

The war broke out at the break of dawn, it emptied out the streets
Joey and his brothers suffered terrible defeats
Till they ventured out behind the lines and took five prisoners.
They stashed them away in a basement, called them amateurs.

The hostages were tremblin' when they heard a man exclaim,
"Let's blow this place to kingdom come, let Con Edison take the blame."
But Joey stepped up, he raised his hand, said, "We're not those kind of men.
It's peace and quiet that we need to go back to work again."

Chorus

3. The police department hounded him, they called him Mr. Smith
They got him on conspiracy, they were never sure who with.
"What time is it?" said the judge to Joey when they met
"Five to ten," said Joey. The judge says, "That's exactly what you get."

He did ten years in Attica, reading Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich
They threw him in the hole one time for tryin' to stop a strike.
His closest friends were black men 'cause they seemed to understand
What it's like to be in society with a shackle on your hand.

When they let him out in '71 he'd lost a little weight
But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney and I swear he did look great.
He tried to find the way back into the life he left behind
To the boss he said, "I have returned and now I want what's mine."

Chorus

4. It was true that in his later years he would not carry a gun
"I'm around too many children," he'd say, "they should never know of one."
Yet he walked right into the clubhouse of his lifelong deadly foe,
Emptied out the register, said, "Tell 'em it was Crazy Joe."

One day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York
He could see it comin' through the door as he lifted up his fork.
He pushed the table over to protect his family
Then he staggered out into the streets of Little Italy.

Chorus

5. Sister Jacqueline and Carmela and mother Mary all did weep.
I heard his best friend Frankie say, "He ain't dead, he's just asleep."
Then I saw the old man's limousine head back towards the grave
I guess he had to say one last goodbye to the son that he could not save.

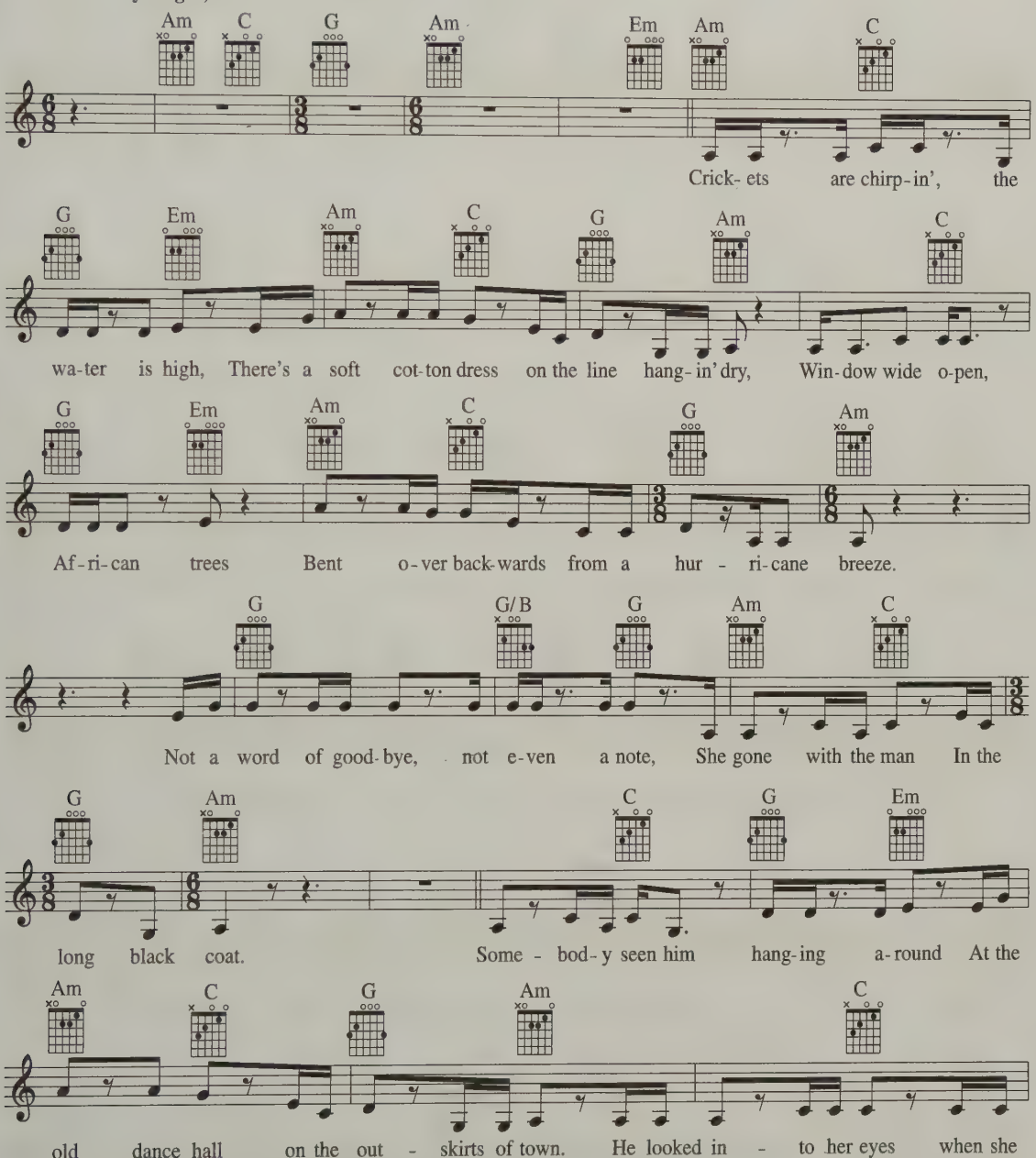
The sun turned cold over President Street and the town of Brooklyn mourned
They said a mass in the old church near the house where he was born.
And someday if God's in heaven overlookin' His preserve
I know the men that shot him down will get what they deserve.

Chorus

Man in the Long Black Coat

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately bright, in 6


Am C G Am Em Am C
Crick- ets are chirp-in', the
G Em Am C G Am C
wa-ter is high, There's a soft cot-ton dress on the line hang-in' dry, Win-dow wide o-pen,
G Em Am C G Am
Af-ri-can trees Bent o-ver back-wards from a hur - ri-cane breeze.
G G/B G Am C
Not a word of good-bye, not e-ven a note, She gone with the man In the
G Am C G Em
long black coat. Some - bod-y seen him hang-ing a-round At the
Am C G Am C
old dance hall on the out - skirts of town. He looked in - to her eyes when she

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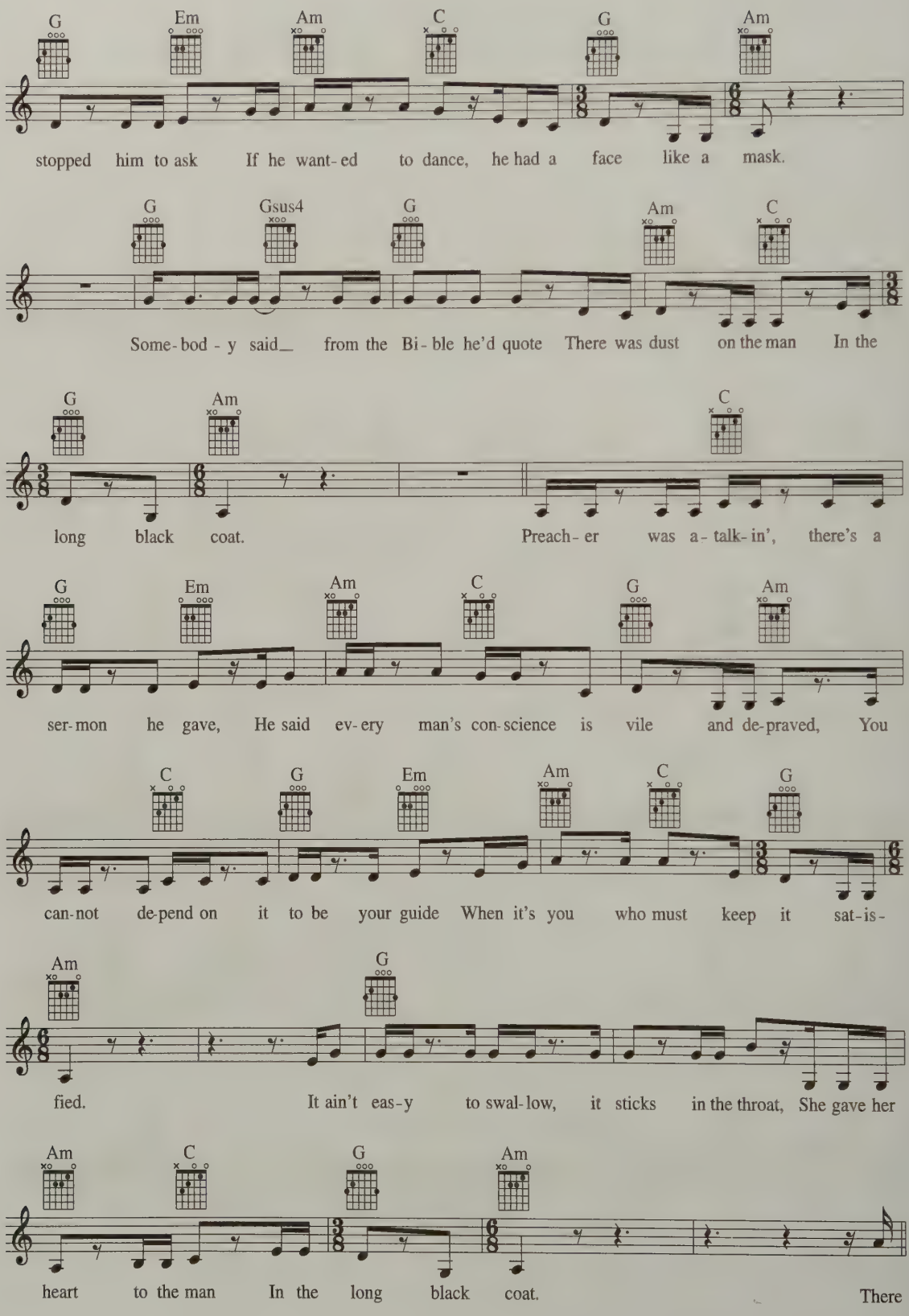
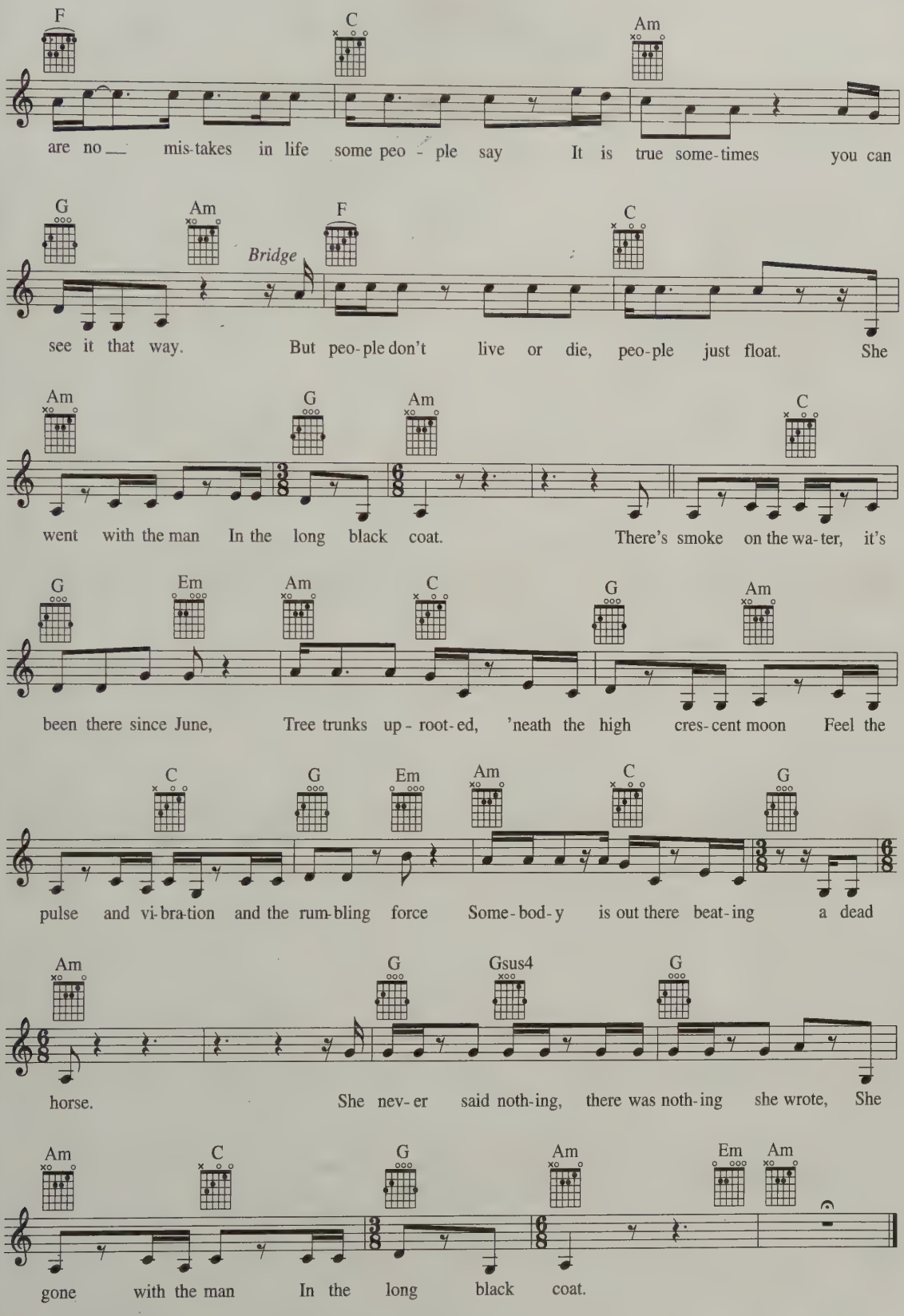
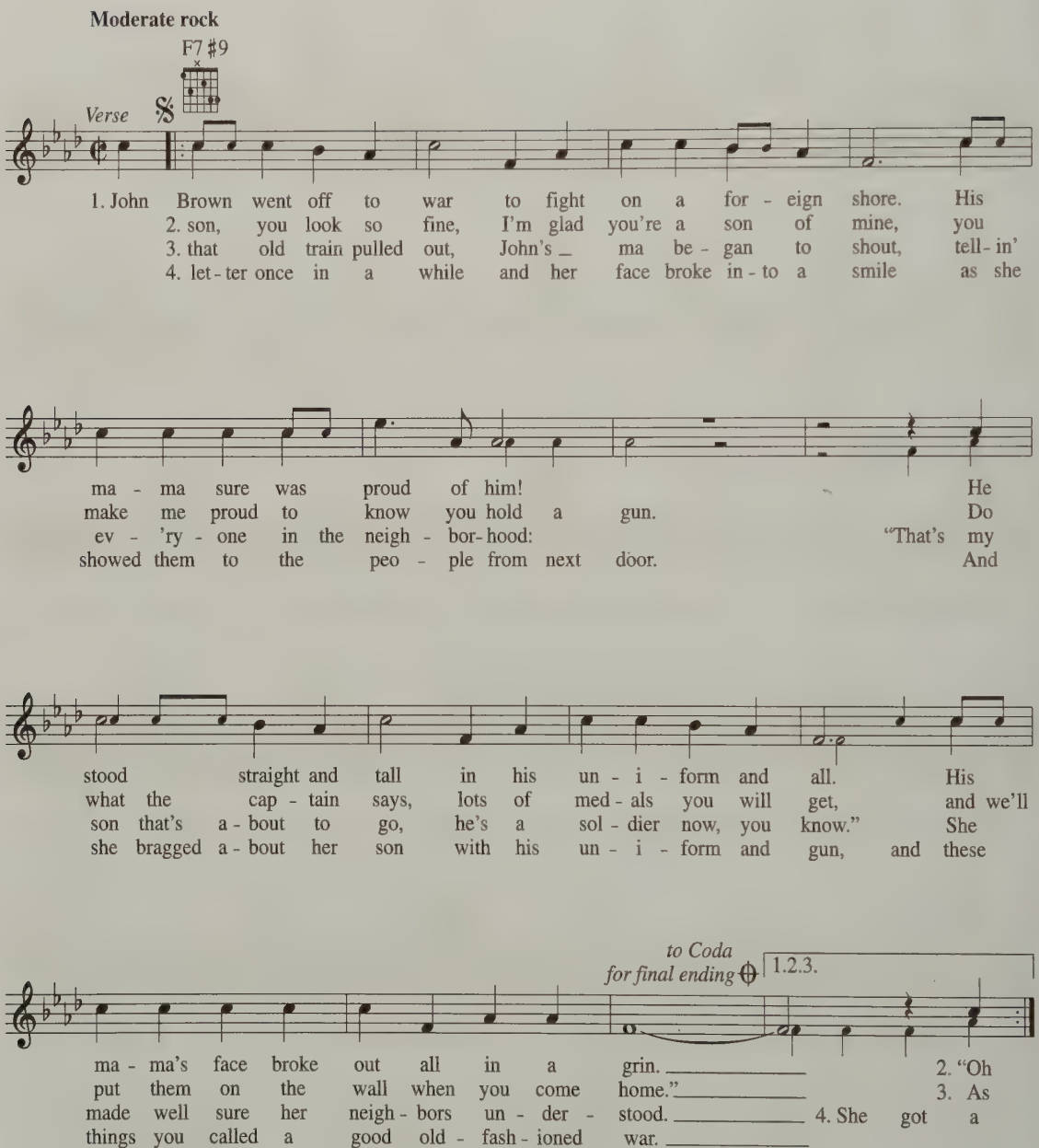

G Em Am C G Am
stopped him to ask If he want-ed to dance, he had a face like a mask.
G Gsus4 G Am C
Some-bod-y said_ from the Bi-ble he'd quote There was dust on the man In the
G Am C
long black coat. Preach-er was a-talk-in', there's a
G Em Am C G Am
ser-mon he gave, He said ev-ery man's con-science is vile and de-praved, You
C G Em Am C G
can-not de-pend on it to be your guide When it's you who must keep it sat-is-
Am G
fied. It ain't eas-y to swal-low, it sticks in the throat, She gave her
Am C G Am
heart to the man In the long black coat. There


F C Am
are no mis-takes in life some peo - ple say It is true some-times you can
G Am F C
Bridge
see it that way. But peo-ple don't live or die, peo-ple just float. She
Am G Am C
went with the man In the long black coat. There's smoke on the wa-ter, it's
G Em Am C G Am
been there since June, Tree trunks up - root-ed, 'neath the high cres-cent moon Feel the
C G Em Am C G
pulse and vi-bra-tion and the rum-bling force Some-bod-y is out there beat-ing a dead
Am G Gsus4 G
horse. She nev-er said noth-ing, there was noth-ing she wrote, She
Am C G Am Em Am
gone with the man In the long black coat.

John Brown

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate rock
F7 ♯9
Verse
1. John Brown went off to war to fight on a for - eign shore. His
2. son, you look so fine, I'm glad you're a son of mine, you
3. that old train pulled out, John's _ ma be - gan to shout, tell - in'
4. let - ter once in a while and her face broke in - to a smile as she
ma - ma sure was proud of him! He
make me proud to know you hold a gun. Do
ev - 'ry - one in the neigh - bor - hood: "That's my
showed them to the peo - ple from next door. And
stood straight and tall in his un - i - form and all. His
what the cap - tain says, lots of med - als you will get, and we'll
son that's a - bout to go, he's a sol - dier now, you know." She
she bragged a - bout her son with his un - i - form and gun, and these
to Coda
for final ending
1.2.3.
ma - ma's face broke out all in a grin. 2. "Oh
put them on the wall when you come home." 3. As
made well sure her neigh - bors un - der - stood. 4. She got a
things you called a good old - fash - ioned war.

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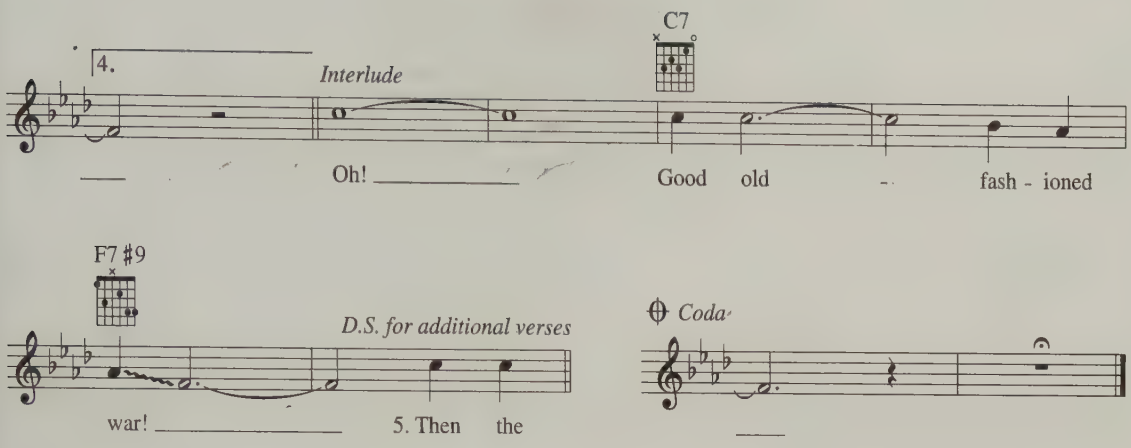


Additional lyrics

5. Then the letters ceased to come, for a long time they did not come.
They ceased to come for about ten months or more.
Then a letter finally came saying, "Go down and meet the train.
Your son's a-coming home from the war."

6. She smiled and went right down, she looked everywhere around
But she could not see her soldier son in sight.
But as all the people passed, she saw her son at last,
When she did she could hardly believe her eyes.

7. Oh his face was all shot up and his hand was all blown off
And he wore a metal brace around his waist.
He whispered kind of slow, in a voice she did not know,
While she couldn't even recognize his face!

Oh! Lord! Not even recognize his face.

8. "Oh tell me, my darling son, pray tell me what they done.
How is it you come to be this way?"
He tried his best to talk but his mouth could hardly move
And the mother had to turn her face away.

9. "Don't you remember, Ma, when I went off to war
You thought it was the best thing I could do?
I was on the battleground, you were home . . . acting proud.
You wasn't there standing in my shoes."

10. "Oh, and I thought when I was there, God, what am I doing here?
I'm a-tryin' to kill somebody or die tryin'.
But the thing that scared me most was when my enemy came close
And I saw that his face looked just like mine."

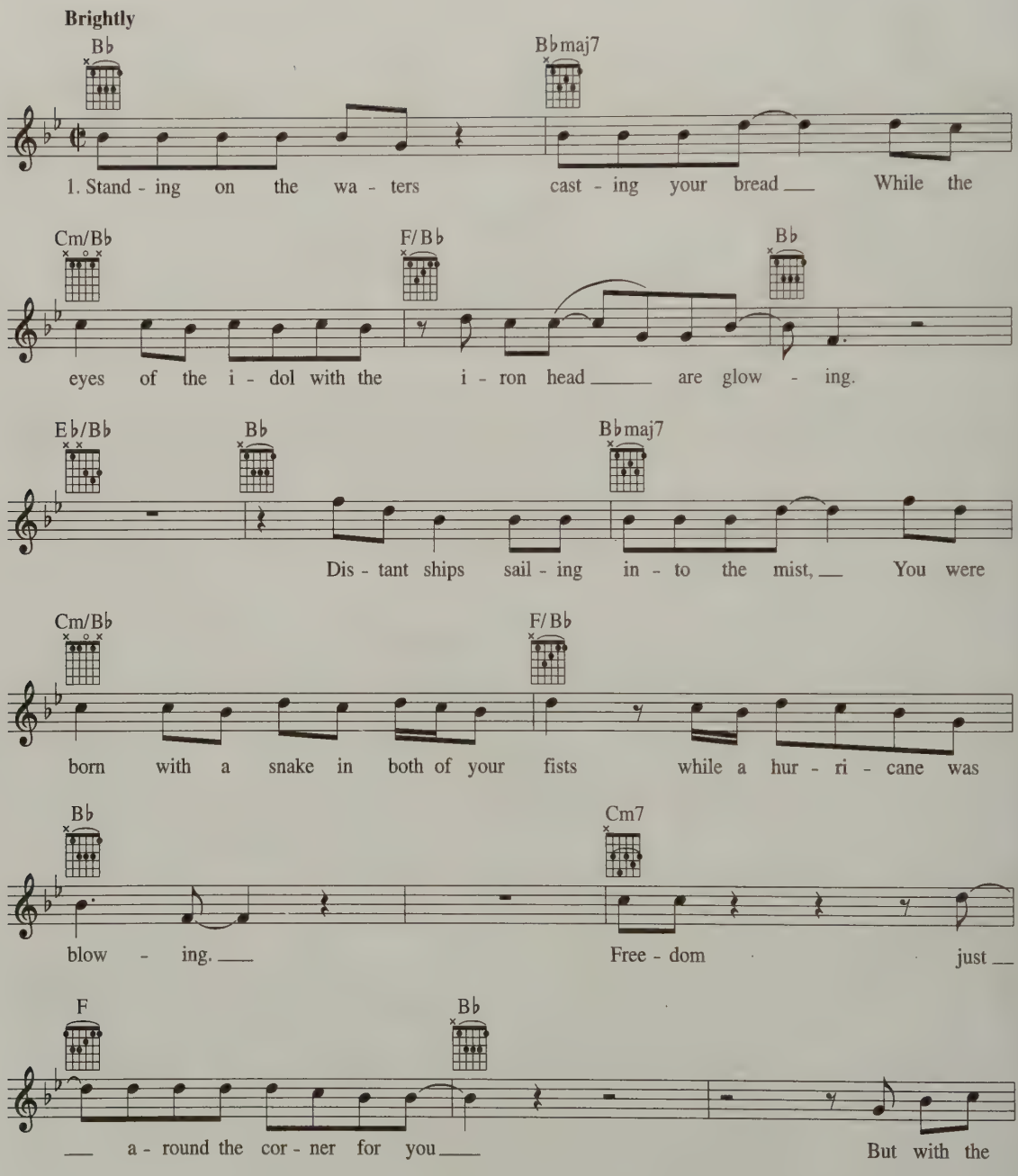
Oh! Lord! Just like mine!

11. "And I couldn't help but think, through the thunder rolling and stink,
That I was just a puppet in a play.
And through the roar and smoke, this string is finally broke,
And a cannon ball blew my eyes away."

12. As he turned away to walk, his Ma was still in shock
At seein' the metal brace that helped him stand.
But as he turned to go, he called his mother close
And he dropped his medals down into her hand.

Jokerman

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Brightly
B♭
B♭maj7
1. Stand - ing on the wa - ters cast - ing your bread ___ While the
Cm/B♭
F/B♭
B♭
eyes of the i - dol with the i - ron head ___ are glow - ing.
E♭/B♭
B♭
B♭maj7
Dis - tant ships sail - ing in - to the mist, ___ You were
Cm/B♭
F/B♭
born with a snake in both of your fists while a hur - ri - cane was
B♭
Cm7
blow - ing. ___ Free - dom just ___
F
B♭
___ a - round the cor - ner for you ___ But with the

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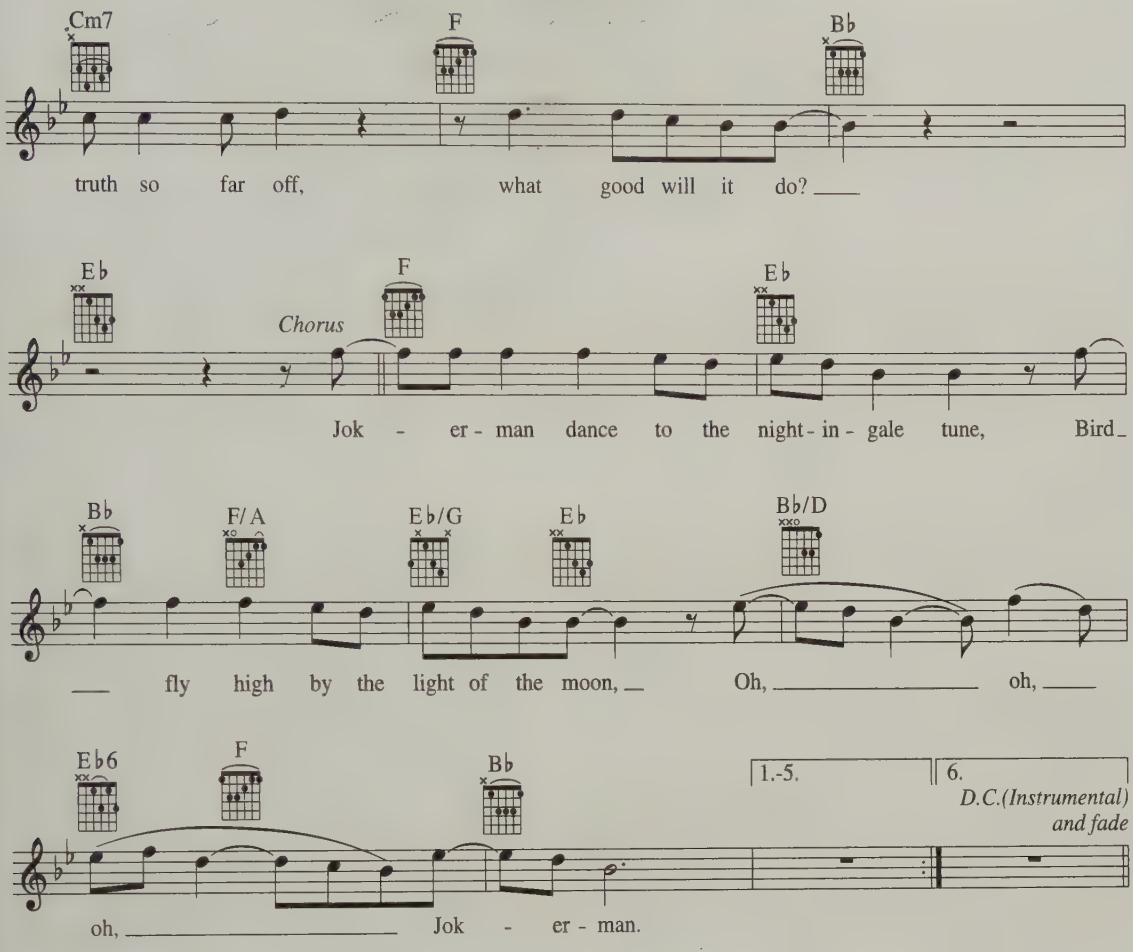

Cm7
F
B♭
truth so far off, what good will it do?
E♭
F
Chorus
E♭
Jok - er - man dance to the night - in - gale tune, Bird
B♭
F/A
E♭/G
E♭
B♭/D
fly high by the light of the moon, Oh, oh,
E♭6
F
B♭
1.-5.
6.
D.C.(Instrumental) and fade
oh, Jok - er - man.

Additional lyrics

2. So swiftly the sun sets in the sky,
   You rise up and say goodbye to no one.
   Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,
   Both of their futures, so full of dread, you don't show one.
   Shedding off one more layer of skin,
   Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor within.

   Chorus

3. You're a man of the mountains, you can walk on the clouds,
   Manipulator of crowds, you're a dream twister.
   You're going to Sodom and Gomorrah
   But what do you care? Ain't nobody there would want to marry your sister.
   Friend to the martyr, a friend to the woman of shame,
   You look into the fiery furnace, see the rich man without any name.

   Chorus

4. Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy,
   The law of the jungle and the sea are your only teachers.
   In the smoke of the twilight on a milk-white steed,
   Michelangelo indeed could've carved out your features.
   Resting in the fields, far from the turbulent space,
   Half asleep near the stars with a small dog licking your face.

   Chorus

5. Well, the rifleman's stalking the sick and the lame,
   Preacherman seeks the same, who'll get there first is uncertain.
   Nightsticks and water cannons, tear gas, padlocks,
   Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every curtain,
   False-hearted judges dying in the webs that they spin,
   Only a matter of time 'til night comes steppin' in.

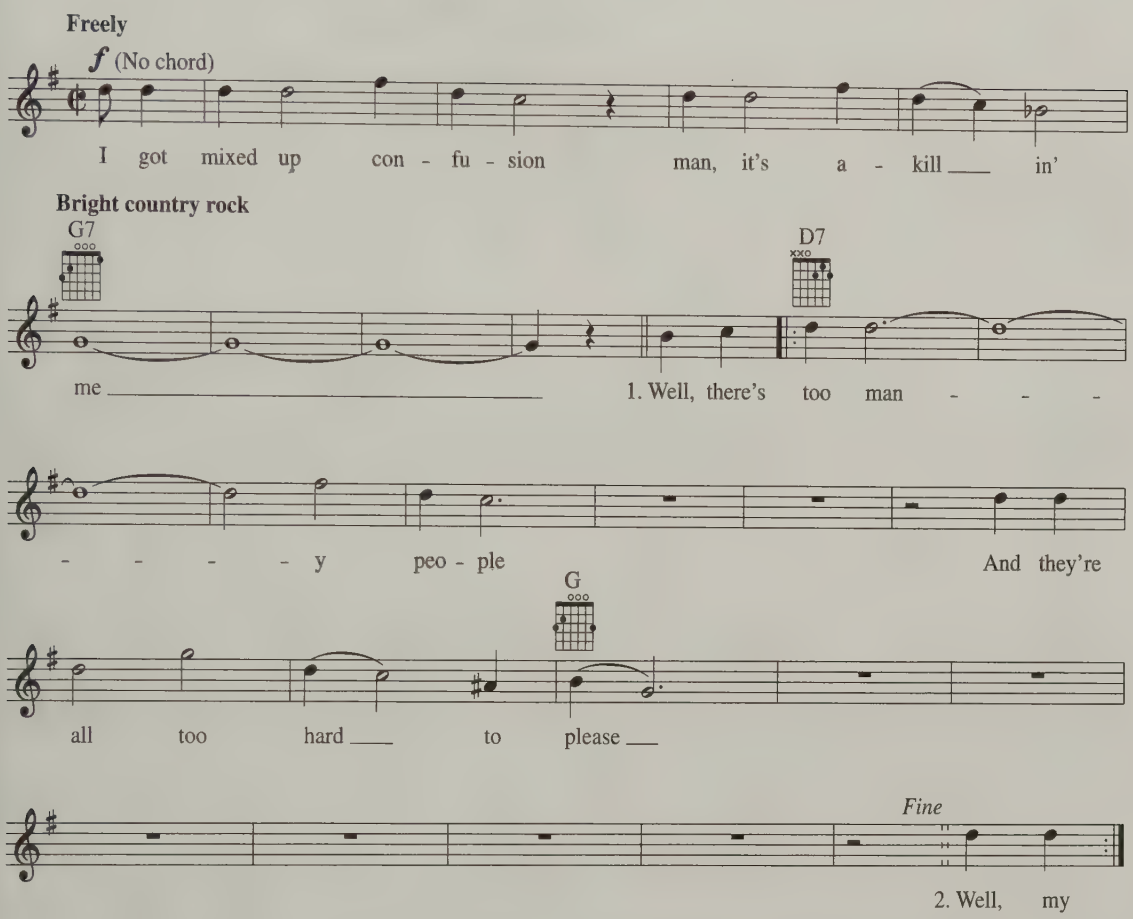
   Chorus

6. It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery gray,
   A woman just gave birth to a prince today and dressed him in scarlet.
   He'll put the priest in his pocket, put the blade to the heat,
   Take the motherless children off the street
   And place them at the feet of a harlot.
   Oh, Jokerman, you know what he wants,
   Oh, Jokerman, you don't show any response.

   Chorus

Mixed Up Confusion

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Freely
f (No chord)
I got mixed up con - fu - sion man, it's a - kill ___ in'
Bright country rock
G7
D7
me ___ 1. Well, there's too man - - -
- - - - y peo - ple And they're
G
all too hard ___ to please ___
Fine
2. Well, my

Additional lyrics

2. Well, my hat's in my hand
Babe, I'm walkin' down the line

3. An' I'm lookin' for a woman
Whose head's mixed up like mine

4. Well, my head's full of questions
My temp'rature's risin' fast

5. Well, I'm lookin' for some answers
But I don't know who to ask

6. But I'm walkin' and wonderin'
And my poor feet don't ever stop

7. Seein' my reflection
I'm hung over, hung down, hung up!

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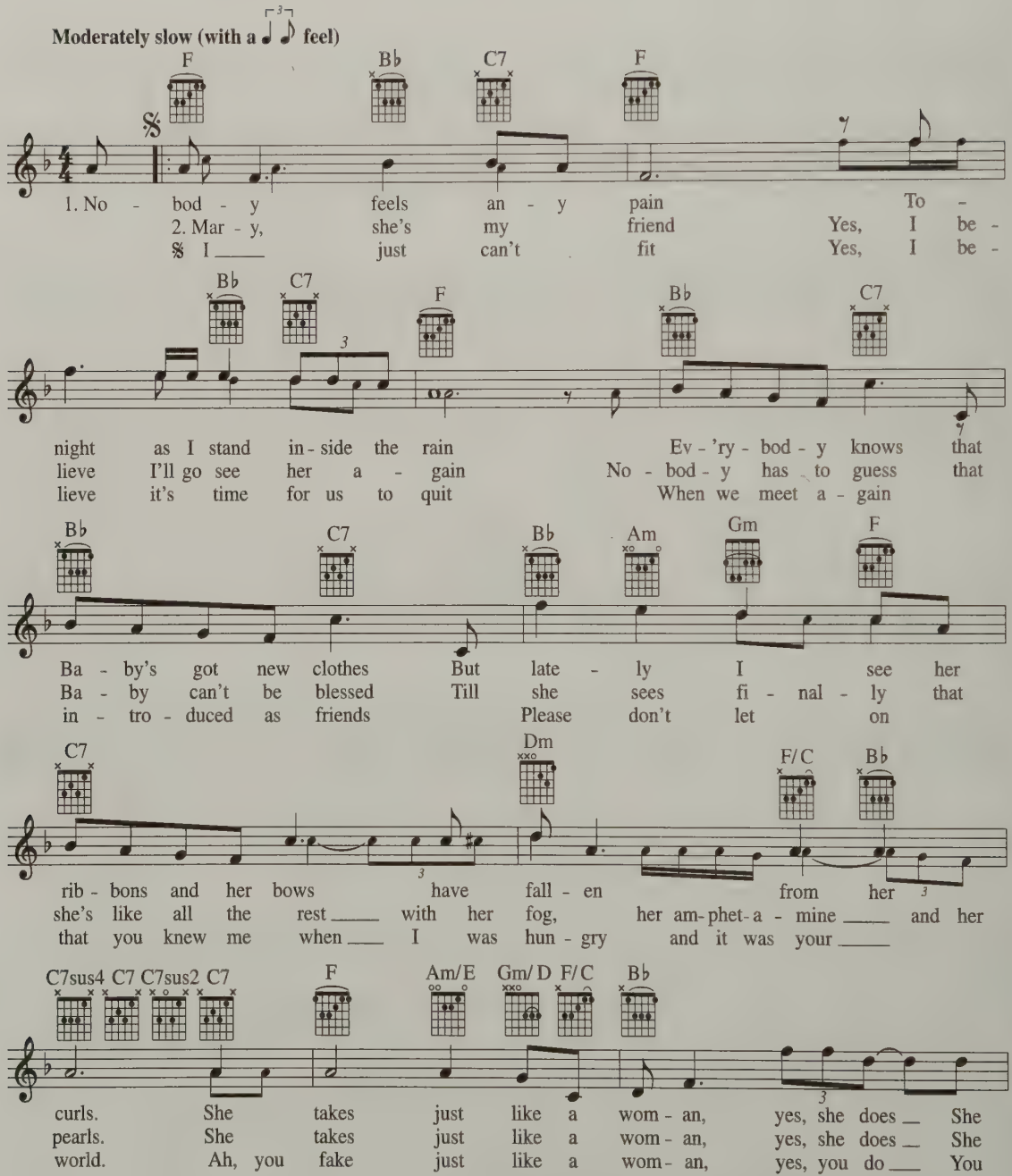
Just Like a Woman

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow (with a feel)
F
B♭
C7
F
1. No - bod - y feels an - y pain To -
2. Mar - y, she's my friend Yes, I be -
𝄋 I ___ just can't fit Yes, I be -
B♭
C7
F
B♭
C7
night as I stand in - side the rain Ev - 'ry - bod - y knows that
lieve I'll go see her a - gain No - bod - y has to guess that
lieve it's time for us to quit When we meet a - gain
B♭
C7
B♭
Am
Gm
F
Ba - by's got new clothes But late - ly I see her
Ba - by can't be blessed Till she sees fi - nal - ly that
in - tro - duced as friends Please don't let on
C7
Dm
F/C
B♭
rib - bons and her bows have fall - en from her
she's like all the rest ___ with her fog, her am-phet-a - mine ___ and her
that you knew me when ___ I was hun - gry and it was your ___
C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7
F
Am/E
Gm/ D
F/C
B♭
curls. She takes just like a wom - an, yes, she does ___ She
pearls. She takes just like a wom - an, yes, she does ___ She
world. Ah, you fake just like a wom - an, yes, you do ___ You

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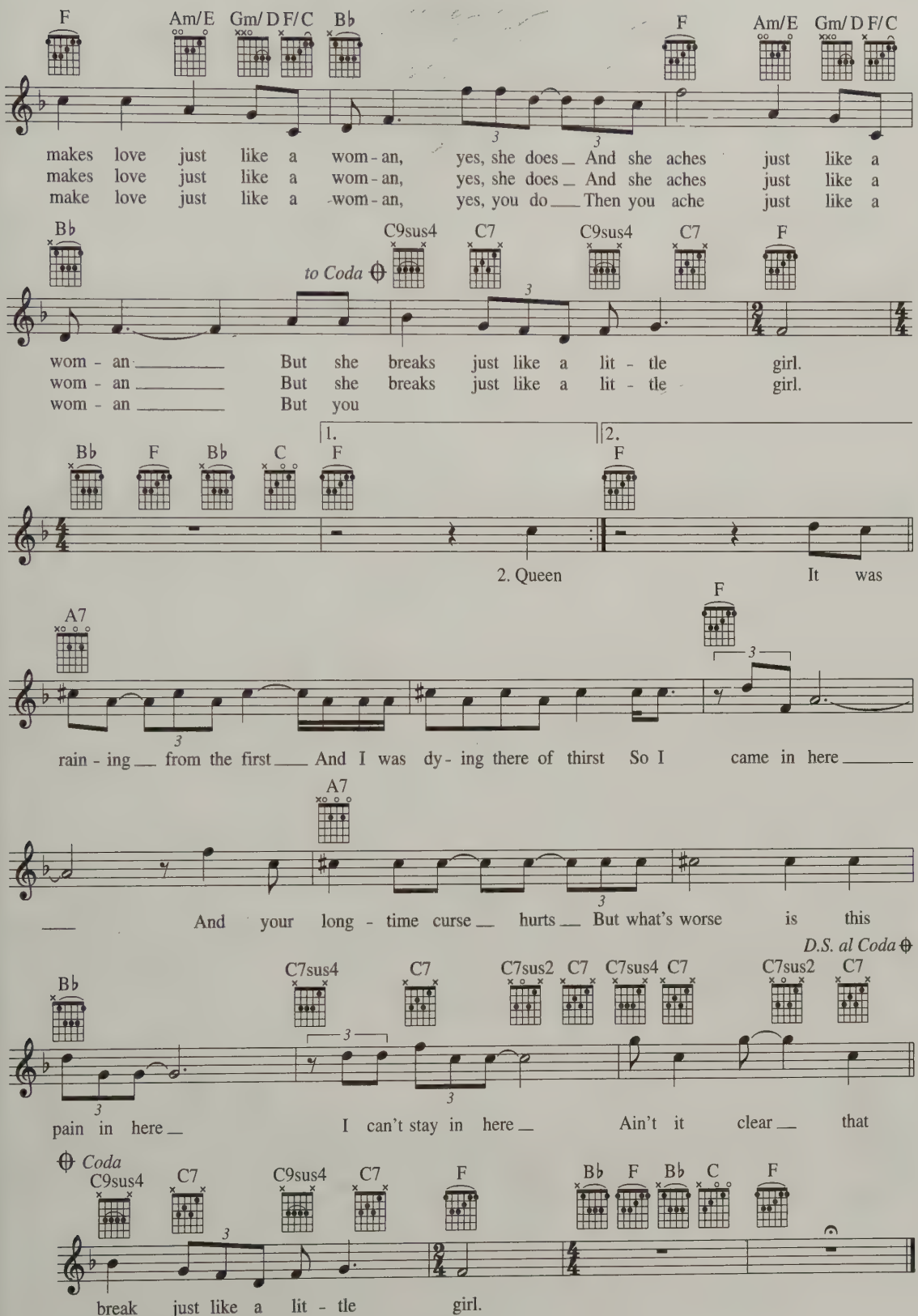
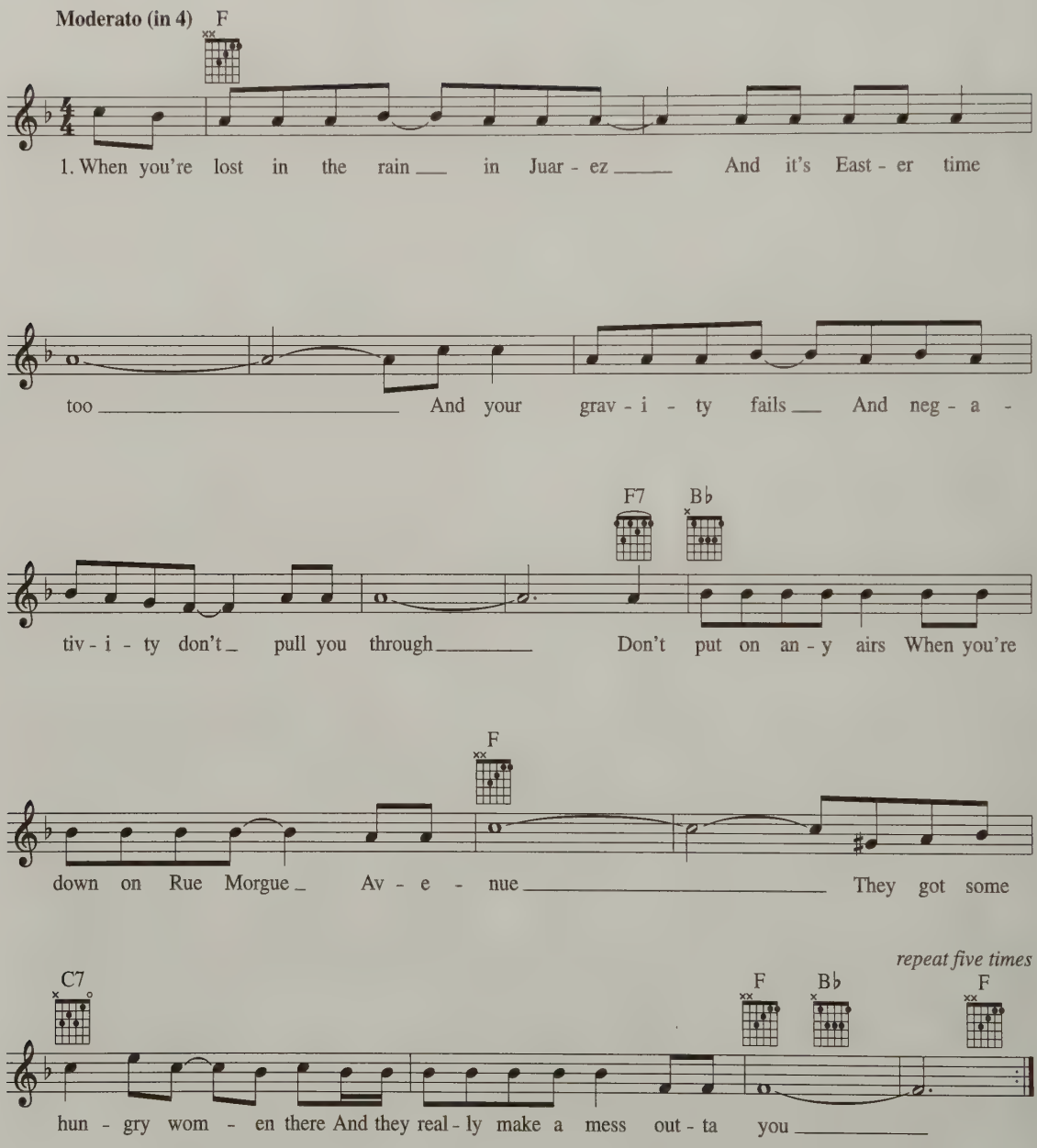

F Am/E Gm/D F/C B♭
makes love just like a wom-an, yes, she does And she aches just like a
makes love just like a wom-an, yes, she does And she aches just like a
make love just like a wom-an, yes, you do Then you ache just like a
B♭ C9sus4 C7 C9sus4 C7 F
to Coda
wom-an But she breaks just like a lit-tle girl.
wom-an But she breaks just like a lit-tle girl.
wom-an But you
1. 2.
B♭ F B♭ C F F
2. Queen It was
A7 F
rain-ing from the first And I was dy-ing there of thirst So I came in here
A7
And your long-time curse hurts But what's worse is this
D.S. al Coda
B♭ C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7 C7sus4 C7 C7sus2 C7
pain in here I can't stay in here Ain't it clear that
Coda
C9sus4 C7 C9sus4 C7 F B♭ F B♭ C F
break just like a lit-tle girl.

Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato (in 4)
F
1. When you're lost in the rain ___ in Juar - ez ___ And it's East - er time
too ___ And your grav - i - ty fails ___ And neg - a -
F7
B♭
tiv - i - ty don't ___ pull you through ___ Don't put on an - y airs When you're
F
down on Rue Morgue ___ Av - e - nue ___ They got some
repeat five times
C7
F
B♭
F
hun - gry wom - en there And they real - ly make a mess out - ta you ___

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Additional lyrics

2. Now if you see Saint Annie
Please tell her thanks a lot
I cannot move
My fingers are all in a knot
I don't have the strength
To get up and take another shot
And my best friend, my doctor
Won't even say what it is I've got

3. Sweet Melinda
The peasants call her the goddess of gloom
She speaks good English
And she invites you up into her room
And you're so kind
And careful not to go to her too soon
And she takes your voice
And leaves you howling at the moon

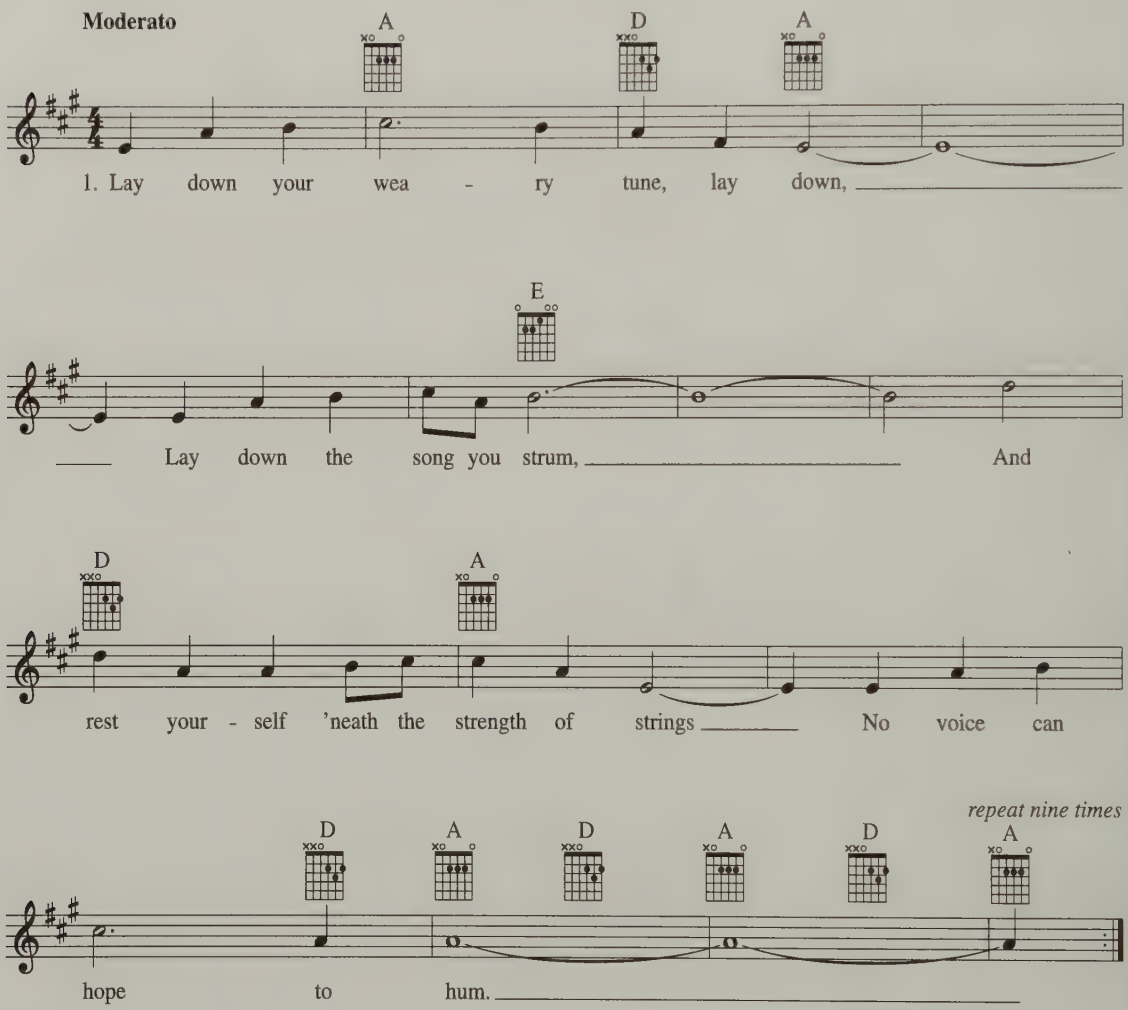
4. Up on Housing Project Hill
It's either fortune or fame
You must pick up one or the other
Though neither of them are to be what they claim
If you're lookin' to get silly
You better go back to from where you came
Because the cops don't need you
And man they expect the same

5. Now all the authorities
They just stand around and boast
How they blackmailed the sergeant-at-arms
Into leaving his post
And picking up Angel who
Just arrived here from the coast
Who looked so fine at first
But left looking just like a ghost

6. I started out on burgundy
But soon hit the harder stuff
Everybody said they'd stand behind me
When the game got rough
But the joke was on me
There was nobody even there to call my bluff
I'm going back to New York City
I do believe I've had enough

Lay Down Your Weary Tune

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Struck by the sounds before the sun,
I knew the night had gone.
The morning breeze like a bugle blew
Against the drums of dawn.

3. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
Lay down the song you strum,
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings
No voice can hope to hum.

4. The ocean wild like an organ played,
The seaweed's wove its strands.
The crashin' waves like cymbals clashed
Against the rocks and sands.

5. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
Lay down the song you strum,
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings
No voice can hope to hum.

6. I stood unwound beneath the skies
And clouds unbound by laws.
The cryin' rain like a trumpet sang
And asked for no applause.

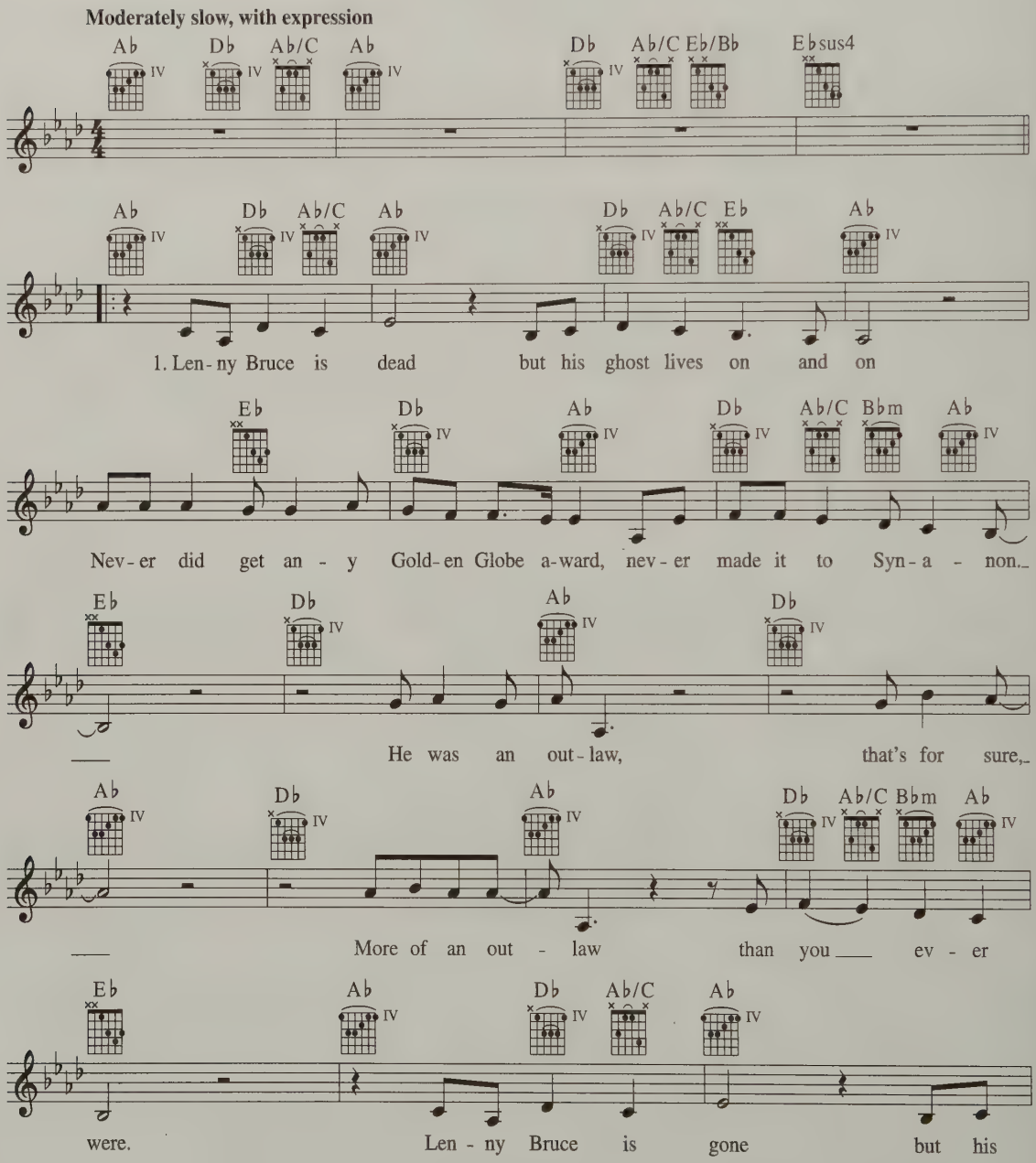
7. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
Lay down the song you strum,
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings
No voice can hope to hum.

8. The last of leaves fell from the trees
And clung to a new love's breast.
The branches bare like a banjo played
To the winds that listened best.

9. I gazed down in the river's mirror
And watched its winding strum.
The water smooth ran like a hymn
And like a harp did hum.

10. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
Lay down the song you strum,
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings
No voice can hope to hum.

Lenny Bruce

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately slow, with expression
A♭ D♭ A♭/C A♭ D♭ A♭/C E♭/B♭ E♭sus4
A♭ D♭ A♭/C A♭ D♭ A♭/C E♭ A♭
1. Len - ny Bruce is dead but his ghost lives on and on
E♭ D♭ A♭ D♭ A♭/C B♭m A♭
Nev - er did get an - y Gold - en Globe a - ward, nev - er made it to Syn - a - non.
E♭ D♭ A♭ D♭
He was an out - law, that's for sure,
A♭ D♭ A♭ D♭ A♭/C B♭m A♭
More of an out - law than you ev - er
E♭ A♭ D♭ A♭/C A♭
were. Len - ny Bruce is gone but his

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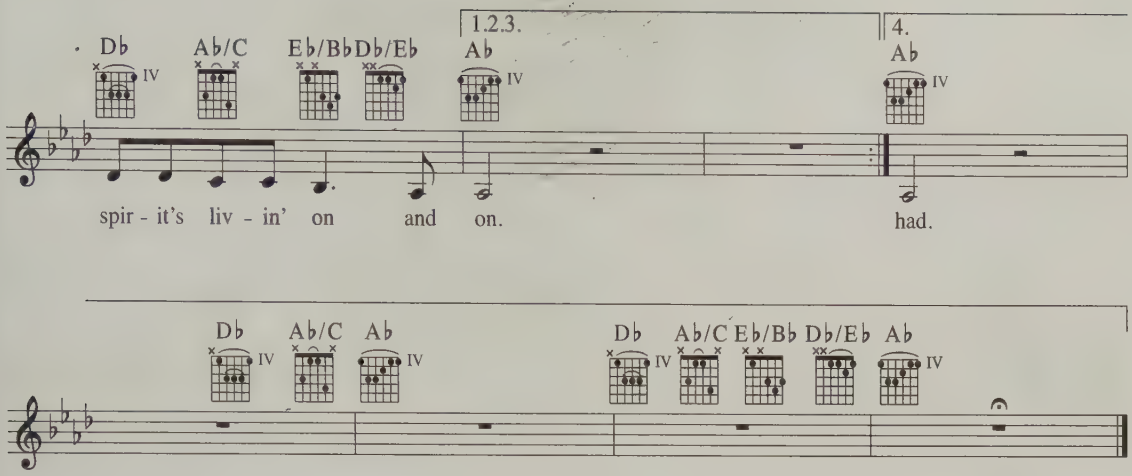


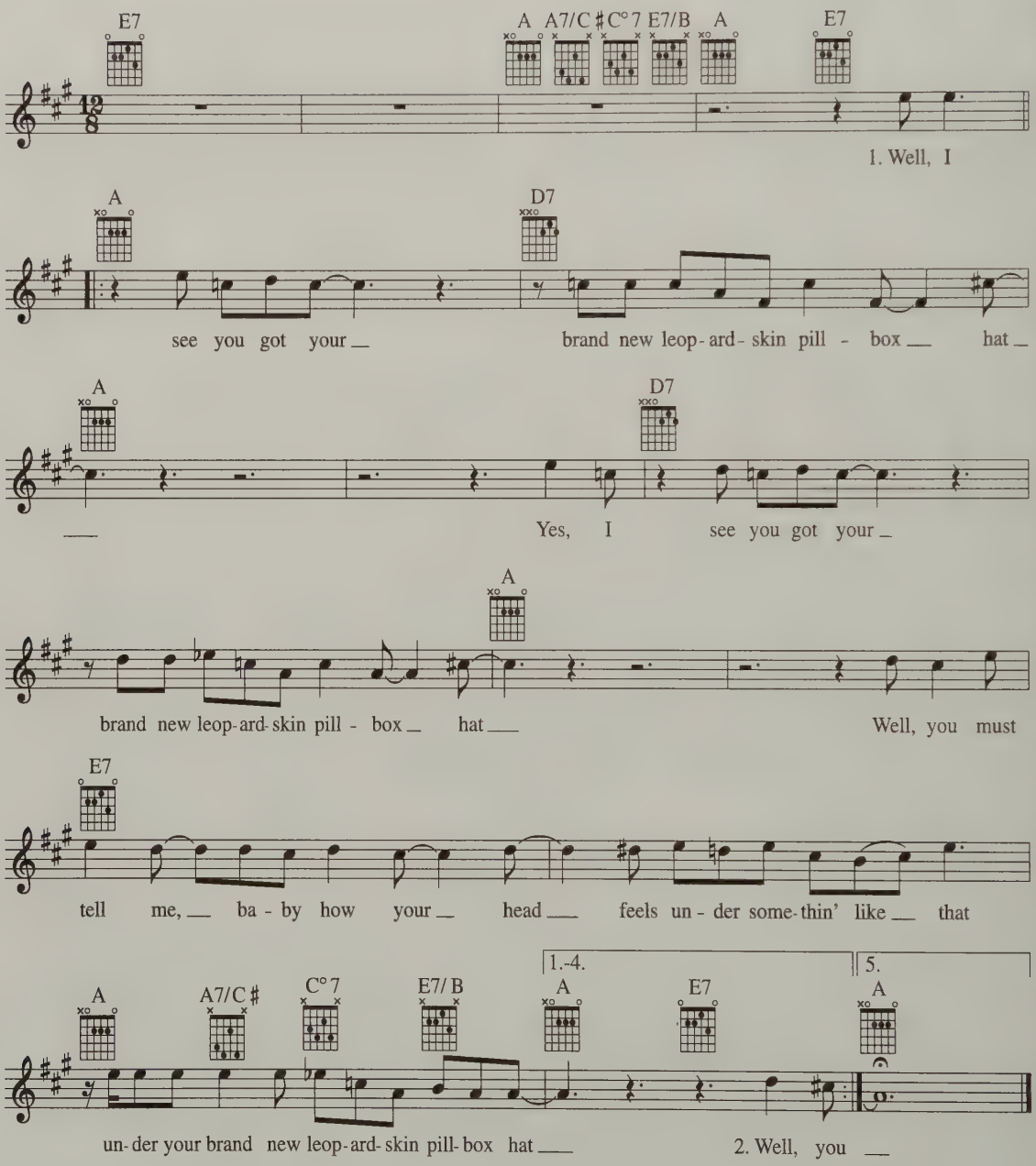
Additional lyrics

2. Maybe he had some problems, maybe some things that he couldn't work out
   But he sure was funny and he sure told the truth and he knew what he was talkin' about.
   Never robbed any churches nor cut off any babies' heads,
   He just took the folks in high places and he shined a light in their beds.
   He's on some other shore, he didn't wanna live anymore.

3. Lenny Bruce is dead but he didn't commit any crime
   He just had the insight to rip off the lid before its time.
   I rode with him in a taxi once, only for a mile and a half,
   Seemed like it took a couple of months.
   Lenny Bruce moved on and like the ones that killed him, gone.

4. They said that he was sick 'cause he didn't play by the rules
   He just showed the wise men of his day to be nothing more than fools.
   They stamped him and they labeled him like they do with pants and shirts,
   He fought a war on a battlefield where every victory hurts.
   Lenny Bruce was bad, he was the brother that you never had.

Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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Additional lyrics

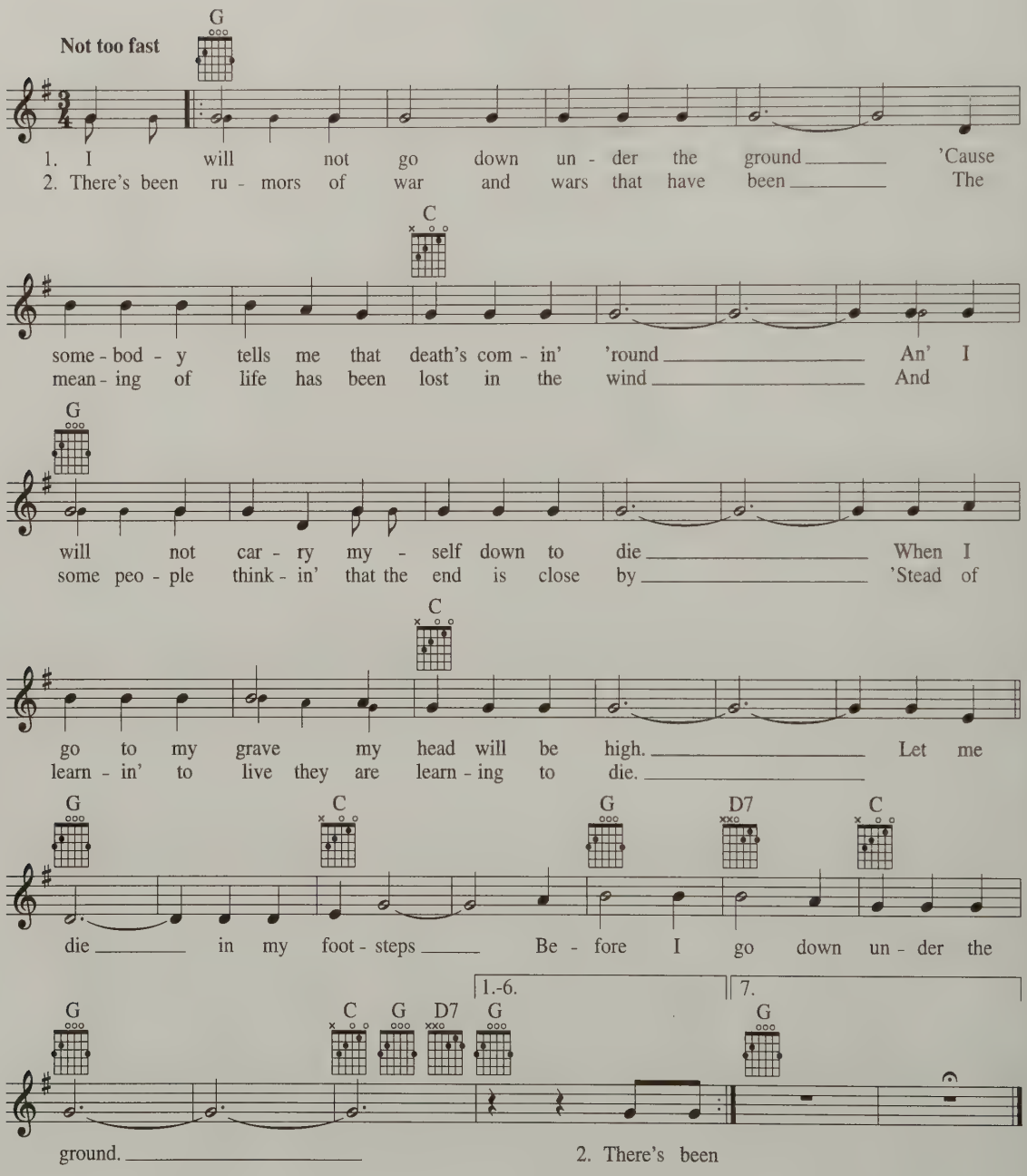
2. Well, you look so pretty in it
Honey, can I jump on it sometime?
Yes, I just wanna see
If it's really that expensive kind
You know it balances on your head
Just like a mattress balances
On a bottle of wine
Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

3. Well, if you wanna see the sun rise
Honey, I know where
We'll go out and see it sometime
We'll both just sit there and stare
Me with my belt
Wrapped around my head
And you just sittin' there
In your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

4. Well, I asked the doctor if I could see you
It's bad for your health, he said
Yes, I disobeyed his orders
I came to see you
But I found him there instead
You know, I don't mind him cheatin' on me
But I sure wish he'd take that off his head
Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

5. Well, I see you got a new boyfriend
You know, I never seen him before
Well, I saw him
Makin' love to you
You forgot to close the garage door
You might think he loves you for your money
But I know what he really loves you for
It's your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Let Me Die in My Footsteps

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Not too fast
G
1. I will not go down un - der the ground 'Cause
2. There's been ru - mors of war and wars that have been The
C
some - bod - y tells me that death's com - in' 'round An' I
mean - ing of life has been lost in the wind And
G
will not car - ry my - self down to die When I
some peo - ple think - in' that the end is close by 'Stead of
C
go to my grave my head will be high. Let me
learn - in' to live they are learn - ing to die.
G C G D7 C
die in my foot - steps Be - fore I go down un - der the
1.-6. 7.
G C G D7 G G
ground. 2. There's been

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Additional lyrics

3. I don't know if I'm smart but I think I can see
   When someone is pullin' the wool over me
   And if this war comes and death's all around
   Let me die on this land 'fore I die underground.
   Let me die in my footsteps
   Before I go down under the ground.

4. There's always been people that have to cause fear
   They've been talking of the war now for many long years
   I have read all their statements and I've not said a word
   But now Lawd God, let my poor voice be heard.
   Let me die in my footsteps
   Before I go down under the ground.

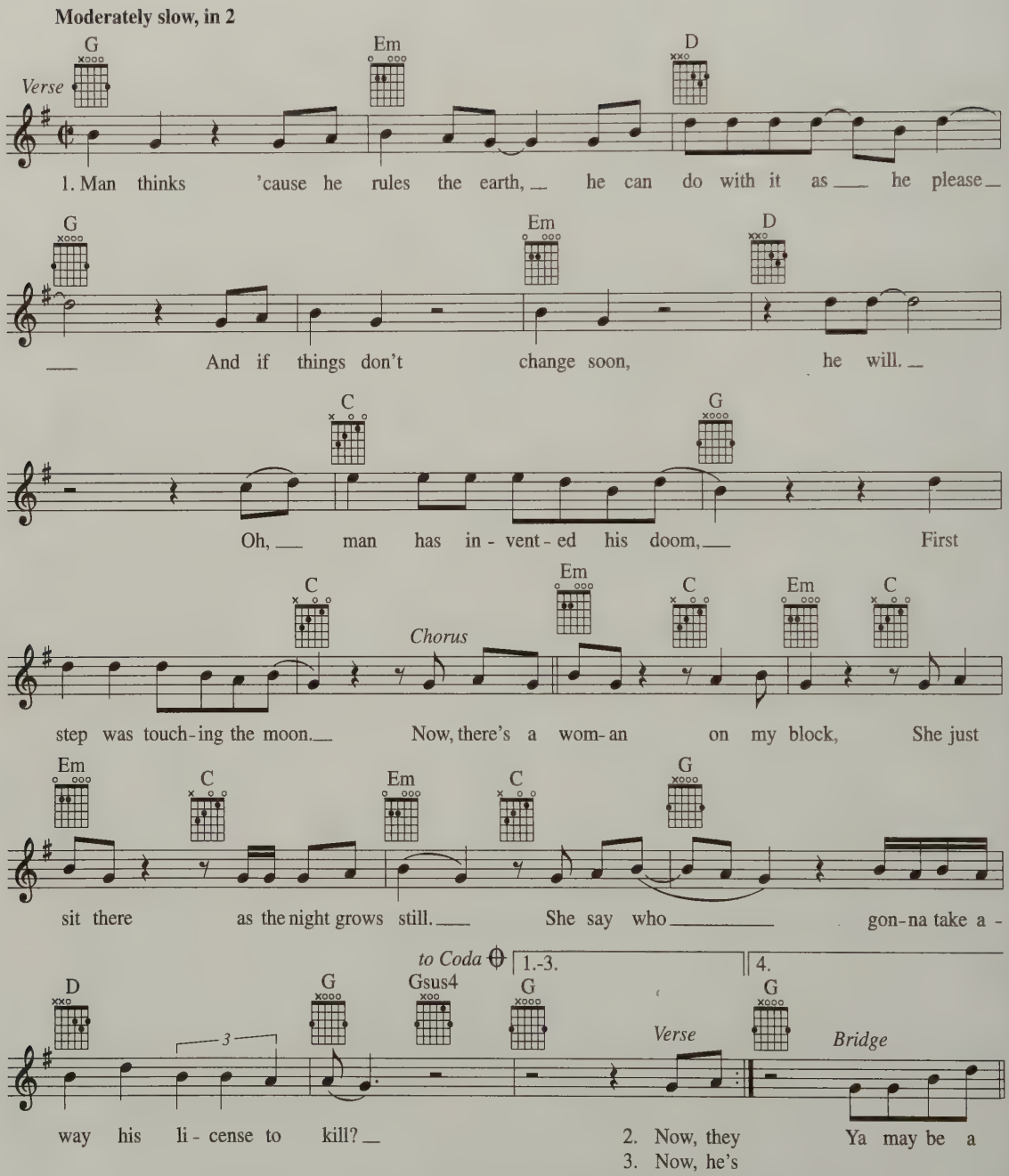
5. If I had rubies and riches and crowns
   I'd buy the whole world and change things around
   I'd throw all the guns and the tanks in the sea
   For they are mistakes of a past history.
   Let me die in my footsteps
   Before I go down under the ground.

6. Let me drink from the waters where the mountain streams flood
   Let me smell of wildflowers flow free through my blood
   Let me sleep in your meadows with the green grassy leaves
   Let me walk down the highway with my brother in peace.
   Let me die in my footsteps
   Before I go down under the ground.

7. Go out in your country where the land meets the sun
   See the craters and the canyons where the waterfalls run
   Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho
   Let every state in this union seep in your souls.
   And you'll die in your footsteps
   Before you go down under the ground.

License to Kill

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow, in 2
Verse
G
Em
D
1. Man thinks 'cause he rules the earth, he can do with it as he please
And if things don't change soon, he will.
C
G
Oh, man has in - vent - ed his doom, First
Chorus
Em
step was touch - ing the moon. Now, there's a wom - an on my block, She just
sit there as the night grows still. She say who gon - na take a -
to Coda
1.-3.
4.
Gsus4
3
way his li - cense to kill?
2. Now, they
3. Now, he's
Ya may be a

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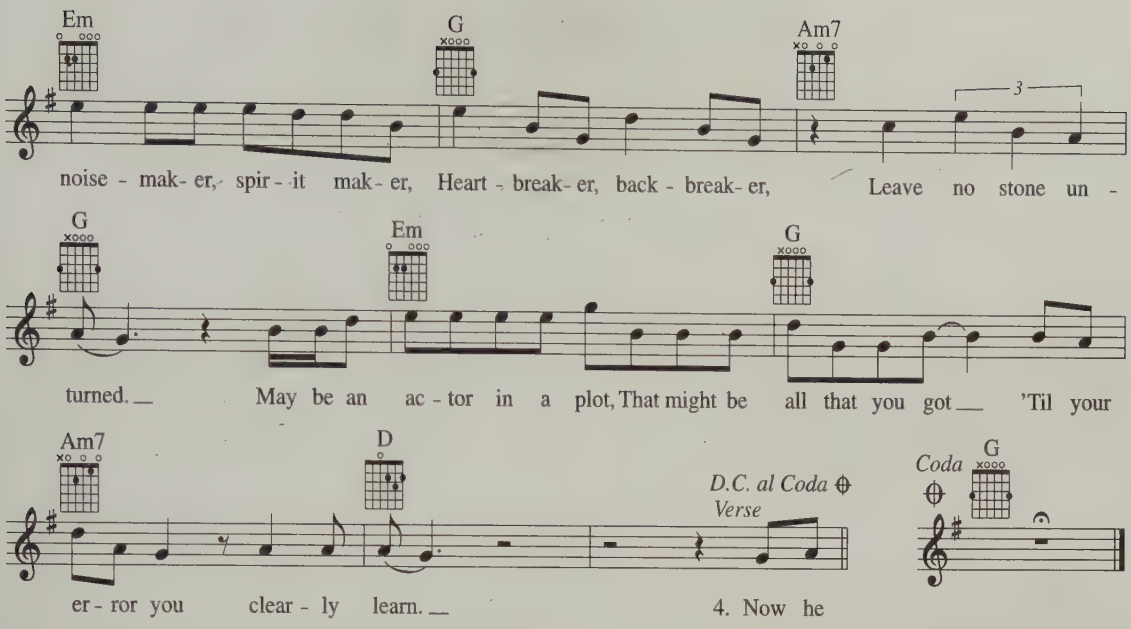

Em
G
Am7
3
noise - mak- er, spir - it mak- er, Heart - break- er, back - break- er, Leave no stone un -
G
Em
G
turned. May be an ac - tor in a plot, That might be all that you got 'Til your
Am7
D
D.C. al Coda
Verse
Coda
G
er - ror you clear - ly learn. 4. Now he

Additional lyrics

2. Now, they take him and they teach him and they groom him for life
And they set him on a path where he's bound to get ill,
Then they bury him with stars,
Sell his body like they do used cars.

Chorus:
Now, there's a woman on my block,
She just sit there facin' the hill.
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

3. Now, he's hell-bent for destruction, he's afraid and confused,
And his brain has been mismanaged with great skill.
All he believes are his eyes
And his eyes, they just tell him lies.

Chorus:
But there's a woman on my block,
Sitting there in a cold chill.
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

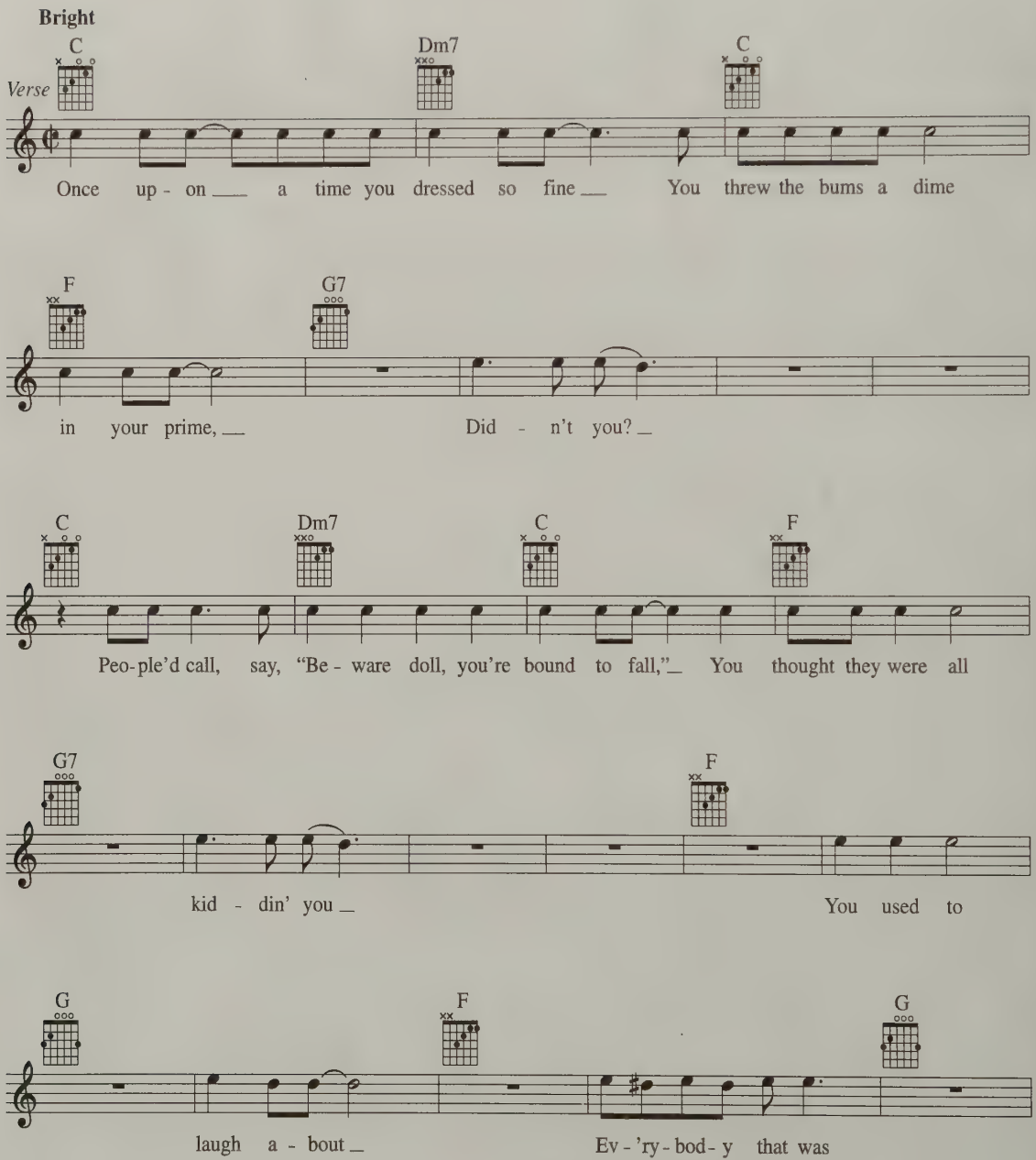
Bridge:
Ya may be a noisemaker, spirit maker,
Heartbreaker, backbreaker,
Leave no stone unturned.
May be an actor in a plot,
That might be all that you got
'Til your error you clearly learn.

4. Now he worships at an altar of a stagnant pool
And when he sees his reflection, he's fulfilled.
Oh, man is opposed to fair play,
He wants it all and he wants it his way.

Chorus:
Now, there's a woman on my block,
She just sit there as the night grows still.
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

Like a Rolling Stone

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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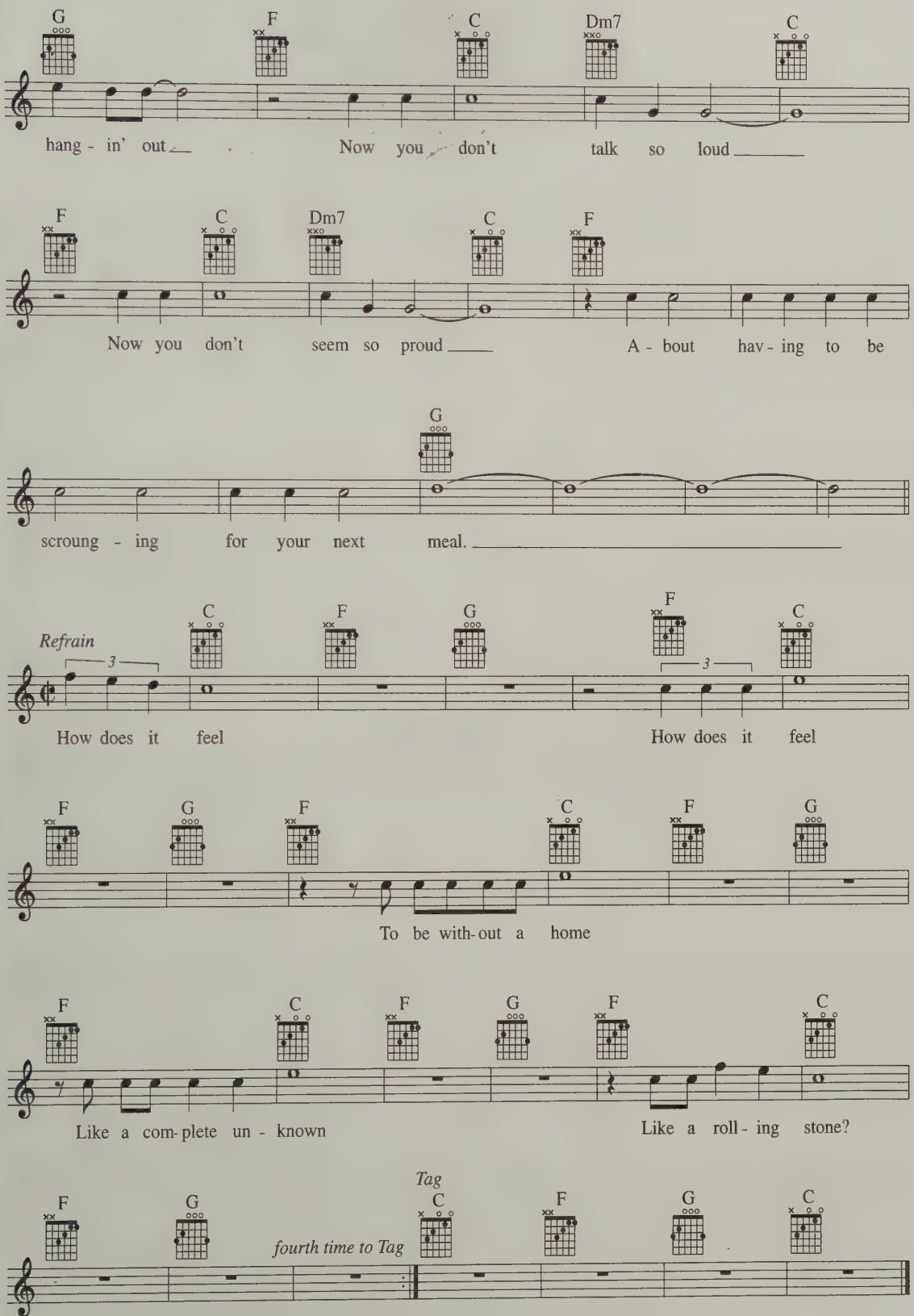

G F C Dm7 C
hang - in' out Now you don't talk so loud
F C Dm7 C F
Now you don't seem so proud A - bout hav - ing to be
G
scroung - ing for your next meal.
Refrain
C F G F C
How does it feel How does it feel
F G F C F G
To be with-out a home
F C F G F C
Like a com-plete un - known Like a roll - ing stone?
Tag
F G C F G C
fourth time to Tag

Additional lyrics

2. You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
   But you know you only used to get juiced in it
   And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
   And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it
   You said you'd never compromise
   With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
   He's not selling any alibis
   As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
   And ask him do you want to make a deal?

   Refrain

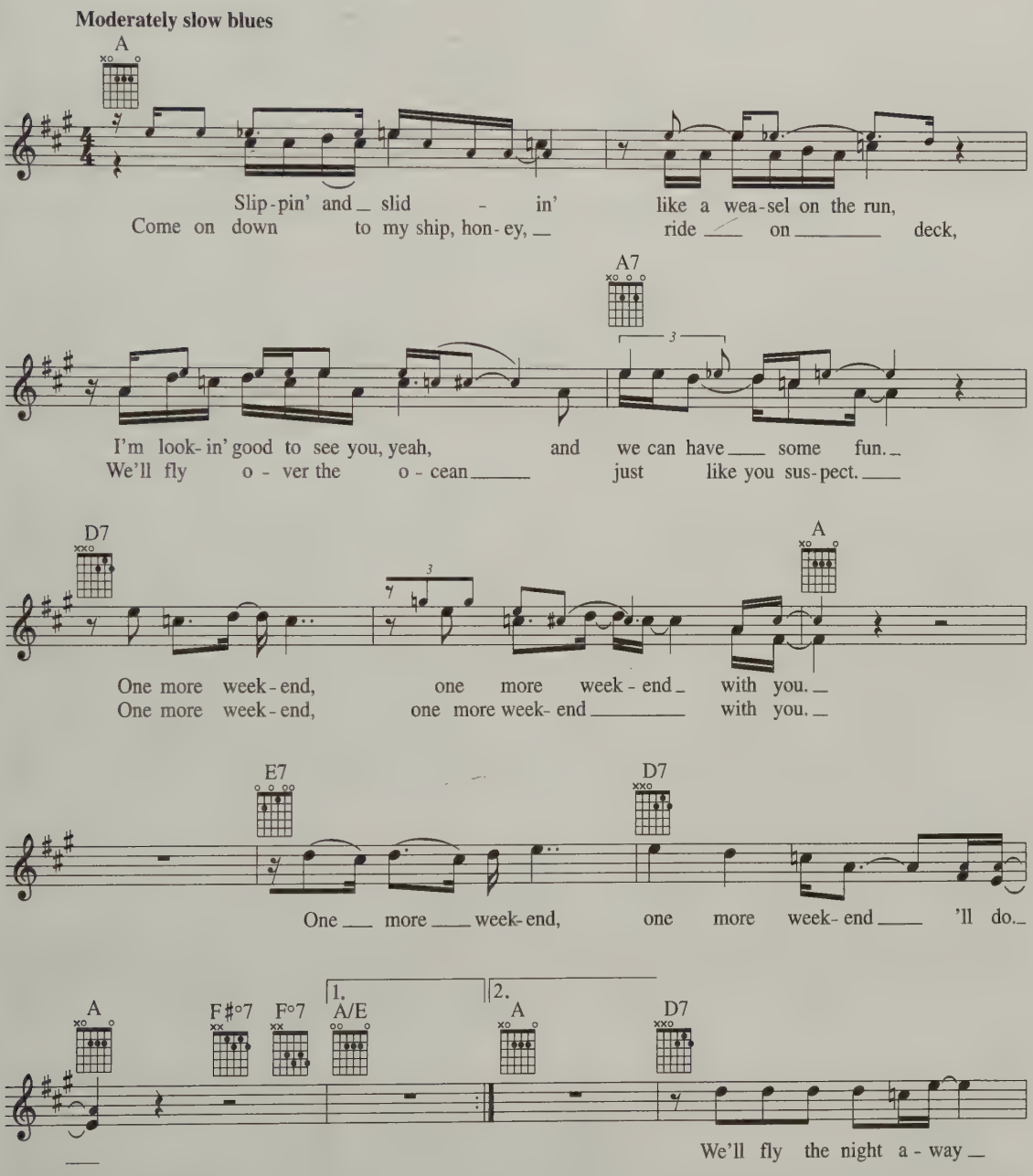
3. You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns
   When they all come down and did tricks for you
   You never understood that it ain't no good
   You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you
   You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
   Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
   Ain't it hard when you discover that
   He really wasn't where it's at
   After he took from you everything he could steal.

   Refrain

4. Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
   They're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made
   Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
   But you'd better lift your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe
   You used to be so amused
   At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
   Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse
   When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
   You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

   Refrain

One More Weekend

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately slow blues
A
Slip-pin' and slid - in' like a wea-sel on the run,
Come on down to my ship, hon-ey, ride on deck,
A7
I'm look-in' good to see you, yeah, and we can have some fun.
We'll fly o - ver the o - cean just like you sus-pect.
D7
A
One more week-end, one more week-end with you.
One more week-end, one more week-end with you.
E7
D7
One more week-end, one more week-end 'll do.
A
F♯°7
F°7
1.
A/E
2.
A
D7
We'll fly the night a - way

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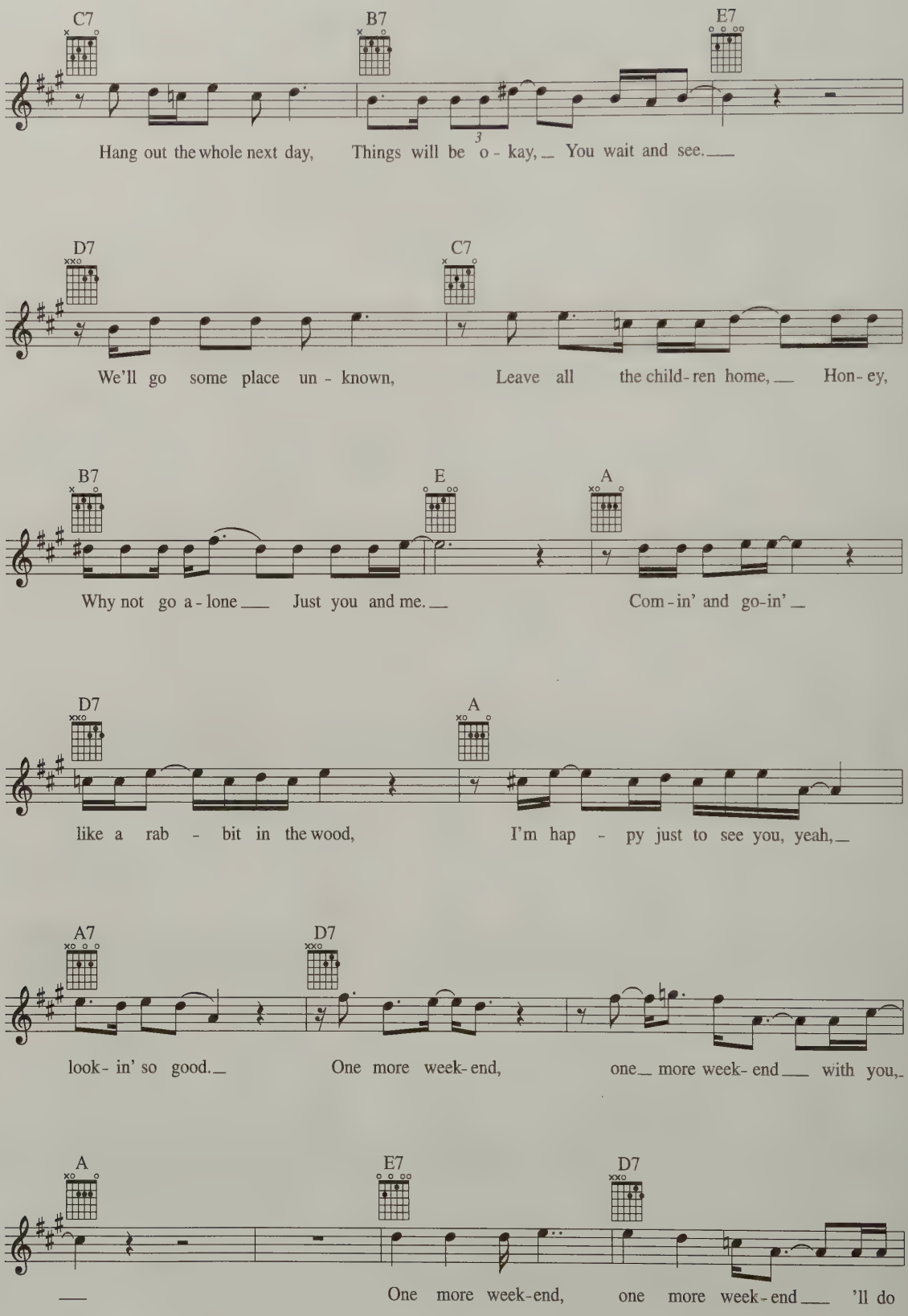
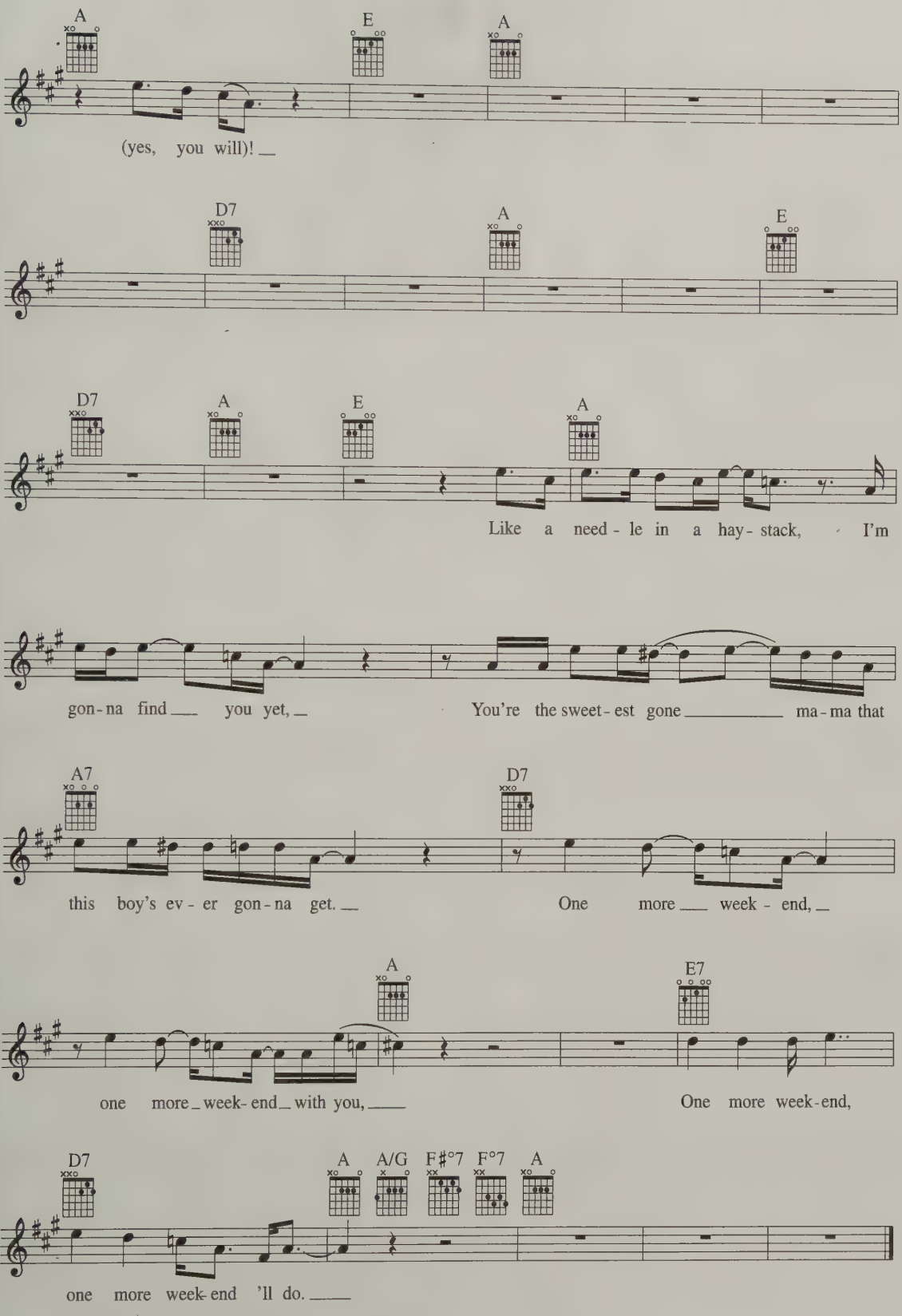
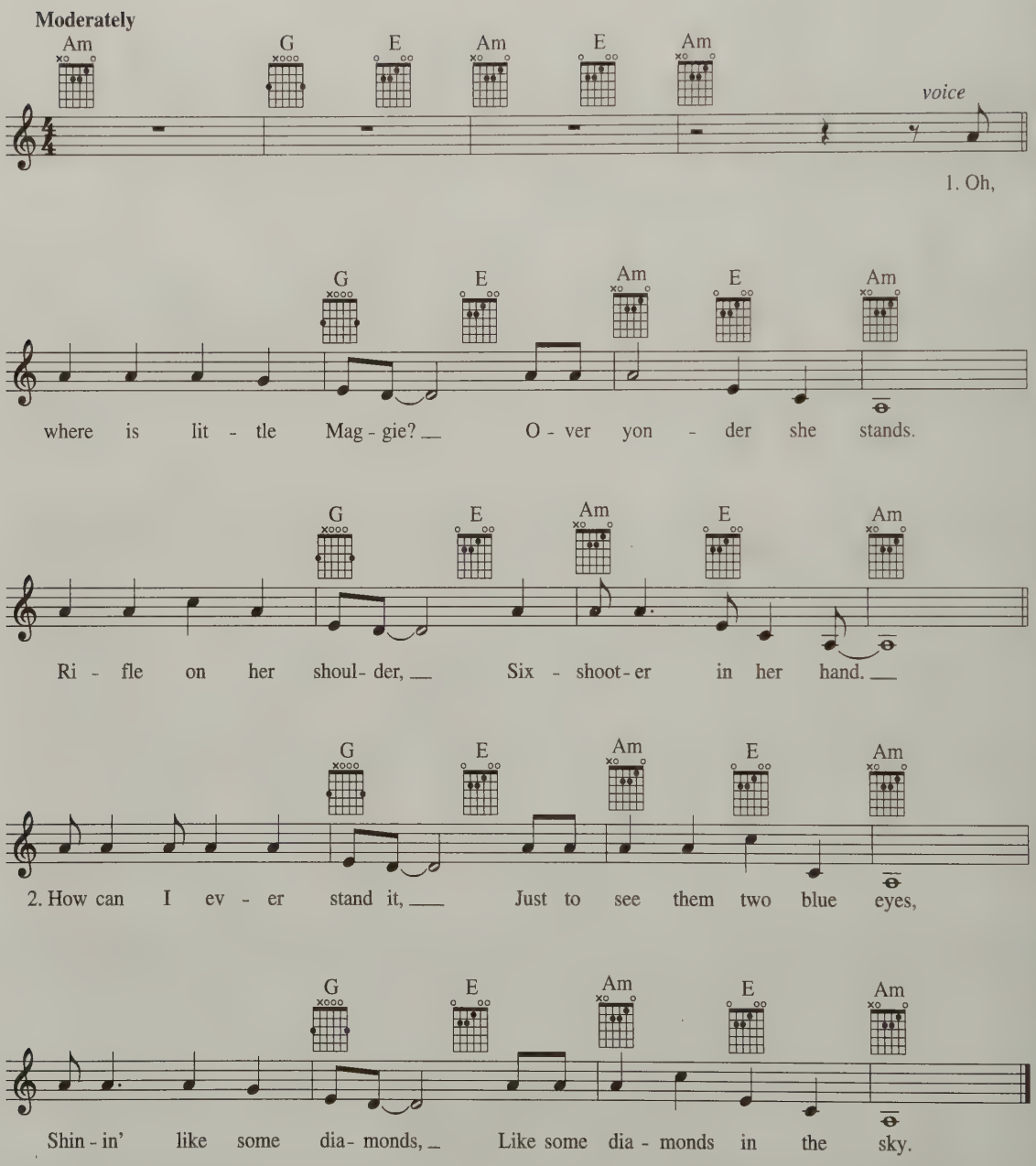

C7
B7
E7
Hang out the whole next day, Things will be o - kay, You wait and see.
D7
C7
We'll go some place un - known, Leave all the child - ren home, Hon - ey,
B7
E
A
Why not go a - lone Just you and me. Com - in' and go-in'
D7
A
like a rab - bit in the wood, I'm hap - py just to see you, yeah,
A7
D7
look - in' so good. One more week - end, one more week - end with you,
A
E7
D7
One more week-end, one more week - end 'll do


A
E
A
(yes, you will)!
D7
A
E
D7
A
E
A
Like a need - le in a hay - stack, I'm
gon - na find you yet, You're the sweet - est gone ma - ma that
A7
D7
this boy's ev - er gon - na get. One more week - end,
A
E7
one more week - end with you, One more week - end,
D7
A
A/G
F♯°7
F°7
A
one more week - end 'll do.

Little Maggie

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
Am G E Am E Am
voice
1. Oh,
G E Am E Am
where is lit - tle Mag - gie? O - ver yon - der she stands.
G E Am E Am
Ri - fle on her shoul - der, Six - shoot - er in her hand.
G E Am E Am
2. How can I ev - er stand it, Just to see them two blue eyes,
G E Am E Am
Shin - in' like some dia - monds, Like some dia - monds in the sky.

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Additional lyrics

3. Rather be in some lonely hollow
   Where the sun don't ever shine,
   Than to see you be another man's darling,
   And to know that you'll never be mine.

4. Well, it's march me away to the station
   With my suitcase in my hand.
   Yes, march me away to the station,
   I'm off to some far-distant land.

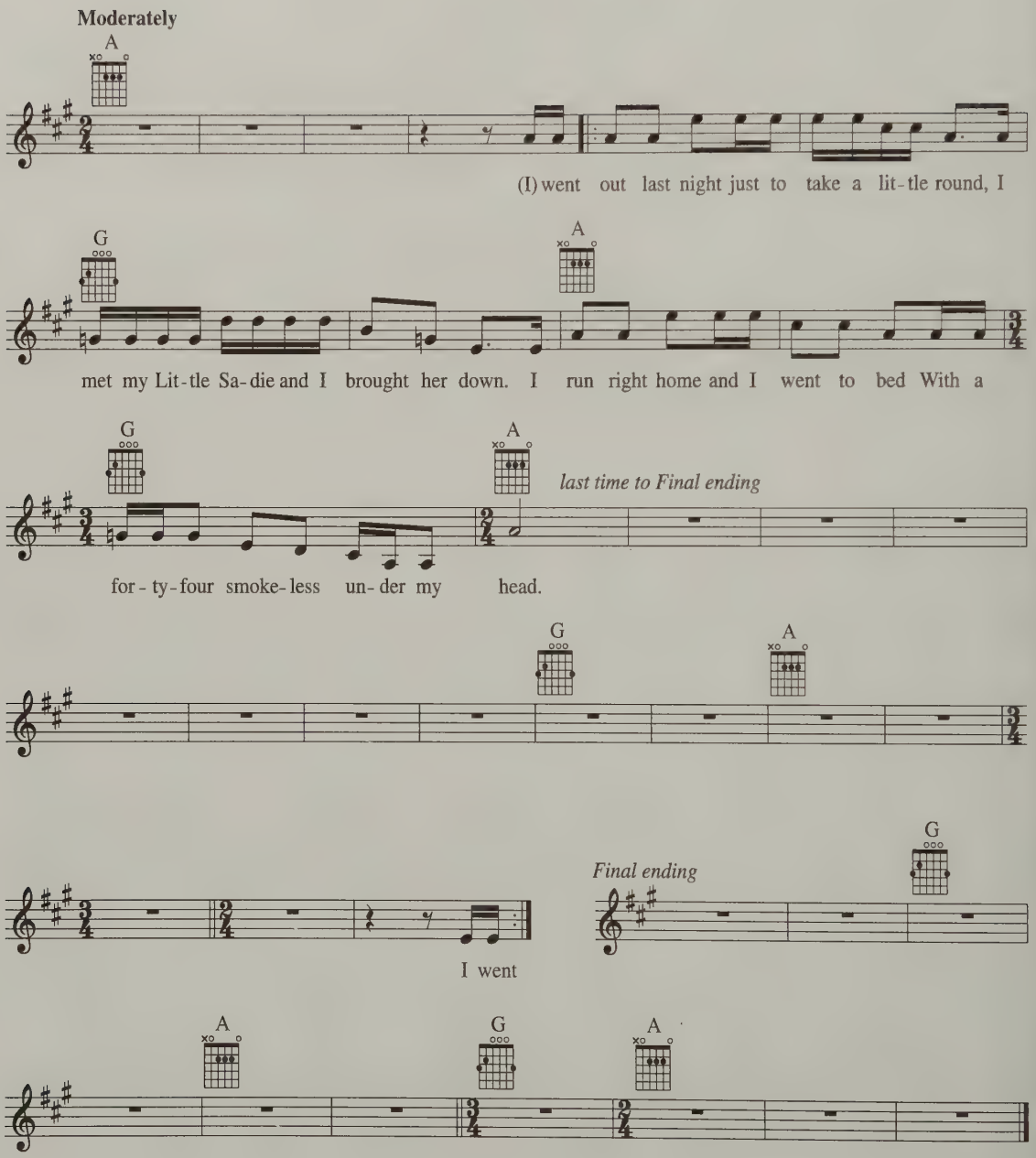
5. Sometimes I have a nickel,
   And sometimes I have a dime.
   Sometimes I have ten dollars,
   Just to pay for little Maggie's wine.

6. Pretty flowers are made for blooming,
   Pretty stars are made to shine.
   Pretty girls are made for boy's love.
   Little Maggie was made for mine.

7. Well, yonder stands little Maggie
   With a dram glass in her hand.
   She's a-drinkin' down her troubles
   Over courtin' some other man.

Little Sadie

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. I began to think what a deed I'd done,
   I grabbed my hat and away I run.
   I made a good run, but I run too slow.
   They overtook me down in Jericho.

3. Standing on a corner ringin' my bell,
   Up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville.
   He said, "Young man, is you name Brown?
   Remember the night you blowed Little Sadie down?"

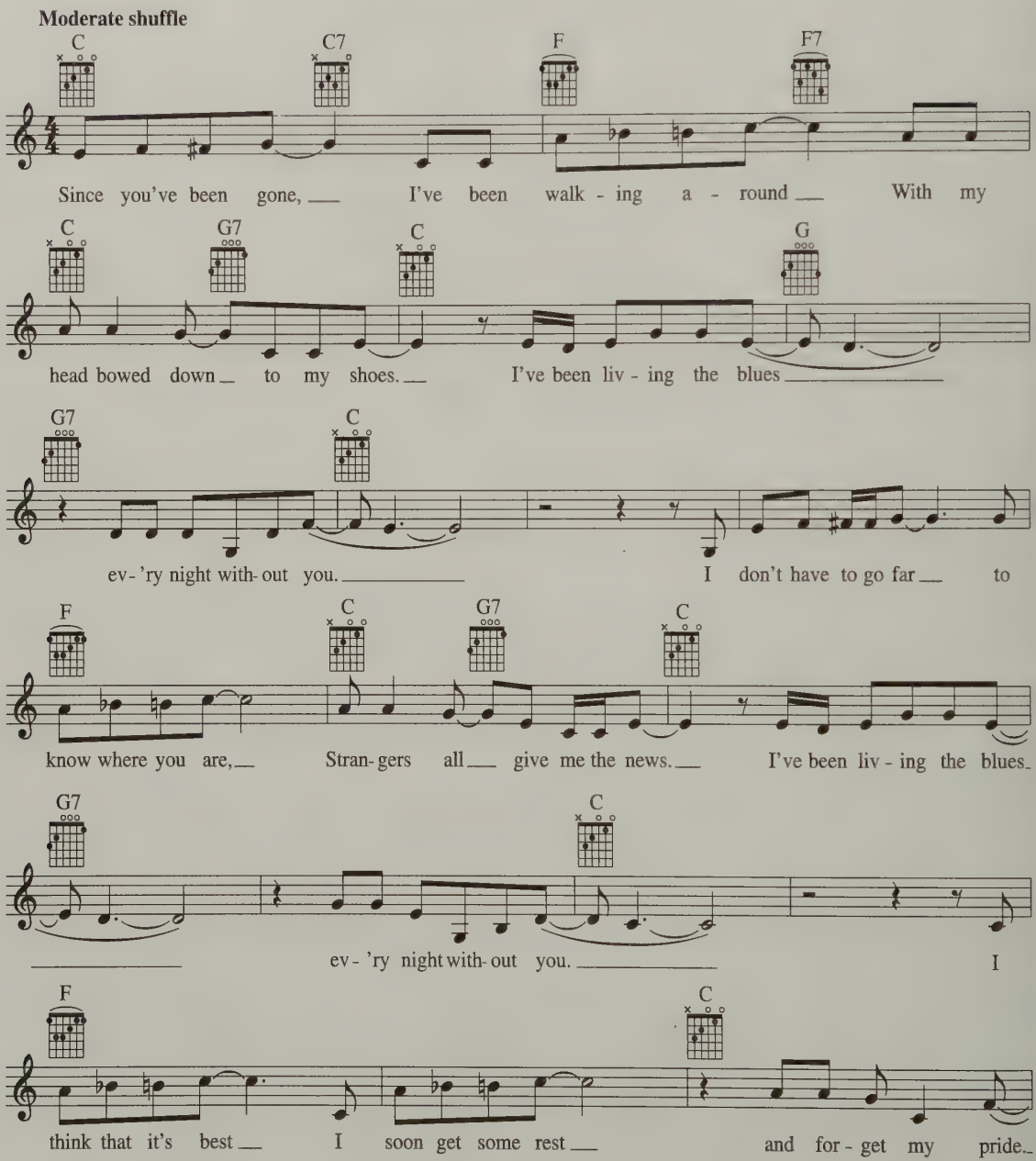
4. "Oh, yes sir, my name is Lee,
   I murdered little Sadie in the first degree.
   First degree and second degree,
   If you've got any papers will you serve them to me?"

5. Well, they took me downtown and they dressed me in black,
   They put me on a train and they sent me back.
   I had no one for to go my bail,
   They crammed me back into the county jail.

6. The judge and the jury, they took their stand.
   The judge had the papers in his right hand.
   Forty-one days, forty-one nights,
   Forty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes.

Living the Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate shuffle
C
C7
F
F7
Since you've been gone, I've been walk - ing a - round With my
C
G7
C
G
head bowed down to my shoes. I've been liv - ing the blues
G7
C
ev - 'ry night with- out you. I don't have to go far to
F
C
G7
C
know where you are, Stran- gers all give me the news. I've been liv - ing the blues
G7
C
ev - 'ry night with- out you. I
F
C
think that it's best I soon get some rest and for - get my pride

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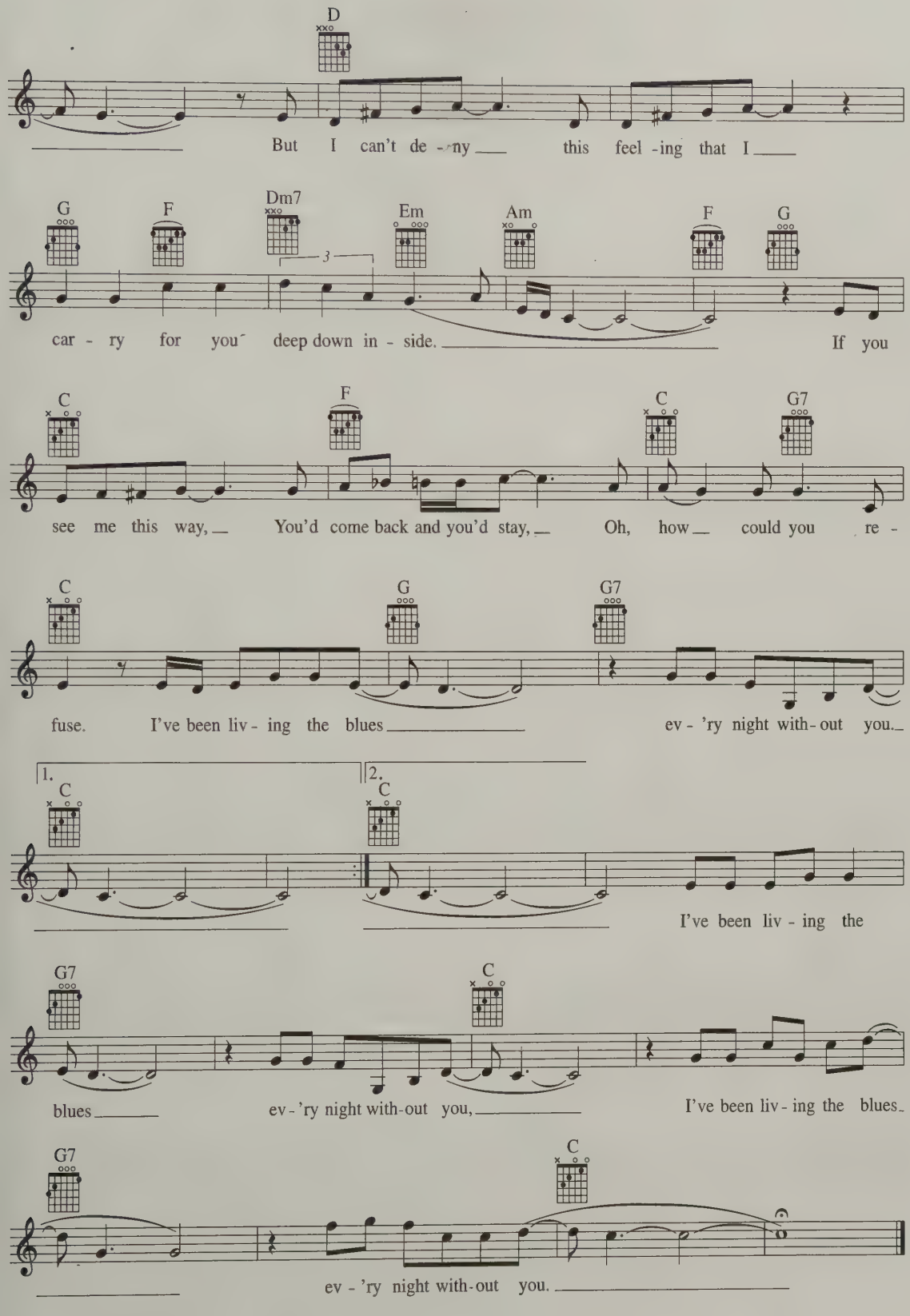
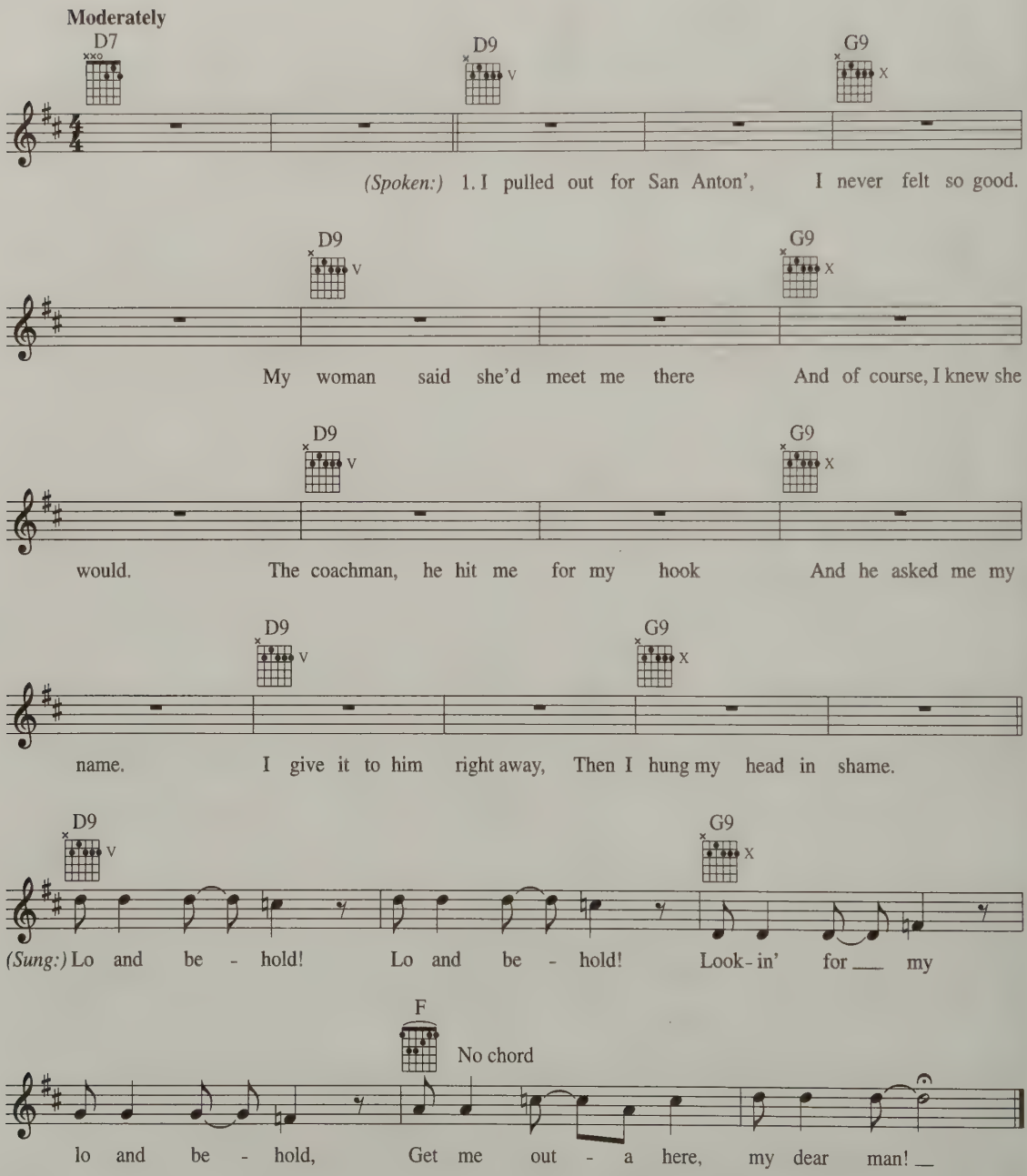

D
But I can't de - ny this feel - ing that I
G F Dm7 Em Am F G
3
car - ry for you deep down in - side. If you
C F C G7
see me this way, You'd come back and you'd stay, Oh, how could you re -
C G G7
fuse. I've been liv - ing the blues ev - 'ry night with - out you.
1. 2.
C C
I've been liv - ing the
G7 C
blues ev - 'ry night with - out you, I've been liv - ing the blues
G7 C
ev - 'ry night with - out you.

Lo and Behold!

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately
D7
D9
G9
(Spoken:) 1. I pulled out for San Anton', I never felt so good.
D9
G9
My woman said she'd meet me there And of course, I knew she
D9
G9
would. The coachman, he hit me for my hook And he asked me my
D9
G9
name. I give it to him right away, Then I hung my head in shame.
D9
G9
(Sung:) Lo and be - hold! Lo and be - hold! Look-in' for ___ my
F
No chord
lo and be - hold, Get me out - a here, my dear man! ___

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Additional lyrics

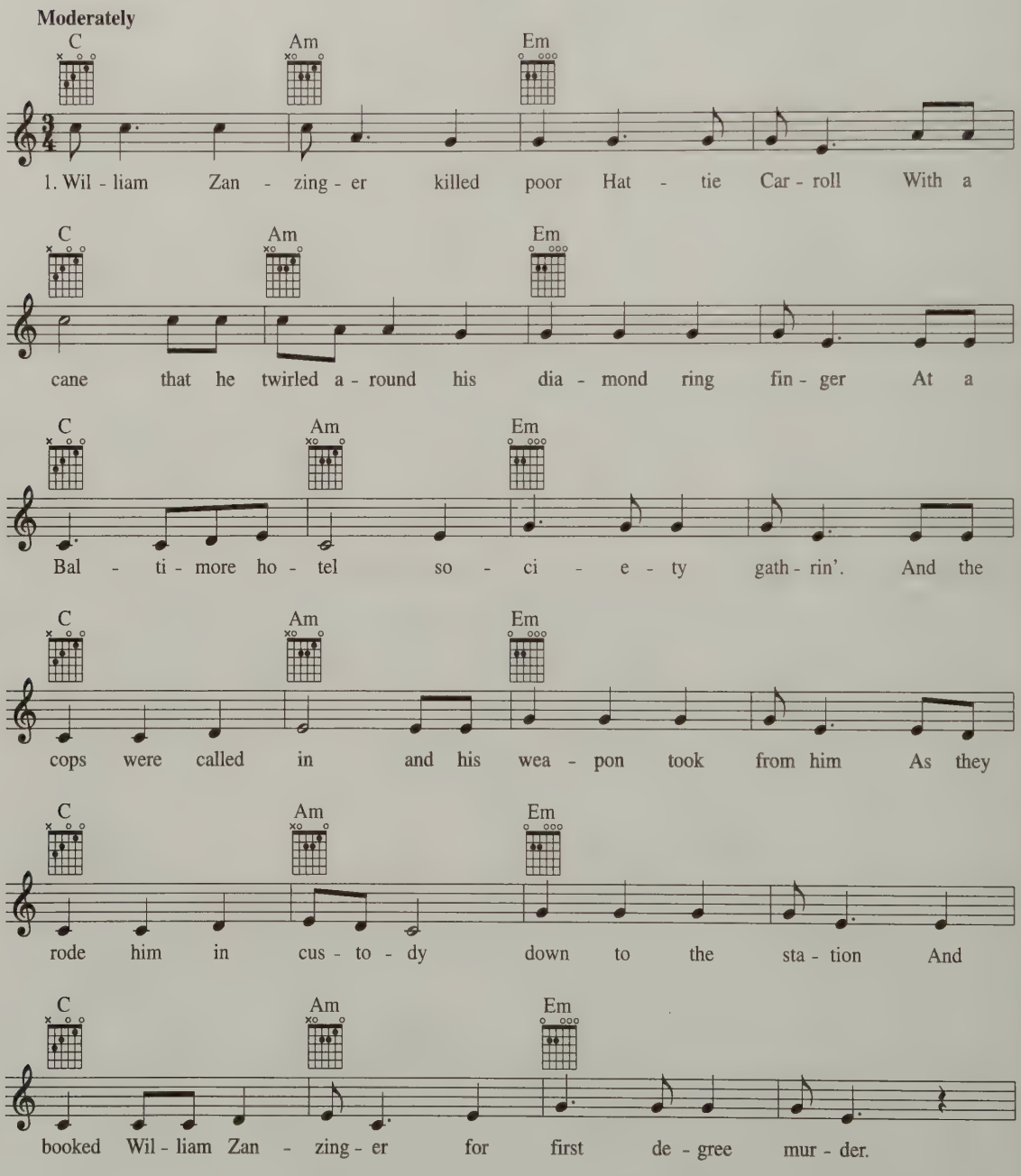
2. I come into Pittsburgh
At six-thirty flat.
I found myself a vacant seat
An' I put down my hat.
"What's the matter, Molly, dear,
What's the matter with your mound?"
"What's it to ya, Moby Dick?
This is chicken town!"
Lo and behold! Lo and behold!
Lookin' for my lo and behold,
Get me outa here, my dear man!

3. I bought my girl
A herd of moose,
One she could call her own.
Well, she came out the very next day
To see where they had flown.
I'm goin' down to Tennessee,
Get me a truck 'r somethin'.
Gonna save my money and rip it up!
Lo and behold! Lo and behold!
Lookin' for my lo and behold,
Get me outa here, my dear man!

4. Now, I come in on a ferris wheel
An' boys, I sure was slick.
I come in like a ton of bricks,
Laid a few tricks on 'em.
Goin' back to Pittsburgh,
Count up to thirty,
Round that horn and ride that herd,
Gonna thread up!
Lo and behold! Lo and behold!
Lookin' for my lo and behold,
Get me outa here, my dear man!

The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
C
Am
Em
1. Wil - liam Zan - zing - er killed poor Hat - tie Car - roll With a
cane that he twirled a - round his dia - mond ring fin - ger At a
Bal - ti - more ho - tel so - ci - e - ty gath - rin'. And the
cops were called in and his wea - pon took from him As they
rode him in cus - to - dy down to the sta - tion And
booked Wil - liam Zan - zing - er for first de - gree mur - der.

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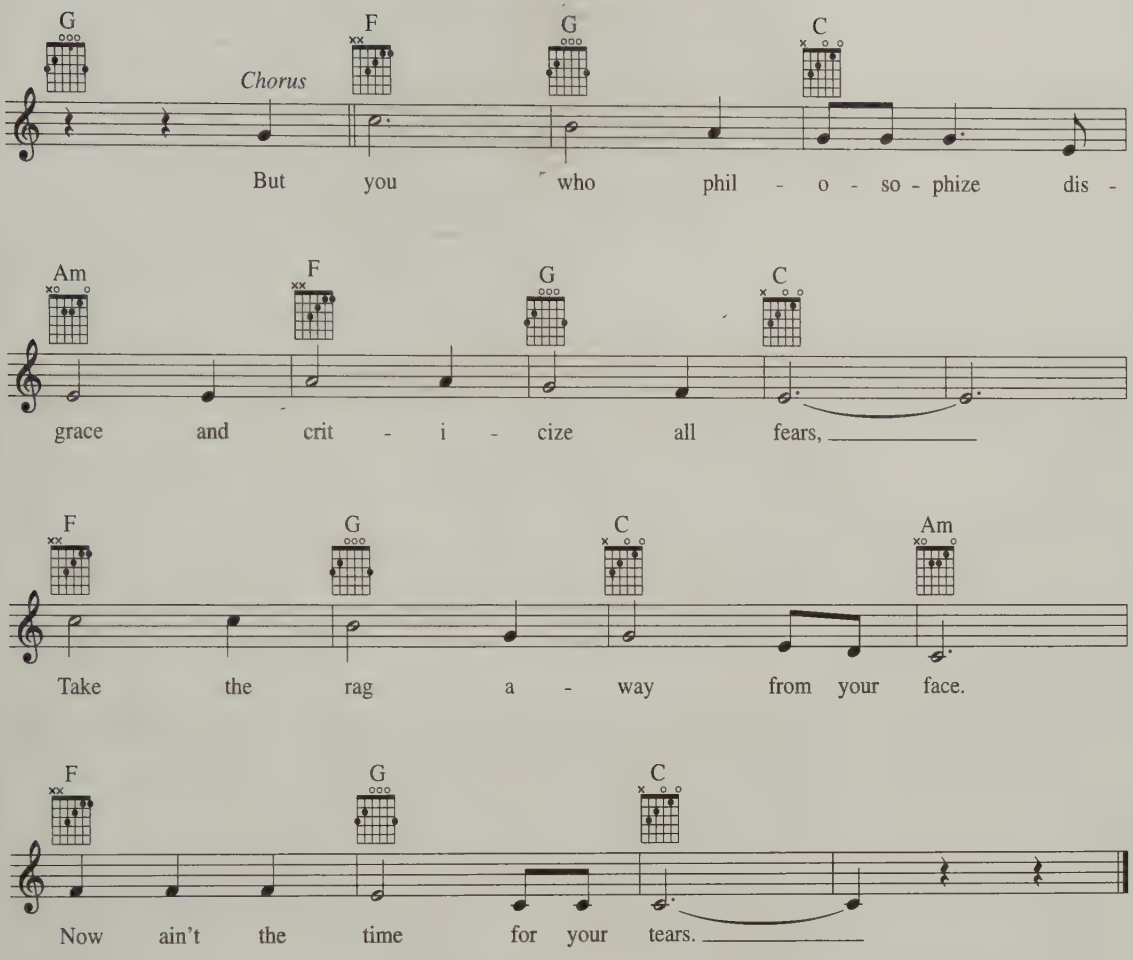

G
F
G
C
Chorus
But you who phil - o - so - phize dis -
Am
F
G
C
grace and crit - i - cize all fears,
F
G
C
Am
Take the rag a - way from your face.
F
G
C
Now ain't the time for your tears.

Additional lyrics

2. William Zanzinger, who at twenty-four years
Owns a tobacco farm of six hundred acres
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him
And high office relations in the politics of Maryland,
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders
And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was snarling,
In a matter of minutes on bail was out walking.

Chorus

3. Hattie Carroll was a maid of the kitchen.
She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten children
Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage
And never sat once at the head of the table
And didn't even talk to the people at the table
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level,
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane
That sailed through the air and came down through the room,
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle.
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger.

Chorus

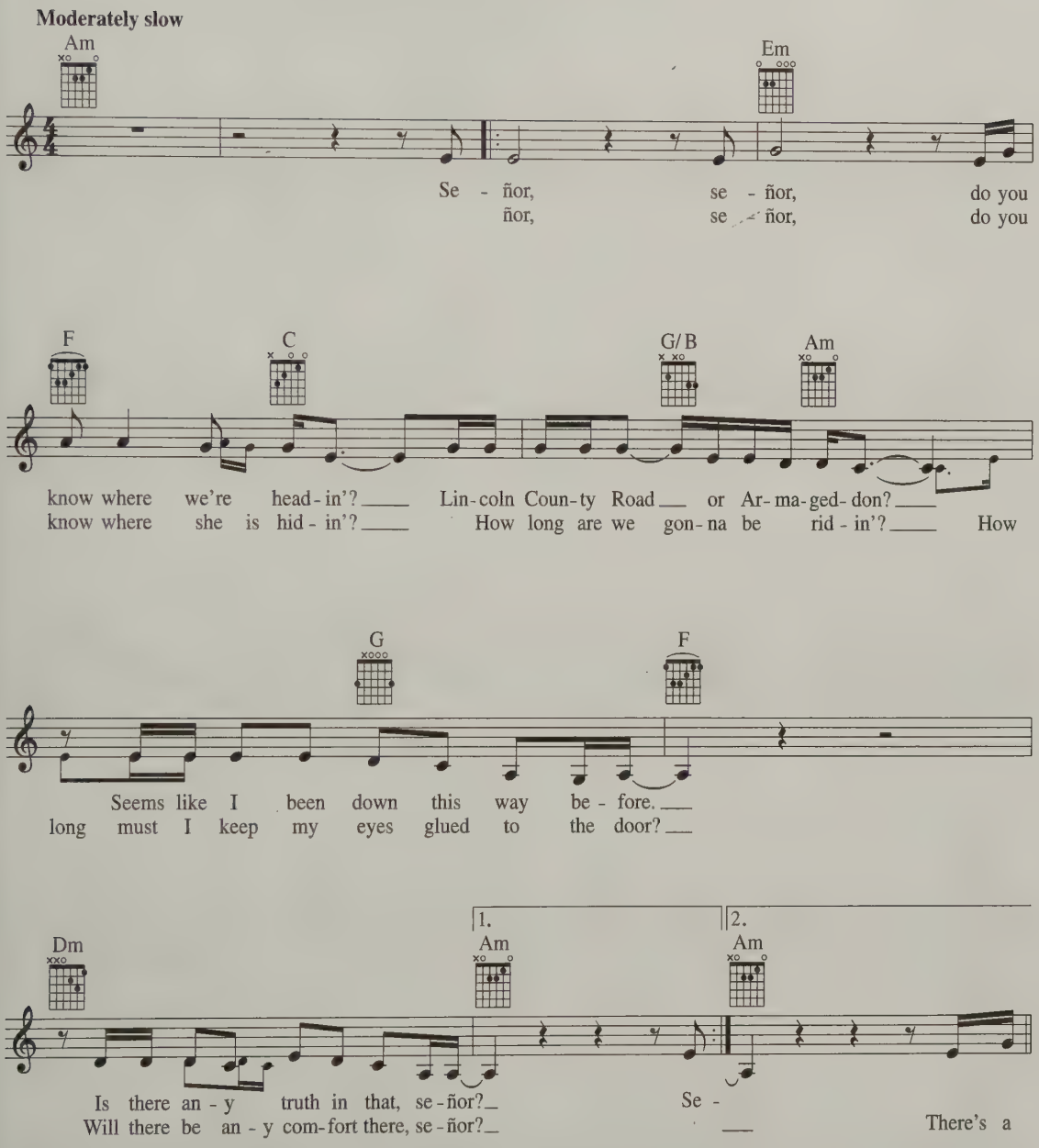
4. In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel
To show that all's equal and that the courts are on the level
And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and persuaded
And that even the nobles get properly handled
Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em
And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom,
Stared at the person who killed for no reason
Who just happened to be feelin' that way without warnin'.
And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and distinguished,
And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance,
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence.

Chorus:
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,
Bury the rag deep in your face
For now's the time for your tears.

Señor

(Tales of Yankee Power)

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
Am
Em
Se - ñor, se - ñor, do you
ñor, se - ñor, do you
F
C
G/B
Am
know where we're head - in'? Lin - coln Coun - ty Road or Ar - ma - ged - don?
know where she is hid - in'? How long are we gon - na be rid - in'? How
G
F
Seems like I been down this way be - fore.
long must I keep my eyes glued to the door?
Dm
1.
Am
2.
Am
Is there an - y truth in that, se - ñor?
Will there be an - y com - fort there, se - ñor?
Se -
There's a

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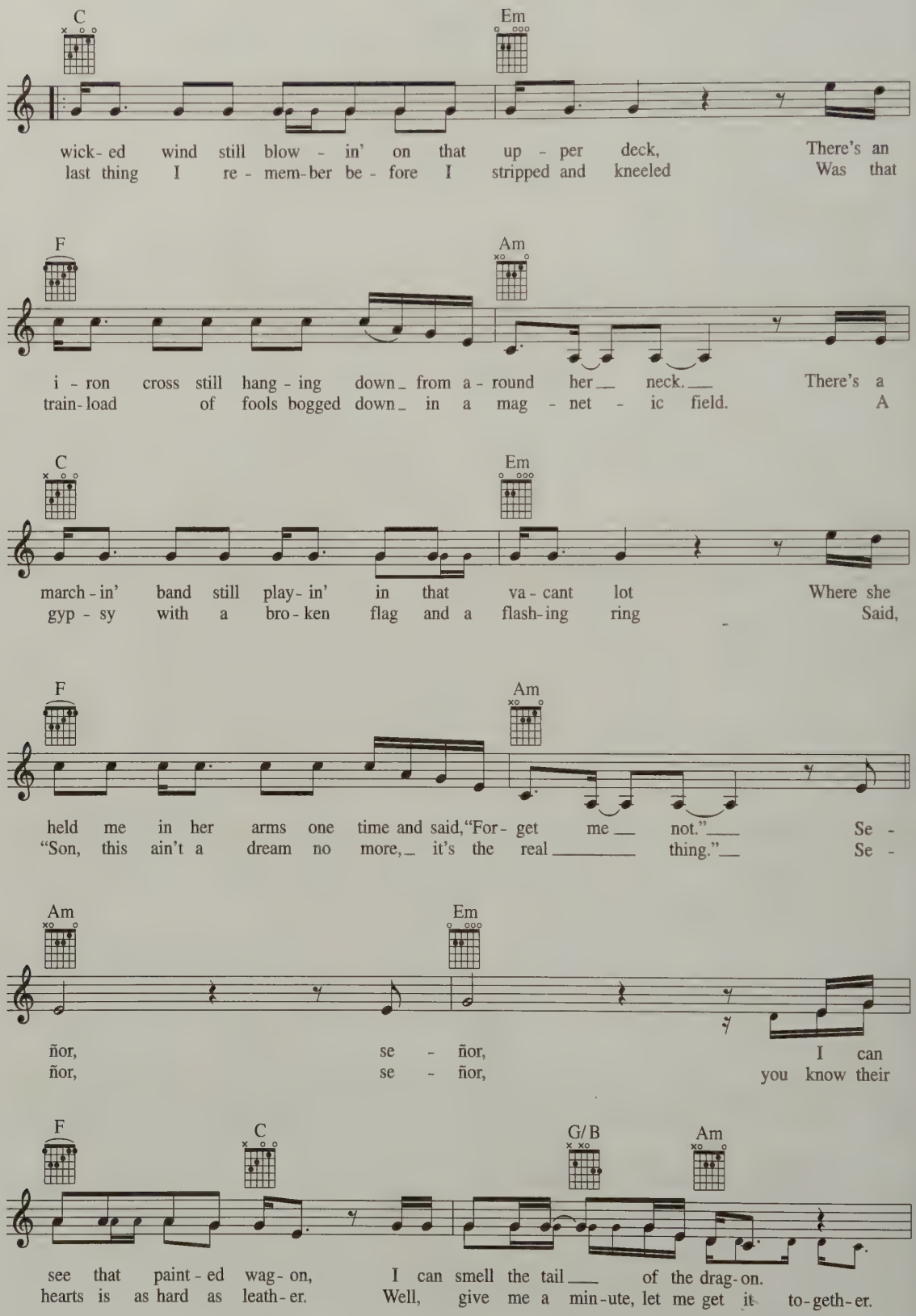
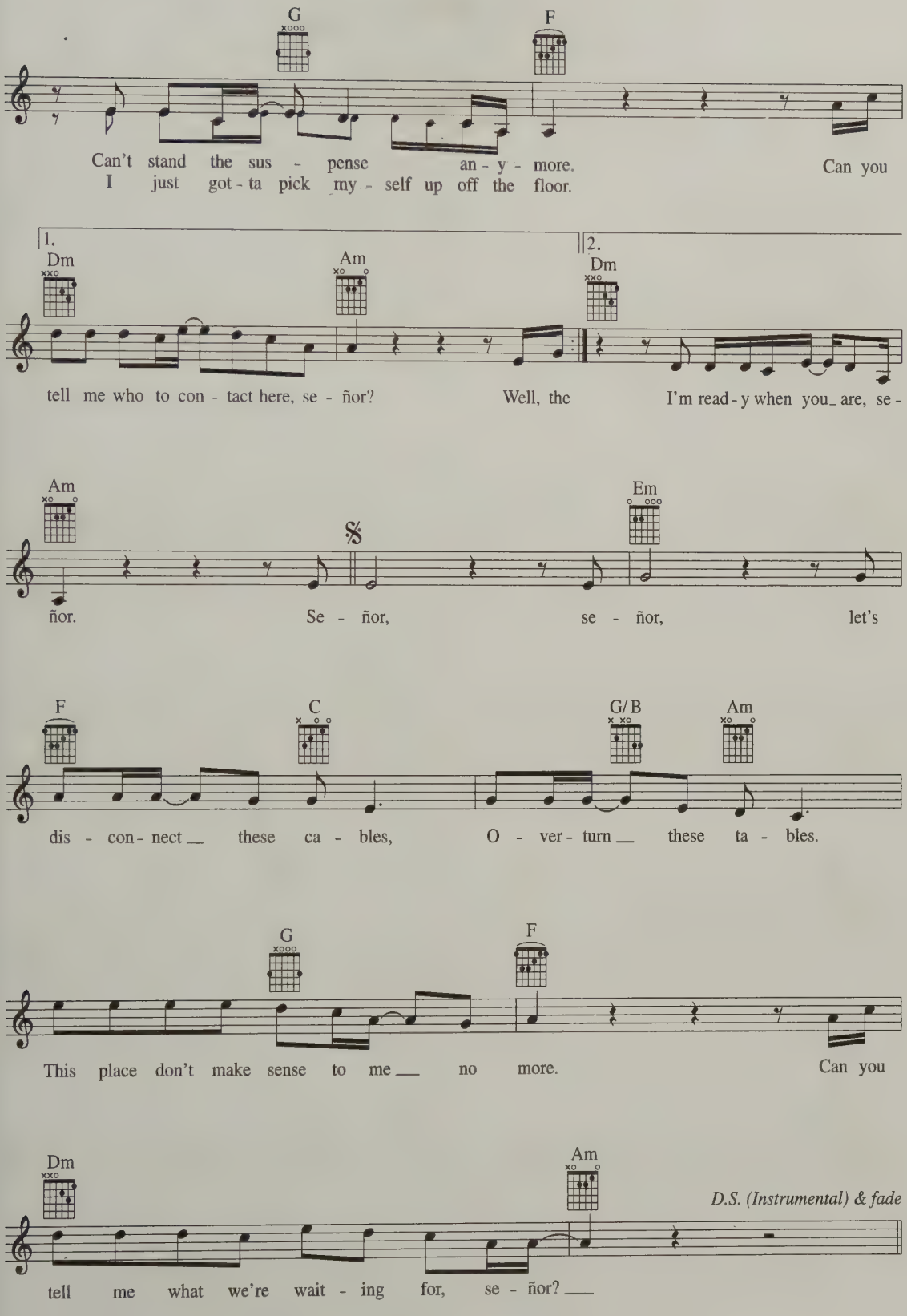
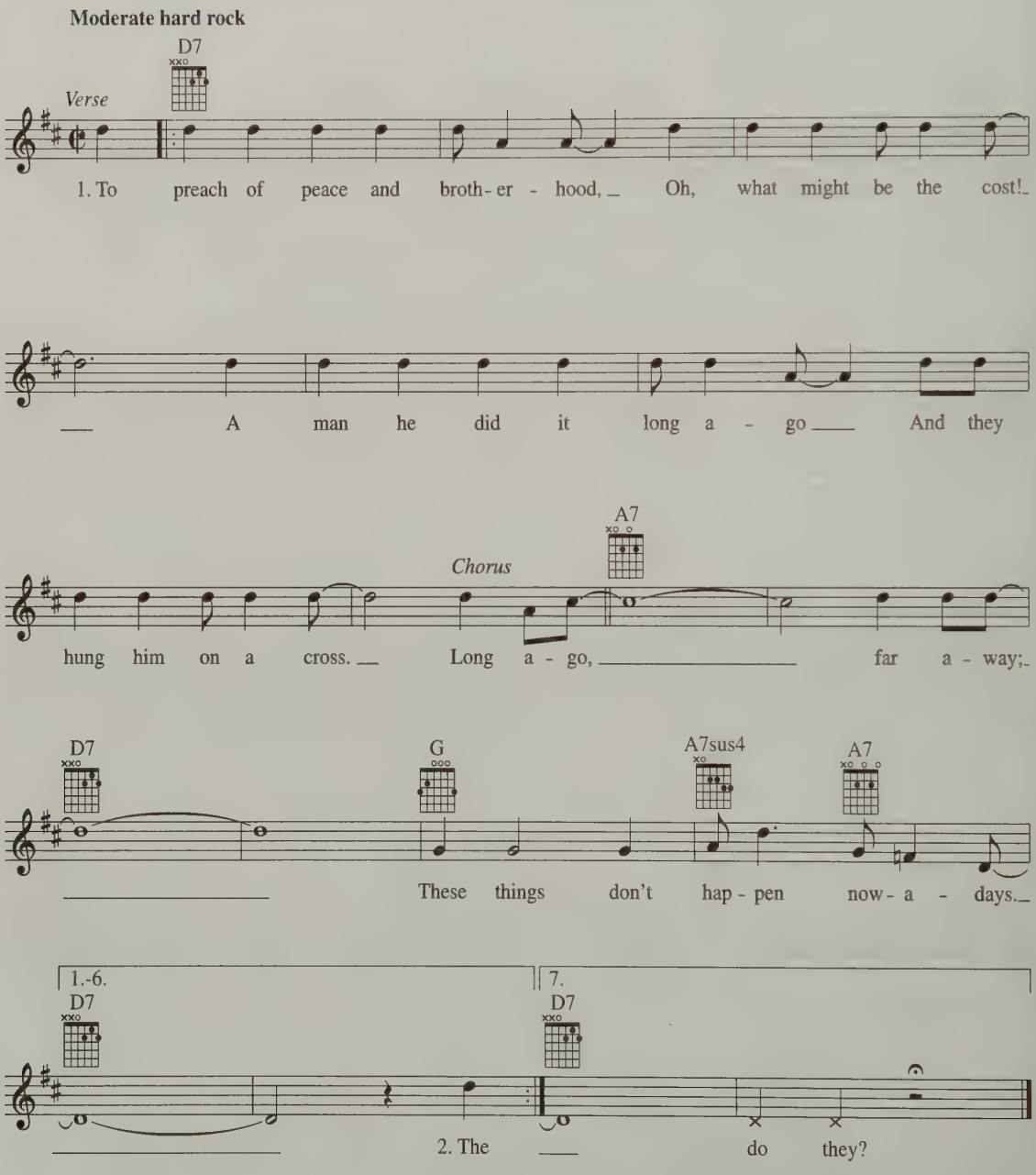

C
Em
wick- ed wind still blow - in' on that up - per deck, There's an
last thing I re - mem-ber be - fore I stripped and kneeled Was that
F
Am
i - ron cross still hang - ing down_ from a - round her__ neck.__ There's a
train-load of fools bogged down_ in a mag - net - ic field. A
C
Em
march - in' band still play- in' in that va - cant lot Where she
gyp - sy with a bro - ken flag and a flash-ing ring Said,
F
Am
held me in her arms one time and said,"For - get me__ not."__ Se -
"Son, this ain't a dream no more,_ it's the real_____ thing."__ Se -
Am
Em
ñor, se - ñor, I can
ñor, se - ñor, you know their
F
C
G/B
Am
see that paint - ed wag - on, I can smell the tail___ of the drag-on.
hearts is as hard as leath - er. Well, give me a min-ute, let me get it to-geth-er.


G
F
Can't stand the sus - pense an - y - more. Can you
I just got - ta pick my - self up off the floor.
1.
2.
Dm
Am
Dm
tell me who to con - tact here, se - ñor? Well, the I'm read - y when you_ are, se -
Am
Em
ñor. Se - ñor, se - ñor, let's
F
C
G/B
Am
dis - con - nect__ these ca - bles, O - ver - turn__ these ta - bles.
G
F
This place don't make sense to me__ no more. Can you
Dm
Am
D.S. (Instrumental) & fade
tell me what we're wait - ing for, se - ñor?__

Long Ago, Far Away

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. The chains of slaves
They dragged the ground
With heads and hearts hung low.
But it was during Lincoln's time
And it was long ago.
Long ago, far away;
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays.

3. The war guns they went off wild,
The whole world bled its blood.
Men's bodies floated on the edge
Of oceans made of mud.
Long ago, far away;
Those kind of things don't happen
No more, nowadays.

4. One man had much money,
One man had not enough to eat,
One man lived just like a king,
The other man begged on the street.
Long ago, far away;
These things don't happen
No more, nowadays.

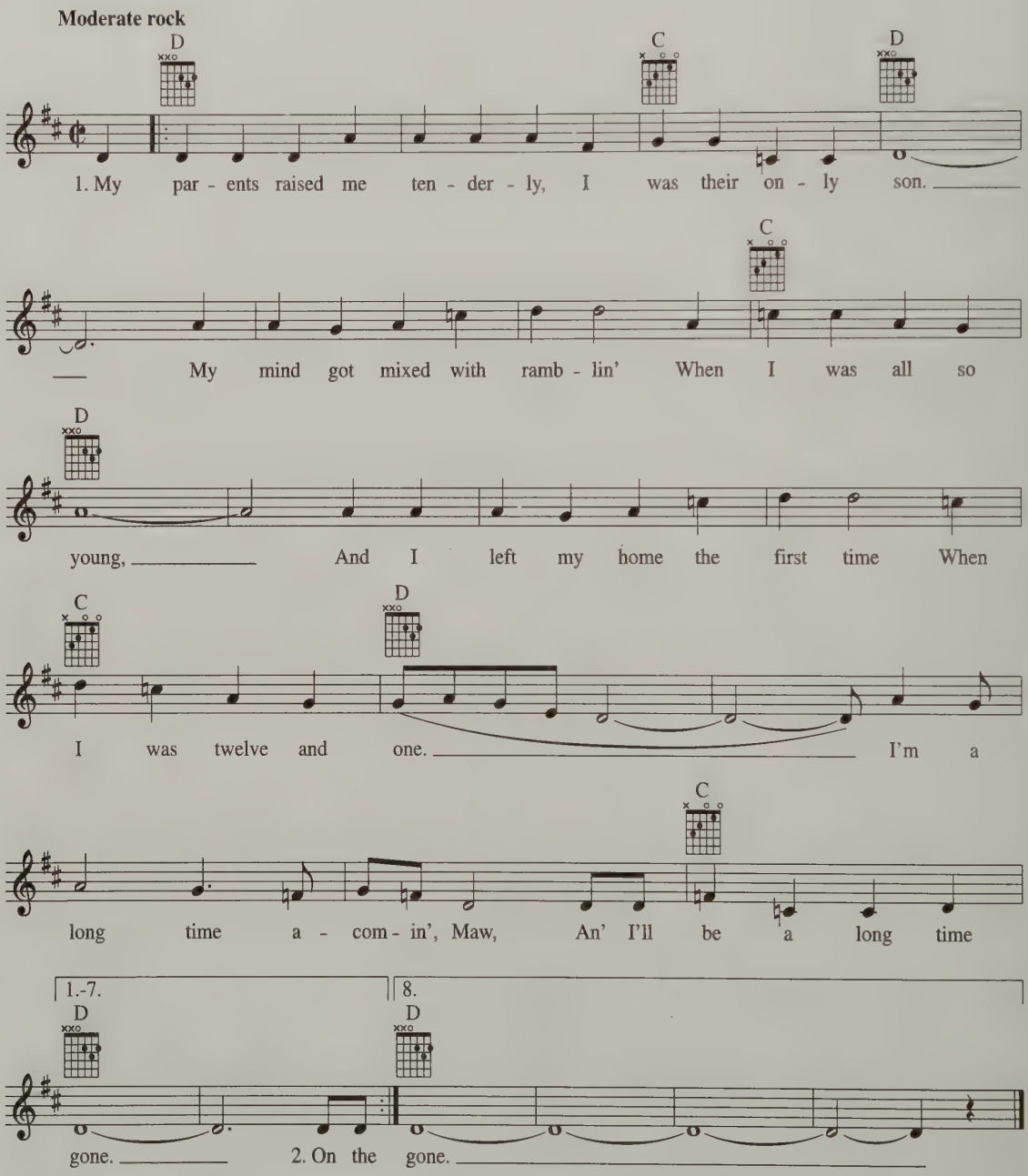
5. One man died of a knife so sharp,
One man died from the bullet of a gun,
One man died of a broken heart
To see the lynchin' of his son.
Long ago, far away;
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays.

6. Gladiators killed themselves,
It was during the Roman times.
People cheered with bloodshot grins
As eye and minds went blind.
Long ago, far away;
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays.

7. And to talk of peace and brotherhood,
Oh, what might be the cost!
A man he did it long ago
And they hung him on a cross.
Long ago, far away;
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays, do they?

Long Time Gone

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate rock
D
C
D
1. My par - ents raised me ten - der - ly, I was their on - ly son.
C
My mind got mixed with ramb - lin' When I was all so
D
young, And I left my home the first time When
C
D
I was twelve and one. I'm a
C
long time a - com - in', Maw, An' I'll be a long time
1.-7.
8.
D
D
gone. 2. On the gone.

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Additional lyrics

2. On the western side of Texas,
On the Texas plains,
I tried to find a job o'work
But they said I's young of age.
My eyes they burned when I heard,
"Go home where you belong!"
I'm a long time a-comin',
An' I'll be a long time gone.

3. I remember when I's ramblin'
Around with the carnival trains,
Different towns, different people,
Somehow they're all the same.
I remember children's faces best,
I remember travelin' on.
I'm a long time a-comin',
I'll be a long time gone.

4. I once loved a fair young maid
An' I ain't too big to tell,
If she broke my heart a single time,
She broke it ten or twelve.
I walked and talked all by myself,
I did not tell no one.
I'm a long time a-comin', babe,
An' I'll be a long time gone.

5. Many times by the highwayside,
I tried to flag a ride.
With bloodshot eyes and gritting teeth,
I'd watch the cars roll by.
The empty air hung in my head
I's thinkin' all day long.
I'm a long time a-comin',
An' I'll be a long time gone.

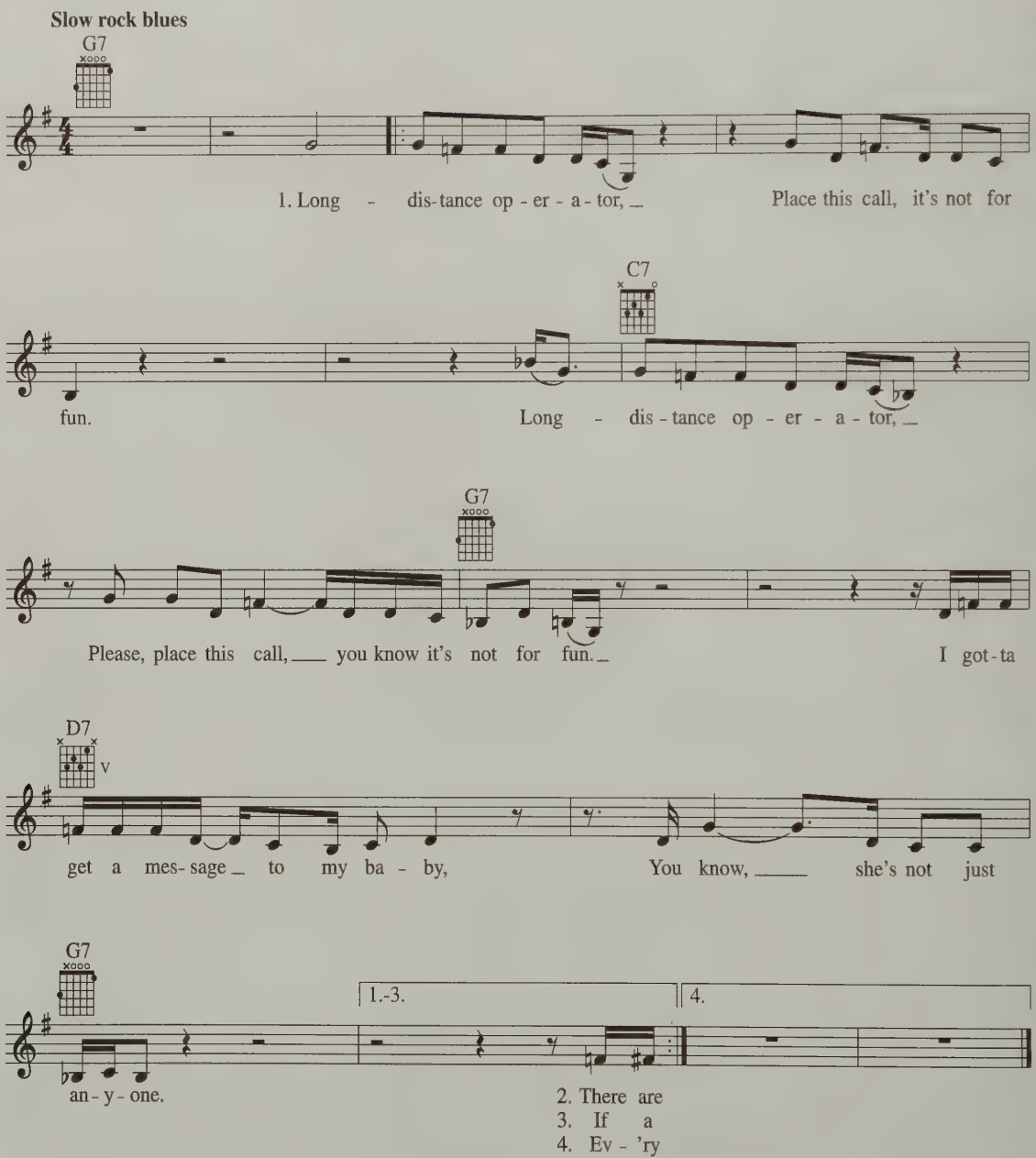
6. You might see me on your crossroads
When I'm a-passin' through.
Remember me how you wished to
As I'm a-driftin' from your view.
I ain't got the time to think about it,
I got too much to get done.
Well, I'm a long time comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone.

7. If I can't help somebody
With a word or song,
If I can't show somebody
They are travelin' wrong.
But I know I ain't no prophet
An' I ain't no prophet's son.
I'm just a long time a-comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone.

8. So you can have your beauty,
It's skin deep and it only lies.
And you can have your youth,
It'll rot before your eyes.
Just give to me my gravestone
With it clearly carved upon:
"I's a long time a-comin',
An' I'll be a long time gone."

Long-Distance Operator

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slow rock blues
G7
1. Long - dis-tance op - er - a - tor, _ Place this call, it's not for
C7
fun. Long - dis - tance op - er - a - tor, _
G7
Please, place this call, ___ you know it's not for fun. _ I got-ta
D7
v
get a mes- sage _ to my ba - by, You know, ____ she's not just
G7
1.-3.
4.
an - y - one.
2. There are
3. If a
4. Ev - 'ry

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Additional lyrics

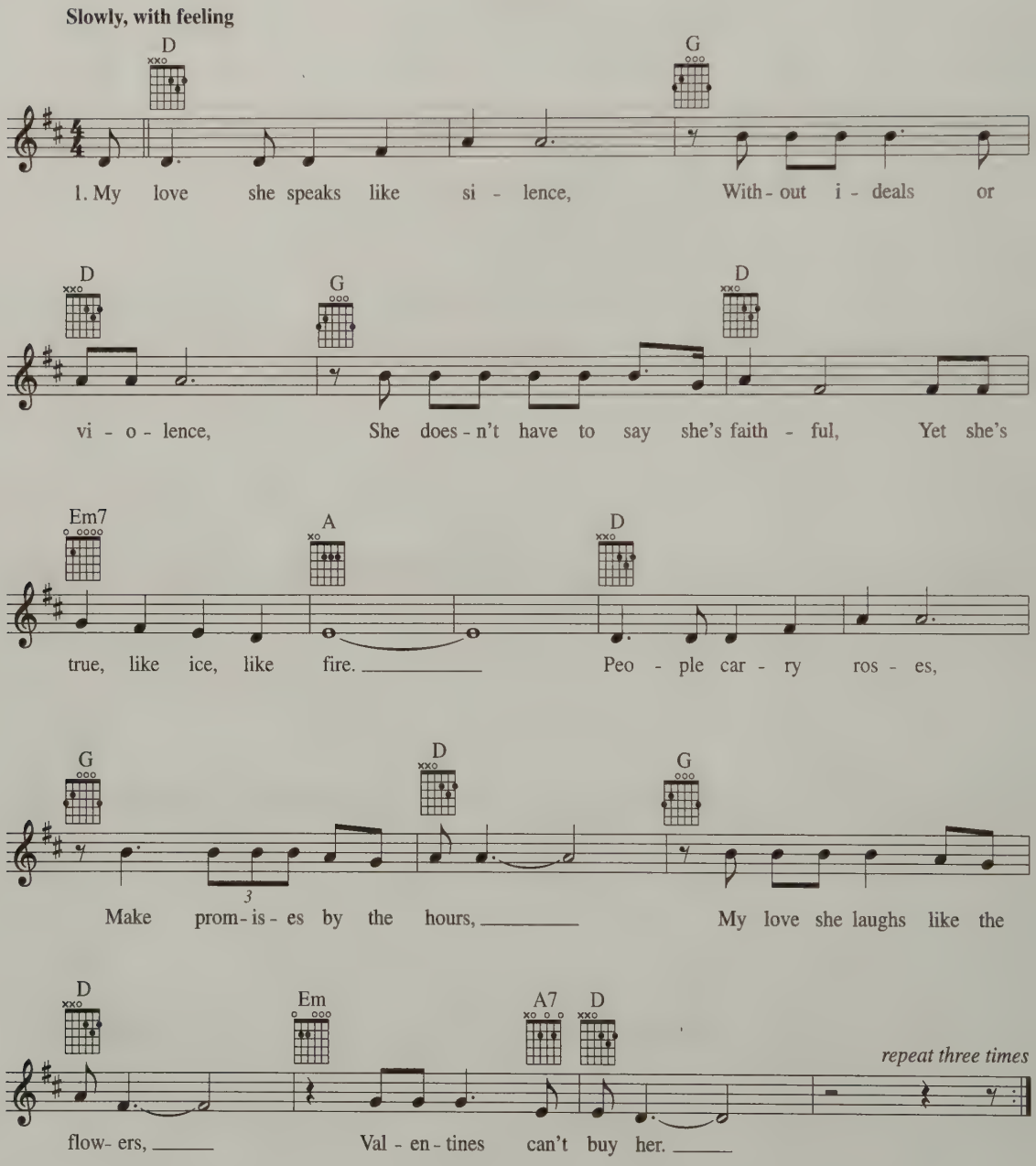
2. There are thousands in the phone booth,
Thousands at the gate.
There are thousands in the phone booth,
Thousands at the gate.
Ev'rybody wants to make a long-distance call
But you know they're just gonna have to wait.

3. If a call comes from Louisiana,
Please, let it ride.
If a call comes from Louisiana,
Please, let it ride.
This phone booth's on fire,
It's getting hot inside.

4. Ev'rybody wants to be my friend,
But nobody wants to get higher.
Ev'rybody wants to be my friend,
But nobody wants to get higher.
Long-distance operator,
I believe I'm stranglin' on this telephone wire.

Love Minus Zero/No Limit

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly, with feeling
D
G
1. My love she speaks like si - lence, With - out i - deals or
D
G
D
vi - o - lence, She does - n't have to say she's faith - ful, Yet she's
Em7
A
D
true, like ice, like fire. Peo - ple car - ry ros - es,
G
D
G
3
Make prom - is - es by the hours, My love she laughs like the
D
Em
A7
D
repeat three times
flow - ers, Val - en - tines can't buy her.

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Additional lyrics

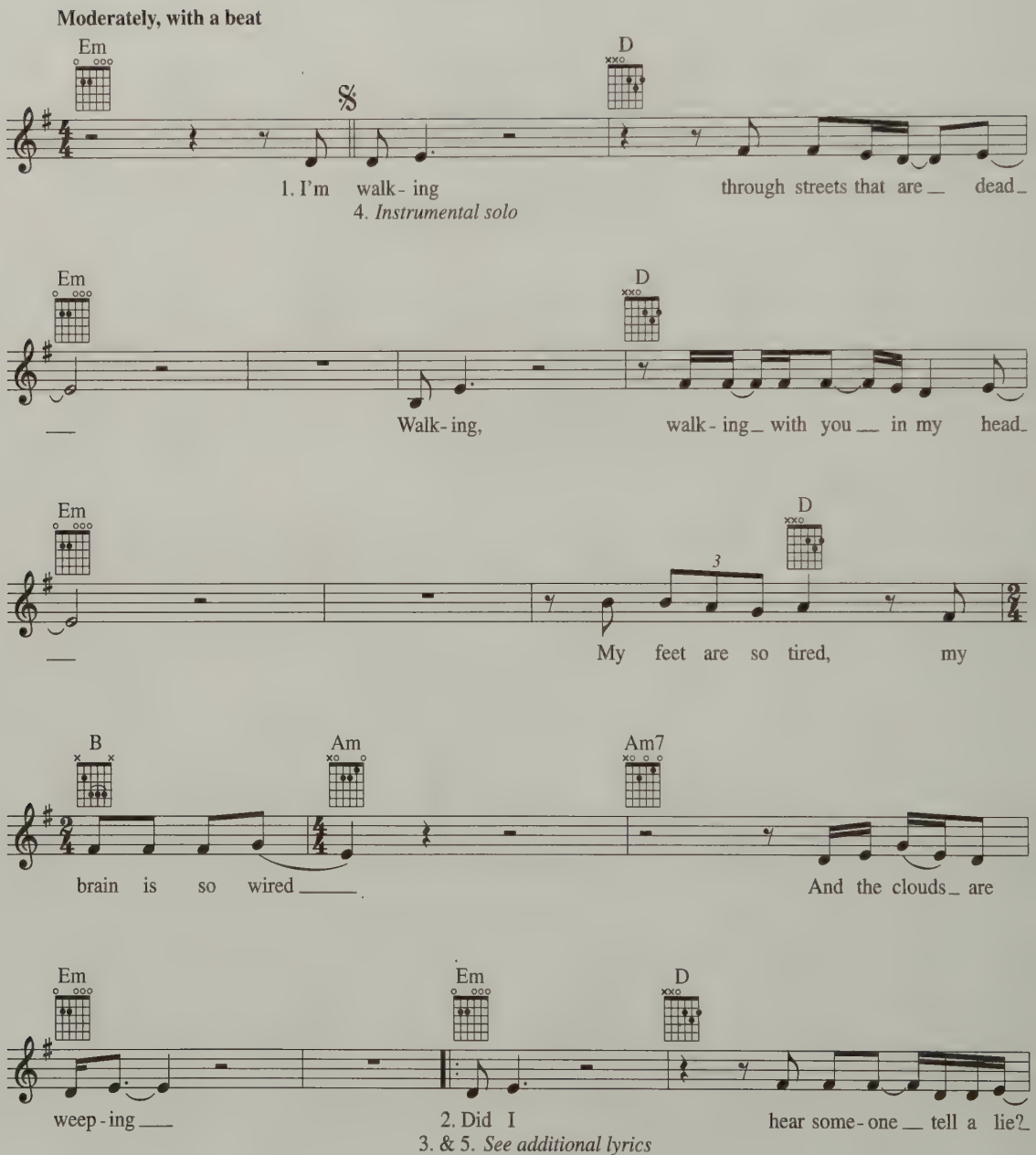
2. In the dime stores and bus stations,
People talk of situations,
Read books, repeat quotations,
Draw conclusions on the wall.
Some speak of the future,
My love she speaks softly,
She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all.

3. The cloak and dagger dangles,
Madams light the candles.
In ceremonies of the horsemen,
Even the pawn must hold a grudge.
Statues made of match sticks,
Crumble into one another,
My love winks, she does not bother,
She knows too much to argue or to judge.

4. The bridge at midnight trembles,
The country doctor rambles,
Bankers' nieces seek perfection,
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring.
The wind howls like a hammer,
The night blows cold and rainy,
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.

Love Sick

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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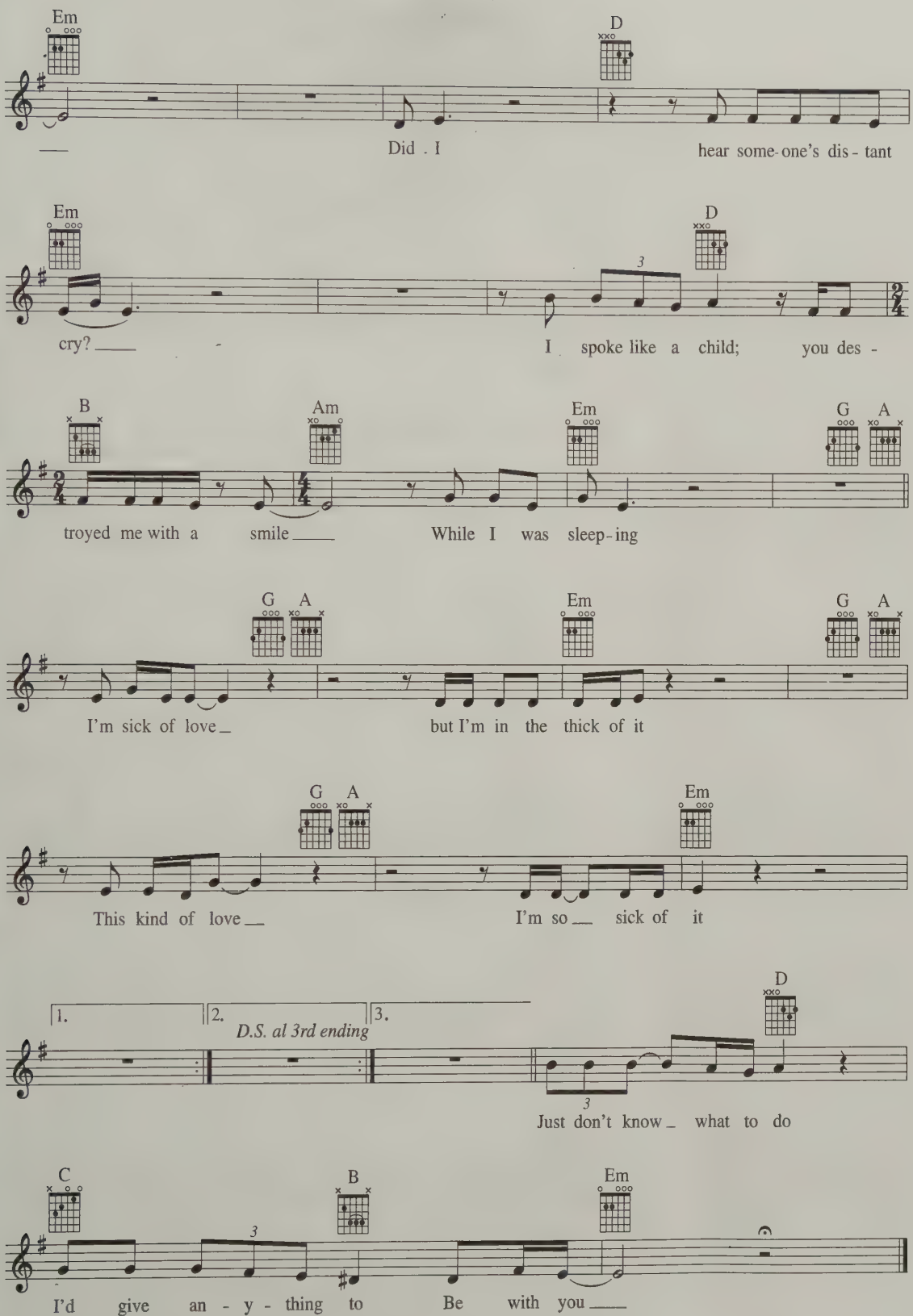

Em
D
Did . I
hear some-one's dis - tant
Em
D
cry?
I spoke like a child; you des -
B
Am
Em
G A
troyed me with a smile
While I was sleep-ing
G A
Em
G A
I'm sick of love
but I'm in the thick of it
G A
Em
This kind of love
I'm so sick of it
D
1.
2.
3.
D.S. al 3rd ending
Just don't know what to do
C
B
Em
I'd give an - y - thing to Be with you

Additional lyrics

3. I see, I see lovers in the meadow
   I see, I see silhouettes in the window
   I watch them 'til they're gone and they leave me hanging on
   To a shadow

   I'm sick of love; I hear the clock tick
   This kind of love; I'm love sick

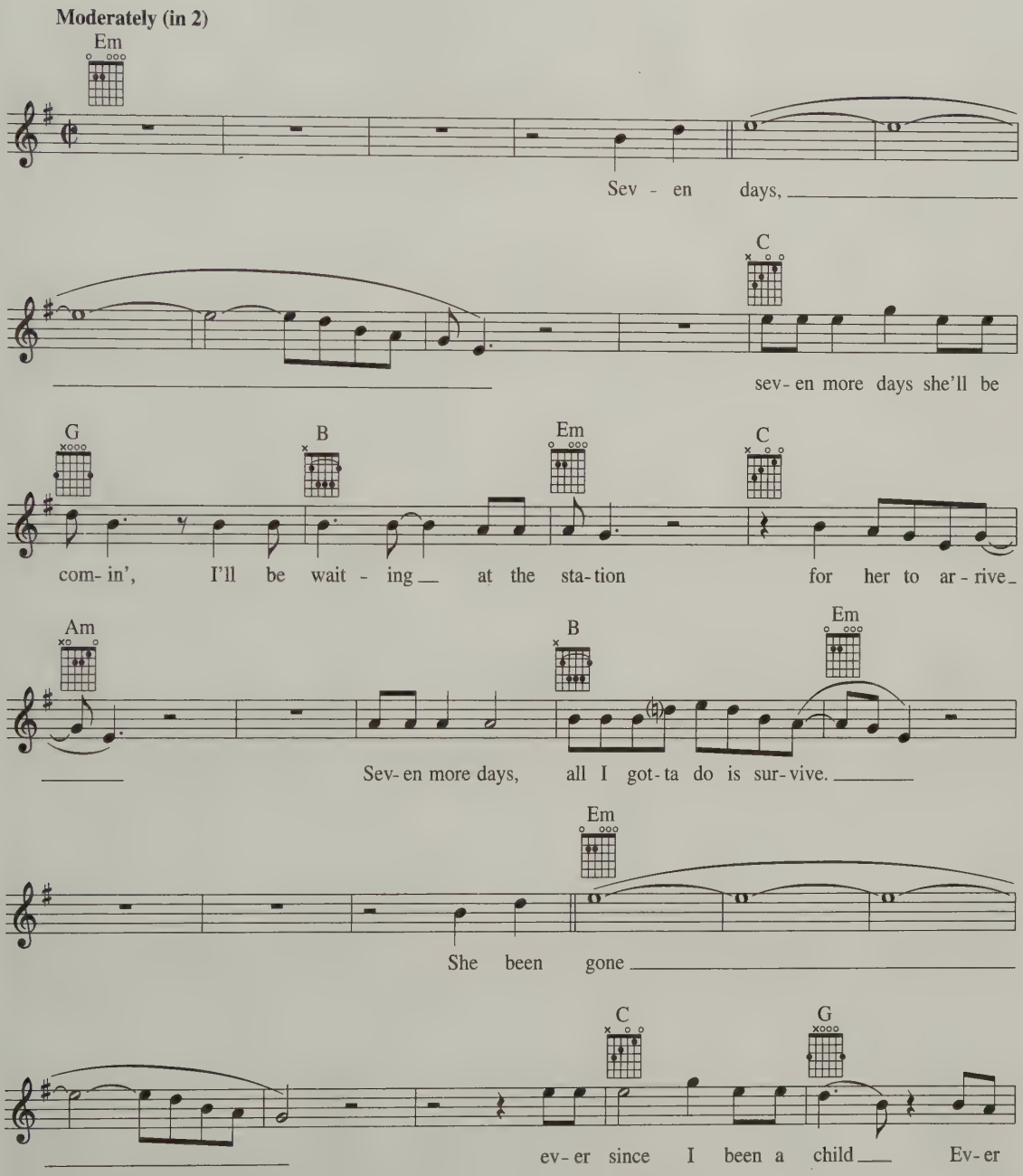
4. *Instrumental*

5. Sometimes the silence can be like the thunder
   Sometimes I wanna take to the road and plunder
   Could you ever be true?
   I think of you
   And I wonder

   I'm sick of love; I wish I'd never met you
   I'm sick of love; I'm trying to forget you

   Just don't know what to do
   I'd give anything to
   Be with you

Seven Days

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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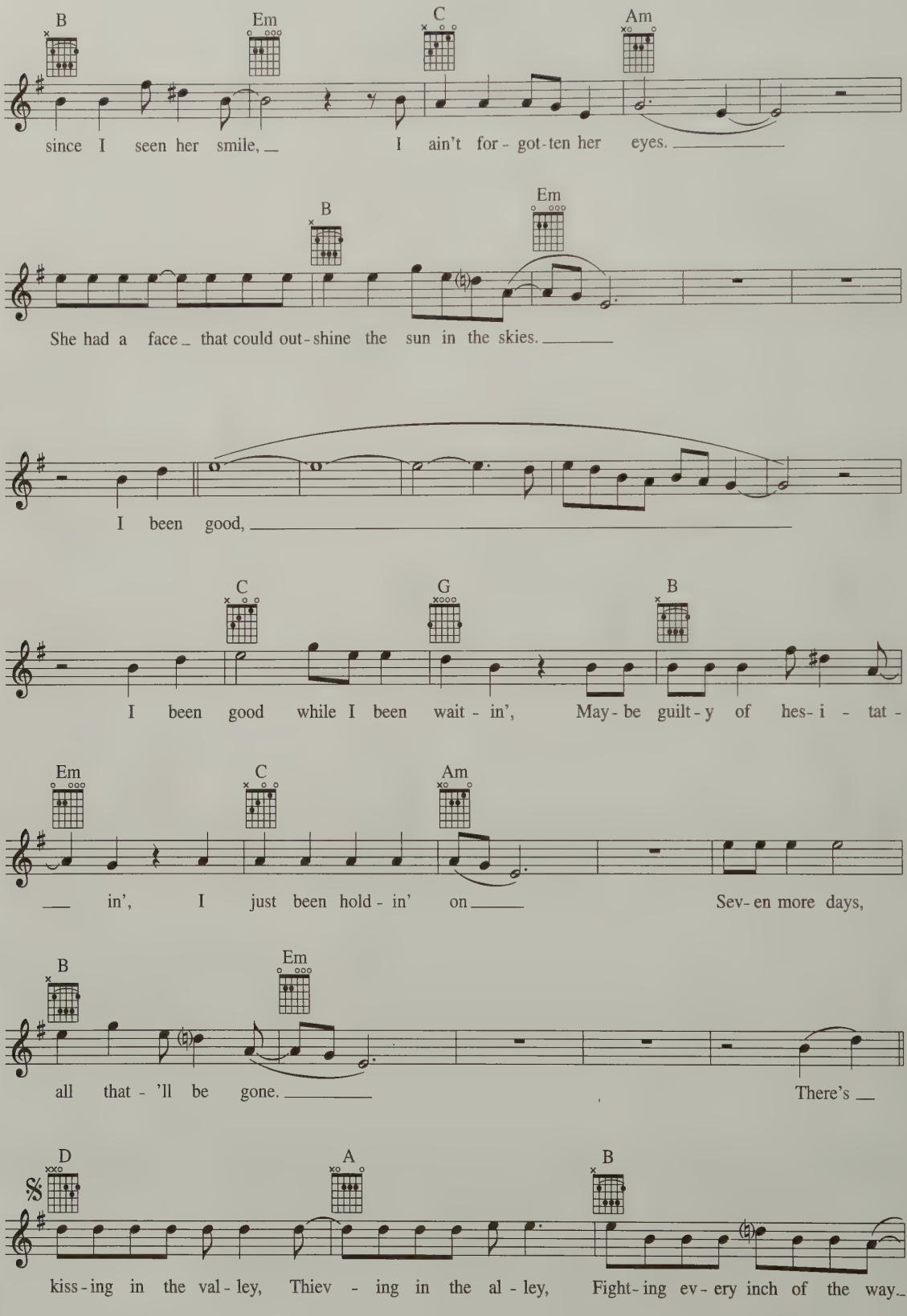
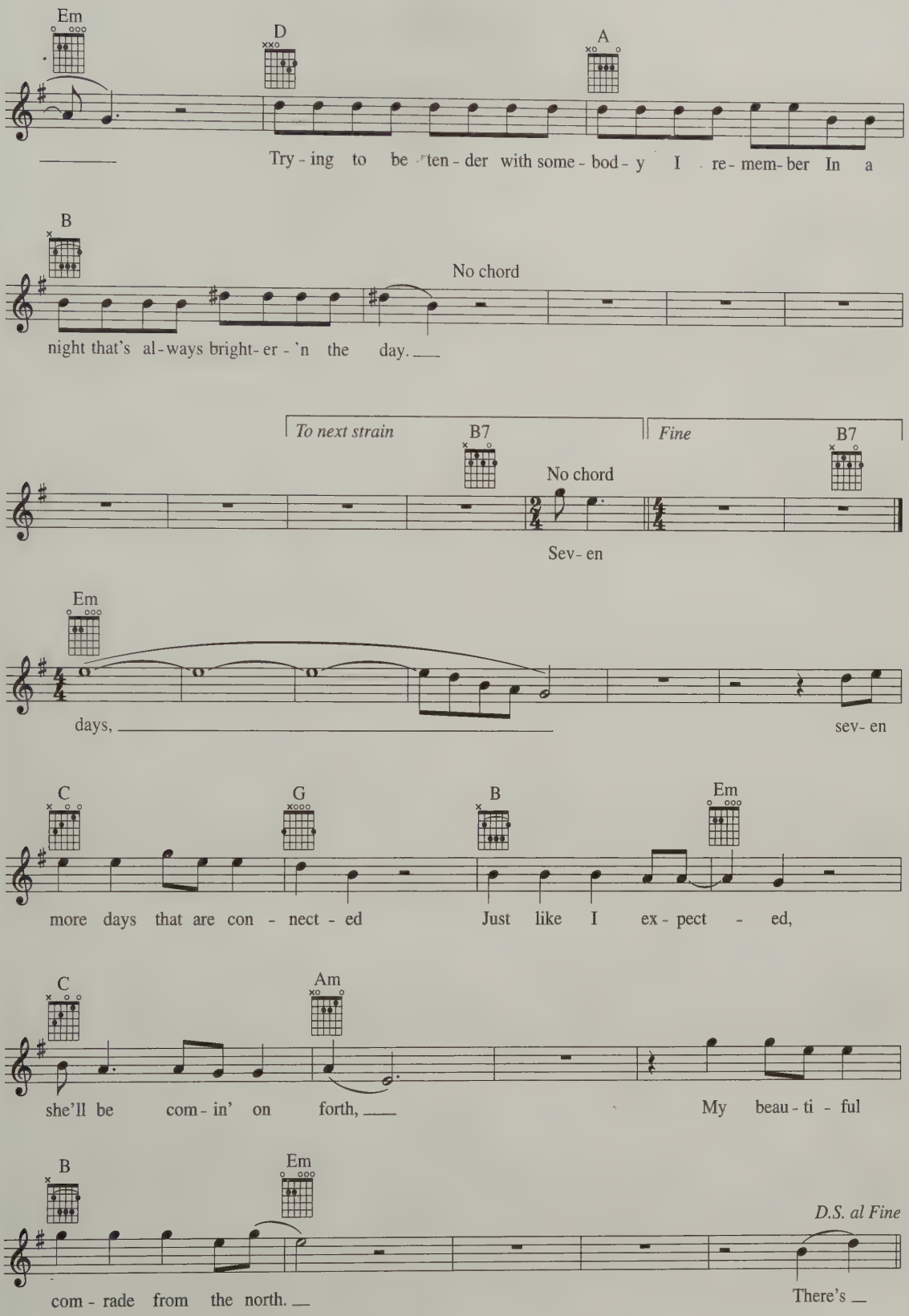
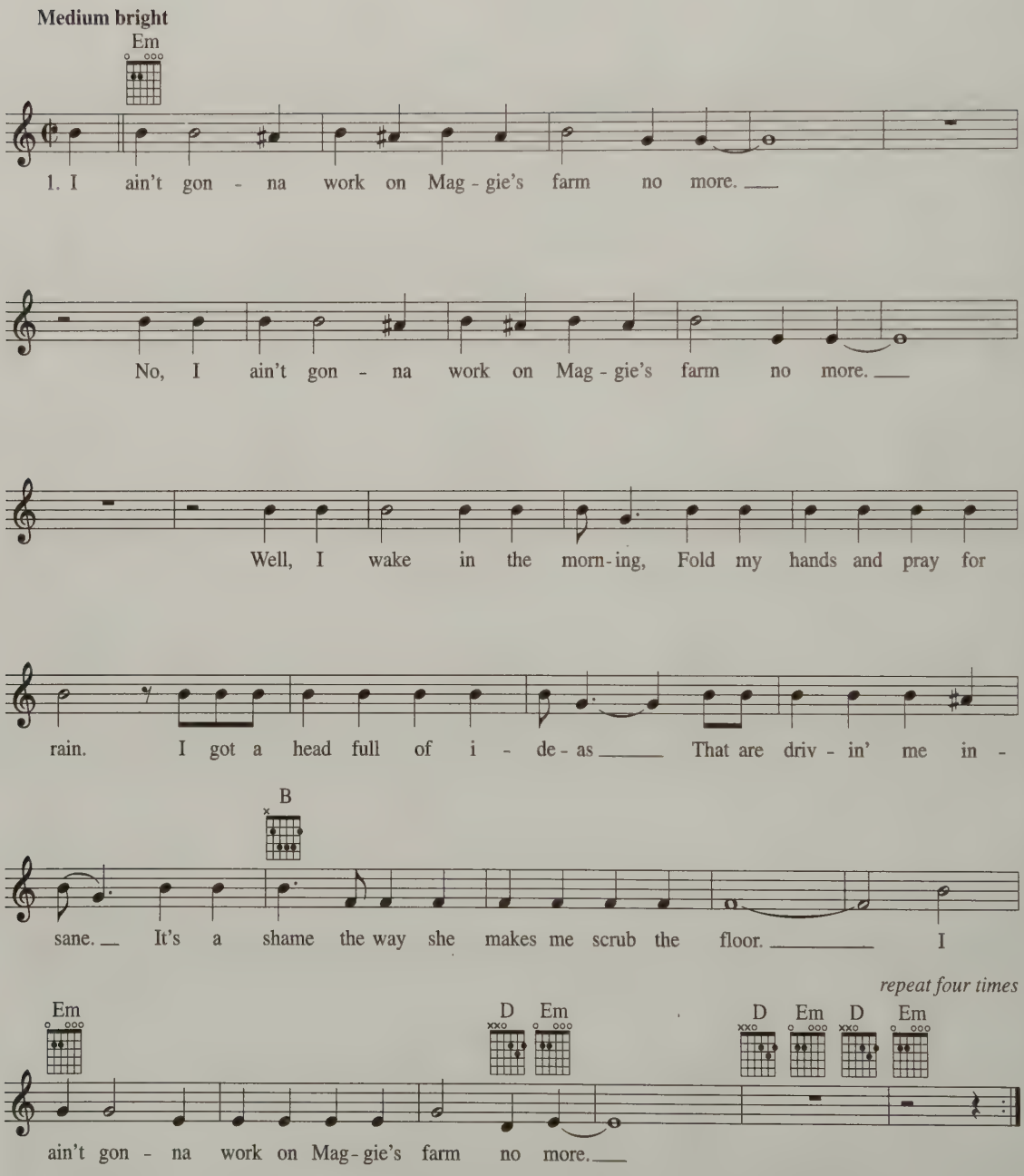

B
Em
C
Am
since I seen her smile, I ain't for - got - ten her eyes.
B
Em
She had a face that could out - shine the sun in the skies.
I been good,
C
G
B
I been good while I been wait - in', May - be guilt - y of hes - i - tat -
Em
C
Am
in', I just been hold - in' on Sev - en more days,
B
Em
all that - 'll be gone. There's
D
A
B
kiss - ing in the val - ley, Thiev - ing in the al - ley, Fight - ing ev - ery inch of the way.


Em
D
A
Try - ing to be ten - der with some - bod - y I re - mem - ber In a
B
No chord
night that's al - ways bright - er - 'n the day.
To next strain
B7
Fine
B7
No chord
Sev - en
Em
days,
sev - en
C
G
B
Em
more days that are con - nect - ed Just like I ex - pect - ed,
C
Am
she'll be com - in' on forth, My beau - ti - ful
B
Em
D.S. al Fine
com - rade from the north.
There's

Maggie's Farm

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Medium bright
Em
1. I ain't gon - na work on Mag - gie's farm no more.
No, I ain't gon - na work on Mag - gie's farm no more.
Well, I wake in the morn - ing, Fold my hands and pray for
rain. I got a head full of i - de - as That are driv - in' me in -
B
sane. It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor. I
repeat four times
Em
D Em
D Em D Em
ain't gon - na work on Mag - gie's farm no more.

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Additional lyrics

2. I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.
Well, he hands you a nickel,
He hands you a dime,
He asks you with a grin
If you're havin' a good time,
Then he fines you every time you slam the door.
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.

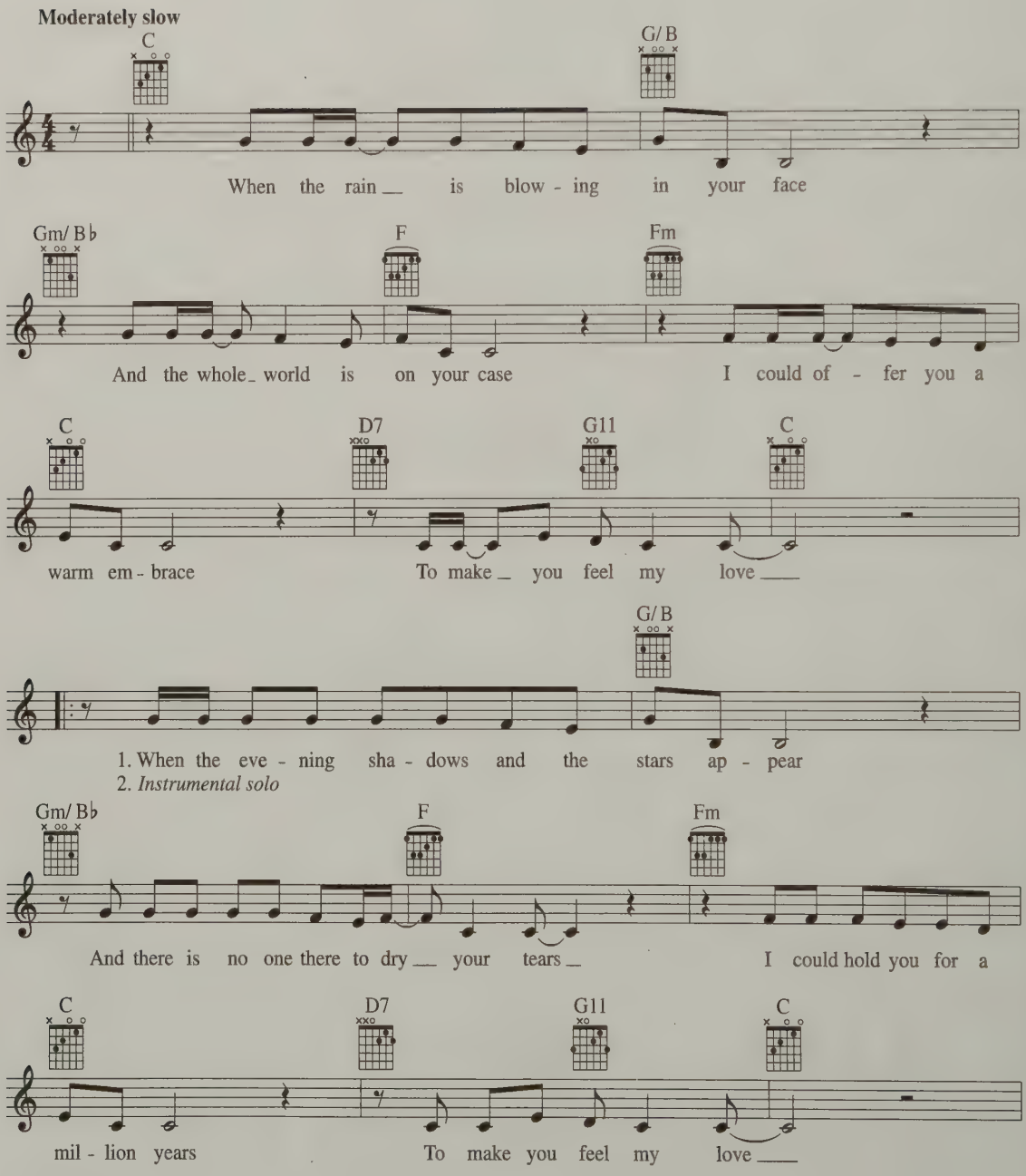
3. I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.
Well, he puts his cigar
Out in your face just for kicks.
His bedroom window
It is made out of bricks.
The National Guard stands around his door.
Ah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.

4. I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.
Well, she talks to all the servants
About man and God and law.
Everybody says
She's the brains behind pa.
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's twenty-four.
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.

5. I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
Well, I try my best
To be just like I am,
But everybody wants you
To be just like them.
They sing while you slave and I just get bored.
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

Make You Feel My Love

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
C
G/B
When the rain __ is blow - ing in your face
Gm/B♭
F
Fm
And the whole_ world is on your case I could of - fer you a
C
D7
G11
C
warm em - brace To make_ you feel my love ___
G/B
1. When the eve - ning sha - dows and the stars ap - pear
2. Instrumental solo
Gm/B♭
F
Fm
And there is no one there to dry __ your tears _ I could hold you for a
C
D7
G11
C
mil - lion years To make you feel my love ___

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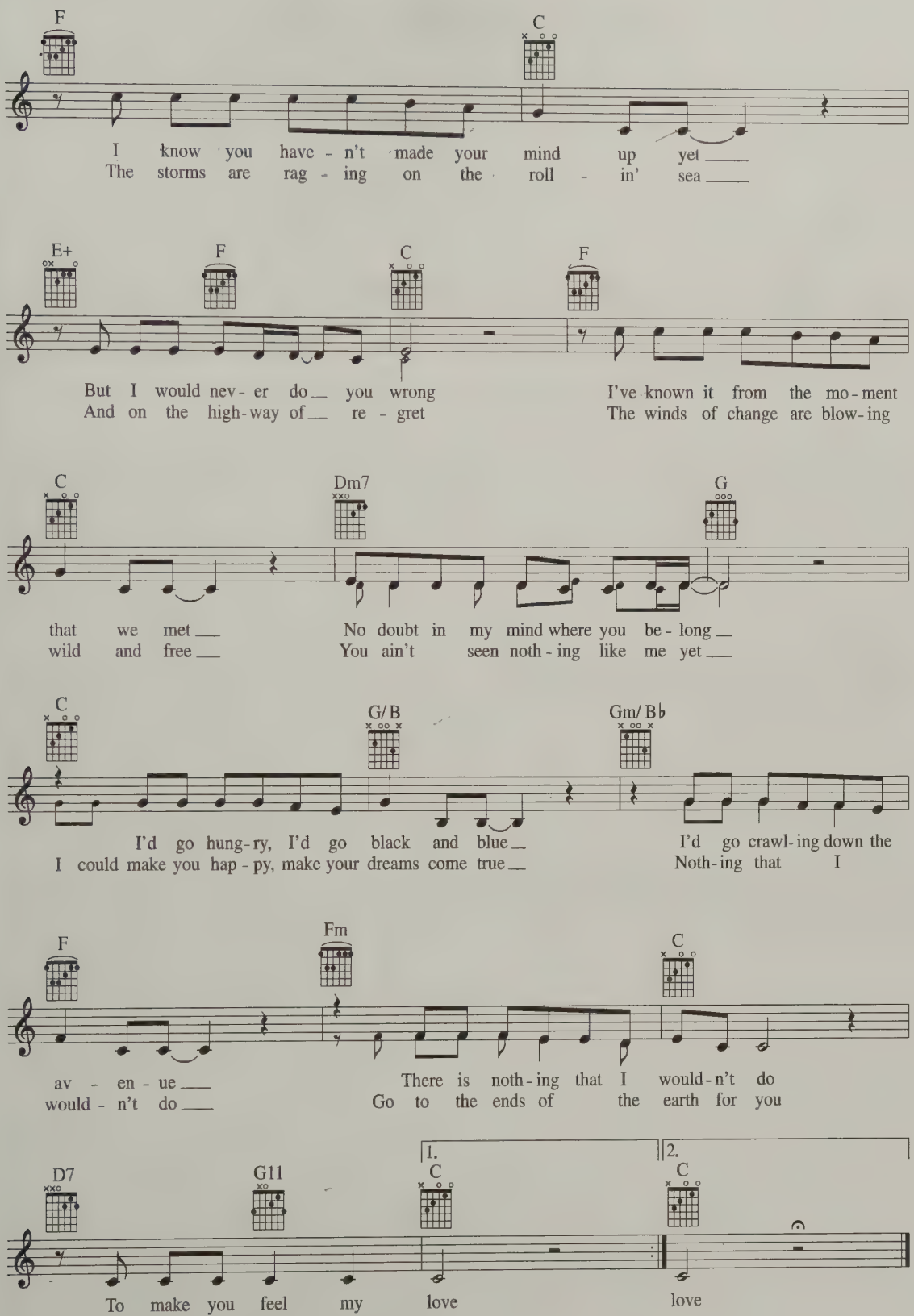
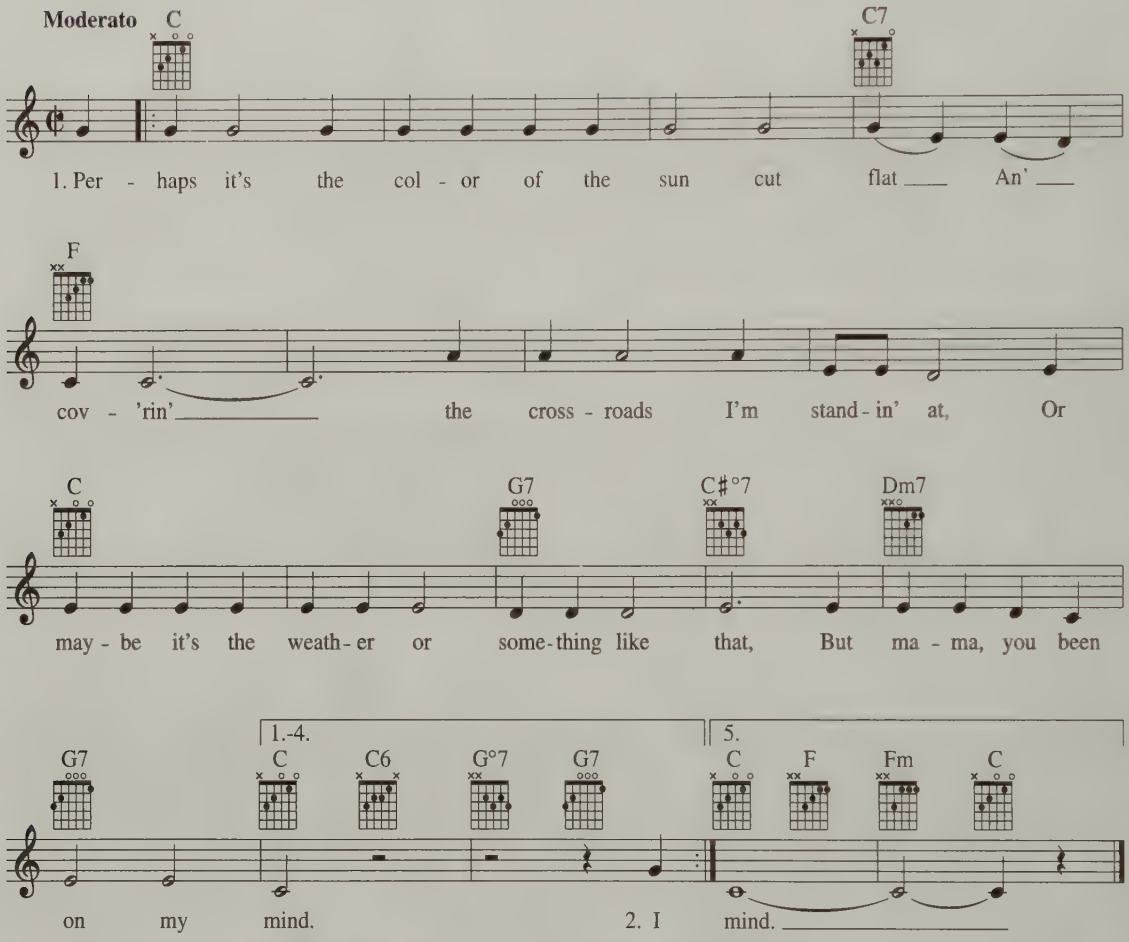

F
C
I know you have - n't made your mind up yet
The storms are rag - ing on the roll - in' sea
E+
F
C
F
But I would nev - er do you wrong
And on the high-way of re - gret
I've known it from the mo - ment
The winds of change are blow-ing
C
Dm7
G
that we met
wild and free
No doubt in my mind where you be - long
You ain't seen noth - ing like me yet
C
G/B
Gm/B♭
I'd go hung-ry, I'd go black and blue
I could make you hap - py, make your dreams come true
I'd go crawl-ing down the
Noth-ing that I
F
Fm
C
av - en - ue
would - n't do
There is noth - ing that I would - n't do
Go to the ends of the earth for you
D7
G11
1.
C
2.
C
To make you feel my love
love

Mama, You Been on My Mind

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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Additional lyrics

2. I don't mean trouble, please don't put me down or get upset,
   I am not pleadin' or sayin', "I can't forget."
   I do not walk the floor bowed down an' bent, but yet,
   Mama, you been on my mind.

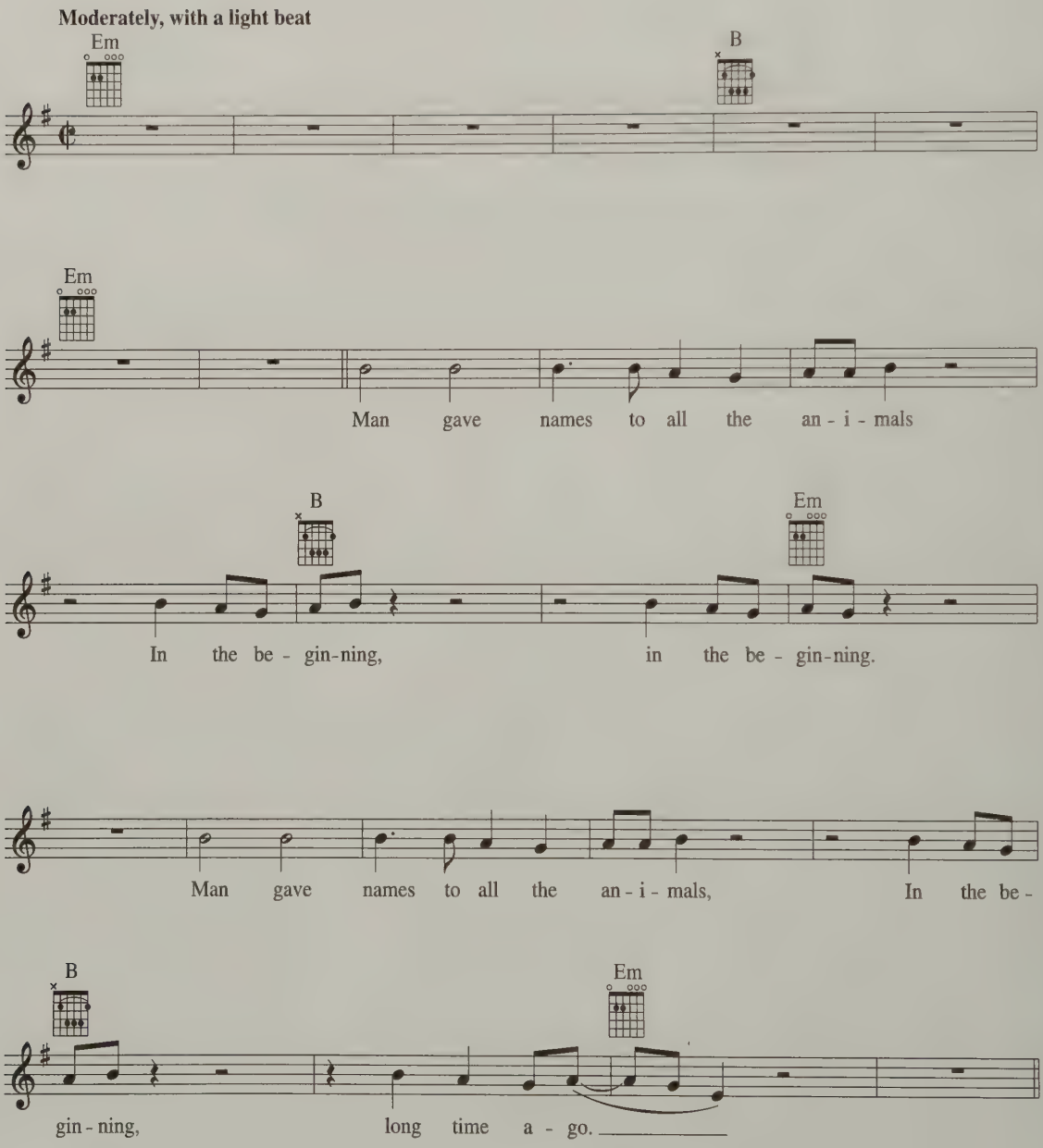
3. Even though my mind is hazy an' my thoughts they might be narrow,
   Where you been don't bother me nor bring me down in sorrow.
   It don't even matter to me where you're wakin' up tomorrow,
   But mama, you're just on my mind.

4. I am not askin' you to say words like "yes" or "no,"
   Please understand me, I got no place for you t' go.
   I'm just breathin' to myself, pretendin' not that I don't know,
   Mama, you been on my mind.

5. When you wake up in the mornin', baby, look inside your mirror.
   You know I won't be next to you, you know I won't be near.
   I'd just be curious to know if you can see yourself as clear
   As someone who has had you on his mind.

Man Gave Names to All the Animals

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately, with a light beat
Em
B
Em
Man gave names to all the an - i - mals
B
Em
In the be - gin-ning, in the be - gin-ning.
Man gave names to all the an - i - mals, In the be -
B
Em
gin - ning, long time a - go.

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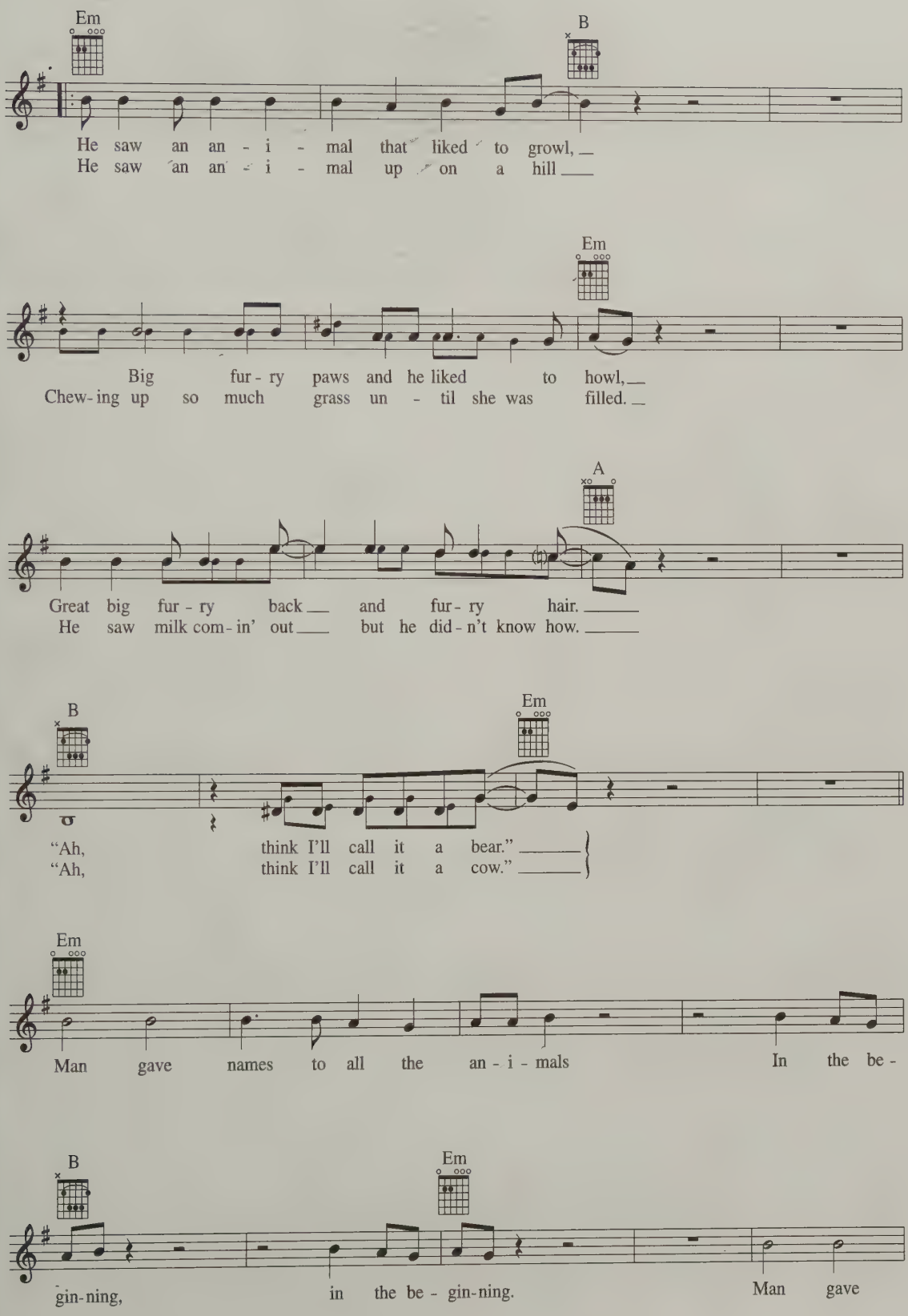
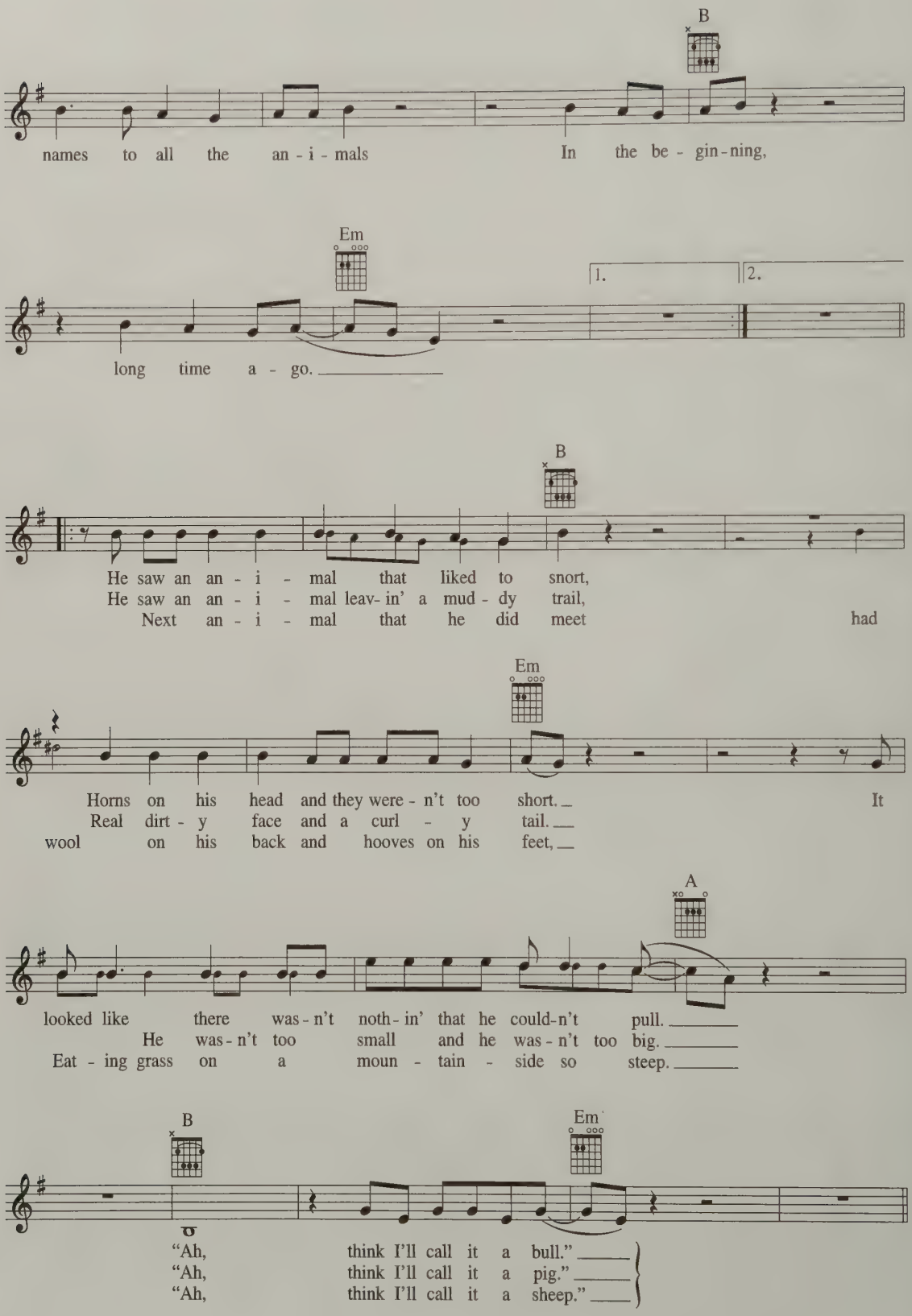
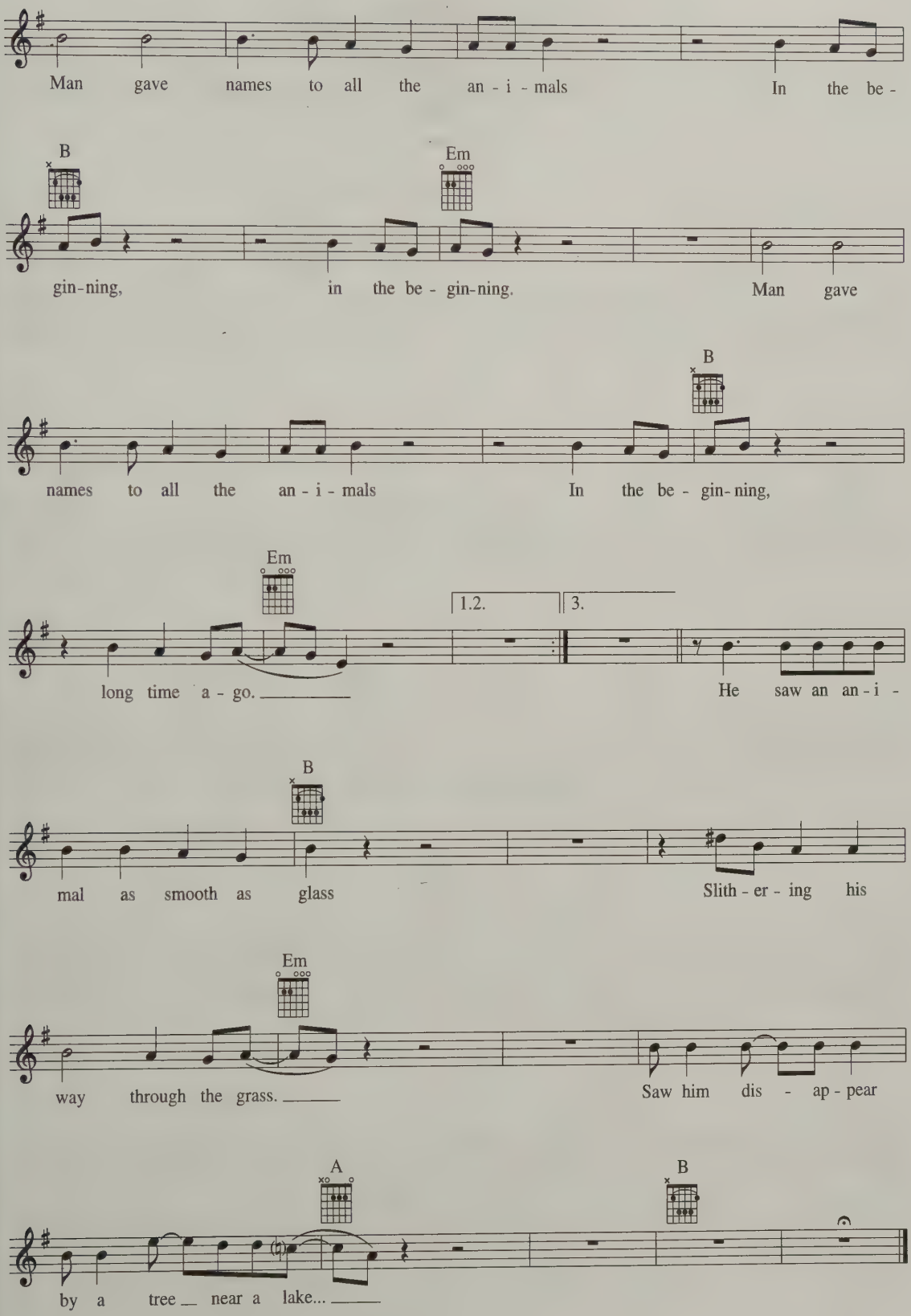
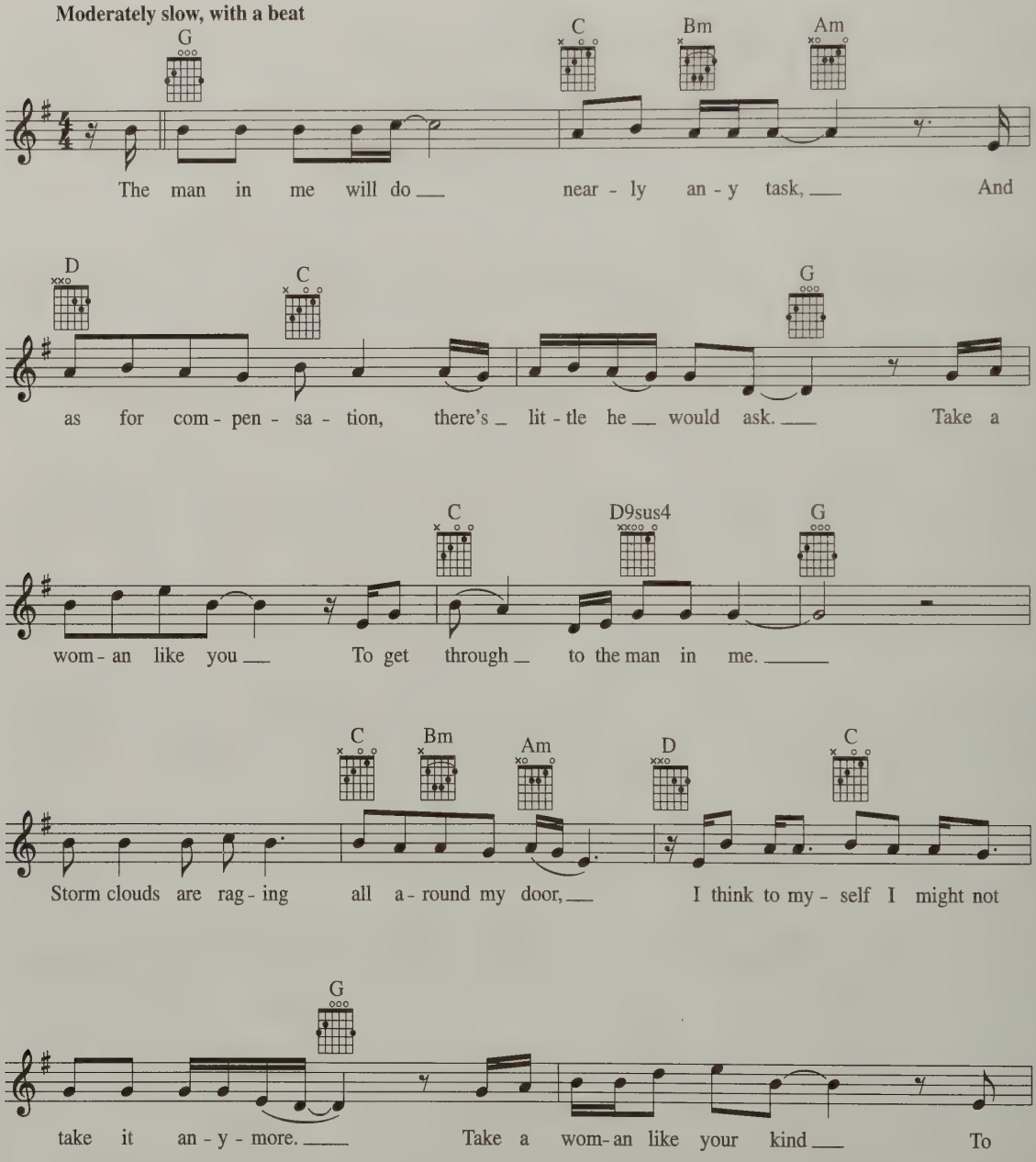

Em
B
He saw an an - i - mal that liked to growl,
He saw an an - i - mal up on a hill
Em
Big fur - ry paws and he liked to howl,
Chew-ing up so much grass un - til she was filled.
A
Great big fur - ry back and fur - ry hair.
He saw milk com-in' out but he did-n't know how.
B
Em
"Ah, think I'll call it a bear."
"Ah, think I'll call it a cow."
Em
Man gave names to all the an - i - mals In the be -
B
Em
gin-ning, in the be - gin-ning. Man gave


B
names to all the an - i - mals In the be - gin-ning,
Em
1.
2.
long time a - go.
B
He saw an an - i - mal that liked to snort,
He saw an an - i - mal leav- in' a mud - dy trail,
Next an - i - mal that he did meet had
Em
Horns on his head and they were - n't too short. It
Real dirt - y face and a curl - y tail.
wool on his back and hooves on his feet,
A
looked like there was - n't noth - in' that he could-n't pull.
He was - n't too small and he was - n't too big.
Eat - ing grass on a moun - tain - side so steep.
B
Em
"Ah, think I'll call it a bull."
"Ah, think I'll call it a pig."
"Ah, think I'll call it a sheep."


Man gave names to all the an - i - mals In the be -
B
Em
gin-ning, in the be - gin-ning. Man gave
B
names to all the an - i - mals In the be - gin-ning,
Em
1.2.
3.
long time a - go.
He saw an an - i -
B
mal as smooth as glass Slith - er - ing his
Em
way through the grass.
Saw him dis - ap - pear
A
B
by a tree near a lake...

The Man in Me

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow, with a beat
G
C
Bm
Am
The man in me will do near - ly an - y task, And
D
C
G
as for com - pen - sa - tion, there's lit - tle he would ask. Take a
C
D9sus4
G
wom - an like you To get through to the man in me.
C
Bm
Am
D
C
Storm clouds are rag - ing all a - round my door, I think to my - self I might not
G
take it an - y - more. Take a wom - an like your kind To

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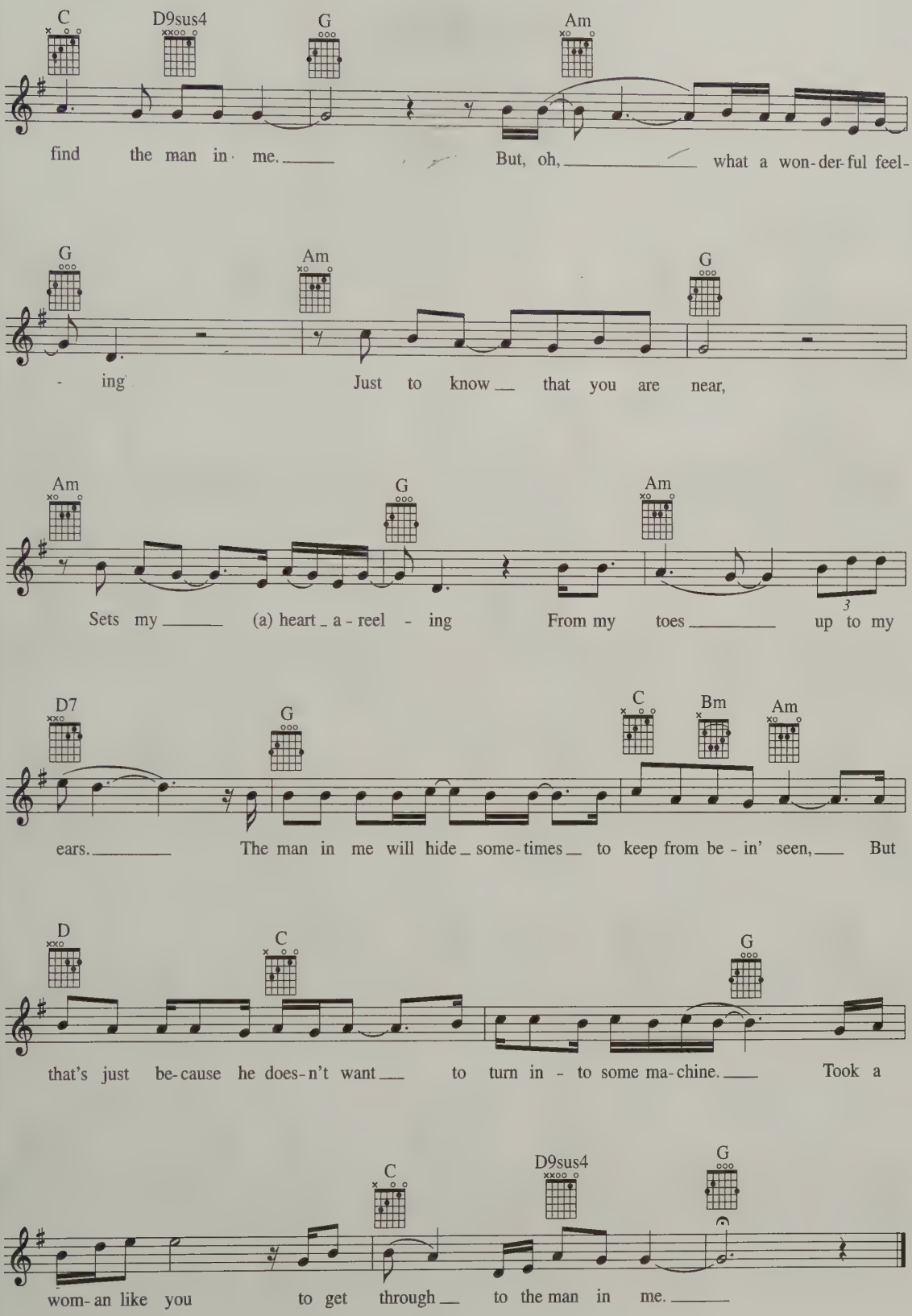
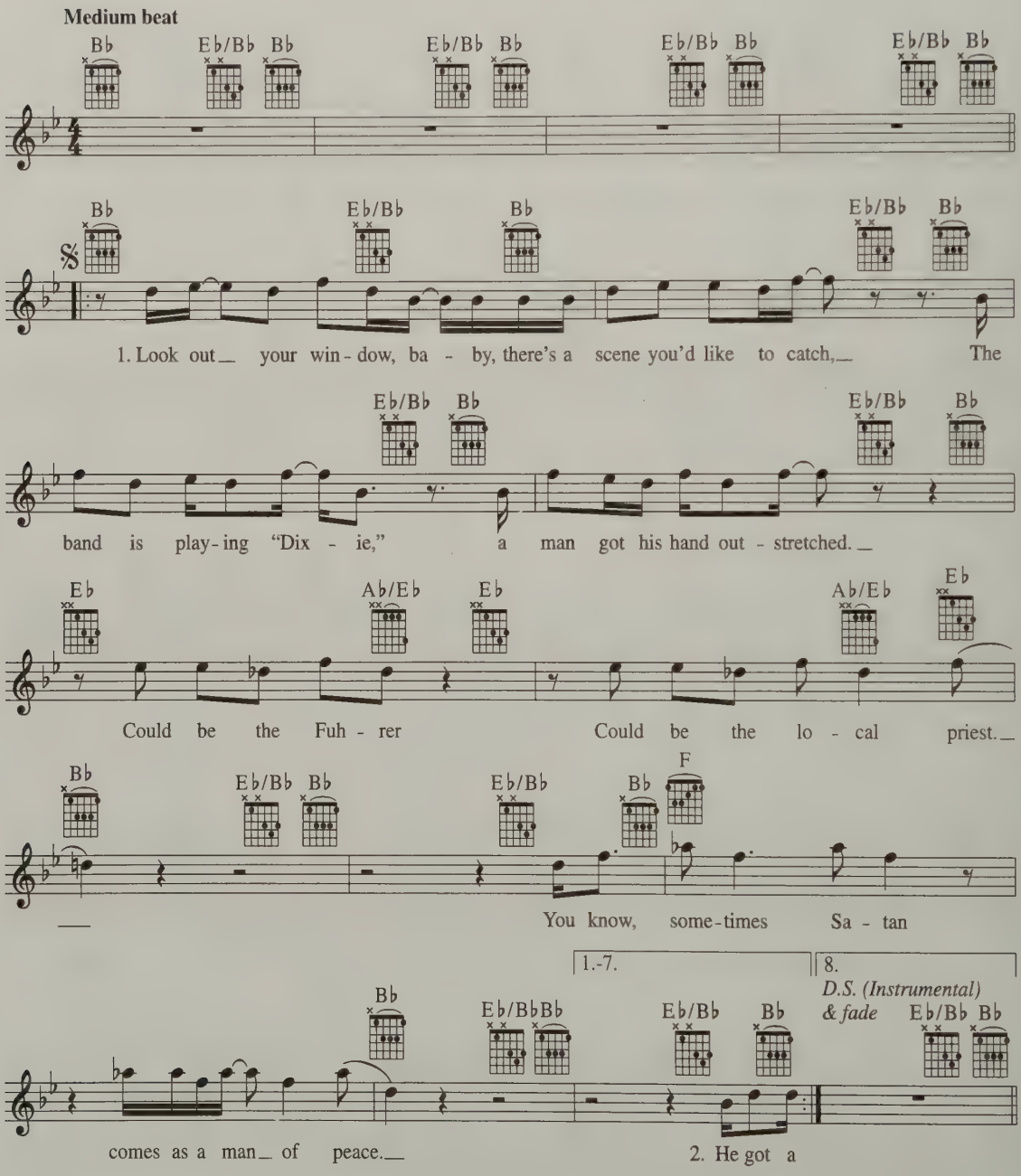

C D9sus4 G Am
find the man in me. But, oh, what a won-der-ful feel-
G Am G
- ing Just to know that you are near,
Am G Am
Sets my (a) heart a - reel - ing From my toes up to my
D7 G C Bm Am
ears. The man in me will hide some-times to keep from be - in' seen, But
D C G
that's just be-cause he does-n't want to turn in - to some ma-chine. Took a
C D9sus4 G
wom-an like you to get through to the man in me.

Man of Peace

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium beat
1. Look out your win - dow, ba - by, there's a scene you'd like to catch, The
band is play - ing "Dix - ie," a man got his hand out - stretched.
Could be the Fuh - rer Could be the lo - cal priest.
You know, some - times Sa - tan
1.-7.
8.
D.S. (Instrumental) & fade
comes as a man of peace.
2. He got a

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Additional lyrics

2. He got a sweet gift of gab, he got a harmonious tongue,
He knows every song of love that ever has been sung.
Good intentions can be evil,
Both hands can be full of grease.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

3. Well, first he's in the background, then he's in the front,
Both eyes are looking like they're on a rabbit hunt.
Nobody can see through him,
No, not even the Chief of Police.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

4. Well, he catch you when you're hoping for a glimpse of the sun,
Catch you when your troubles feel like they weigh a ton.
He could be standing next to you,
The person that you'd notice least.
I hear that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

5. Well, he can be fascinating, he can be dull,
He can ride down Niagara Falls in the barrels of your skull.
I can smell something cooking,
I can tell there's going to be a feast.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

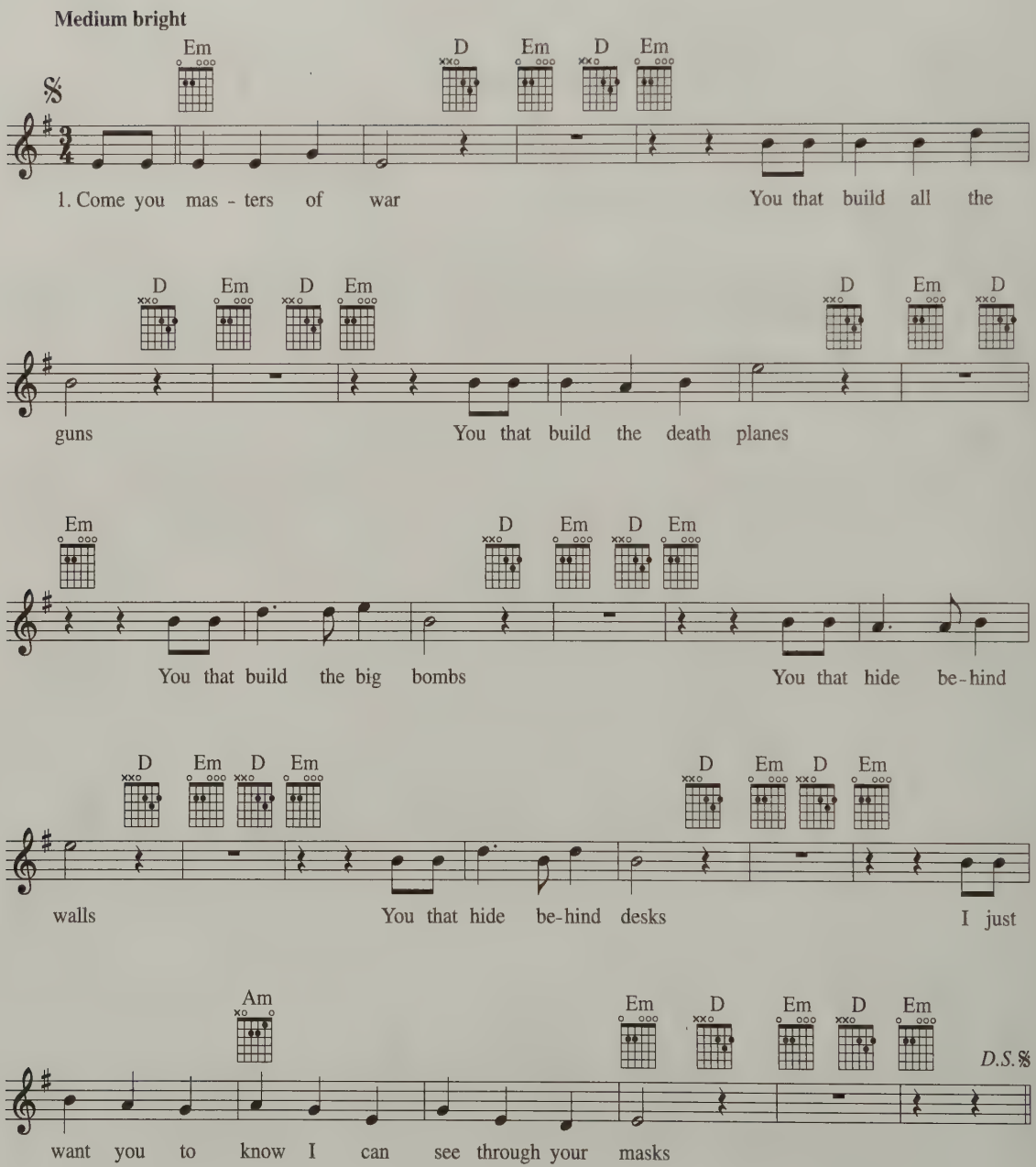
6. He's a great humanitarian, he's a great philanthropist,
He knows just where to touch you, honey, and how you like to be kissed.
He'll put both his arms around you,
You can feel the tender touch of the beast.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

7. Well, the howling wolf will howl tonight, the king snake will crawl,
Trees that've stood for a thousand years suddenly will fall.
Wanna get married? Do it now,
Tomorrow all activity will cease.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

8. Somewhere Mama's weeping for her blue-eyed boy,
She's holding them little white shoes and that little broken toy
And he's following a star,
The same one them three men followed from the East.
I hear that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Masters of War

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly

3. Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain

4. You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud

5. You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins

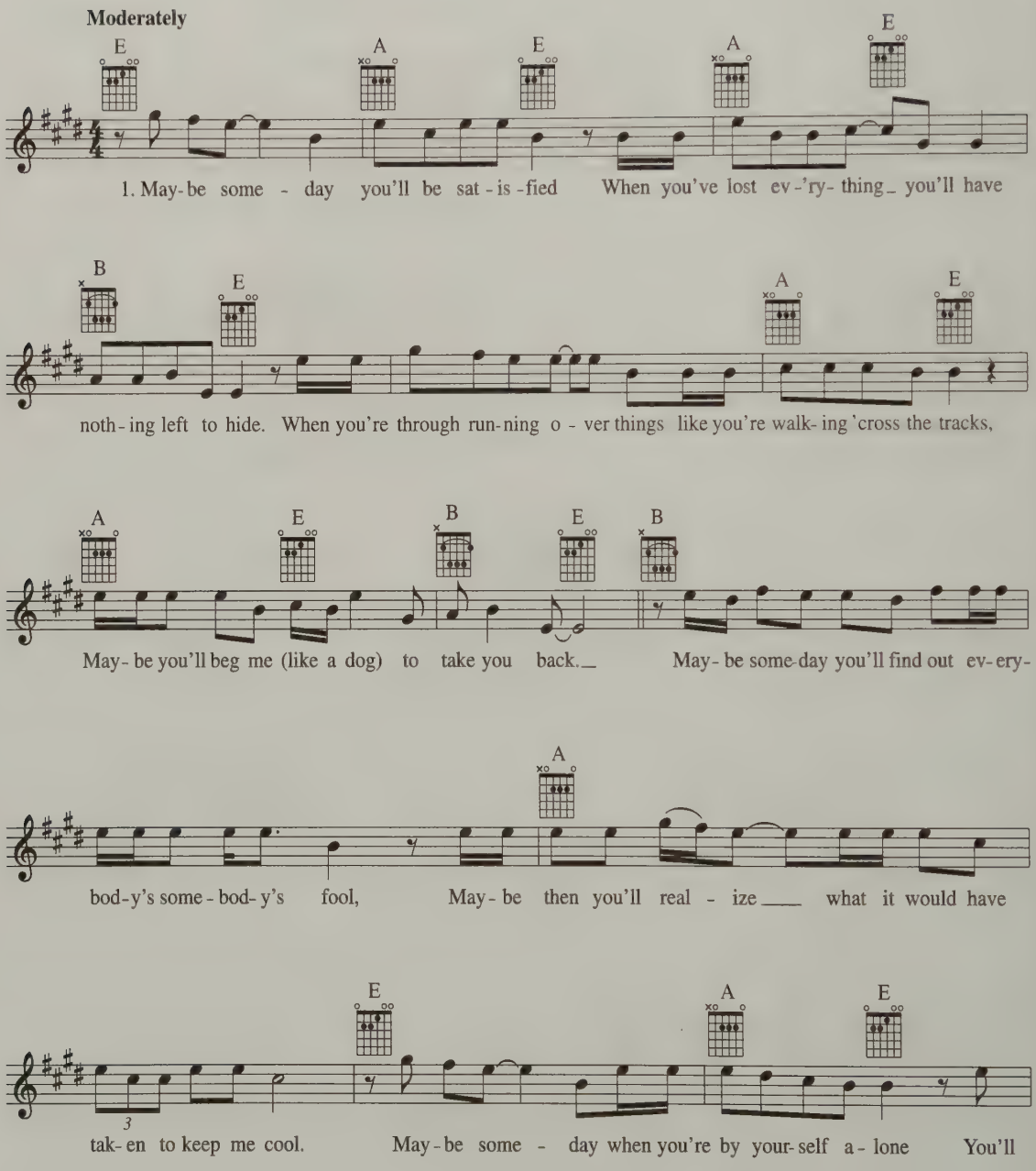
6. How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do

7. Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

8. And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

Maybe Someday

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
E A E A E
1. May-be some - day you'll be sat-is-fied When you've lost ev-'ry-thing_ you'll have
B E A E
noth-ing left to hide. When you're through run-ning o - ver things like you're walk-ing 'cross the tracks,
A E B E B
May-be you'll beg me (like a dog) to take you back._ May-be some-day you'll find out ev-ery-
A
bod-y's some-bod-y's fool, May-be then you'll real - ize____ what it would have
E A E
3
tak-en to keep me cool. May-be some - day when you're by your-self a-lone You'll

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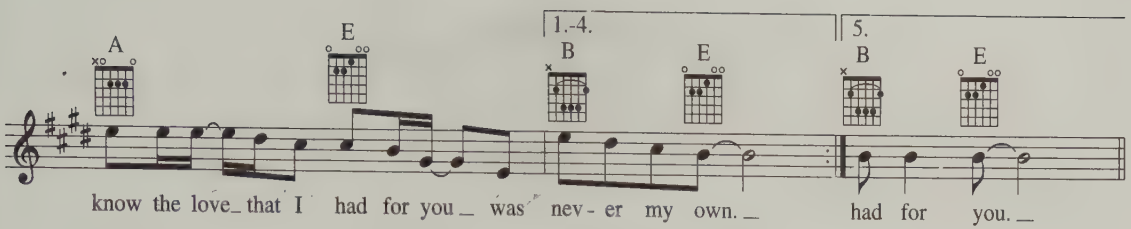
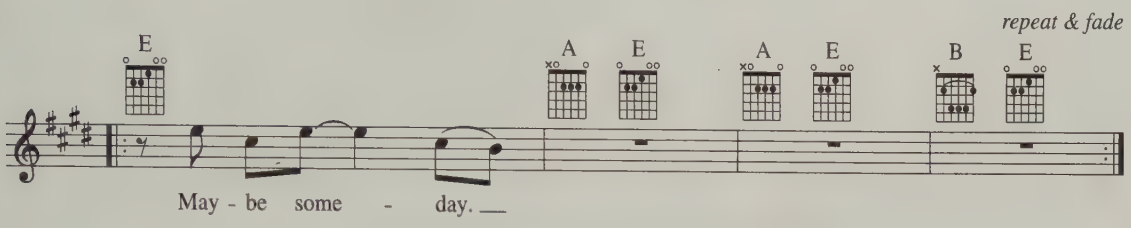




Additional lyrics

2. Maybe someday you'll have nowhere to turn,
You'll look back and wonder 'bout the bridges you have burned.
You'll look back sometime when the lights grow dim
And you'll see you look much better with me than you do with him.
Through hostile cities and unfriendly towns,
Thirty pieces of silver, no money down.
Maybe someday, you will understand
That something for nothing is everybody's plan.

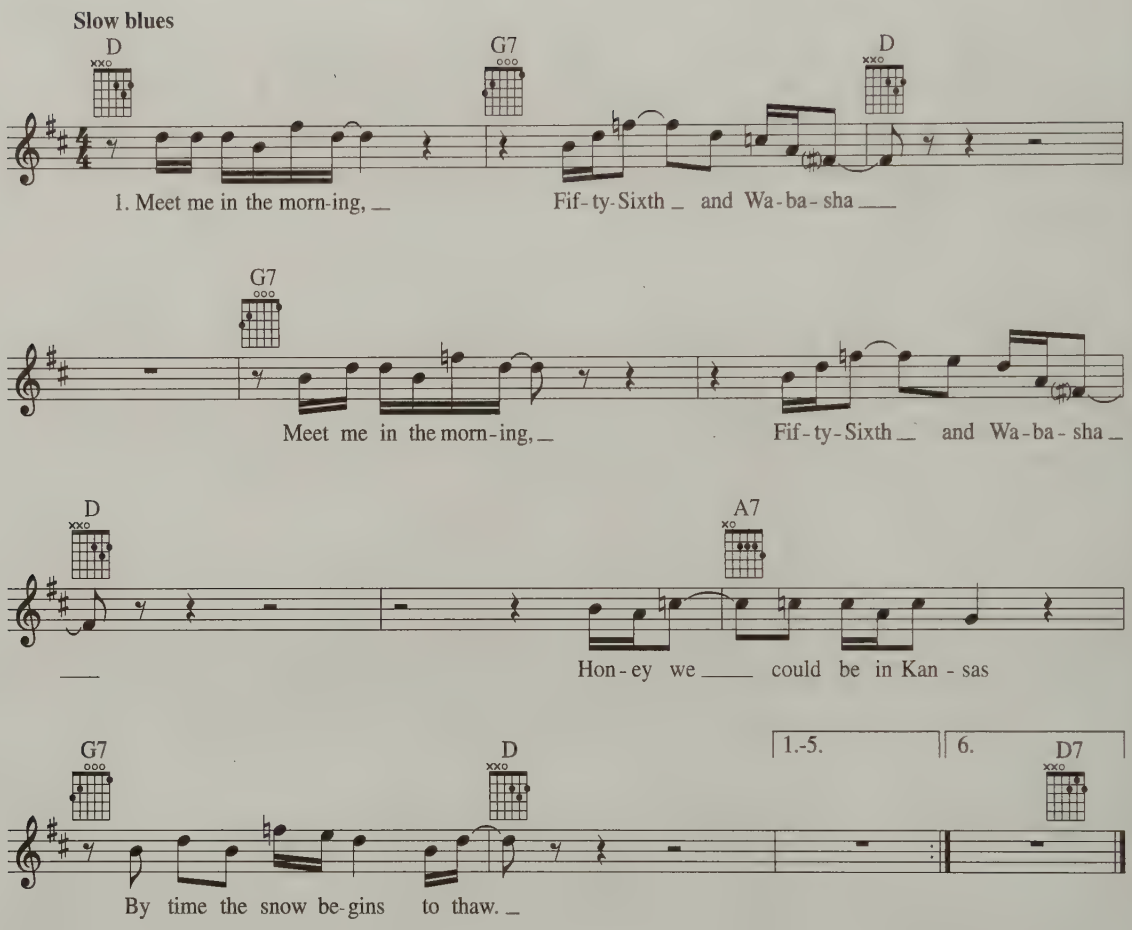
3. Maybe someday you'll remember what you felt
When there was blood on the moon in the cotton belt.
When both of us, baby, were going though some sort of a test
Neither one of us could do what we do best.
I should have known better, baby, I should have called your bluff.
I guess I was too off the handle, not sentimental enough.
Maybe someday, you'll believe me when I say
That I wanted you, baby, in every kind of way.

4. Maybe someday you'll hear a voice from on high
Sayin' "For whose sake did you live, for whose sake did you die?"
Forgive me, baby, for what I didn't do
For not breakin' down no bedroom door to get at you.
Always was a sucker for the right cross.
Never wanted to go home 'til the last cent was lost.
Maybe someday you will look back and see
That I made it so easy for you to follow me.

5. Maybe someday there'll be nothing to tell.
I'm just as happy as you, baby, I just can't say it so well.
Never slumbered or slept or waited for lightning to strike.
There's no excuse for you to say that we don't think alike.
You said you were goin' to Frisco, stay a couple of months.
I always liked San Francisco, I was there for a party once.
Maybe someday you'll see that it's true
There was no greater love than what I had for you.

Meet Me in the Morning

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. They say the darkest hour is right before the dawn
   They say the darkest hour is right before the dawn
   But you wouldn't know it by me
   Every day's been darkness since you been gone.

3. Little rooster crowin', there must be something on his mind
   Little rooster crowin', there must be something on his mind
   Well, I feel just like that rooster
   Honey, ya treat me so unkind.

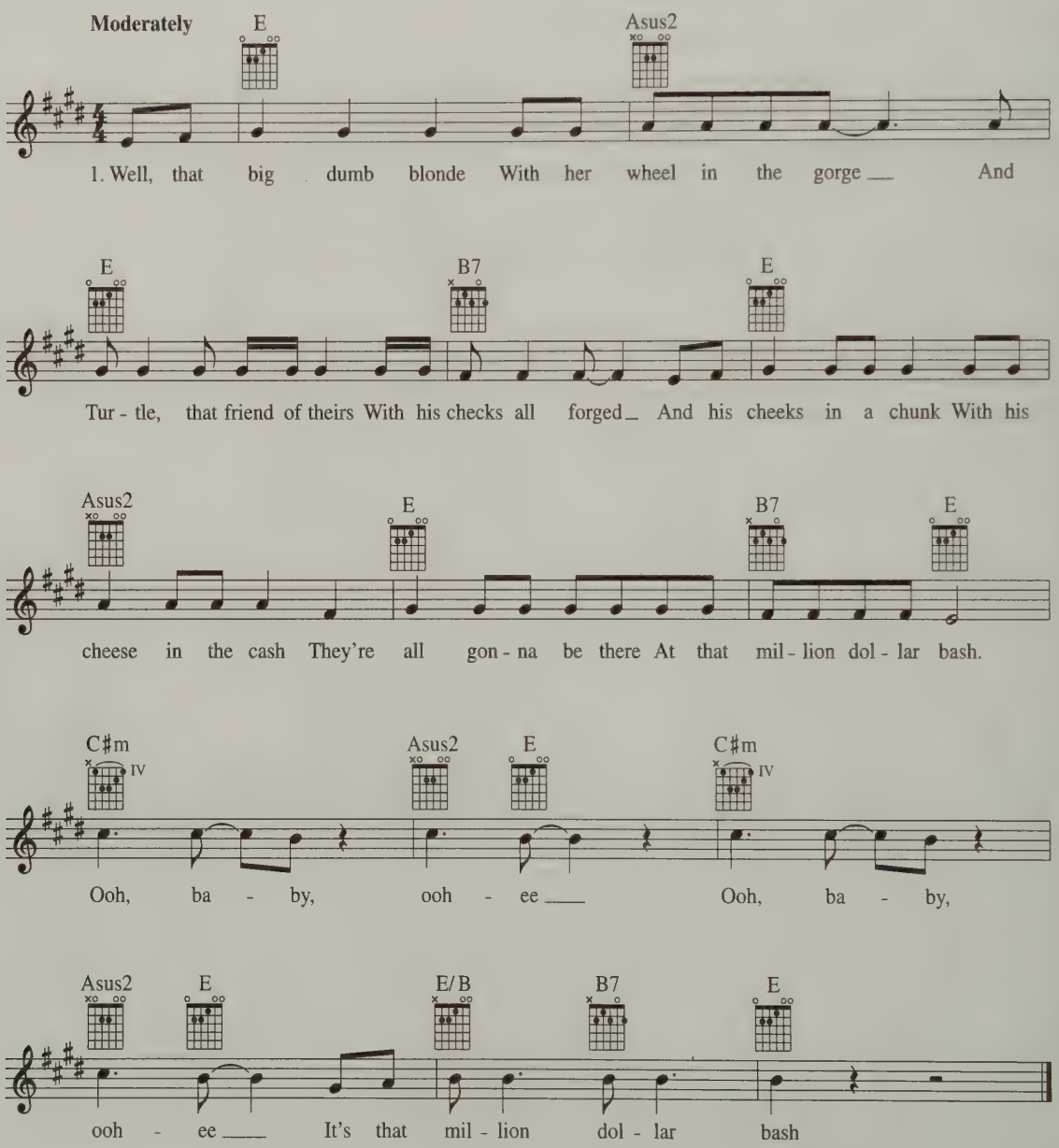
4. The birds are flyin' low babe, honey I feel so exposed
   Well, the birds are flyin' low babe, honey I feel so exposed
   Well now, I ain't got any matches
   And the station doors are closed.

5. Well, I struggled through barbed wire, felt the hail fall from above
   Well, I struggled through barbed wire, felt the hail fall from above
   Well, you know I even outran the hound dogs
   Honey, you know I've earned your love.

6. Look at the sun sinkin' like a ship
   Look at the sun sinkin' like a ship
   Ain't that just like my heart, babe
   When you kissed my lips?

Million Dollar Bash

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Ev'rybody from right now
To over there and back
The louder they come
The harder they crack
Come now, sweet cream
Don't forget to flash
We're all gonna meet
At that million dollar bash
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
It's that million dollar bash

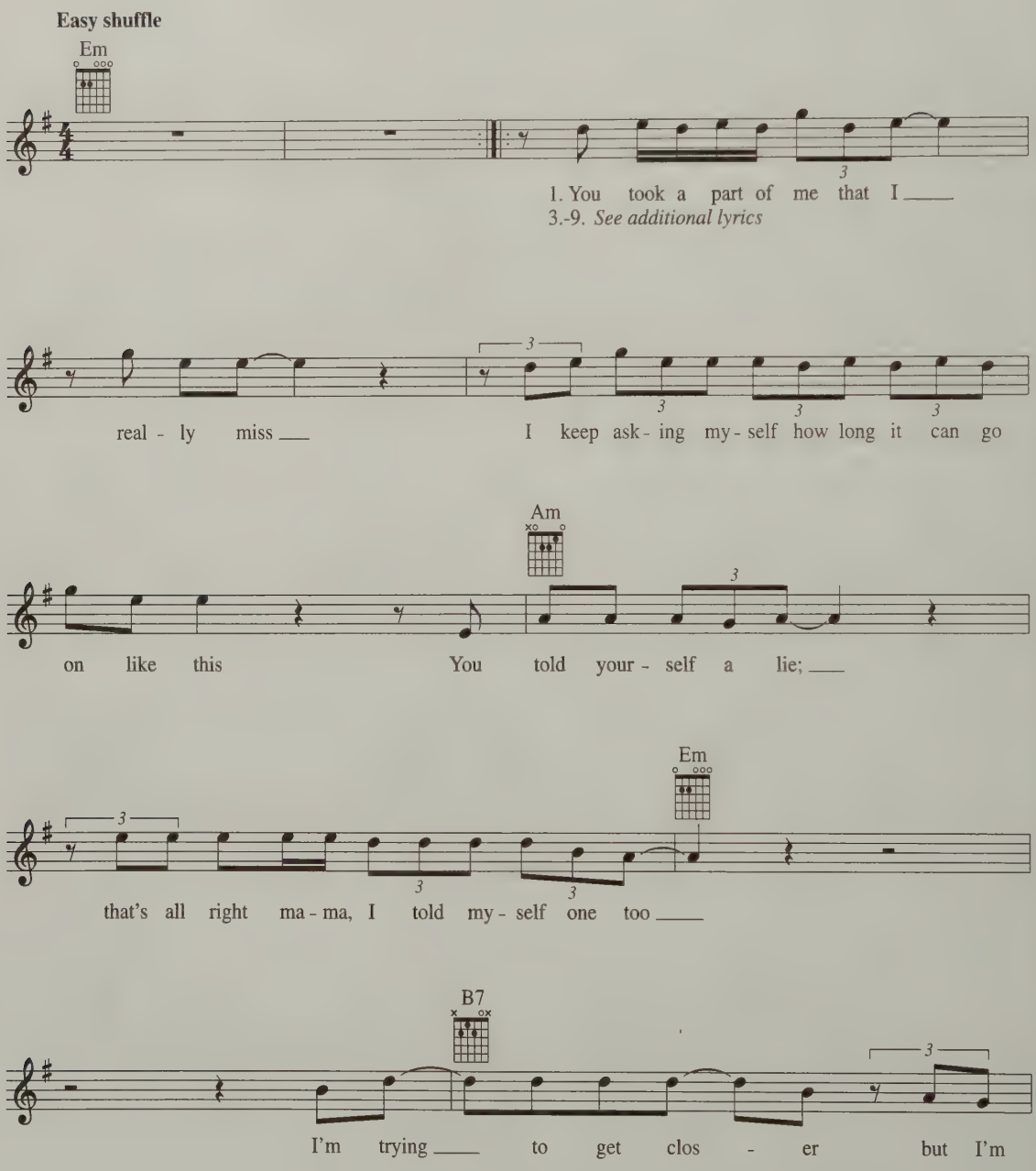
3. Well, I took my counselor
Out to the barn
Silly Nelly was there
She told him a yarn
Then along came Jones
Emptied the trash
Ev'rybody went down
To that million dollar bash
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
It's that million dollar bash

4. Well, I'm hittin' it too hard
My stones won't take
I get up in the mornin'
But it's too early to wake
First it's hello, goodbye
Then push and then crash
But we're all gonna make it
At that million dollar bash
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
It's that million dollar bash

5. Well, I looked at my watch
I looked at my wrist
Punched myself in the face
With my fist
I took my potatoes
Down to be mashed
Then I made it over
To that million dollar bash
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
It's that million dollar bash.

Million Miles

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Easy shuffle
Em
1. You took a part of me that I ____
3.-9. See additional lyrics
real - ly miss ___
I keep ask - ing my - self how long it can go
Am
on like this
You told your - self a lie; ___
Em
that's all right ma - ma, I told my - self one too ____
B7
I'm trying ____ to get clos - er but I'm

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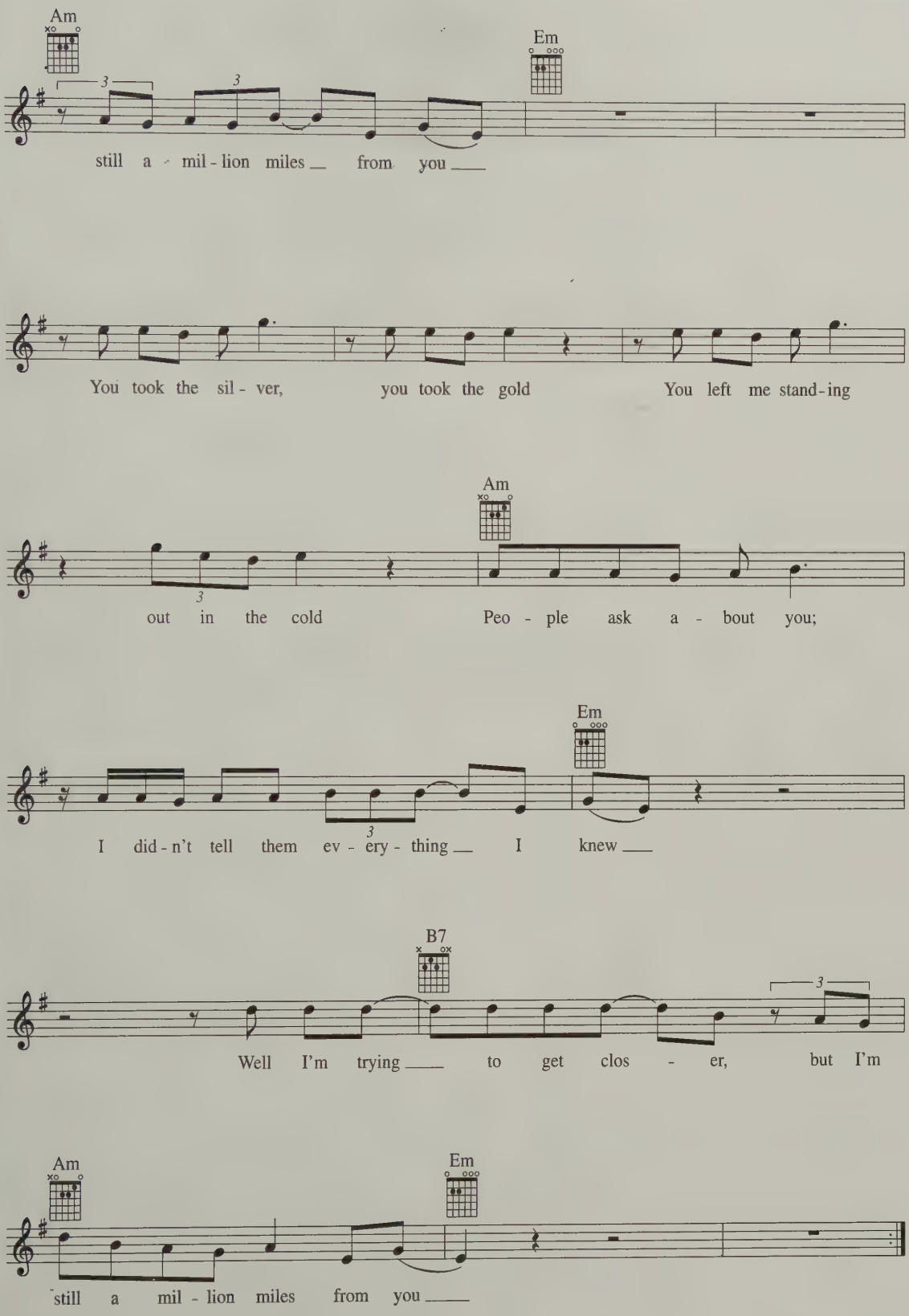

Am
Em
still a - mil - lion miles __ from you __
You took the sil - ver, you took the gold You left me stand - ing
Am
out in the cold Peo - ple ask a - bout you;
Em
I did - n't tell them ev - ery - thing __ I knew __
B7
Well I'm trying __ to get clos - er, but I'm
Am
Em
still a mil - lion miles from you __

Additional lyrics

3. I'm drifting in and out of dreamless sleep
   Throwing all my memories in a ditch so deep
   Did so many things I never did intend to do
   Well I'm trying to get closer, but I'm still a million miles from you

4. I need your love so bad, turn your lamp down low
   I need every bit of it for the places that I go
   Sometimes I wonder just what it's all coming to
   Well I'm tryin' to get closer, but I'm still a million miles from you

5. Well I don't dare close my eyes and I don't dare wink
   Maybe in the next life I'll be able to hear myself think
   Feel like talking to somebody but I just don't know who
   Well, I'm tryin' to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

6. The last thing you said before you hit the street
   "Gonna find me a janitor to sweep me off my feet"
   I said, "That's all right mama.... you..... you do what you gotta do"
   Well, I'm tryin' to get closer; I'm still a million miles from you

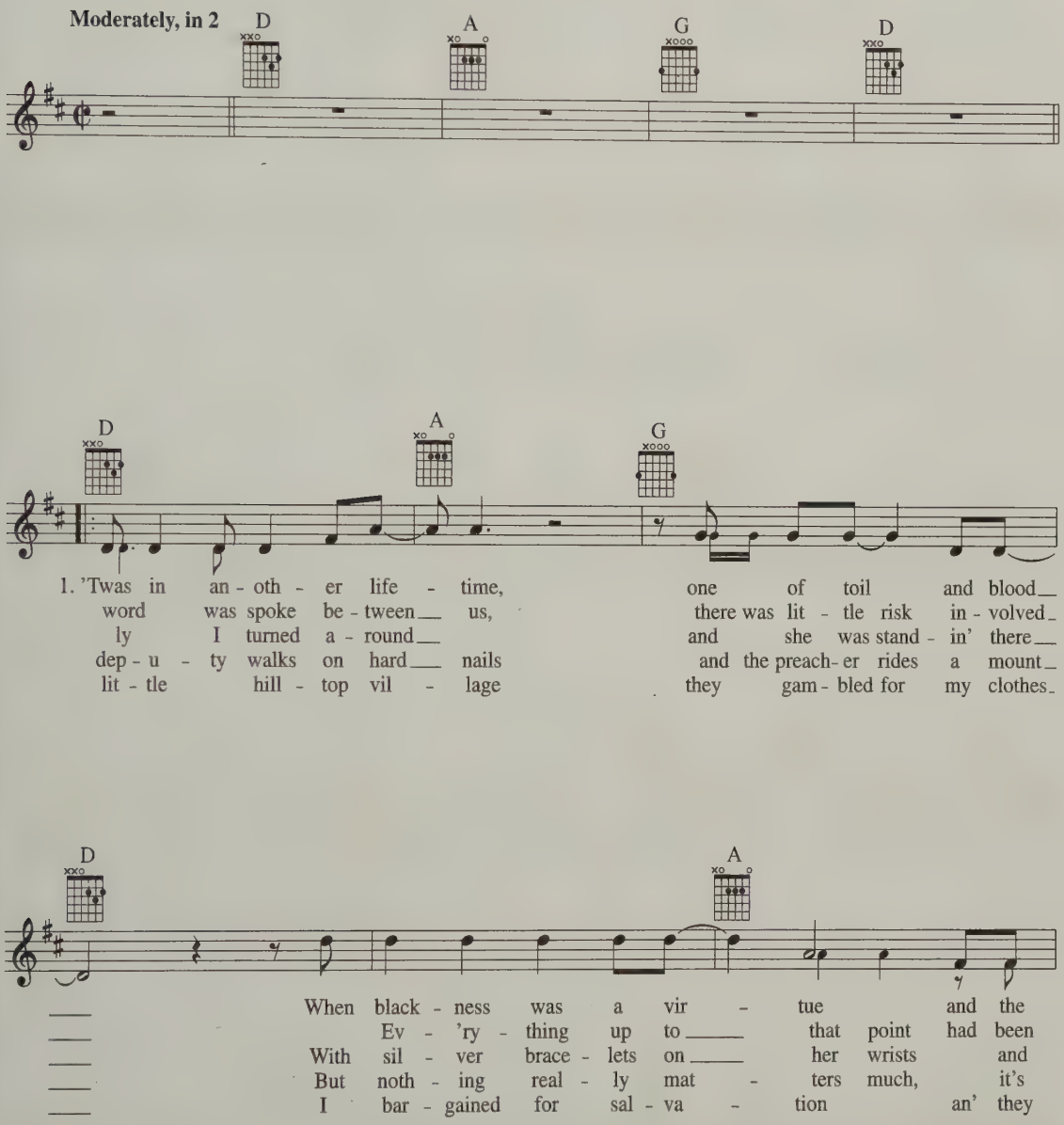
7. Rock me, pretty baby, rock me 'til everything gets real
   Rock me for a little while, rock me 'til there's nothing left to feel
   And I'll rock you too
   I'm tryin' to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

8. Well, there's voices in the night trying to be heard
   I'm sitting here listening to every mind polluting word
   I know plenty of people who would put me up for a day or two
   Yes, I'm tryin' to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

9. *Instrumental*

Shelter from the Storm

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately, in 2
D
A
G
D
1. 'Twas in an - oth - er life - time, one of toil and blood
word was spoke be - tween us, there was lit - tle risk in - volved
ly I turned a - round and she was stand - in' there
dep - u - ty walks on hard nails and the preach - er rides a mount
lit - tle hill - top vil - lage they gam - bled for my clothes
D
A
When black - ness was a vir - tue and the
Ev - 'ry - thing up to that point had been
With sil - ver brace - lets on her wrists and
But noth - ing real - ly mat - ters much, it's
I bar - gained for sal - va - tion an' they

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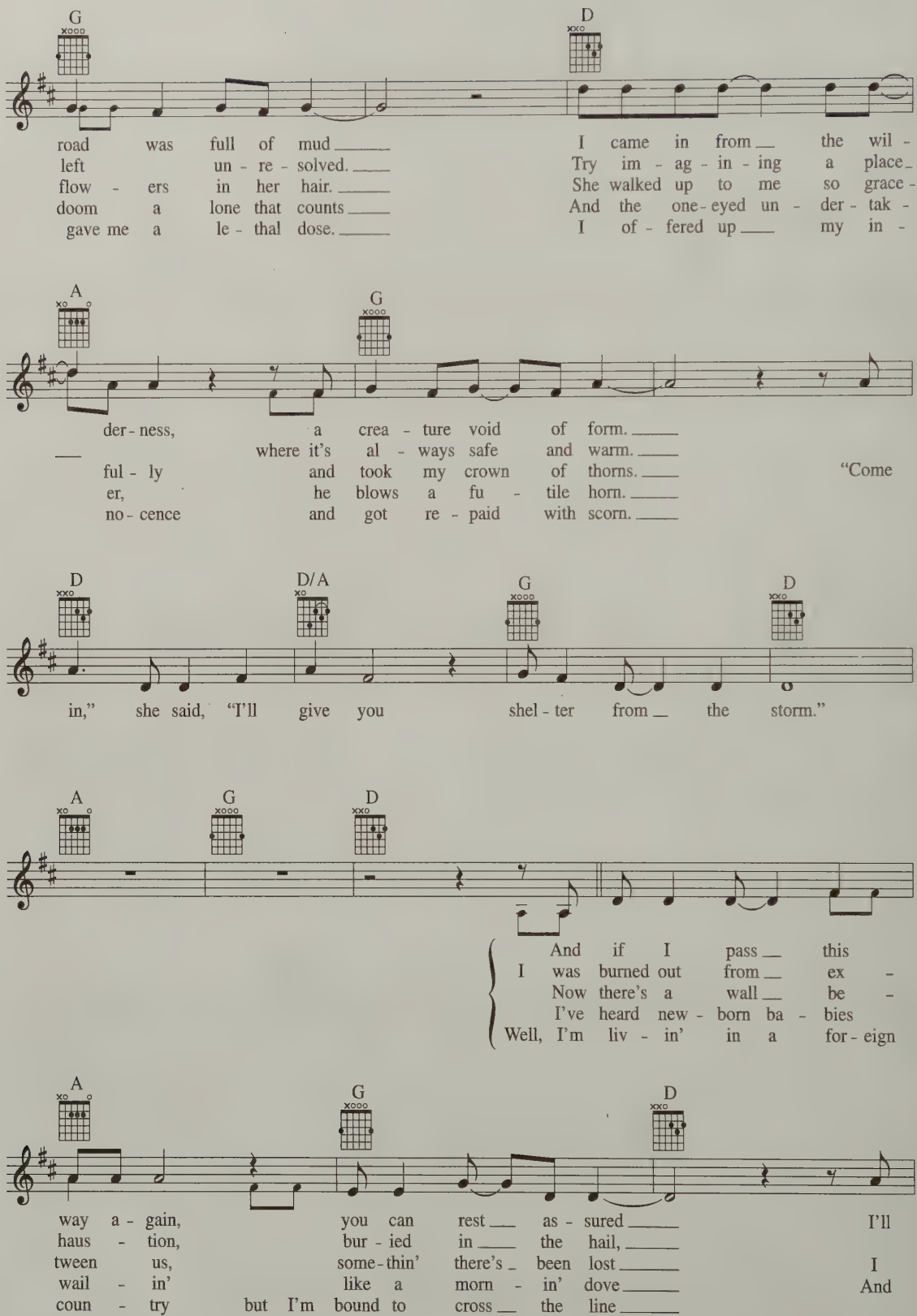
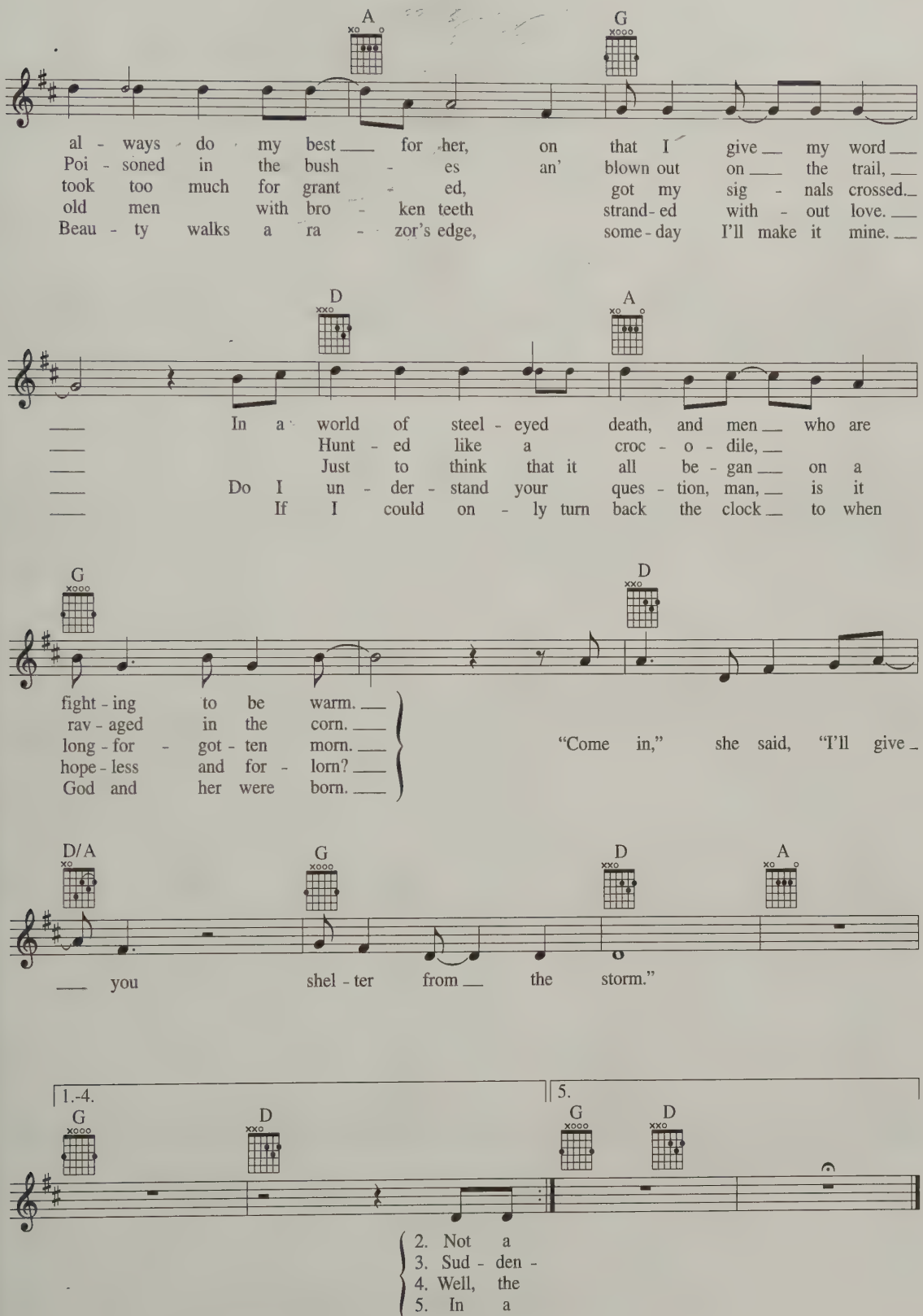
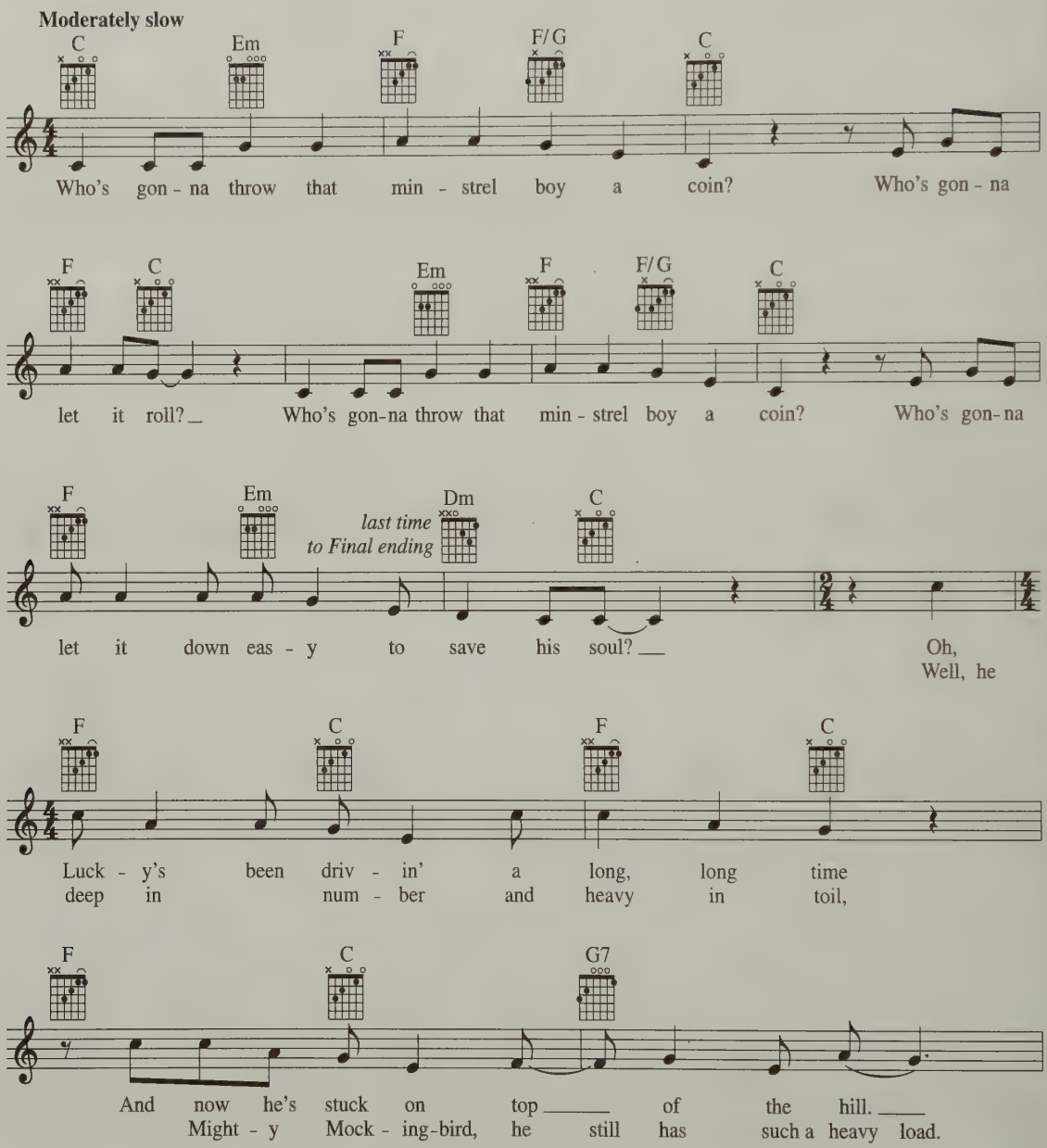

G
D
road was full of mud
left un - re - solved.
flow - ers in her hair.
doom a lone that counts
gave me a le - thal dose.
I came in from the wil -
Try im - ag - in - ing a place
She walked up to me so grace -
And the one - eyed un - der - tak -
I of - fered up my in -
A
G
der - ness, a crea - ture void of form.
where it's al - ways safe and warm.
ful - ly and took my crown of thorns.
er, he blows a fu - tile horn.
no - cence and got re - paid with scorn.
"Come
D
D/A
G
D
in," she said, "I'll give you shel - ter from the storm."
A
G
D
And if I pass this
I was burned out from ex -
Now there's a wall be -
I've heard new - born ba - bies
Well, I'm liv - in' in a for - eign
A
G
D
way a - gain, you can rest as - sured
haus - tion, bur - ied in the hail,
tween us, some - thin' there's been lost
wail - in' like a morn - in' dove
coun - try but I'm bound to cross the line
I'll
I
And


A
G
al - ways do my best for her, on that I give my word
Poi - soned in the bush - es an' blown out on the trail,
took too much for grant - ed, got my sig - nals crossed.
old men with bro - ken teeth strand- ed with - out love.
Beau - ty walks a ra - zor's edge, some - day I'll make it mine.
D
A
In a world of steel - eyed death, and men who are
Hunt - ed like a croc - o - dile,
Just to think that it all be - gan on a
Do I un - der - stand your ques - tion, man, is it
If I could on - ly turn back the clock to when
G
D
fight - ing to be warm.
rav - aged in the corn.
long - for - got - ten morn.
hope - less and for - lorn?
God and her were born.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give
D/A
G
D
A
you shel - ter from the storm."
1.-4.
5.
G
D
G
D
2. Not a
3. Sud - den -
4. Well, the
5. In a

Minstrel Boy

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
C Em F F/G C
Who's gon - na throw that min - strel boy a coin? Who's gon - na
F C Em F F/G C
let it roll? Who's gon-na throw that min - strel boy a coin? Who's gon-na
F Em Dm C
last time
to Final ending
let it down eas - y to save his soul?
Oh,
Well, he
F C F C
Luck - y's been driv - in' a long, long time
deep in num - ber and heavy in toil,
F C G7
And now he's stuck on top of the hill.
Might - y Mock - ing-bird, he still has such a heavy load.

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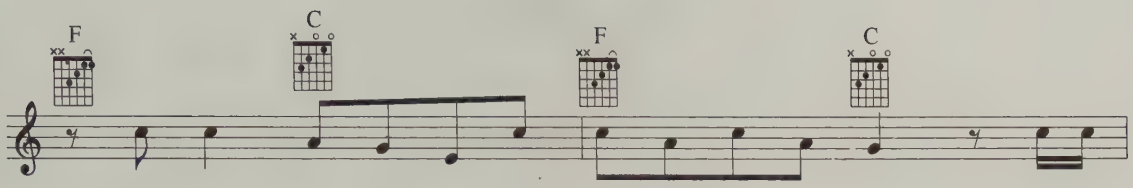
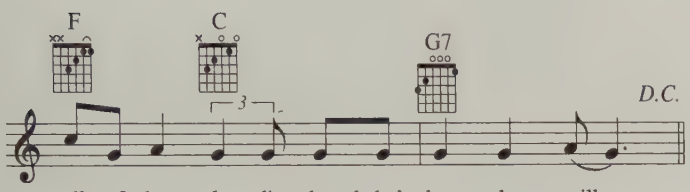
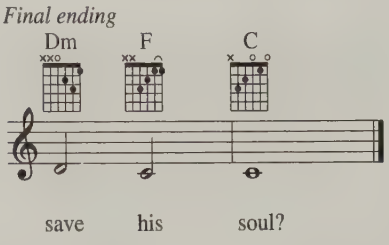
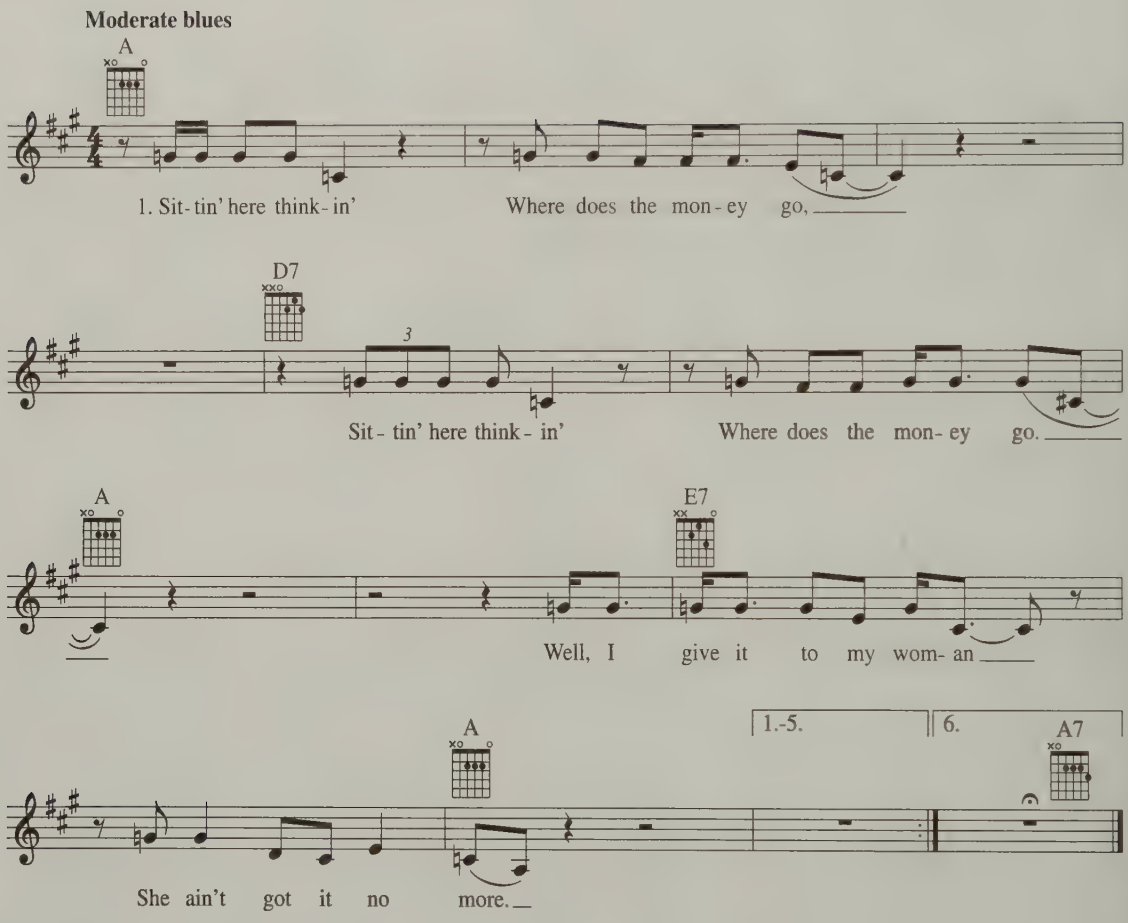

F
C
F
C
With twelve for - ward gears, It's been a long hard climb, and with
Be - neath his bound 'ries, What more than I can tell, with


F
C
G7
3
D.C.
all of them la - dies, though, he's lone - ly still.
all of his trav-'lin', but I'm still on that road.


Final ending
Dm
F
C
save his soul?

Money Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy



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Additional lyrics

2. Went out last night
   Bought two eggs and a slice of ham,
   Went out last night
   Bought two eggs and a slice of ham.
   Bill came to three dollars and ten cents
   And I didn't even get no jam.

3. Man came around
   Askin' for the rent,
   Man came around
   Askin' for the rent.
   Well, I looked into the drawer
   But the money's all been spent.

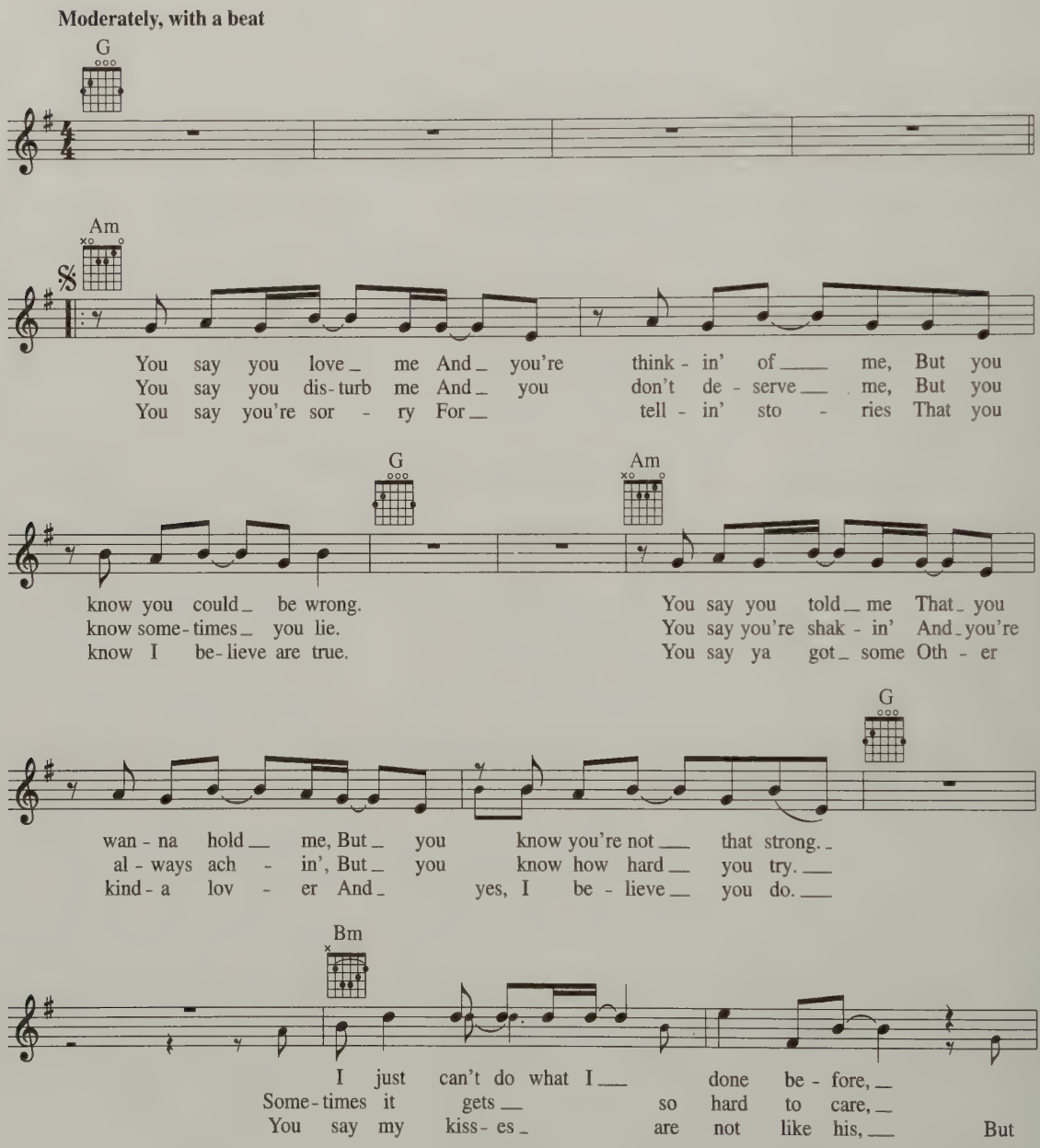
4. Well, well
   Ain't got no bank account,
   Well, well
   Ain't got no bank account.
   Went down to start one
   But I didn't have the right amount.

5. Everything's inflated
   Like a tire on a car,
   Everything's inflated
   Like a tire on a car.
   Well, the man came and took my Chevy back
   I'm glad I hid my old guitar.

6. Come to me, mama
   Ease my money crisis now,
   Come to me, mama
   Ease my money crisis now.
   I need something to support me
   And only you know how.

Most Likely You Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately, with a beat
G
Am
You say you love me And you're think - in' of me, But you
You say you dis-turb me And you don't de - serve me, But you
You say you're sor - ry For tell - in' sto - ries That you
G
Am
know you could be wrong.
know some-times you lie.
know I be-lieve are true.
You say you told me That you
You say you're shak - in' And you're
You say ya got some Oth - er
G
wan - na hold me, But you know you're not that strong.
al - ways ach - in', But you know how hard you try.
kind - a lov - er And yes, I be - lieve you do.
Bm
I just can't do what I done be - fore,
Some-times it gets so hard to care,
You say my kiss-es are not like his, But

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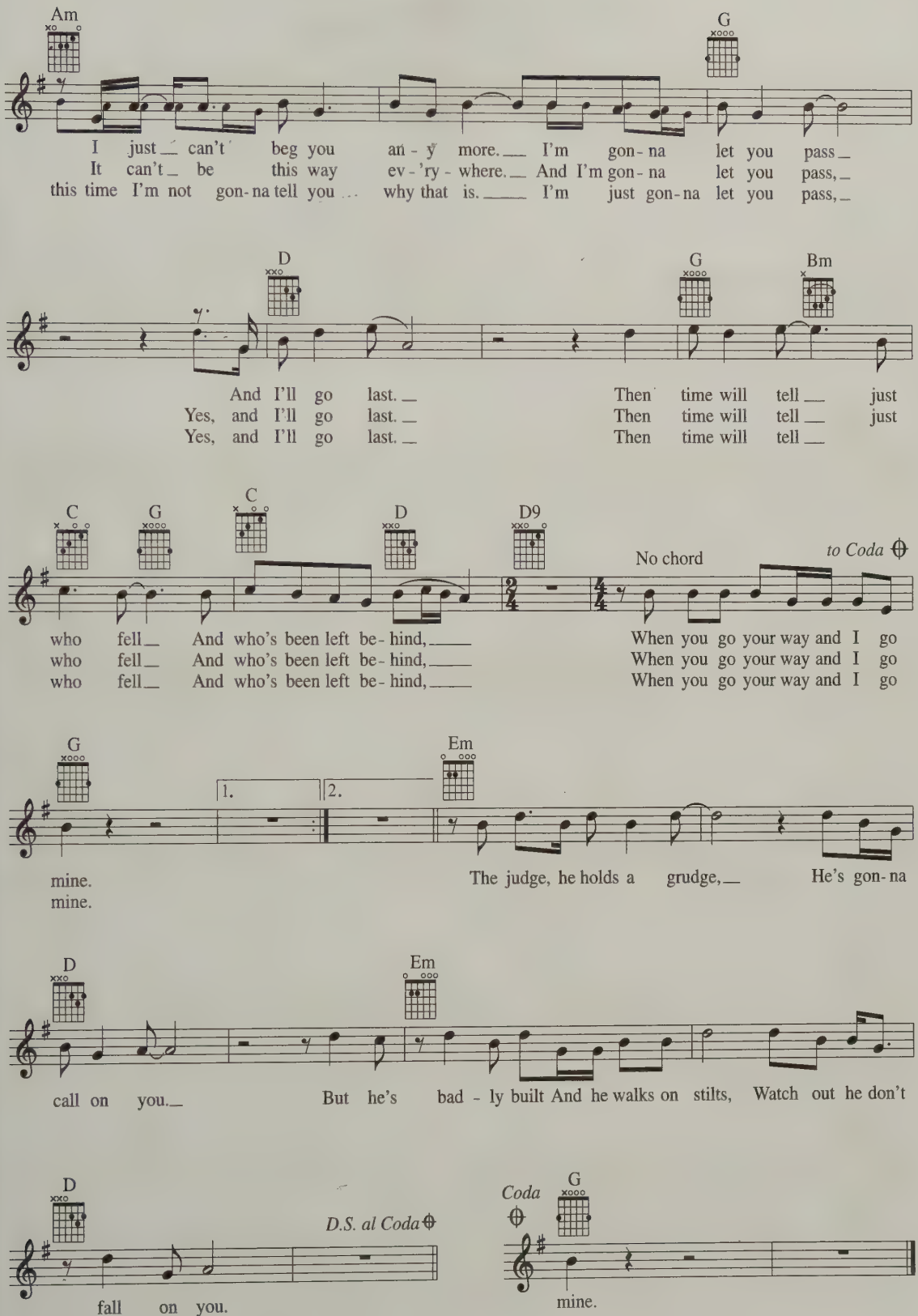
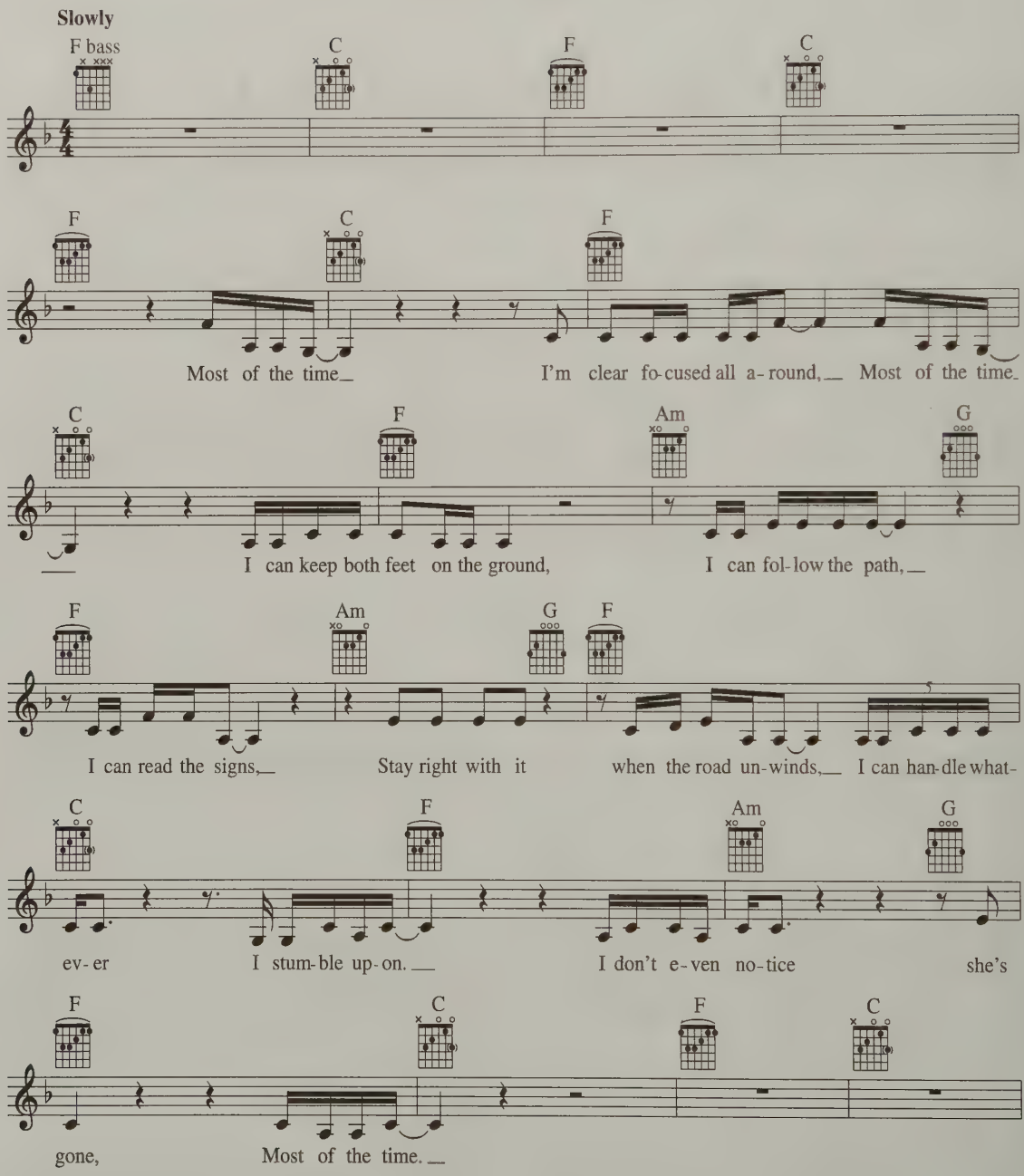

Am
G
I just can't beg you an - y more. I'm gon - na let you pass
It can't be this way ev - 'ry - where. And I'm gon - na let you pass,
this time I'm not gon - na tell you ... why that is. I'm just gon - na let you pass,
D
G
Bm
And I'll go last. Then time will tell just
Yes, and I'll go last. Then time will tell just
Yes, and I'll go last. Then time will tell
C
G
C
D
D9
No chord
to Coda
who fell And who's been left be - hind,
who fell And who's been left be - hind,
who fell And who's been left be - hind,
When you go your way and I go
When you go your way and I go
When you go your way and I go
G
1.
2.
Em
mine.
mine.
The judge, he holds a grudge, He's gon - na
D
Em
call on you. But he's bad - ly built And he walks on stilts, Watch out he don't
D
D.S. al Coda
fall on you.
Coda
G
mine.

Most of the Time

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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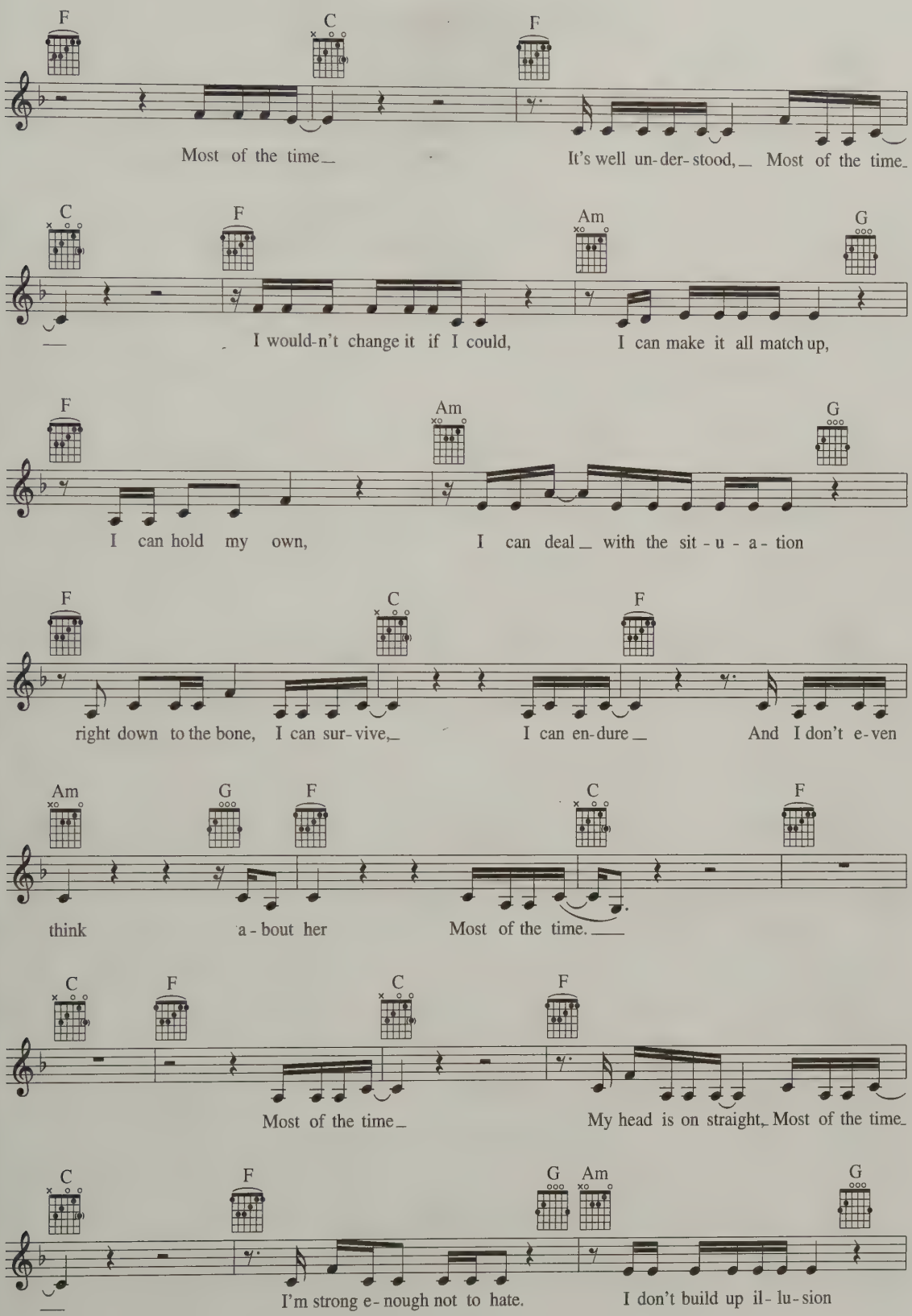
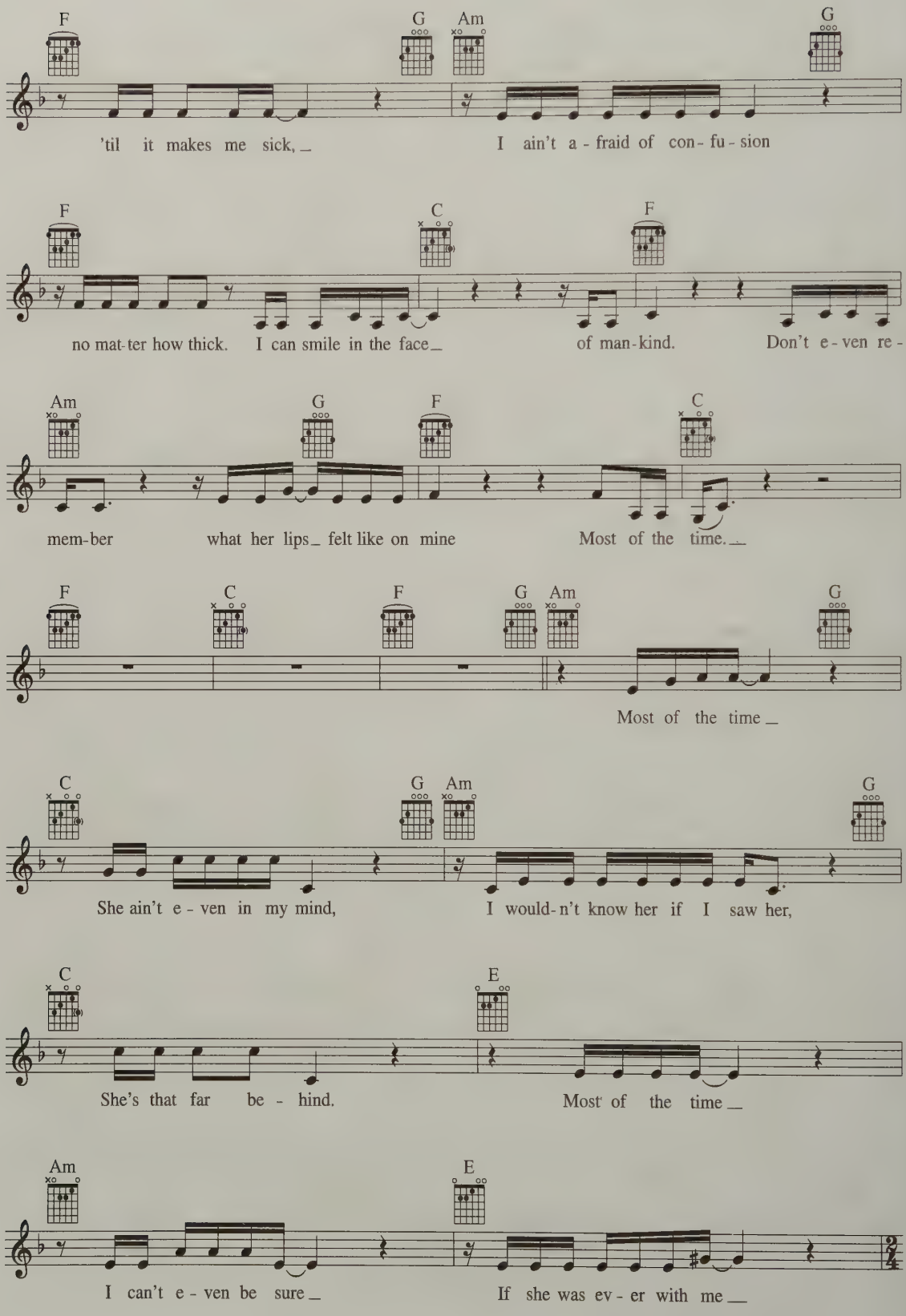
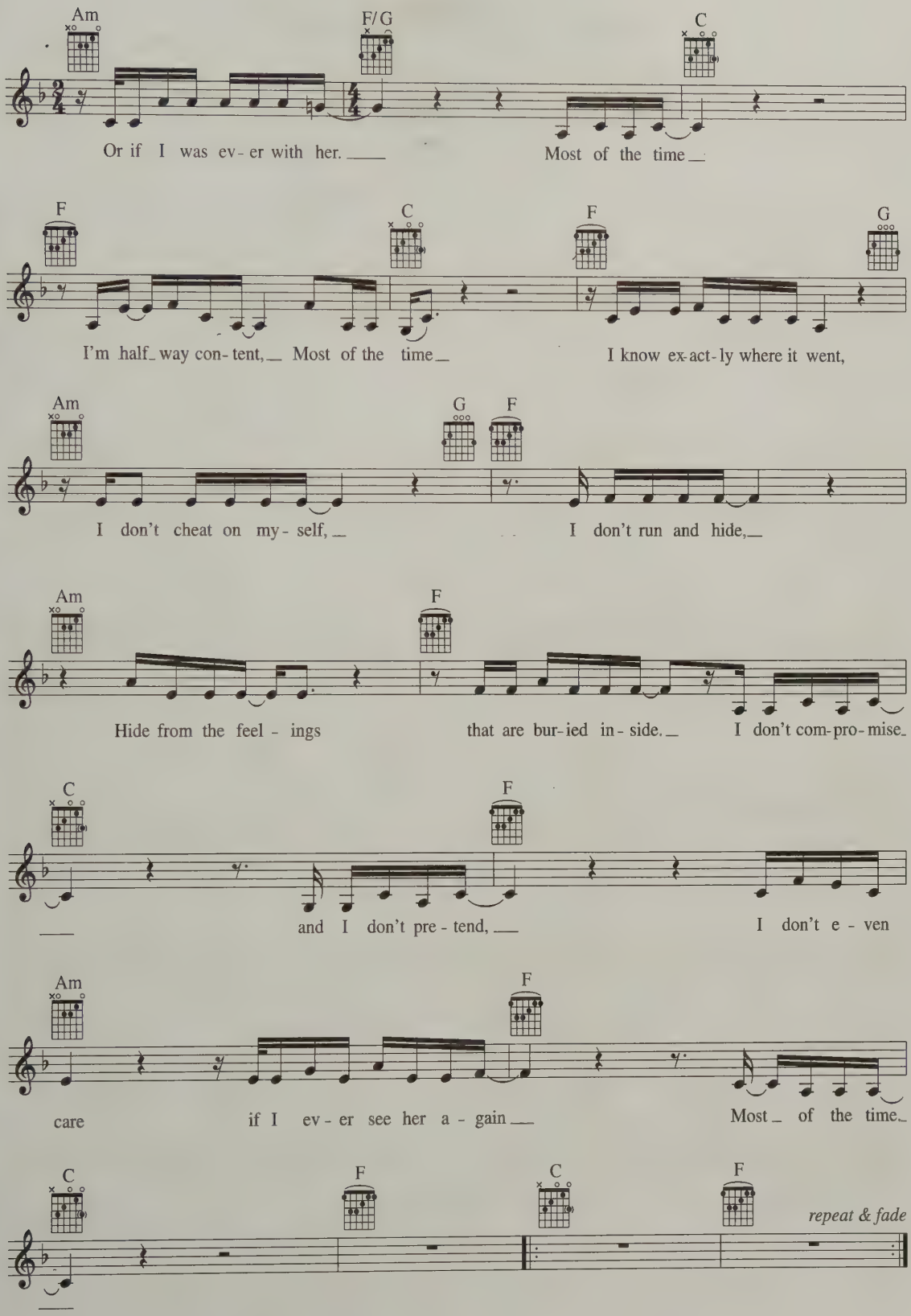
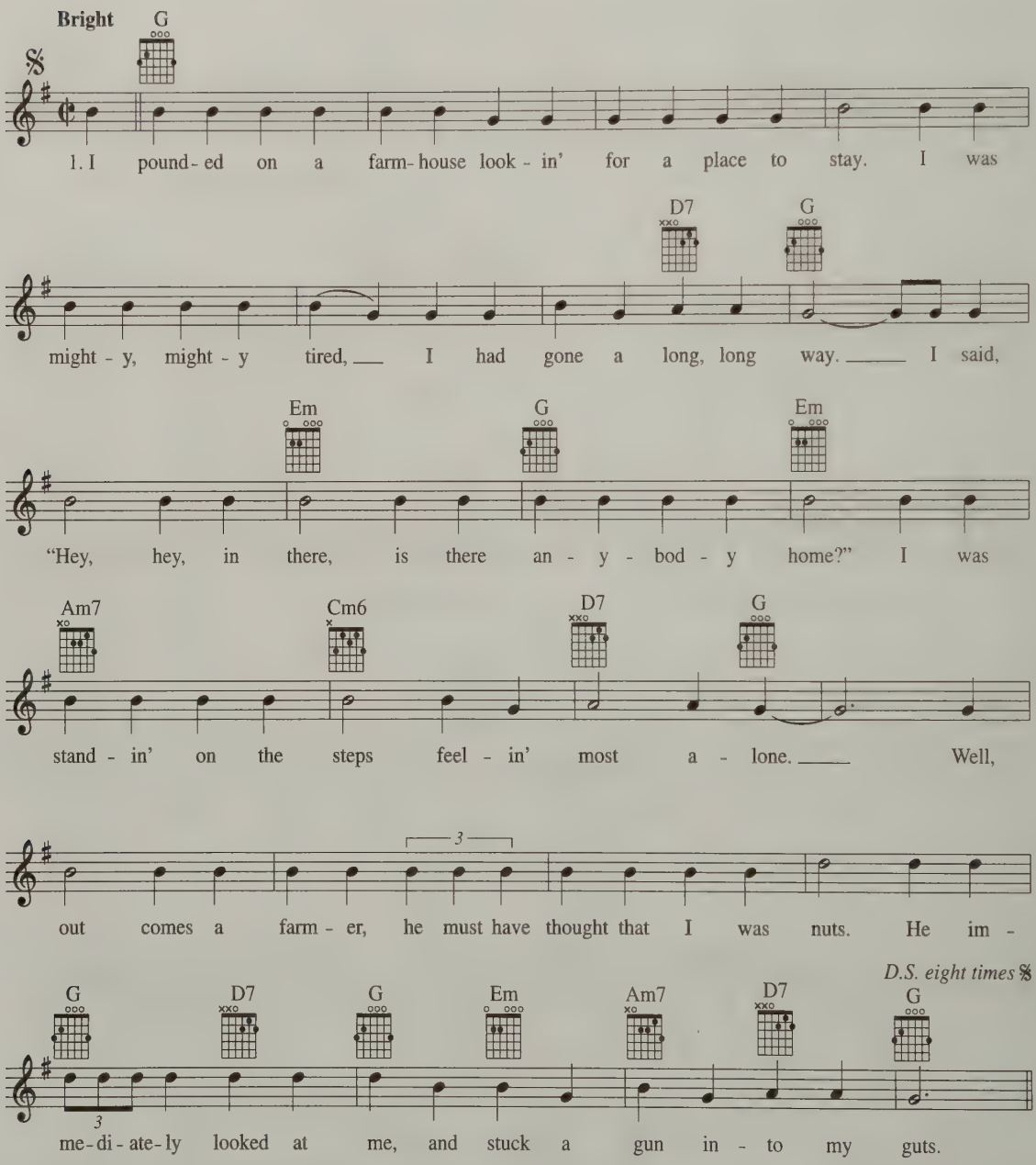

F C F
Most of the time_ It's well un-der-stood,_ Most of the time_
C F Am G
I would-n't change it if I could, I can make it all match up,
F Am G
I can hold my own, I can deal_ with the sit - u - a - tion
F C F
right down to the bone, I can sur-vive,_ I can en-dure_ And I don't e-ven
Am G F C F
think a-bout her Most of the time.___
C F C F
Most of the time_ My head is on straight,_ Most of the time_
C F G Am G
I'm strong e-nough not to hate. I don't build up il-lu-sion


F G Am G
'til it makes me sick, I ain't a - fraid of con - fu - sion
F C F
no mat - ter how thick. I can smile in the face of man - kind. Don't e - ven re -
Am G F C
mem - ber what her lips felt like on mine Most of the time.
F C F G Am G
Most of the time
C G Am G
She ain't e - ven in my mind, I would - n't know her if I saw her,
C E
She's that far be - hind. Most of the time
Am E
I can't e - ven be sure If she was ev - er with me


Am
F/G
C
Or if I was ev - er with her. ___
Most of the time_
F
C
F
G
I'm half_way con - tent,_ Most of the time_
I know ex-act - ly where it went,
Am
G
F
I don't cheat on my - self,_
I don't run and hide,_
Am
F
Hide from the feel - ings
that are bur-ied in - side._
I don't com-pro - mise_
C
F
___
and I don't pre - tend, ___
I don't e - ven
Am
F
care
if I ev - er see her a - gain ___
Most_ of the time_
C
F
C
F
repeat & fade

Motorpsycho Nightmare

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Bright
G
1. I pound- ed on a farm- house look - in' for a place to stay. I was
D7
G
might - y, might - y tired, I had gone a long, long way. I said,
Em
G
Em
"Hey, hey, in there, is there an - y - bod - y home?" I was
Am7
Cm6
D7
G
stand - in' on the steps feel - in' most a - lone. Well,
3
out comes a farm - er, he must have thought that I was nuts. He im -
D.S. eight times
G
D7
G
Em
Am7
D7
G
3
me- di- ate- ly looked at me, and stuck a gun in - to my guts.

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Additional lyrics

2. I fell down
To my bended knees,
Saying, "I dig farmers,
Don't shoot me, please!"
He cocked his rifle
And began to shout,
"You're that travelin' salesman
That I have heard about."
I said, "No! No! No!
I'm a doctor and it's true,
I'm a clean-cut kid
And I been to college, too."

3. Then in comes his daughter
Whose name was Rita.
She looked like she stepped out of
La Dolce Vita.
I immediately tried to cool it
With her dad,
And told him what a
Nice, pretty farm he had.
He said, "What do doctors
Know about farms, pray tell?"
I said, "I was born
At the bottom of a wishing well."

4. Well, by the dirt 'neath my nails
I guess he knew I wouldn't lie.
"I guess you're tired,"
He said, kinda sly.
I said, "Yes, ten thousand miles
Today I drove."
He said, "I got a bed for you
Underneath the stove.
Just one condition
And you go to sleep right now,
That you don't touch my daughter
And in the morning, milk the cow."

5. I was sleepin' like a rat
When I heard something jerkin'.
There stood Rita
Lookin' just like Tony Perkins.
She said, "Would you like to take a shower?
I'll show you up to the door."
I said, "Oh, no! no!
I've been through this before."
I knew I had to split
But I didn't know how,
When she said,
"Would you like to take that shower, now?"

6. Well, I couldn't leave
Unless the old man chased me out,
'Cause I'd already promised
That I'd milk his cows.
I had to say something
To strike him very weird,
So I yelled out,
"I like Fidel Castro and his beard."
Rita looked offended
But she got out of the way,
As he came charging down the stairs
Sayin', "What's that I heard you say?"

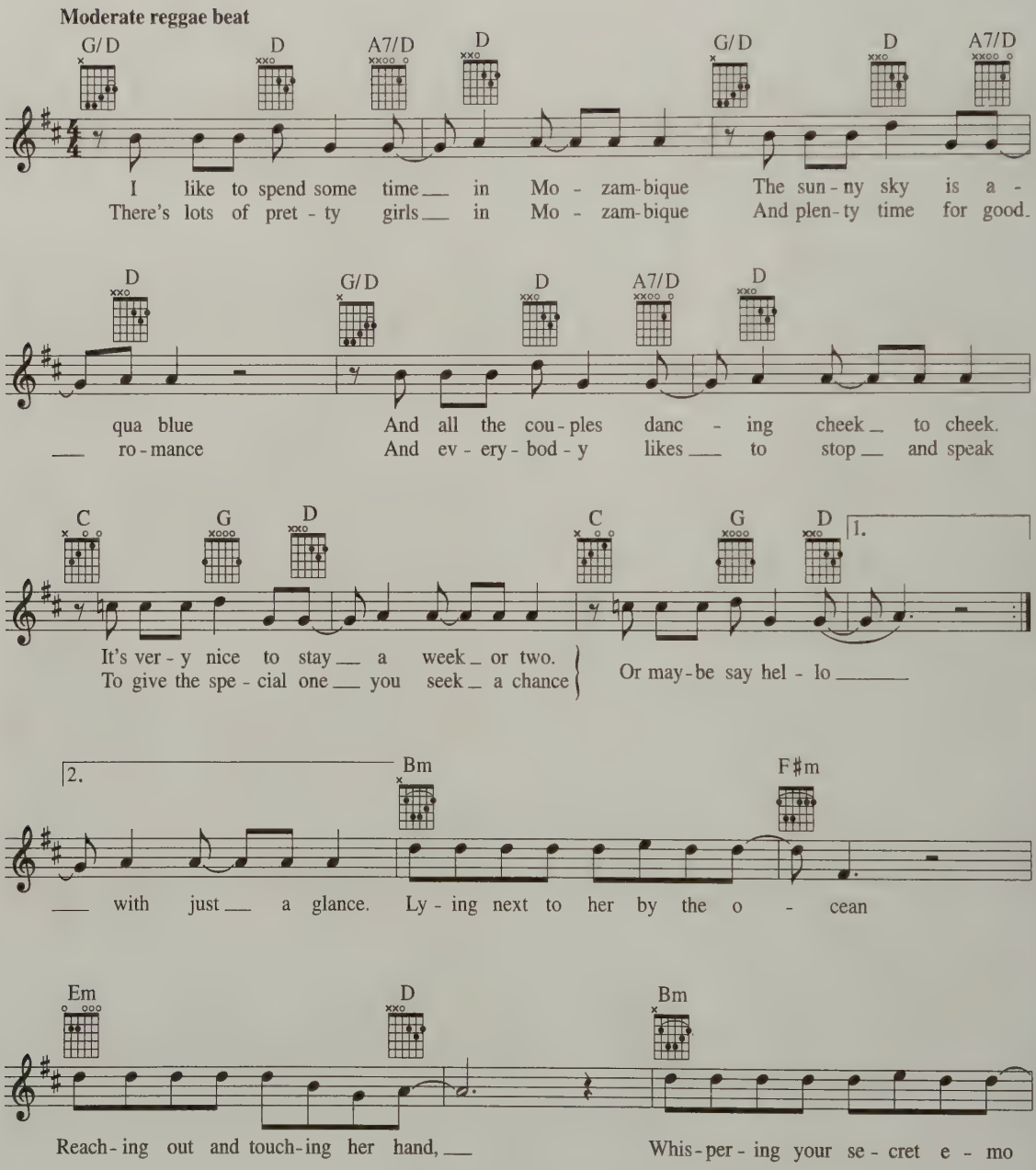
7. I said, "I like Fidel Castro,
I think you heard me right,"
And ducked as he swung
At me with all his might.
Rita mumbled something
'Bout her mother on the hill,
As his fist hit the icebox,
He said he's going to kill me
If I don't get out the door
In two seconds flat,
"You unpatriotic,
Rotten doctor Commie rat."

8. Well, he threw a Reader's Digest
At my head and I did run,
I did a somersault
As I seen him get his gun
And crashed through the window
At a hundred miles an hour,
And landed fully blast
In his garden flowers.
Rita said, "Come back!"
As he started to load
The sun was comin' up
And I was runnin' down the road.

9. Well, I don't figure I'll be back
There for a spell,
Even though Rita moved away
And got a job in a motel.
He still waits for me,
Constant, on the sly.
He wants to turn me in
To the F.B.I.
Me, I romp and stomp,
Thankful as I romp,
Without freedom of speech,
I might be in the swamp.

Mozambique

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy


Moderate reggae beat
G/D D A7/D D G/D D A7/D
I like to spend some time in Mo - zam-bique The sun - ny sky is a -
There's lots of pret - ty girls in Mo - zam-bique And plen - ty time for good
D G/D D A7/D D
qua blue And all the cou - ples danc - ing cheek to cheek.
ro - mance And ev - ery - bod - y likes to stop and speak
C G D C G D 1.
It's ver - y nice to stay a week or two.
To give the spe - cial one you seek a chance
Or may - be say hel - lo
2. Bm F♯m
with just a glance. Ly - ing next to her by the o - cean
Em D Bm
Reach - ing out and touch - ing her hand,
Whis - per - ing your se - cret e - mo

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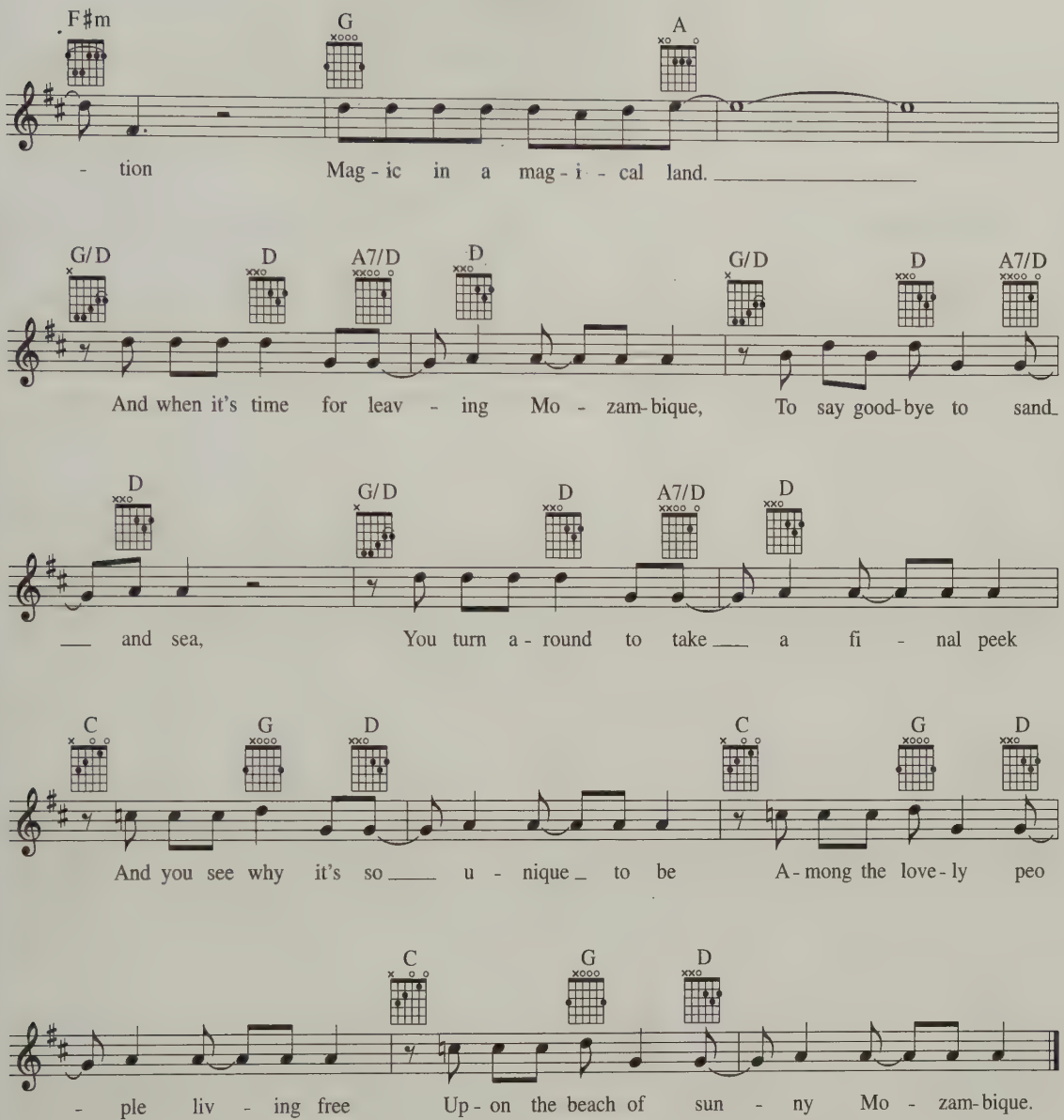
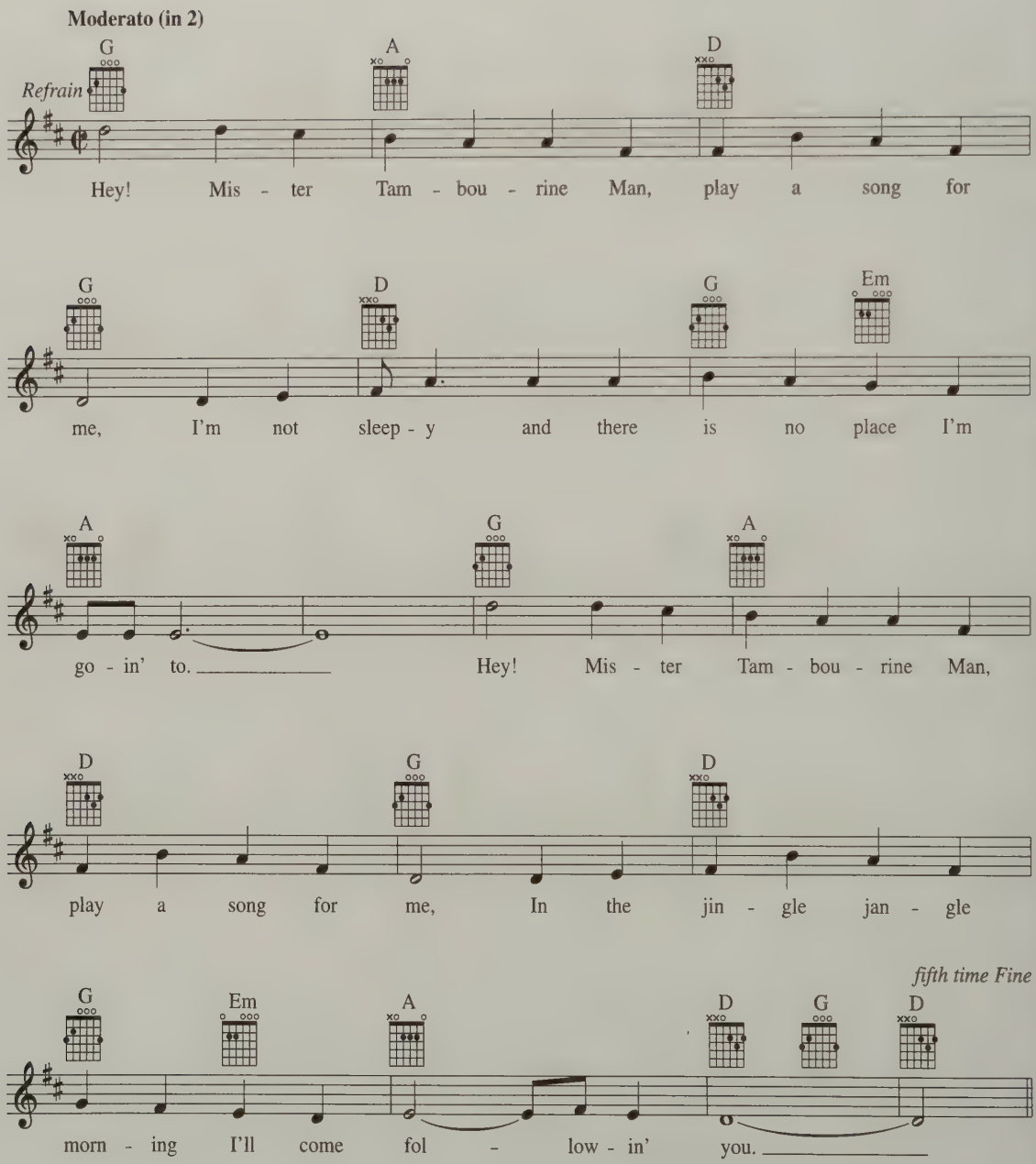

F♯m
G
A
- tion
Mag - ic in a mag - i - cal land.
G/D
D
A7/D
D
G/D
D
A7/D
And when it's time for leav - ing Mo - zam-bique, To say good-bye to sand-
D
G/D
D
A7/D
D
___ and sea, You turn a - round to take ___ a fi - nal peek
C
G
D
C
G
D
And you see why it's so ___ u - nique _ to be A-mong the love-ly peo
C
G
D
- ple liv - ing free Up - on the beach of sun - ny Mo - zam-bique.

Mr. Tambourine Man

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato (in 2)
Refrain
G A D
Hey! Mis - ter Tam - bou - rine Man, play a song for
G D G Em
me, I'm not sleep - y and there is no place I'm
A G A
go - in' to. Hey! Mis - ter Tam - bou - rine Man,
D G D
play a song for me, In the jin - gle jan - gle
fifth time Fine
G Em A D G D
morn - ing I'll come fol - low - in' you.

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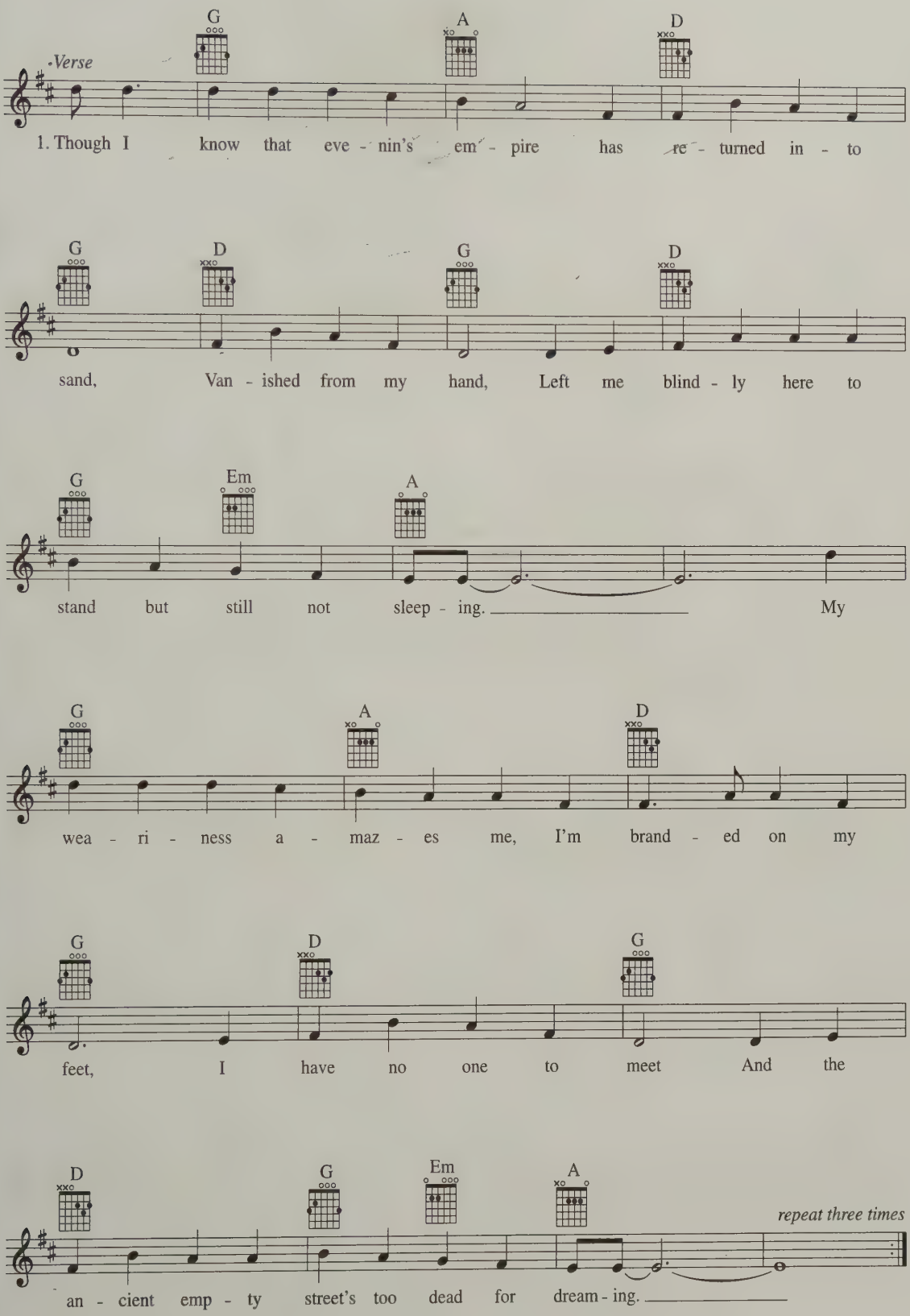

Verse
G
A
D
1. Though I know that eve - nin's em - pire has re - turned in - to
G
D
G
D
sand, Van - ished from my hand, Left me blind - ly here to
G
Em
A
stand but still not sleep - ing. My
G
A
D
wea - ri - ness a - maz - es me, I'm brand - ed on my
G
D
G
feet, I have no one to meet And the
D
G
Em
A
repeat three times
an - cient emp - ty street's too dead for dream - ing.

Additional lyrics

2. Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels
To be wanderin'.
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,
I promise to go under it.

Refrain

3. Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun,
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'.
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're
Seein' that he's chasing.

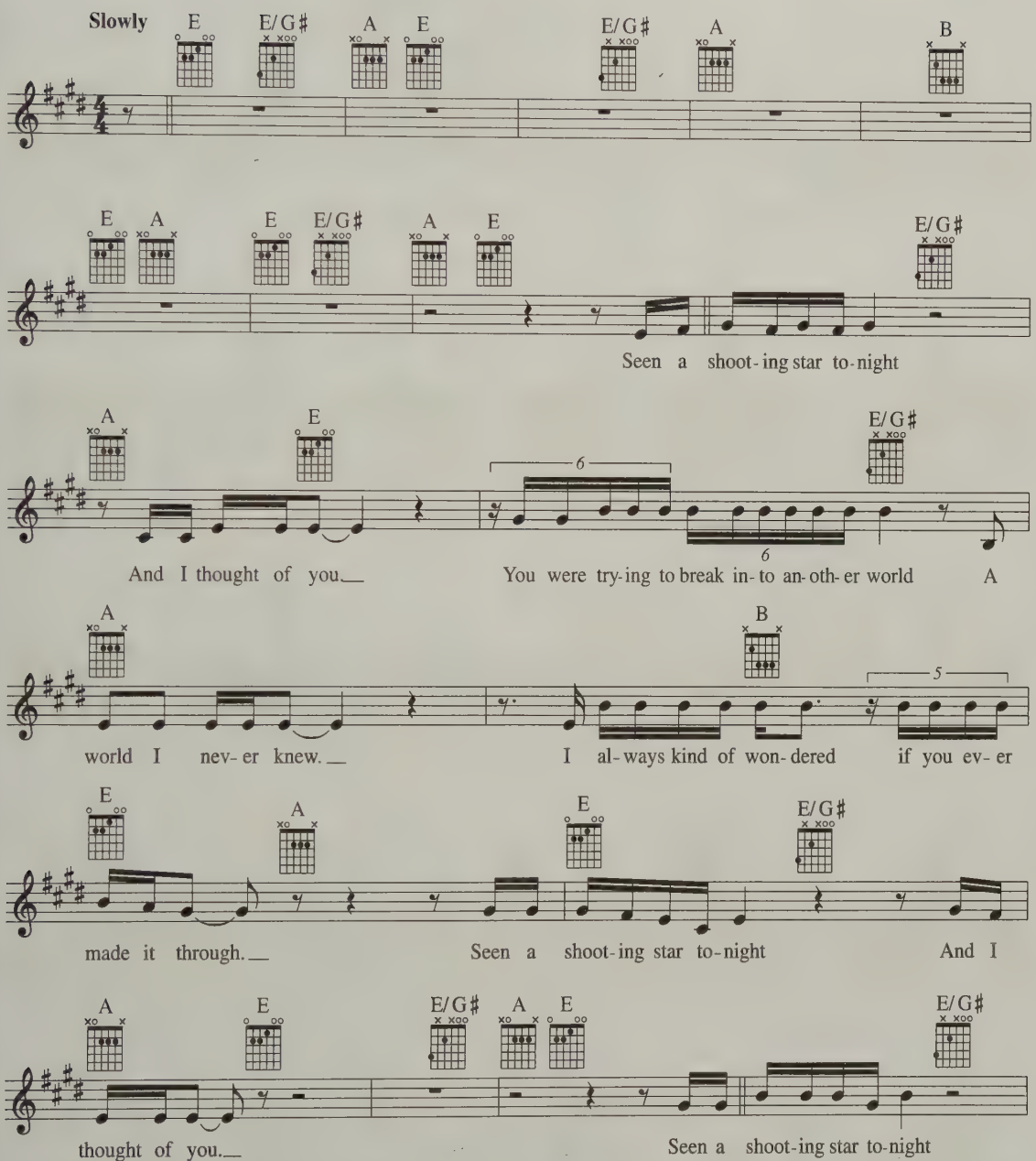
Refrain

4. Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind,
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach,
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

Refrain

Shooting Star

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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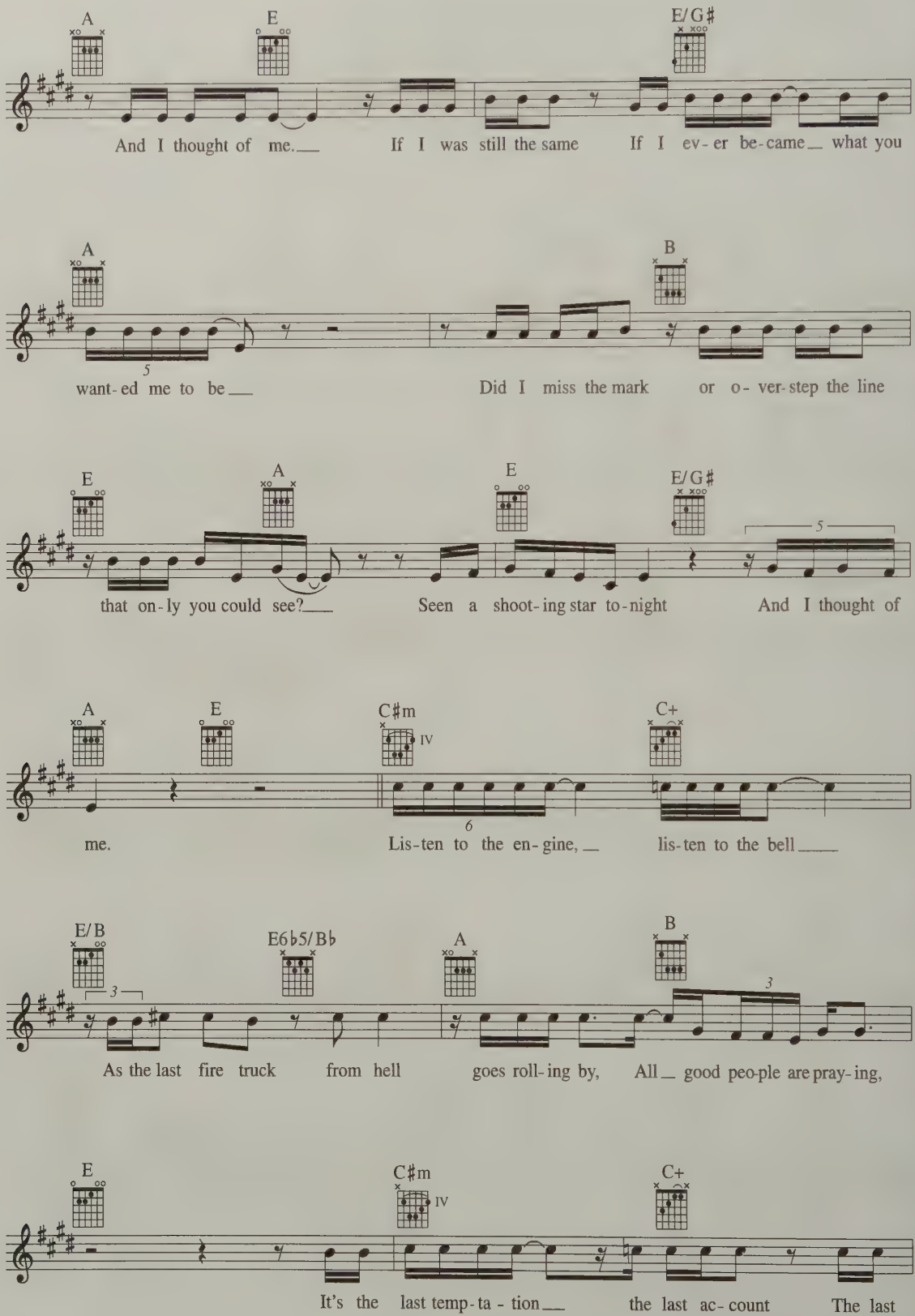
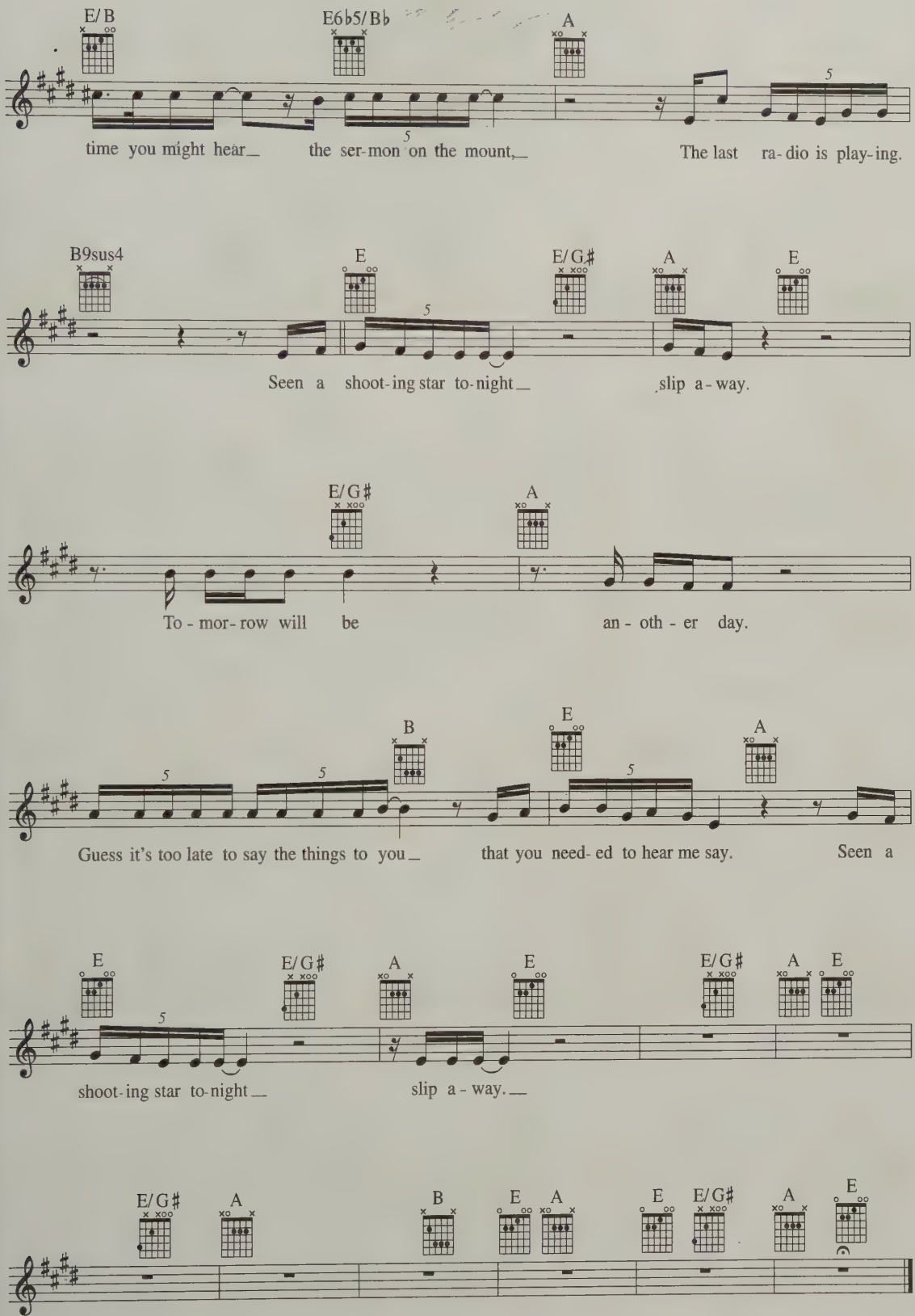
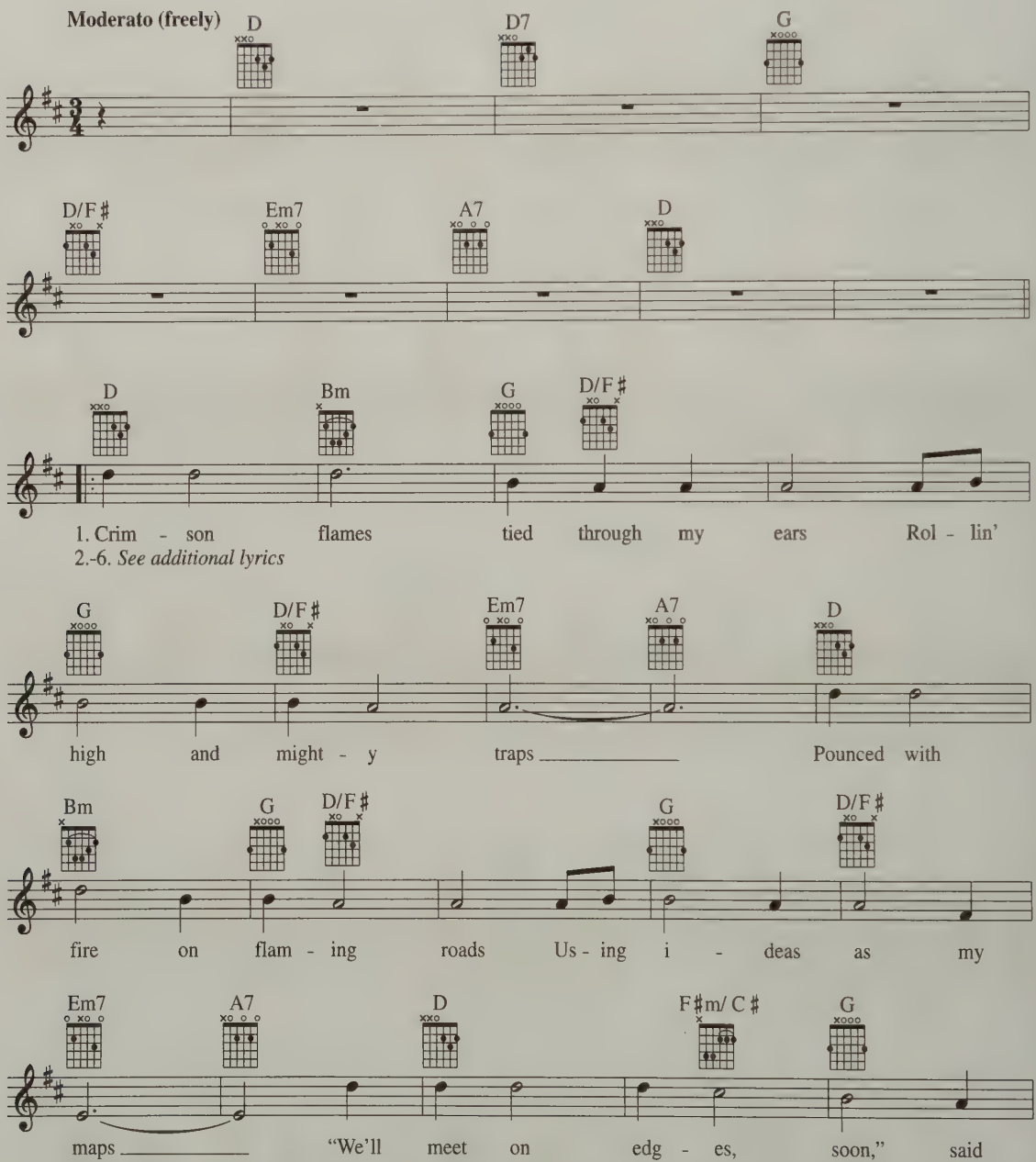

A
E
E/G♯
And I thought of me.
If I was still the same
If I ev-er be-came what you
A
B
5
want-ed me to be
Did I miss the mark
or o-ver-step the line
E
A
E
E/G♯
5
that on-ly you could see?
Seen a shoot-ing star to-night
And I thought of
A
E
C♯m
IV
C+
6
me.
Lis-ten to the en-gine,
lis-ten to the bell
E/B
E6♭5/B♭
A
B
3
3
As the last fire truck
from hell
goes roll-ing by,
All good peo-ple are pray-ing,
E
C♯m
IV
C+
It's the
last temp-ta-tion
the last ac-count
The last


E/B
E6♭5/B♭
A
time you might hear_ the ser-mon on the mount,_ The last ra-dio is play-ing.
B9sus4
E
E/G♯
A
E
Seen a shoot-ing star to-night_ slip a-way.
E/G♯
A
To-mor-row will be an-oth-er day.
B
E
A
Guess it's too late to say the things to you_ that you need-ed to hear me say. Seen a
E
E/G♯
A
E
E/G♯
A
E
shoot-ing star to-night_ slip a-way._
E/G♯
A
B
E
A
E
E/G♯
A
E

My Back Pages

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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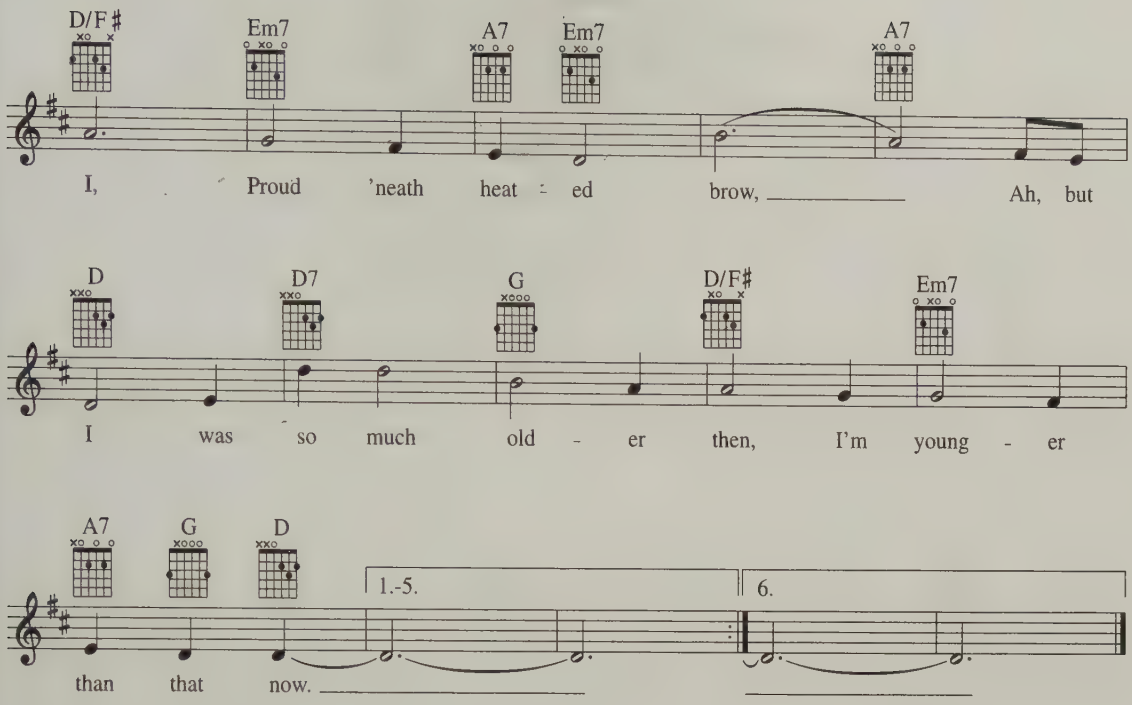

Additional lyrics

2. Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth
"Rip down all hate," I screamed
Lies that life is black and white
Spoke from my skull. I dreamed
Romantic facts of musketeers
Foundationed deep, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

3. Girls' faces formed the forward path
From phony jealousy
To memorizing politics
Of ancient history
Flung down by corpse evangelists
Unthought of, though, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

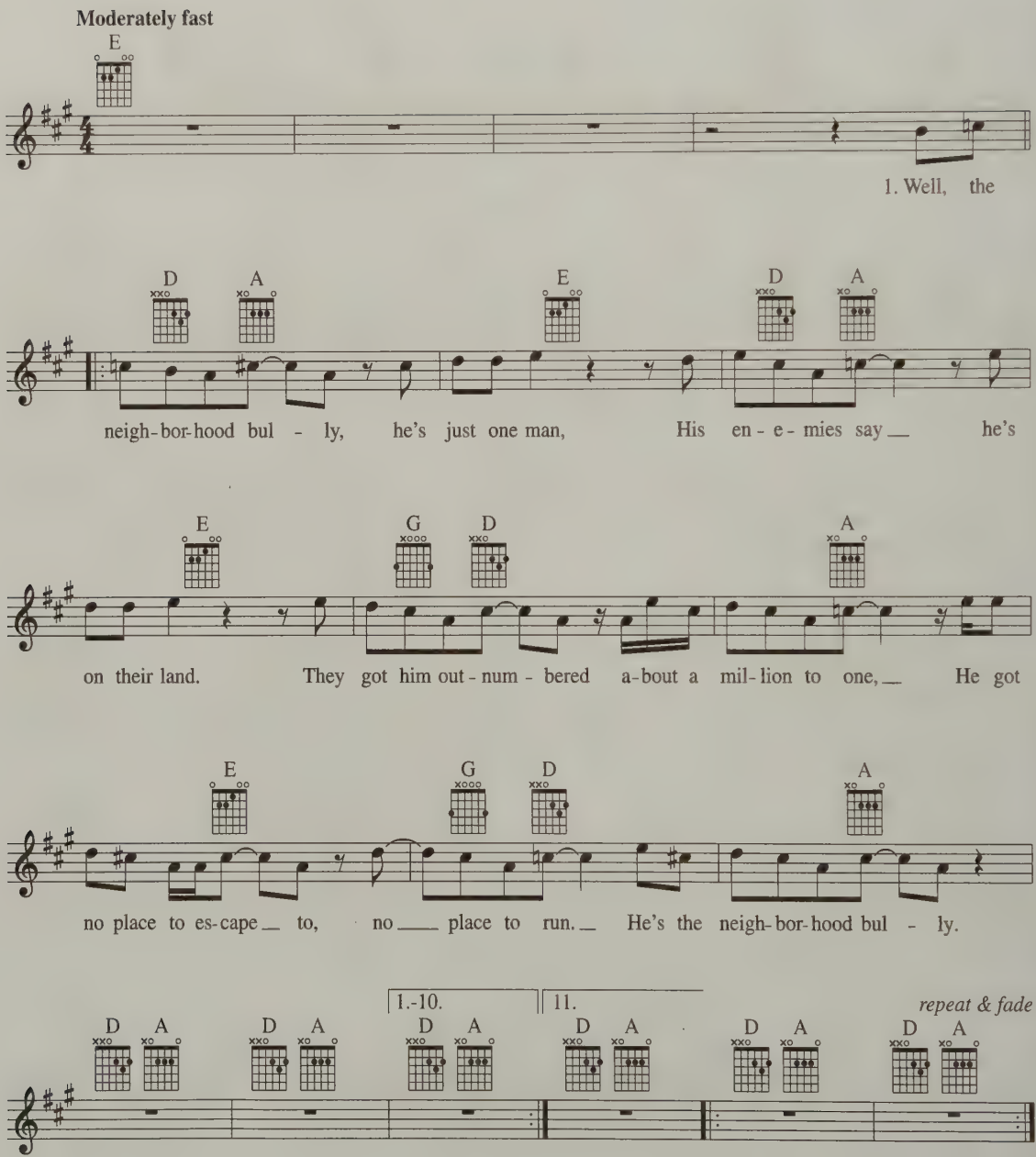
4. A self-ordained professor's tongue
Too serious to fool
Spouted out that liberty
Is just equality in school
"Equality," I spoke the word
As if a wedding vow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

5. In a soldier's stance, I aimed my hand
At the mongrel dogs who teach
Fearing not that I'd become my enemy
In the instant that I preach
My pathway led by confusion boats
Mutiny from stern to bow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

6. Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats
Too noble to neglect
Deceived me into thinking
I had something to protect
Good and bad, I define these terms
Quite clear, no doubt, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

Neighborhood Bully

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately fast
E
1. Well, the
D A E D A
neigh-bor-hood bul - ly, he's just one man, His en - e - mies say he's
E G D A
on their land. They got him out - num - bered a-bout a mil-lion to one, He got
E G D A
no place to es-cape to, no place to run. He's the neigh-bor-hood bul - ly.
1.-10.
11.
repeat & fade
D A D A D A D A D A D A

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Additional lyrics

2. The neighborhood bully just lives to survive,
He's criticized and condemned for being alive.
He's not supposed to fight back, he's supposed to have thick skin,
He's supposed to lay down and die when his door is kicked in.
He's the neighborhood bully.

3. The neighborhood bully been driven out of every land,
He's wandered the earth an exiled man.
Seen his family scattered, his people hounded and torn,
He's always on trial for just being born.
He's the neighborhood bully.

4. Well, he knocked out a lynch mob, he was criticized,
Old women condemned him, said he should apologize.
Then he destroyed a bomb factory, nobody was glad.
The bombs were meant for him.
He was supposed to feel bad.
He's the neighborhood bully.

5. Well, the chances are against it and the odds are slim
That he'll live by the rules that the world makes for him,
'Cause there's a noose at his neck and a gun at his back
And a license to kill him is given out to every maniac.
He's the neighborhood bully.

6. He got no allies to really speak of.
What he gets he must pay for, he don't get it out of love.
He buys obsolete weapons and he won't be denied
But no one sends flesh and blood to fight by his side.
He's the neighborhood bully.

7. Well, he's surrounded by pacifists who all want peace,
They pray for it nightly that the bloodshed must cease.
Now, they wouldn't hurt a fly.
To hurt one they would weep.
They lay and they wait for this bully to fall asleep.
He's the neighborhood bully.

8. Every empire that's enslaved him is gone,
Egypt and Rome, even the great Babylon.
He's made a garden of paradise in the desert sand,
In bed with nobody, under no one's command.
He's the neighborhood bully.

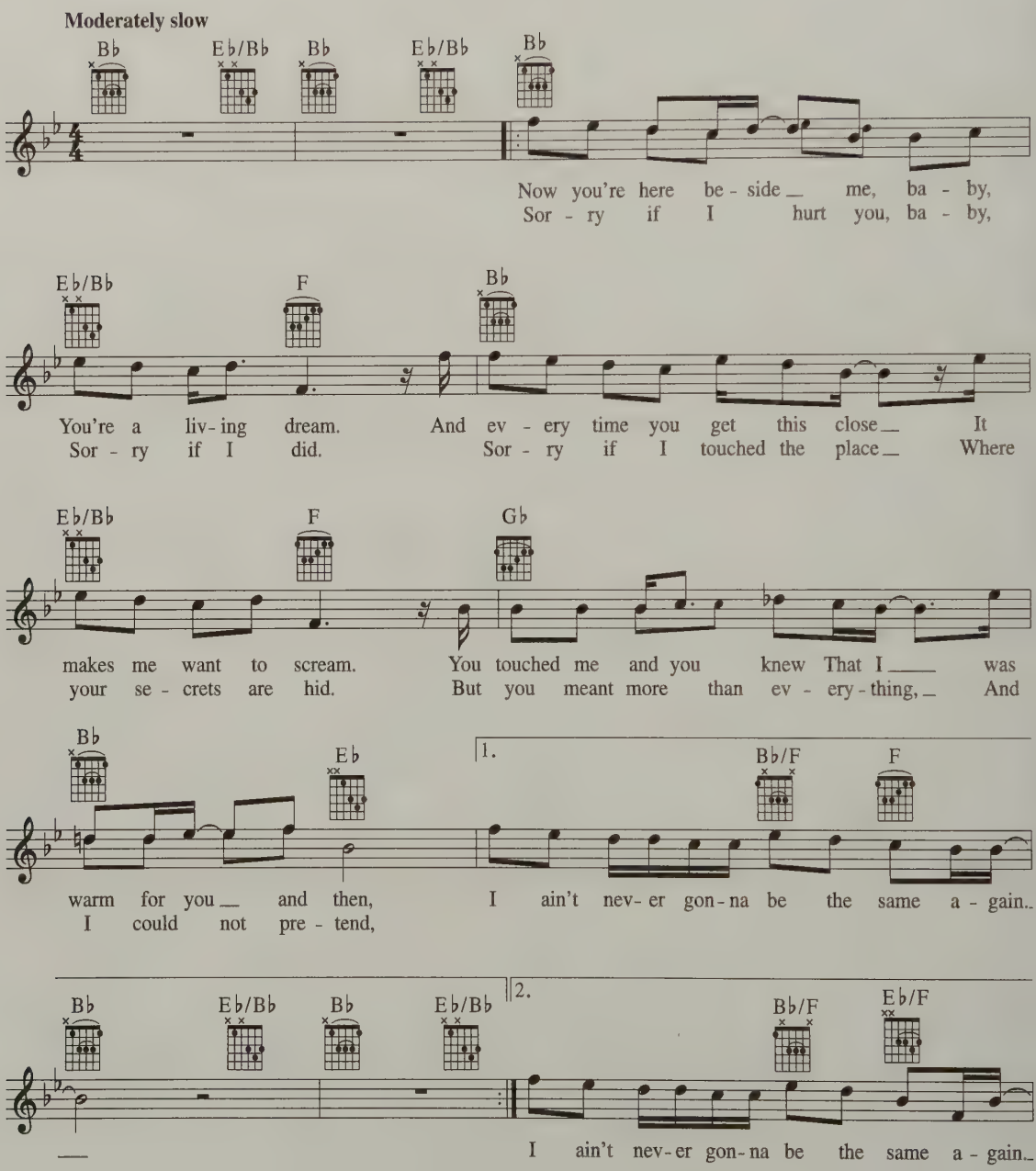
9. Now his holiest books have been trampled upon,
No contract he signed was worth what it was written on.
He took the crumbs of the world and he turned it into wealth,
Took sickness and disease and he turned it into health.
He's the neighborhood bully.

10. What's anybody indebted to him for?
Nothin', they say.
He just likes to cause war.
Pride and prejudice and superstition indeed,
They wait for this bully like a dog waits to feed.
He's the neighborhood bully.

11. What has he done to wear so many scars?
Does he change the course of rivers?
Does he pollute the moon and stars?
Neighborhood bully, standing on the hill,
Running out the clock, time standing still,
Neighborhood bully.

Never Gonna Be the Same Again

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
Now you're here be - side me, ba - by,
Sor - ry if I hurt you, ba - by,
E♭/B♭
F
B♭
You're a liv - ing dream. And ev - ery time you get this close It
Sor - ry if I did. Sor - ry if I touched the place Where
E♭/B♭
F
G♭
makes me want to scream. You touched me and you knew That I was
your se - crets are hid. But you meant more than ev - ery - thing, And
B♭
E♭
1.
B♭/F
F
warm for you and then, I ain't nev - er gon - na be the same a - gain.
I could not pre - tend,
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭/B♭
2.
B♭/F
E♭/F
I ain't nev - er gon - na be the same a - gain.

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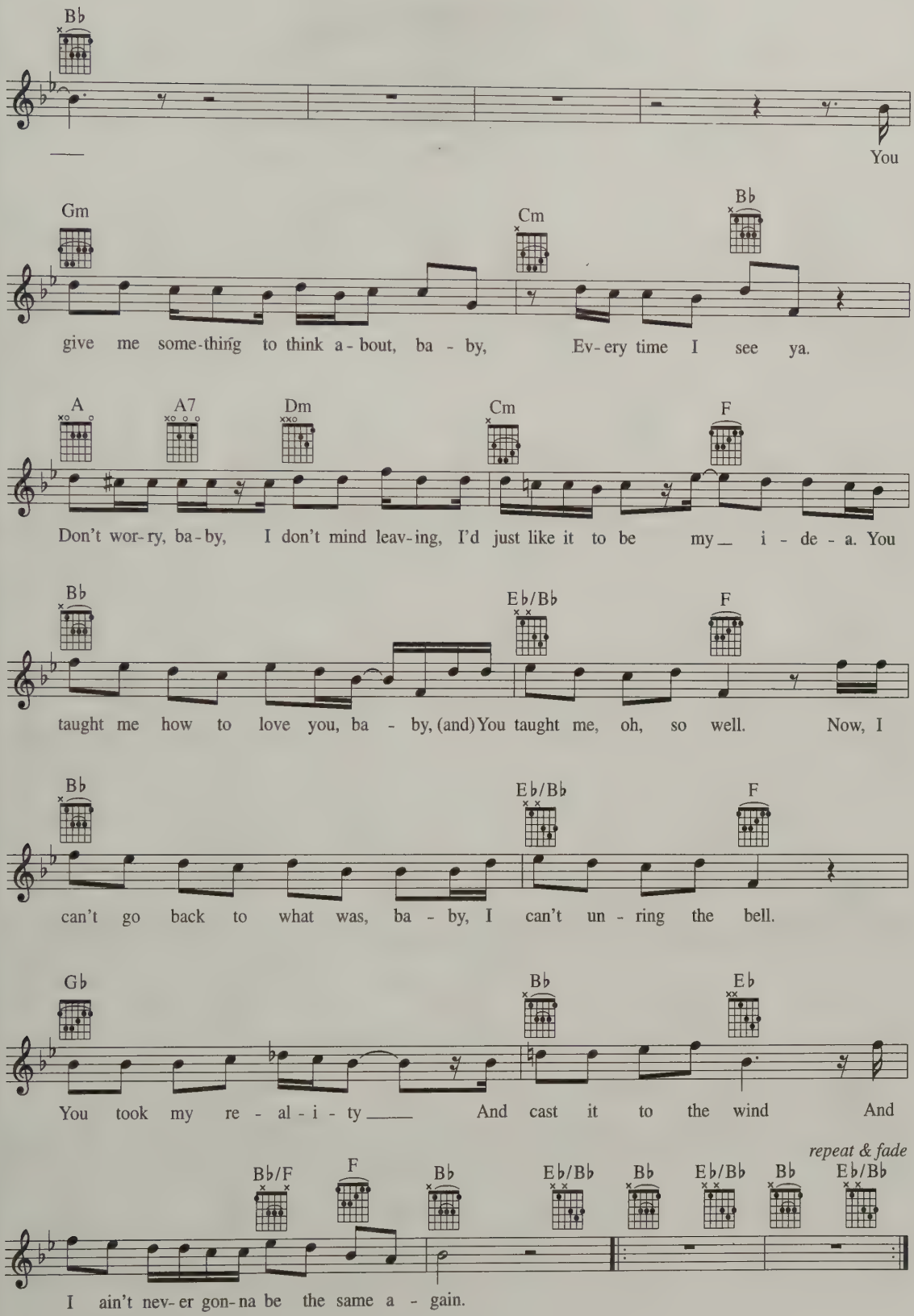
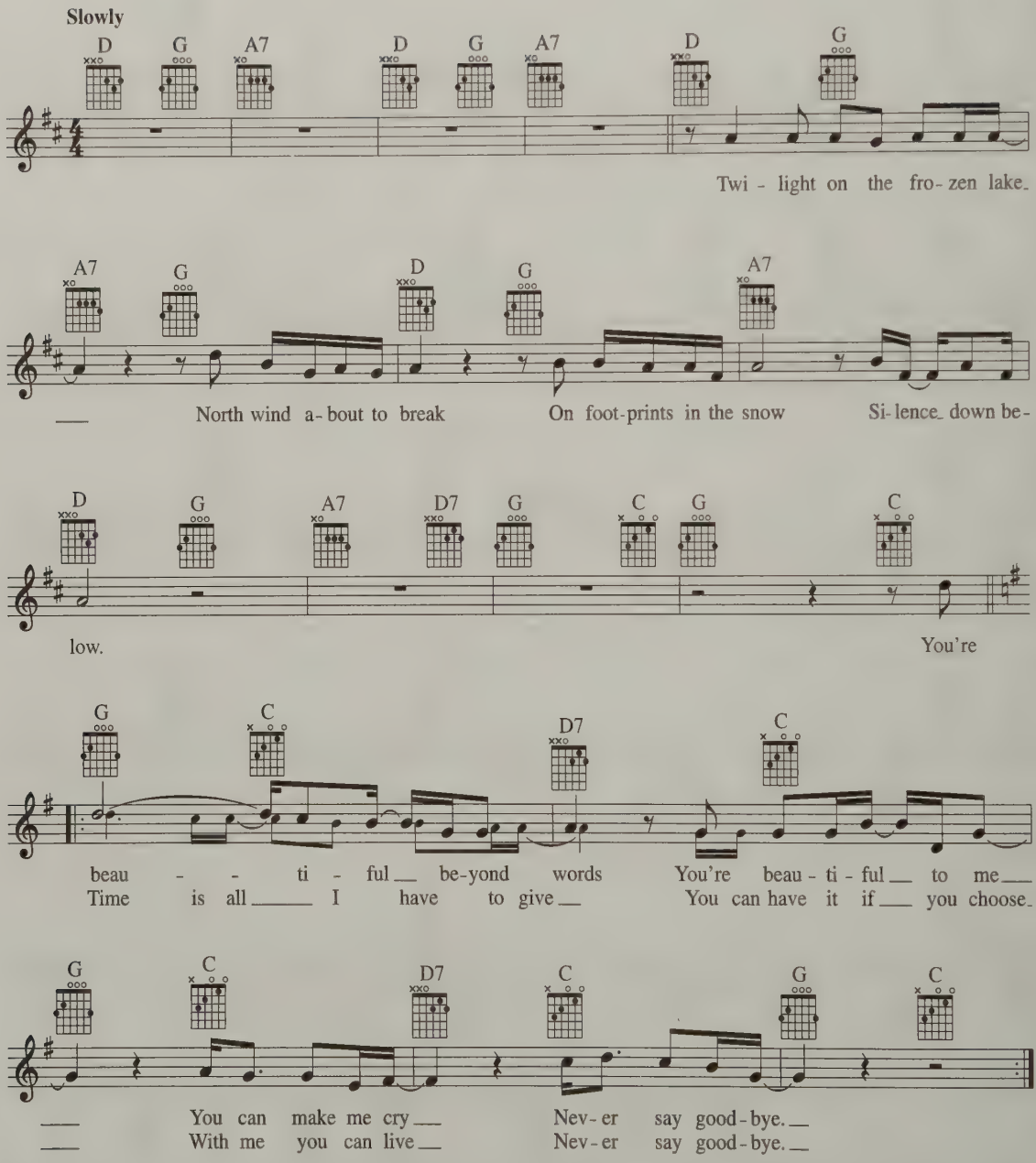

B♭
You
Gm
Cm
B♭
give me some-thing to think a-bout, ba - by, Ev-ery time I see ya.
A
A7
Dm
Cm
F
Don't wor-ry, ba-by, I don't mind leav-ing, I'd just like it to be my_ i - de - a. You
B♭
E♭/B♭
F
taught me how to love you, ba - by, (and) You taught me, oh, so well. Now, I
B♭
E♭/B♭
F
can't go back to what was, ba - by, I can't un - ring the bell.
G♭
B♭
E♭
You took my re - al - i - ty___ And cast it to the wind And
repeat & fade
B♭/F
F
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭/B♭
I ain't nev-er gon-na be the same a - gain.

Never Say Goodbye

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly
D G A7 D G A7 D G
Twi - light on the fro - zen lake_
A7 G D G A7
North wind a - bout to break On foot - prints in the snow Si - lence_ down be -
D G A7 D7 G C G C
low. You're
G C D7 C
beau - - ti - ful_ be - yond words You're beau - ti - ful_ to me_
Time is all_ I have to give_ You can have it if_ you choose_
G C D7 C G C
You can make me cry_ Nev - er say good - bye._
With me you can live_ Nev - er say good - bye._

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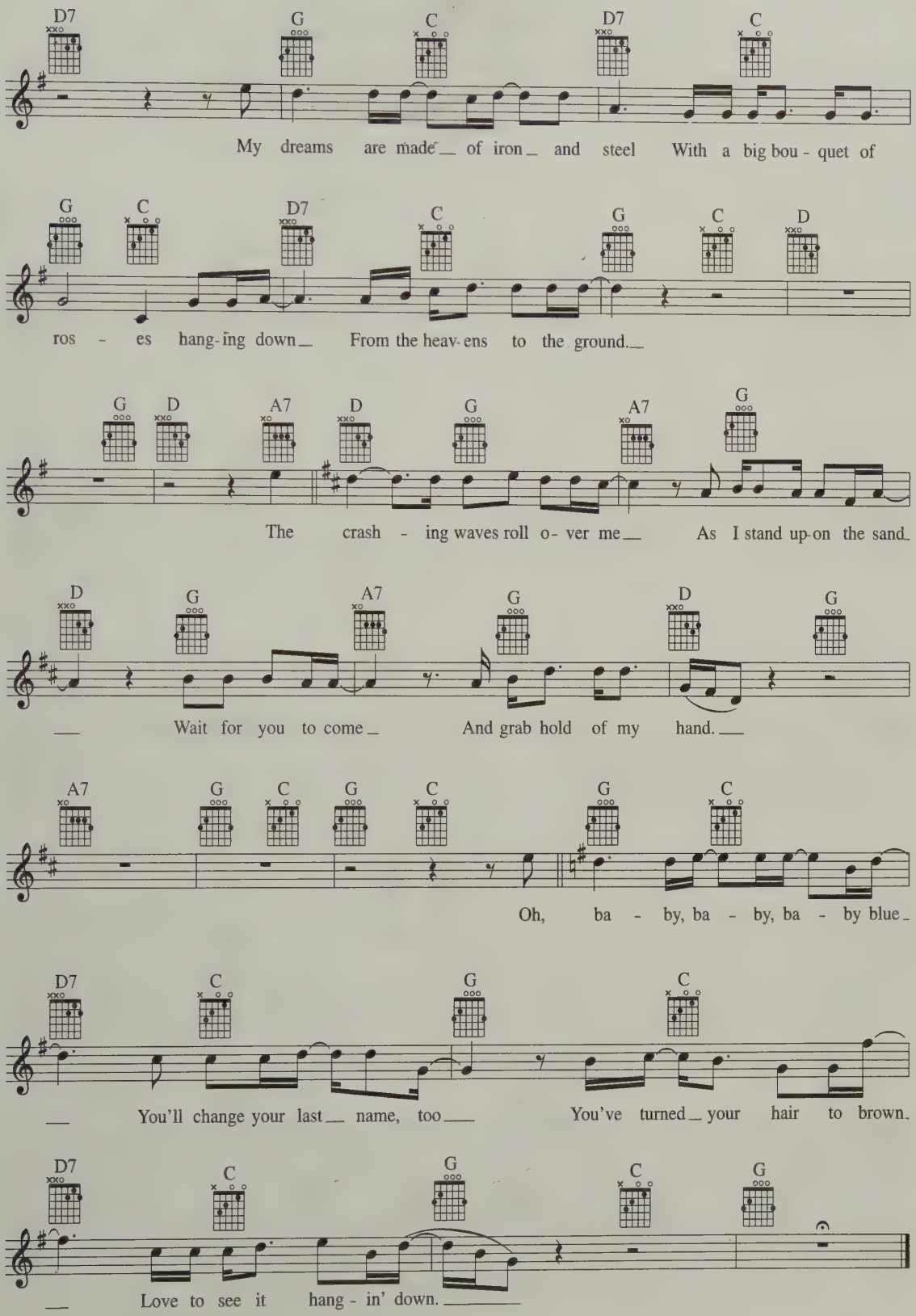
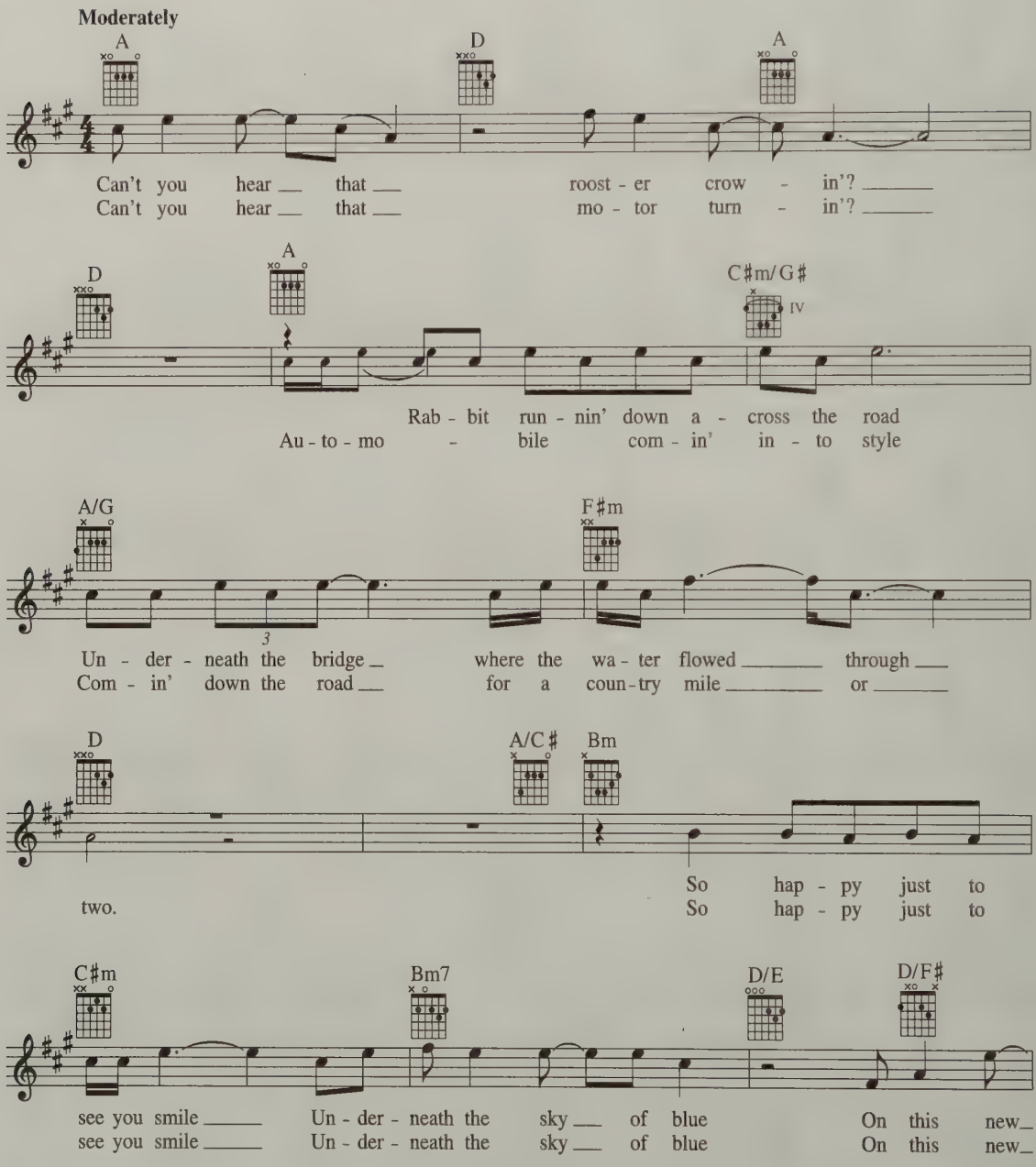

D7 G C D7 C
My dreams are made of iron and steel With a big bou - quet of
G C D7 C G C D
ros - es hang-ing down From the heav-ens to the ground.
G D A7 D G A7 G
The crash - ing waves roll o- ver me As I stand up-on the sand
D G A7 G D G
Wait for you to come And grab hold of my hand.
A7 G C G C G C
Oh, ba - by, ba - by, ba - by blue
D7 C G C
You'll change your last name, too You've turned your hair to brown
D7 C G C G
Love to see it hang - in' down.

New Morning

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
A
D
A
Can't you hear that roost - er crow - in'?
Can't you hear that mo - tor turn - in'?
D
A
C♯m/G♯
IV
Rab - bit run - nin' down a - cross the road
Au - to - mo - bile com - in' in - to style
A/G
F♯m
3
Un - der - neath the bridge where the wa - ter flowed through
Com - in' down the road for a coun - try mile or
D
A/C♯
Bm
So hap - py just to
two. So hap - py just to
C♯m
Bm7
D/E
D/F♯
see you smile Un - der - neath the sky of blue On this new_
see you smile Un - der - neath the sky of blue On this new_

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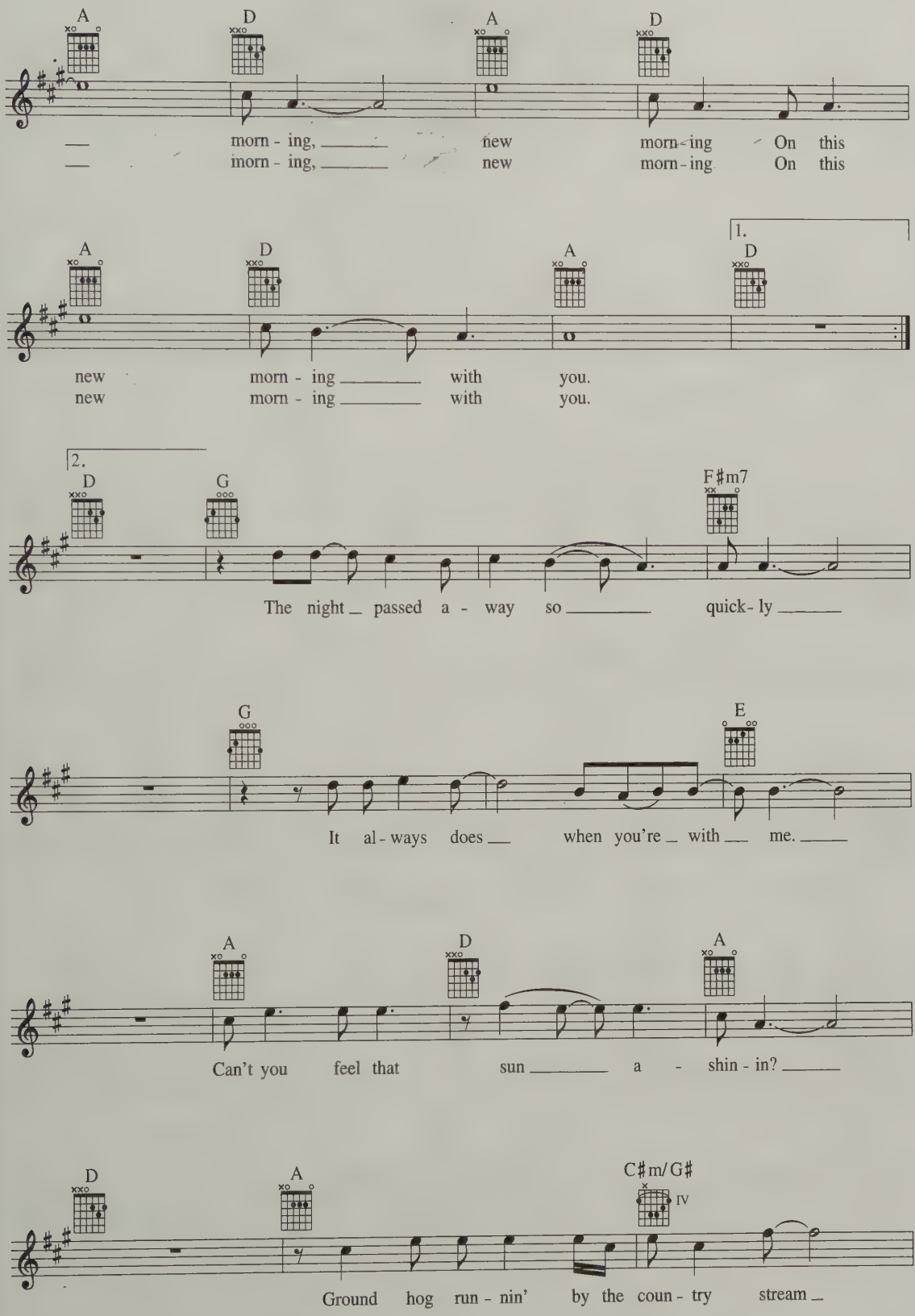
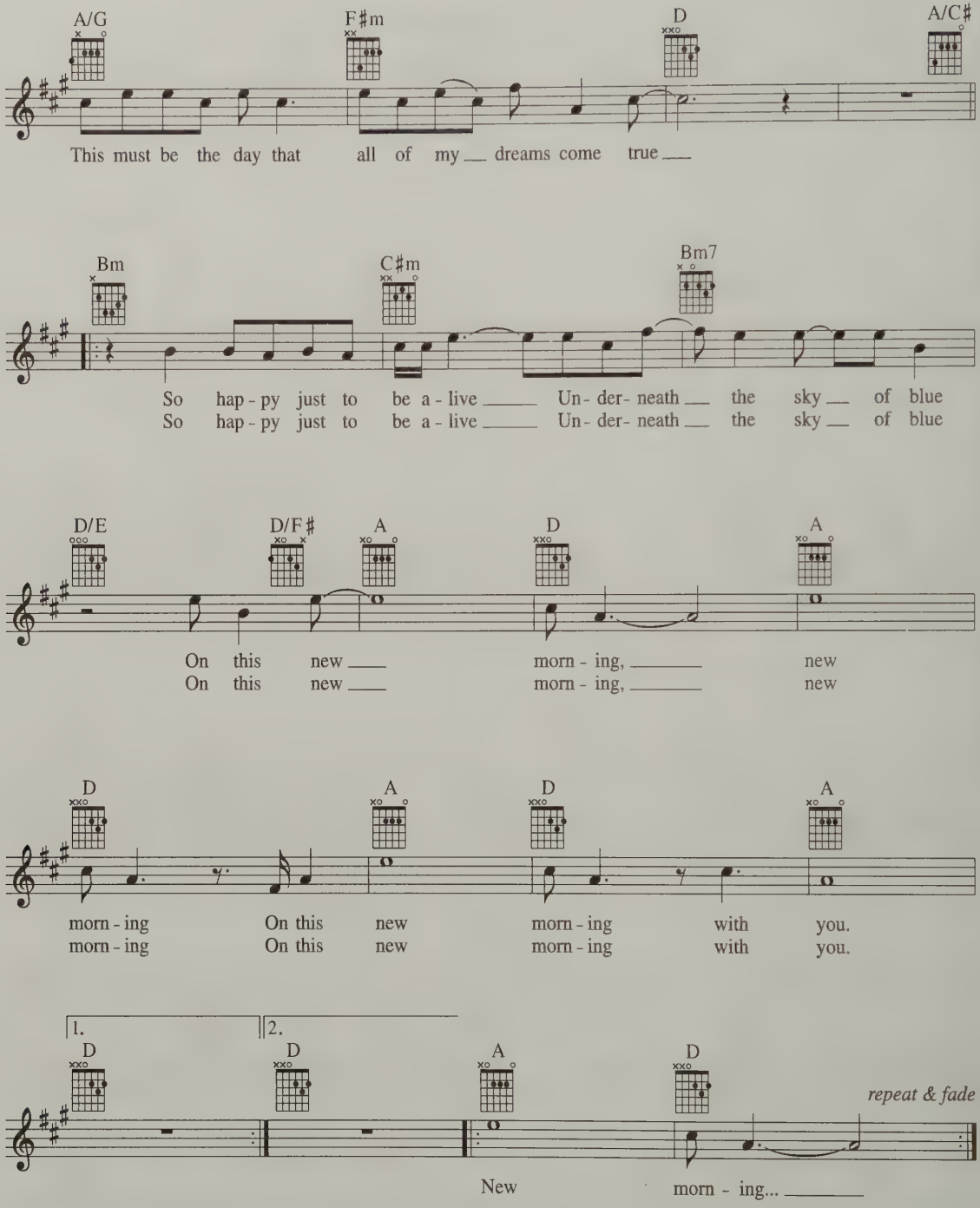
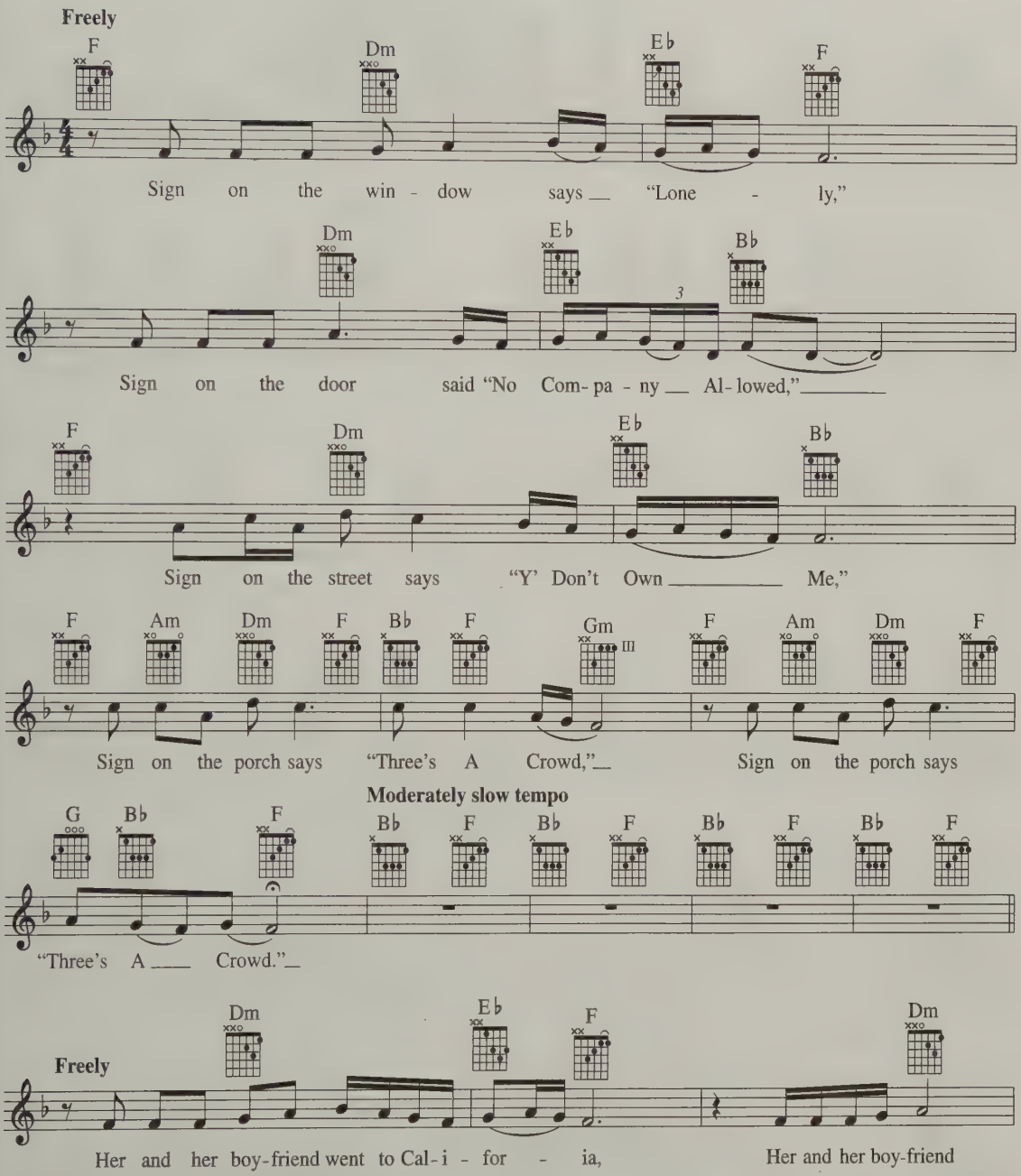

A D A D
morn - ing, new morn - ing On this
morn - ing, new morn - ing On this
1.
A D A D
new morn - ing with you.
new morn - ing with you.
2.
D G F♯m7
The night passed a - way so quick - ly
G E
It al - ways does when you're with me.
A D A
Can't you feel that sun a - shin - in?
D A C♯m/G♯
IV
Ground hog run - nin' by the coun - try stream

A/G
F♯m
D
A/C♯
This must be the day that all of my dreams come true
Bm
C♯m
Bm7
So hap - py just to be a - live Un - der - neath the sky of blue
So hap - py just to be a - live Un - der - neath the sky of blue
D/E
D/F♯
A
D
A
On this new morn - ing, new
On this new morn - ing, new
D
A
D
A
morn - ing On this new morn - ing with you.
morn - ing On this new morn - ing with you.
1.
2.
D
D
A
D
repeat & fade
New morn - ing...

Sign on the Window

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Freely
F Dm Eb F
Sign on the win - dow says "Lone - ly,"
Dm Eb Bb
Sign on the door said "No Com- pa - ny Al- lowed,"
F Dm Eb Bb
Sign on the street says "Y' Don't Own Me,"
F Am Dm F Bb F Gm F Am Dm F
Sign on the porch says "Three's A Crowd," Sign on the porch says
Moderately slow tempo
G Bb F Bb F Bb F Bb F Bb F
"Three's A Crowd."
Freely
Dm Eb F Dm
Her and her boy-friend went to Cal- i - for - ia, Her and her boy-friend

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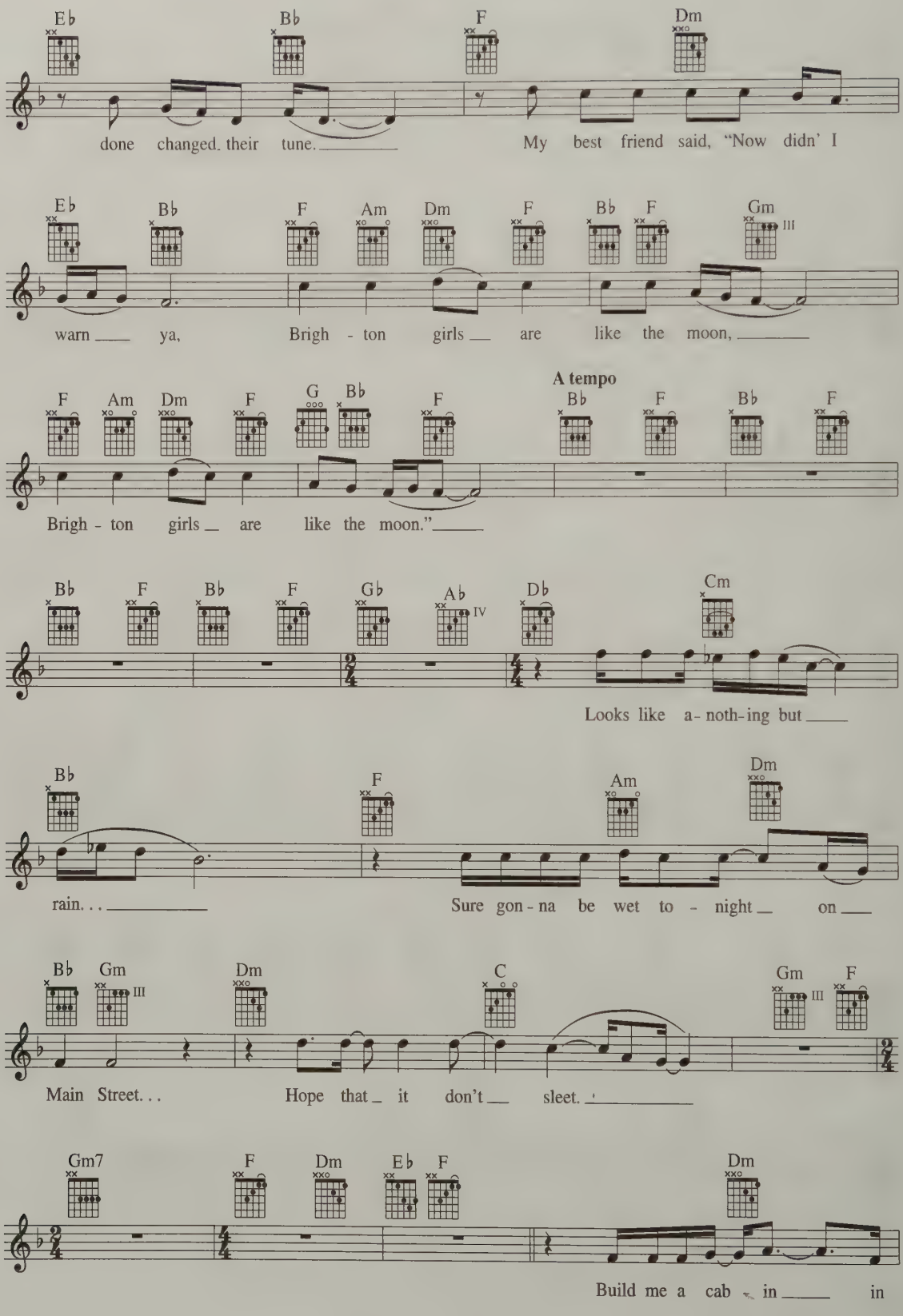
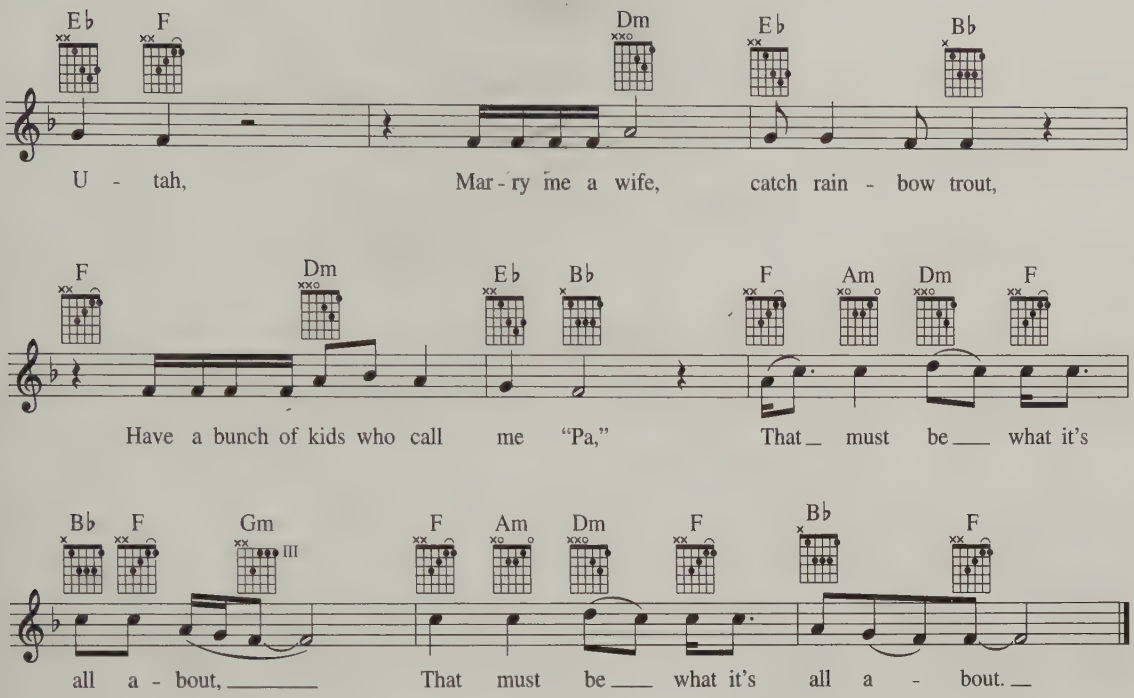
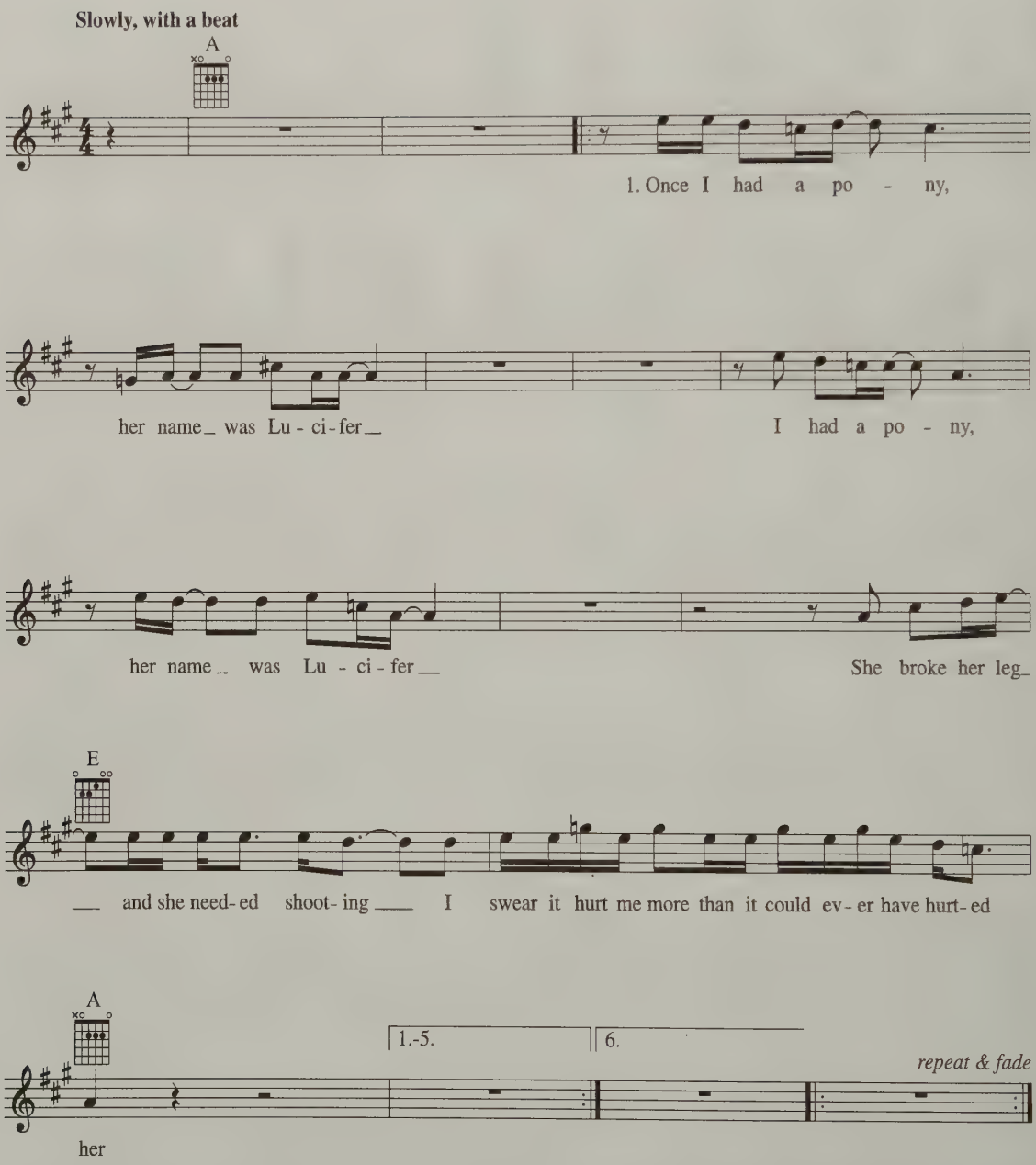

E♭ B♭ F Dm
done changed. their tune. My best friend said, "Now didn' I
E♭ B♭ F Am Dm F B♭ F Gm III
warn ya, Brigh - ton girls are like the moon,
A tempo
F Am Dm F G B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F
Brigh - ton girls are like the moon."
B♭ F B♭ F G♭ A♭ IV D♭ Cm
Looks like a - noth - ing but
B♭ F Am Dm
rain. . . Sure gon - na be wet to - night on
B♭ Gm III Dm C Gm III F
Main Street. . . Hope that it don't sleet.
Gm7 F Dm E♭ F Dm
Build me a cab in in


E♭ F Dm E♭ B♭
U - tah, Mar - ry me a wife, catch rain - bow trout,
F Dm E♭ B♭ F Am Dm F
Have a bunch of kids who call me "Pa," That must be what it's
B♭ F Gm III F Am Dm F B♭ F
all a - bout, That must be what it's all a - bout.

New Pony

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly, with a beat
A
1. Once I had a po - ny,
her name_ was Lu - ci - fer_
I had a po - ny,
her name_ was Lu - ci - fer__
She broke her leg_
E
__ and she need- ed shoot- ing ___ I swear it hurt me more than it could ev - er have hurt- ed
A
1.-5.
6.
repeat & fade
her

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Additional lyrics

2. Sometimes I wonder what's going on in the mind of Miss X
   Sometimes I wonder what's going on in the mind of Miss X
   You know she got such a sweet disposition
   I never know what the poor girl's gonna do to me next

3. I got a new pony, she knows how to fox-trot, lope and pace
   Well, I got a new pony, she knows how to fox-trot, lope and pace
   She got great big hind legs
   And long black shaggy hair above her face

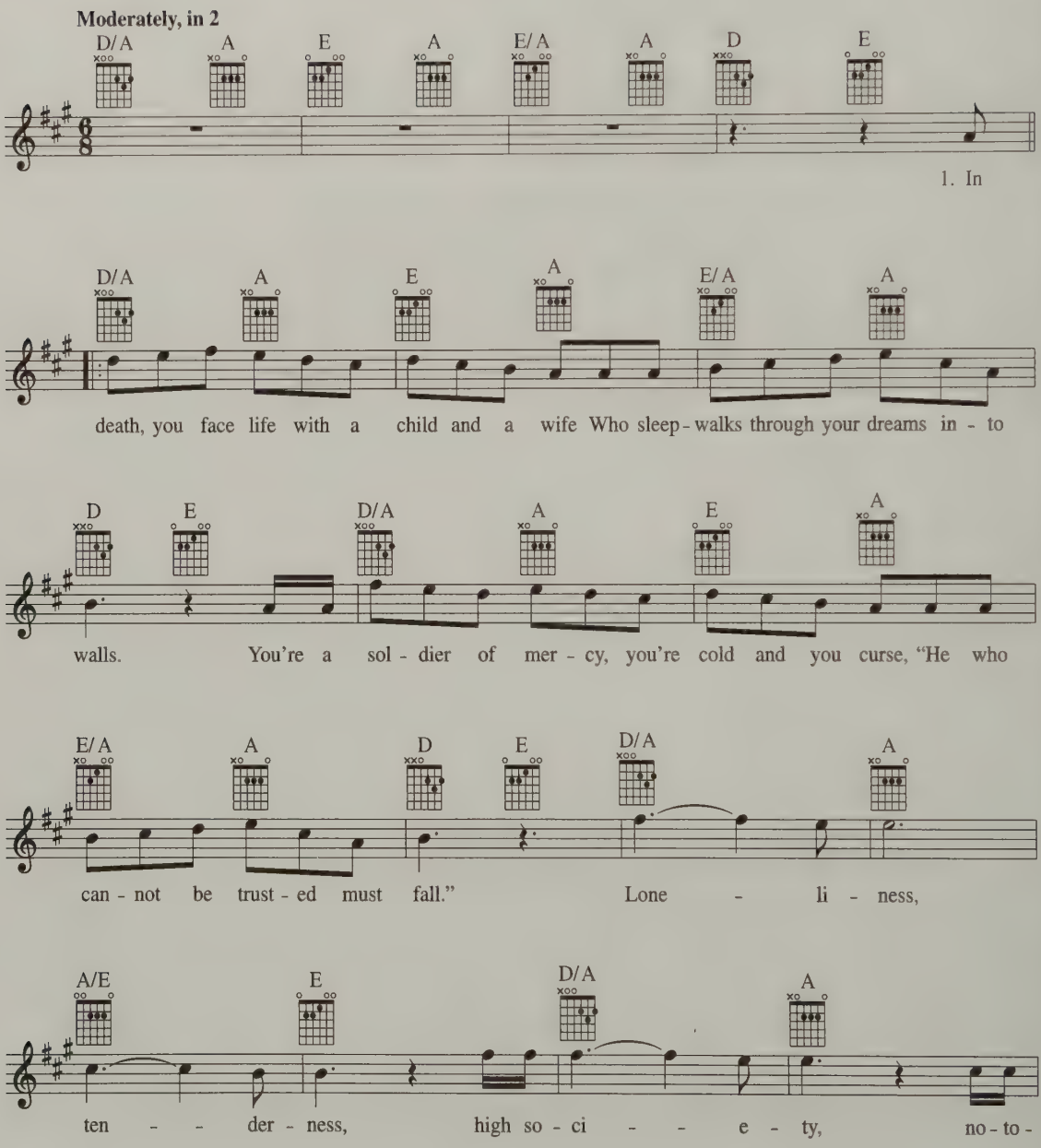
4. Well now, it was early in the mornin', I seen your shadow in the door
   It was early in the mornin', I seen your shadow in the door
   Now, I don't have to ask nobody
   I know what you come here for

5. They say you're usin' voodoo, your feet walk by themselves
   They say you're usin' voodoo, I seen your feet walk by themselves
   Oh, baby, that god you been prayin' to
   Is gonna give ya back what you're wishin' on someone else

6. Come over here pony, I, I wanna climb up one time on you
   Come over here pony, I, I wanna climb up one time on you
   Well, you're so bad and nasty
   But I love you, yes I do

No Time to Think

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately, in 2
D/A A E A E/A A D E
1. In
D/A A E A E/A A
death, you face life with a child and a wife Who sleep - walks through your dreams in - to
D E D/A A E A
walls. You're a sol - dier of mer - cy, you're cold and you curse, "He who
E/A A D E D/A A
can - not be trust - ed must fall." Lone - li - ness,
A/E E D/A A
ten - - der - ness, high so - ci - - e - ty, no - to -

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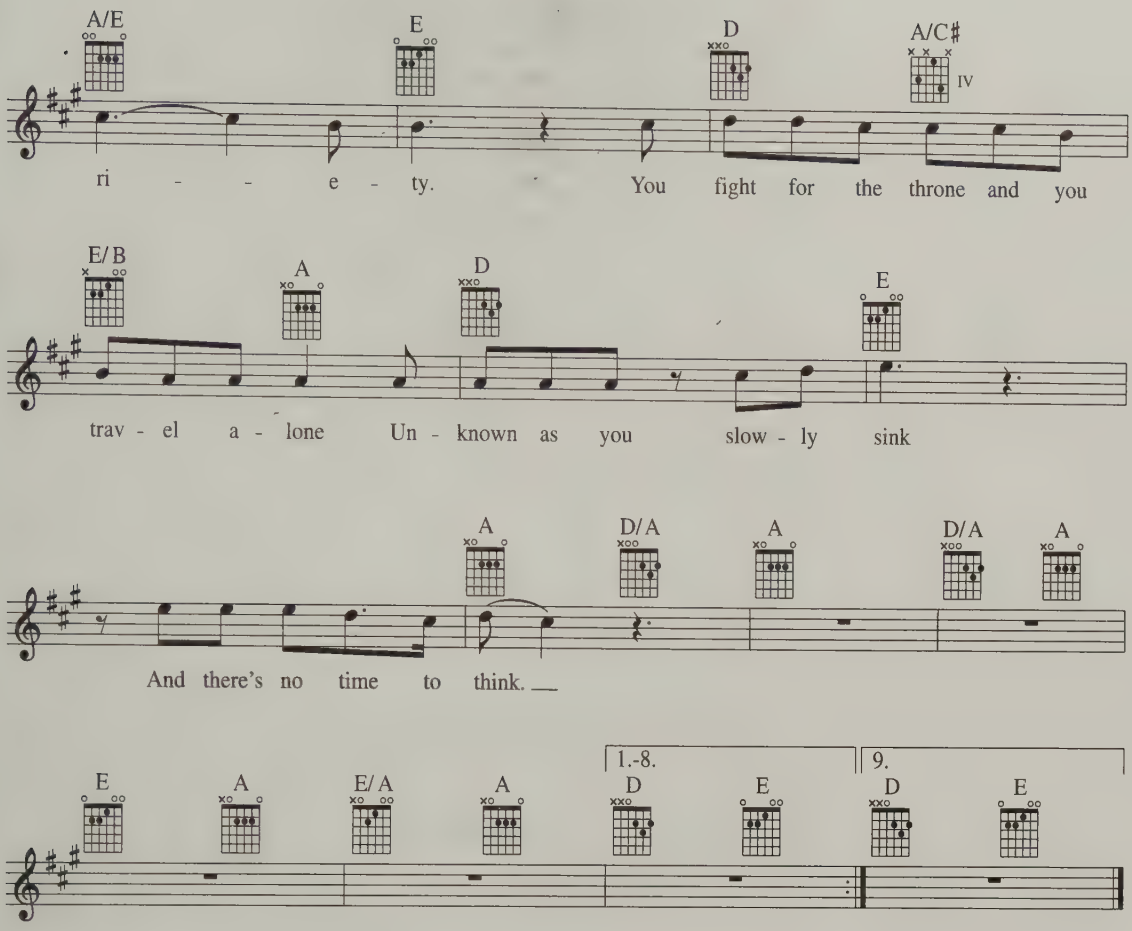


Additional lyrics

2. In the Federal City you been blown and shown pity,
In secret, for pieces of change.
The empress attracts you but oppression distracts you
And it makes you feel violent and strange.

Memory, ecstasy, tyranny, hypocrisy
Betrayed by a kiss on a cool night of bliss
In the valley of the missing link
And you have no time to think.

3. Judges will haunt you, the country priestess will want you
Her worst is better than best.
I've seen all these decoys through a set of deep turquoise eyes
And I feel so depressed.

China doll, alcohol, duality, mortality.
Mercury rules you and destiny fools you
Like the plague, with a dangerous wink
And there's no time to think.

4. Your conscience betrayed you when some tyrant waylaid you
Where the lion lies down with the lamb.
I'd have paid off the traitor and killed him much later
But that's just the way that I am.

Paradise, sacrifice, mortality, reality.
But the magician is quicker and his game
Is much thicker than blood and blacker than ink
And there's no time to think.

5. Anger and jealousy's all that he sells us,
He's content when you're under his thumb.
Madmen oppose him, but your kindness throws him
To survive it you play deaf and dumb.

Equality, liberty, humility, simplicity.
You glance through the mirror and there's eyes staring clear
At the back of your head as you drink
And there's no time to think.

6. Warlords of sorrow and queens of tomorrow
Will offer their heads for a prayer.
You can't find no salvation, you have no expectations
Anytime, anyplace, anywhere.

Mercury, gravity, nobility, humility.
You know you can't keep her and the water gets deeper
That is leading you onto the brink
But there's no time to think.

7. You've murdered your vanity, buried your sanity
For pleasure you must now resist.
Lovers obey you but they cannot sway you
They're not even sure you exist.

Socialism, hypnotism, patriotism, materialism.
Fools making laws for the breaking of jaws
And the sound of the keys as they clink
But there's no time to think.

8. The bridge that you travel on goes to the Babylon girl
With the rose in her hair.
Starlight in the East and you're finally released
You're stranded but with nothing to share.

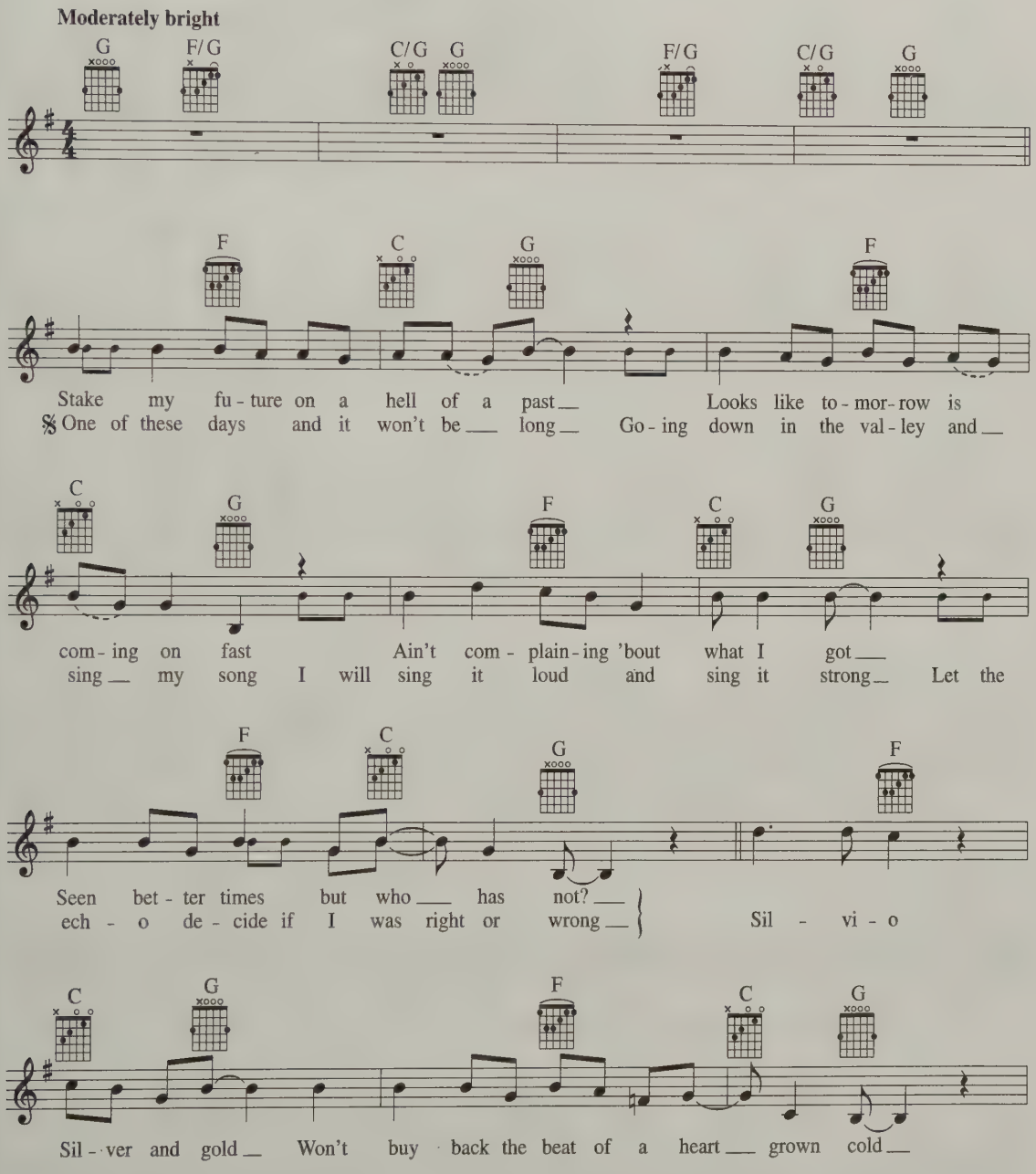
Loyalty, unity, epitome, rigidity.
You turn around for one real last glimpse of Camille
'Neath the moon shinin' bloody and pink
And there's no time to think.

9. Bullets can harm you and death can disarm you
But no, you will not be deceived.
Stripped of all virtue as you crawl through the dirt,
You can give but you cannot receive.

No time to choose when the truth must die,
No time to lose or say goodbye,
No time to prepare for the victim that's there,
No time to suffer or blink
And no time to think.

Silvio

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Robert Hunter


Moderately bright
G F/G C/G G F/G C/G G
F C G F
Stake my fu - ture on a hell of a past Looks like to - mor - row is
One of these days and it won't be long Go - ing down in the val - ley and
C G F C G
com - ing on fast Ain't com - plain - ing 'bout what I got
sing my song I will sing it loud and sing it strong Let the
F C G F
Seen bet - ter times but who has not?
ech - o de - cide if I was right or wrong
Sil - vi - o
C G F C G
Sil - ver and gold Won't buy back the beat of a heart grown cold

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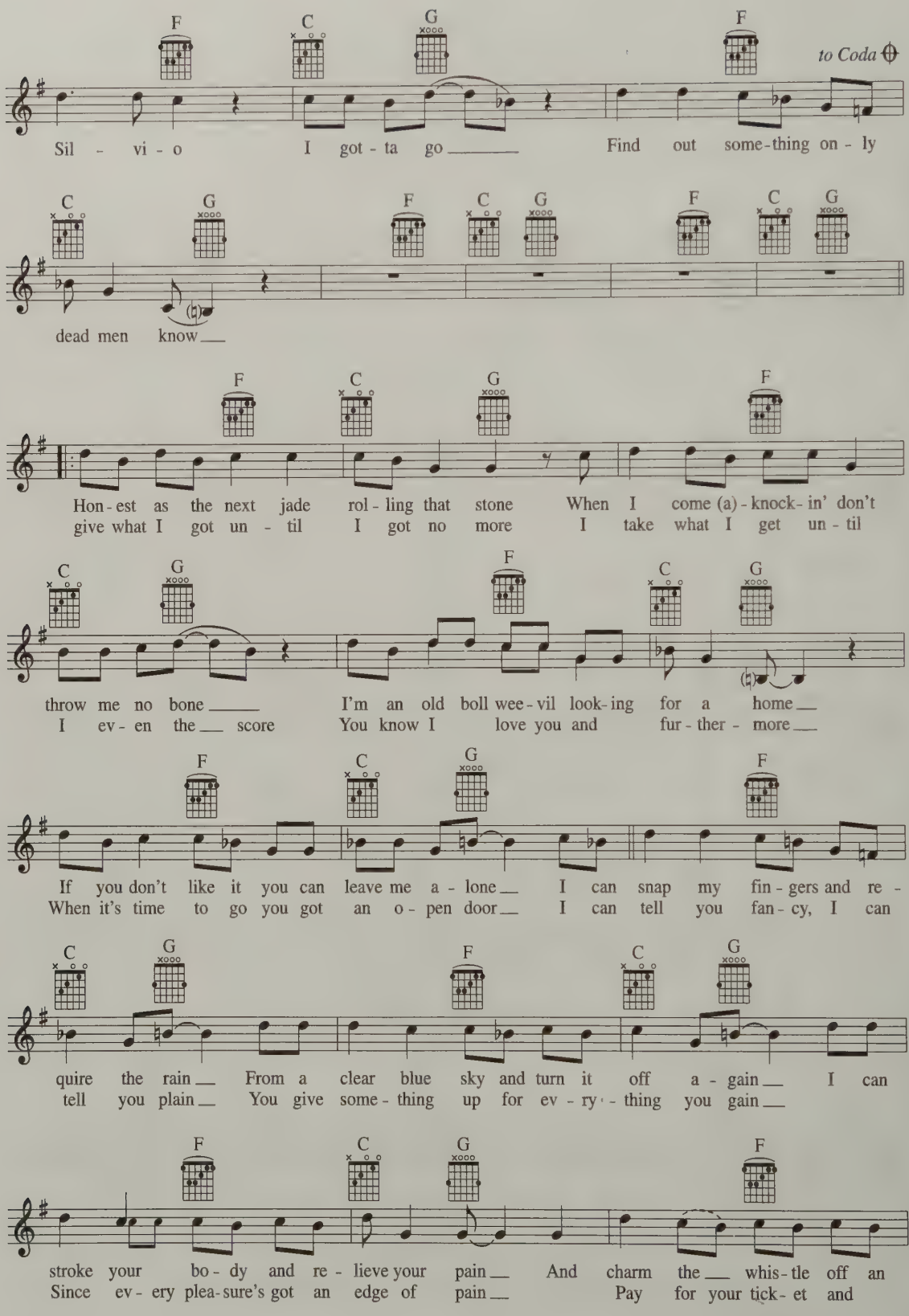
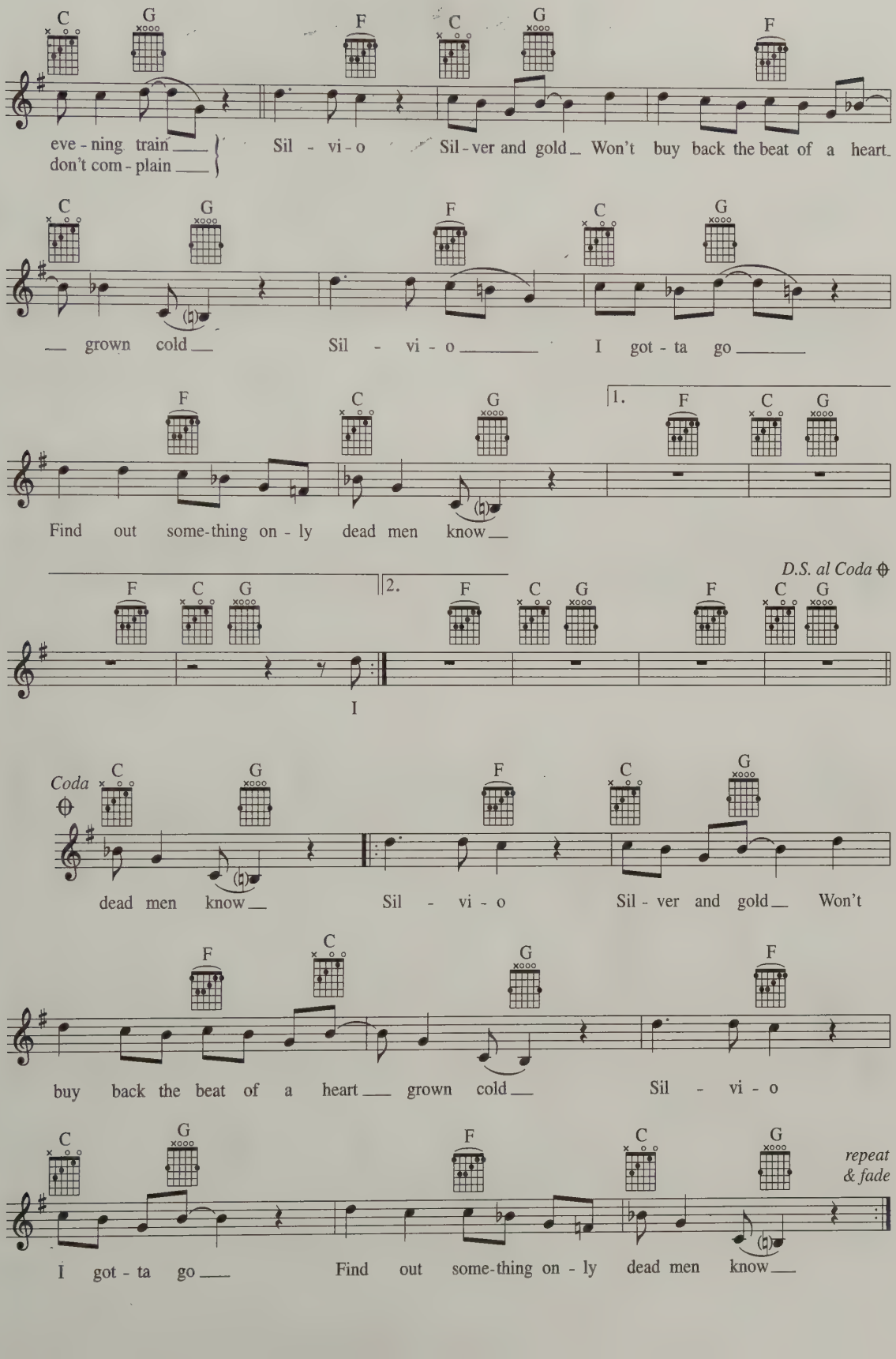
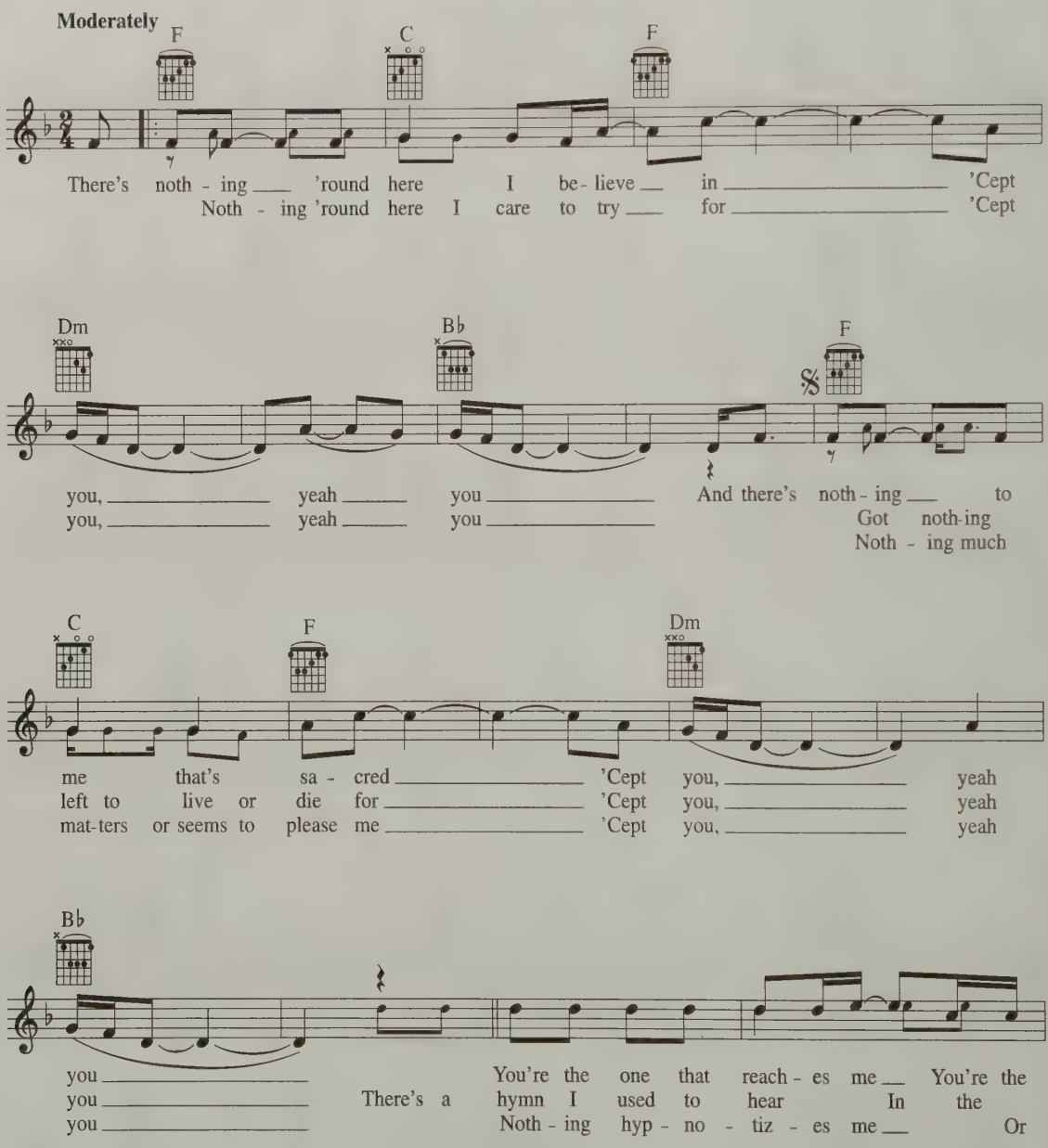

F C G F to Coda
Sil - vi - o I got - ta go Find out some - thing on - ly
C G F C G F C G
dead men know
F C G F
Hon - est as the next jade rol - ling that stone When I come (a) - knock - in' don't
give what I got un - til I got no more I take what I get un - til
C G F C G
throw me no bone I'm an old boll wee - vil look - ing for a home
I ev - en the score You know I love you and fur - ther - more
F C G F
If you don't like it you can leave me a - lone I can snap my fin - gers and re -
When it's time to go you got an o - pen door I can tell you fan - cy, I can
C G F C G
quire the rain From a clear blue sky and turn it off a - gain I can
tell you plain You give some - thing up for ev - ry - thing you gain
F C G F
stroke your bo - dy and re - lieve your pain And charm the whis - tle off an
Since ev - ery plea - sure's got an edge of pain Pay for your tick - et and


C G F C G F
eve - ning train ___ Sil - vi - o Sil - ver and gold ___ Won't buy back the beat of a heart ___
don't com - plain ___
C G F C G
___ grown cold ___ Sil - vi - o ___ I got - ta go ___
F C G 1. F C G
Find out some-thing on - ly dead men know ___
D.S. al Coda
F C G 2. F C G F C G
I
Coda
C G F C G
dead men know ___ Sil - vi - o Sil - ver and gold ___ Won't
F C G F
buy back the beat of a heart ___ grown cold ___ Sil - vi - o
C G F C G
repeat & fade
I got - ta go ___ Find out some-thing on - ly dead men know ___

Nobody 'Cept You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
F
C
F
There's noth - ing 'round here I be - lieve in 'Cept
Noth - ing 'round here I care to try for 'Cept
Dm
B♭
F
you, yeah you
you, yeah you
And there's noth - ing to
Got noth-ing
Noth - ing much
C
F
Dm
me that's sa - cred 'Cept you, yeah
left to live or die for 'Cept you, yeah
mat-ters or seems to please me 'Cept you, yeah
B♭
you
you
you
There's a
You're the one that reach - es me You're the
hymn I used to hear In the
Noth - ing hyp - no - tiz - es me Or

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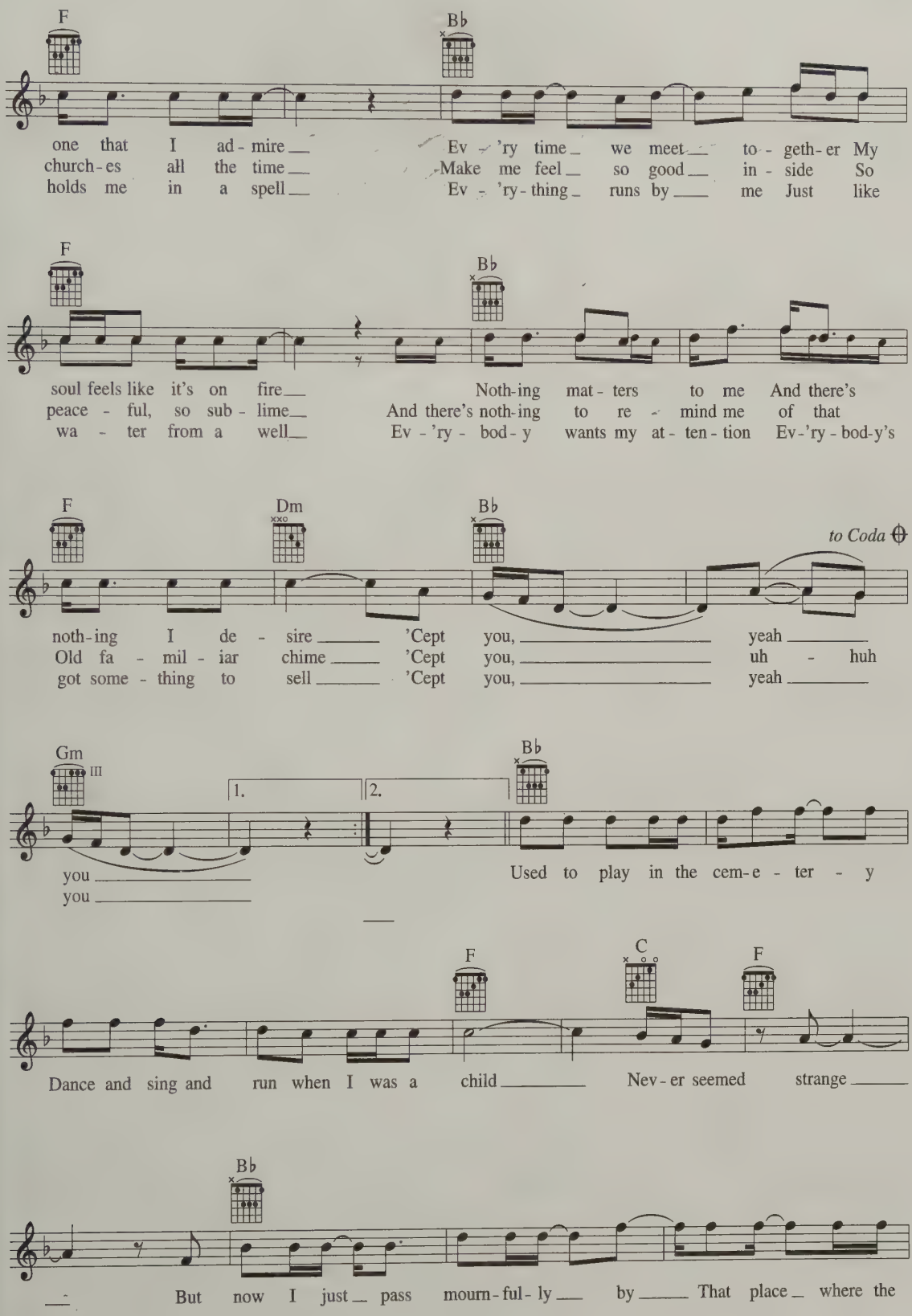
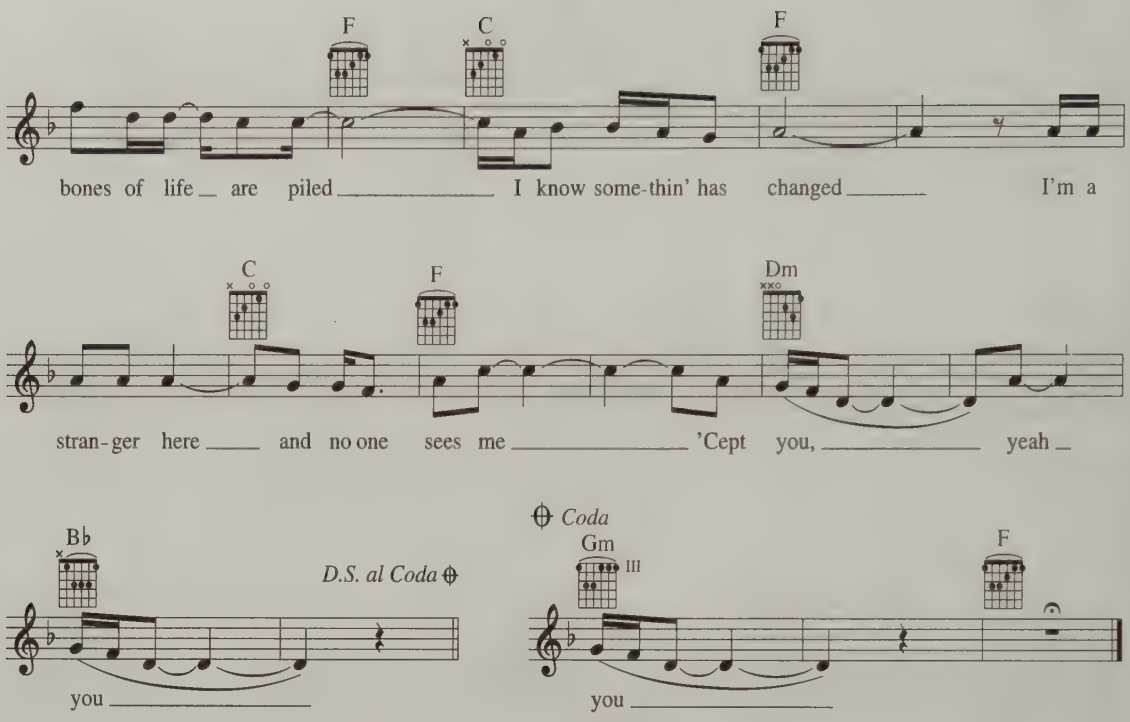
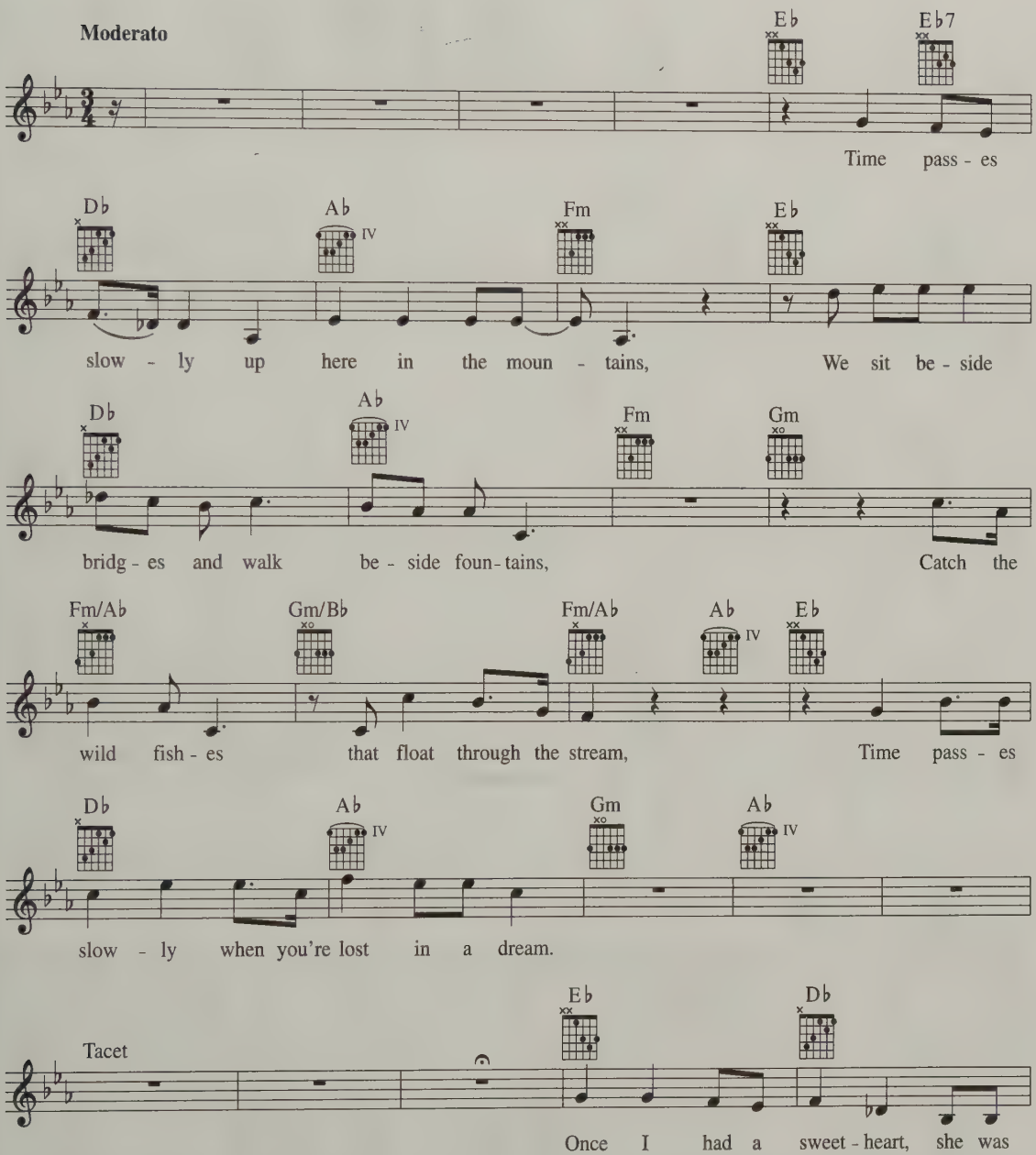

F
B♭
one that I ad - mire Ev - 'ry time we meet to - geth - er My
church - es all the time Make me feel so good in - side So
holds me in a spell Ev - 'ry - thing runs by me Just like
F
B♭
soul feels like it's on fire Noth - ing mat - ters to me And there's
peace - ful, so sub - lime And there's noth - ing to re - mind me of that
wa - ter from a well Ev - 'ry - bod - y wants my at - ten - tion Ev - 'ry - bod - y's
F
Dm
B♭
to Coda
noth - ing I de - sire 'Cept you, yeah
Old fa - mil - iar chime 'Cept you, uh - huh
got some - thing to sell 'Cept you, yeah
Gm
III
B♭
1.
2.
you
you
Used to play in the cem - e - ter - y
F
C
F
Dance and sing and run when I was a child Nev - er seemed strange
B♭
But now I just pass mourn - ful - ly by That place where the

F
C
F
bones of life are piled I know some-thin' has changed I'm a
C
F
Dm
stran-ger here and no one sees me 'Cept you, yeah
B♭
D.S. al Coda
you
Coda
Gm
III
F
you

Time Passes Slowly

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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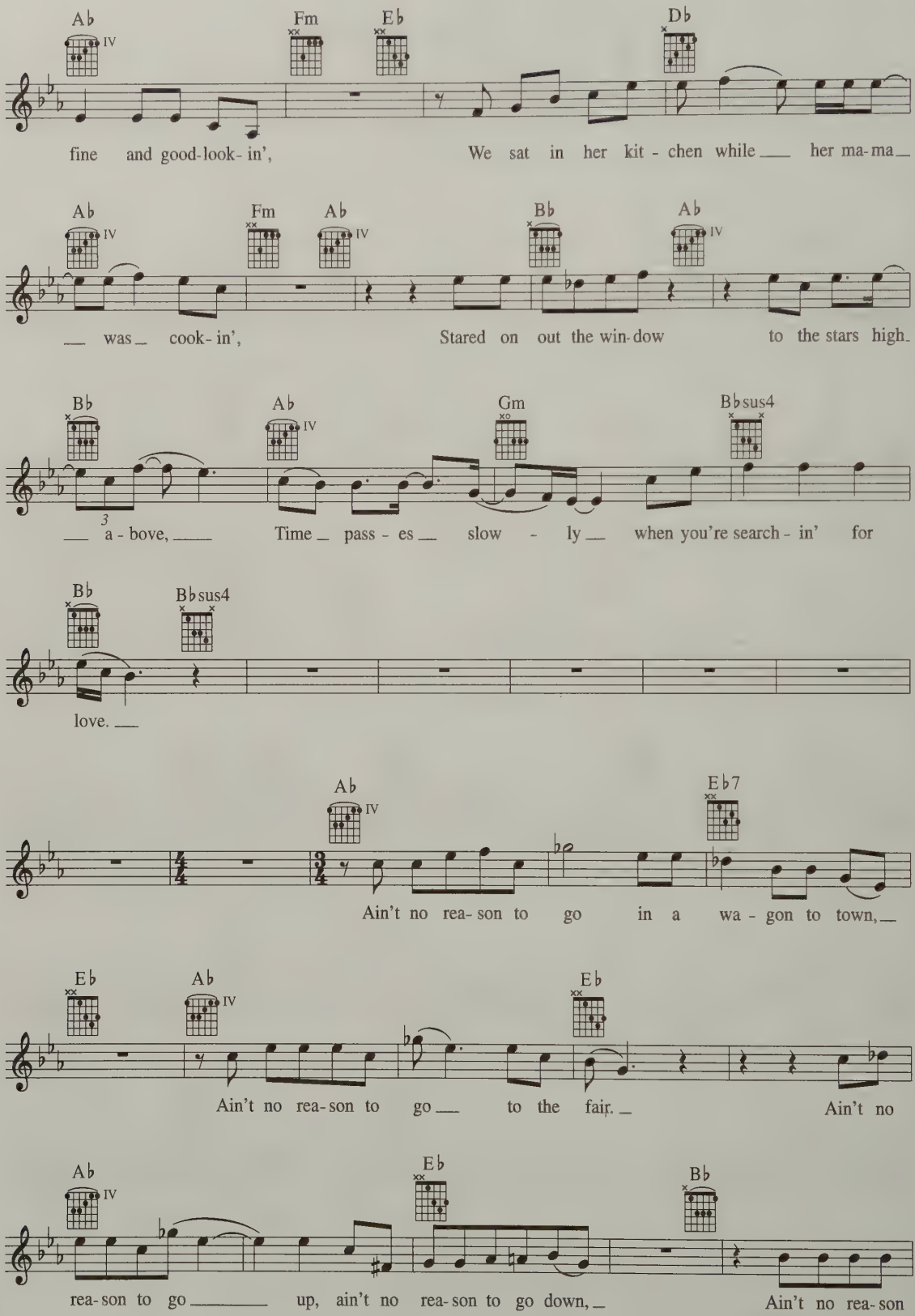
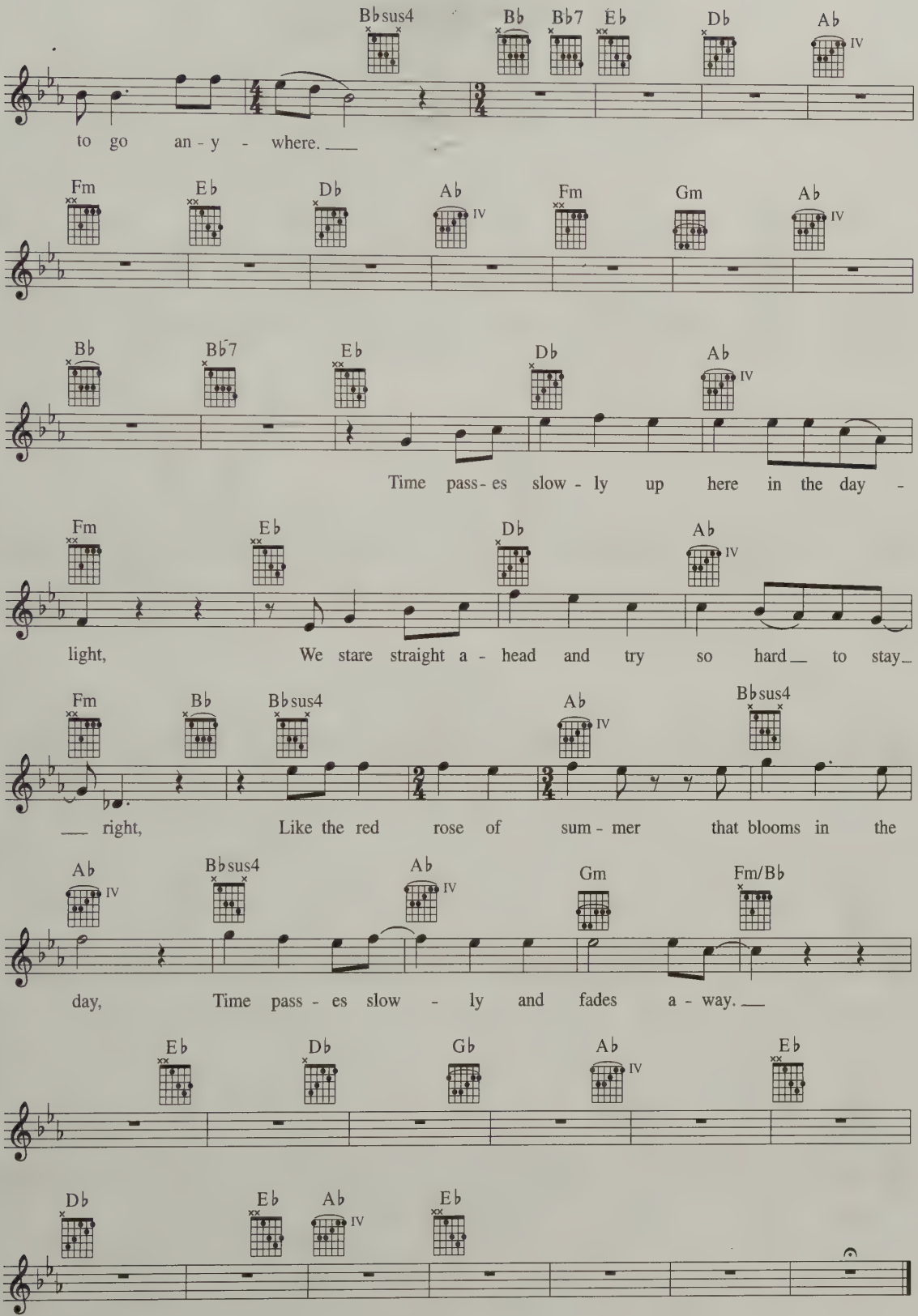
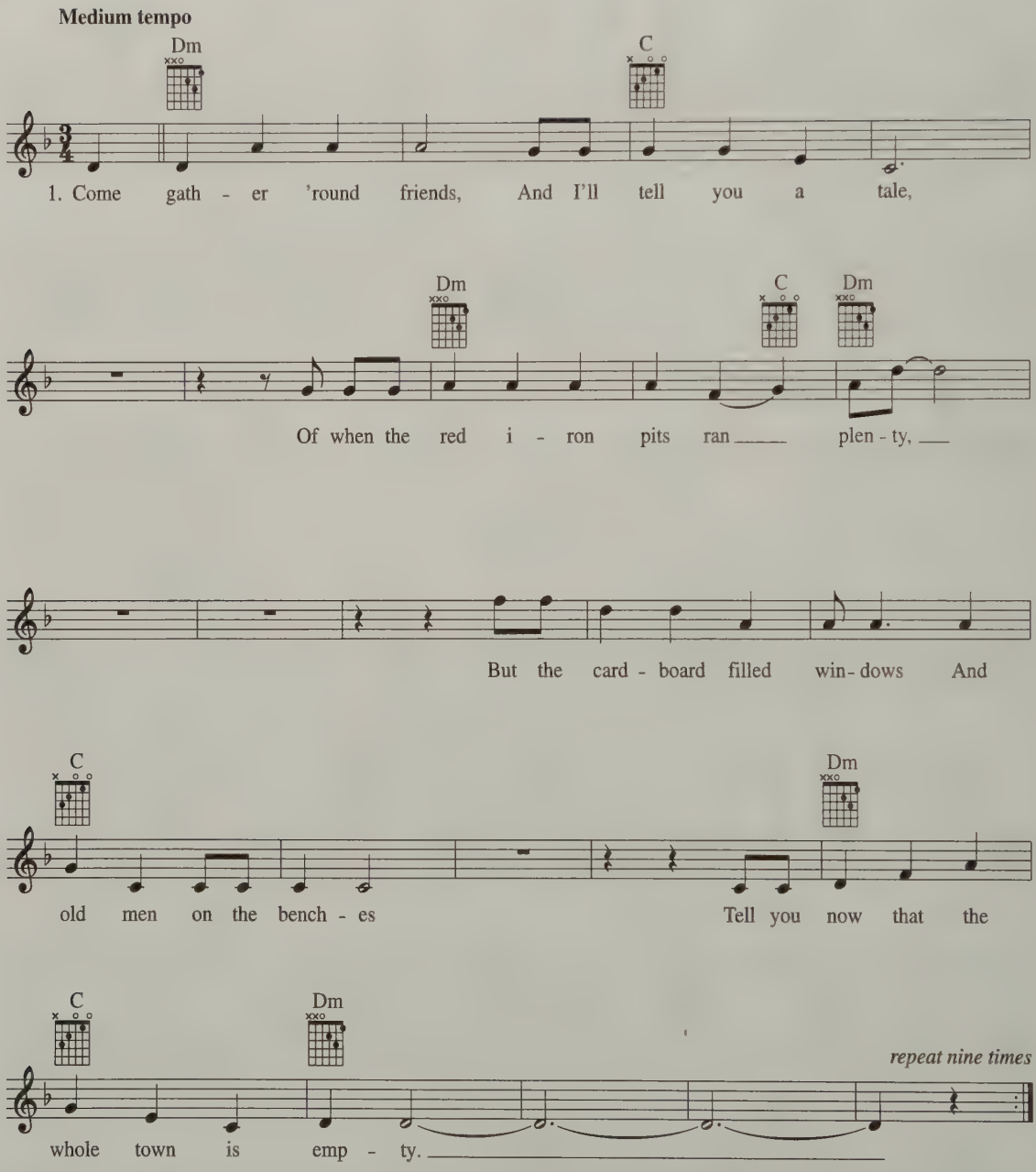

A♭ IV
Fm
E♭
D♭
fine and good-look- in', We sat in her kit - chen while her ma-ma
A♭ IV
Fm
A♭ IV
B♭
A♭ IV
was cook- in', Stared on out the win-dow to the stars high-
B♭
A♭ IV
Gm
B♭sus4
3
a - bove, Time pass - es slow - ly when you're search - in' for
B♭
B♭sus4
love.
A♭ IV
E♭7
Ain't no rea- son to go in a wa - gon to town,
E♭
A♭ IV
E♭
Ain't no rea- son to go to the fair. Ain't no
A♭ IV
E♭
B♭
rea- son to go up, ain't no rea- son to go down, Ain't no rea- son


Bbsus4 Bb Bb7 Eb Db Ab IV
to go an - y - where. ___
Fm Eb Db Ab IV Fm Gm Ab IV
Bb Bb7 Eb Db Ab IV
Time pass - es slow - ly up here in the day -
Fm Eb Db Ab IV
light, We stare straight a - head and try so hard ___ to stay ___
Fm Bb Bbsus4 Ab IV Bbsus4
___ right, Like the red rose of sum - mer that blooms in the
Ab IV Bbsus4 Ab IV Gm Fm/Bb
day, Time pass - es slow - ly and fades a - way. ___
Eb Db Gb Ab IV Eb
Db Eb Ab IV Eb

North Country Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium tempo
Dm
C
1. Come gath - er 'round friends, And I'll tell you a tale,
Dm
C
Dm
Of when the red i - ron pits ran plen - ty,
But the card - board filled win - dows And
C
Dm
old men on the bench - es Tell you now that the
C
Dm
repeat nine times
whole town is emp - ty.

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Additional lyrics

2. In the north end of town,
My own children are grown
But I was raised on the other.
In the wee hours of youth,
My mother took sick
And I was brought up by my brother.

3. The iron ore poured
As the years passed the door,
The drag lines an' the shovels they was a-humming.
'Til one day my brother
Failed to come home
The same as my father before him.

4. Well a long winter's wait,
From the window I watched.
My friends they couldn't have been kinder.
And my schooling was cut
As I quit in the spring
To marry John Thomas, a miner.

5. Oh the years passed again
And the givin' was good,
With the lunch bucket filled every season.
What with three babies born,
The work was cut down
To a half a day's shift with no reason.

6. Then the shaft was soon shut
And more work was cut,
And the fire in the air, it felt frozen.
'Til a man come to speak
And he said in one week
That number eleven was closin'.

7. They complained in the East,
They are paying too high.
They say that your ore ain't worth digging.
That it's much cheaper down
In the South American towns
Where the miners work almost for nothing.

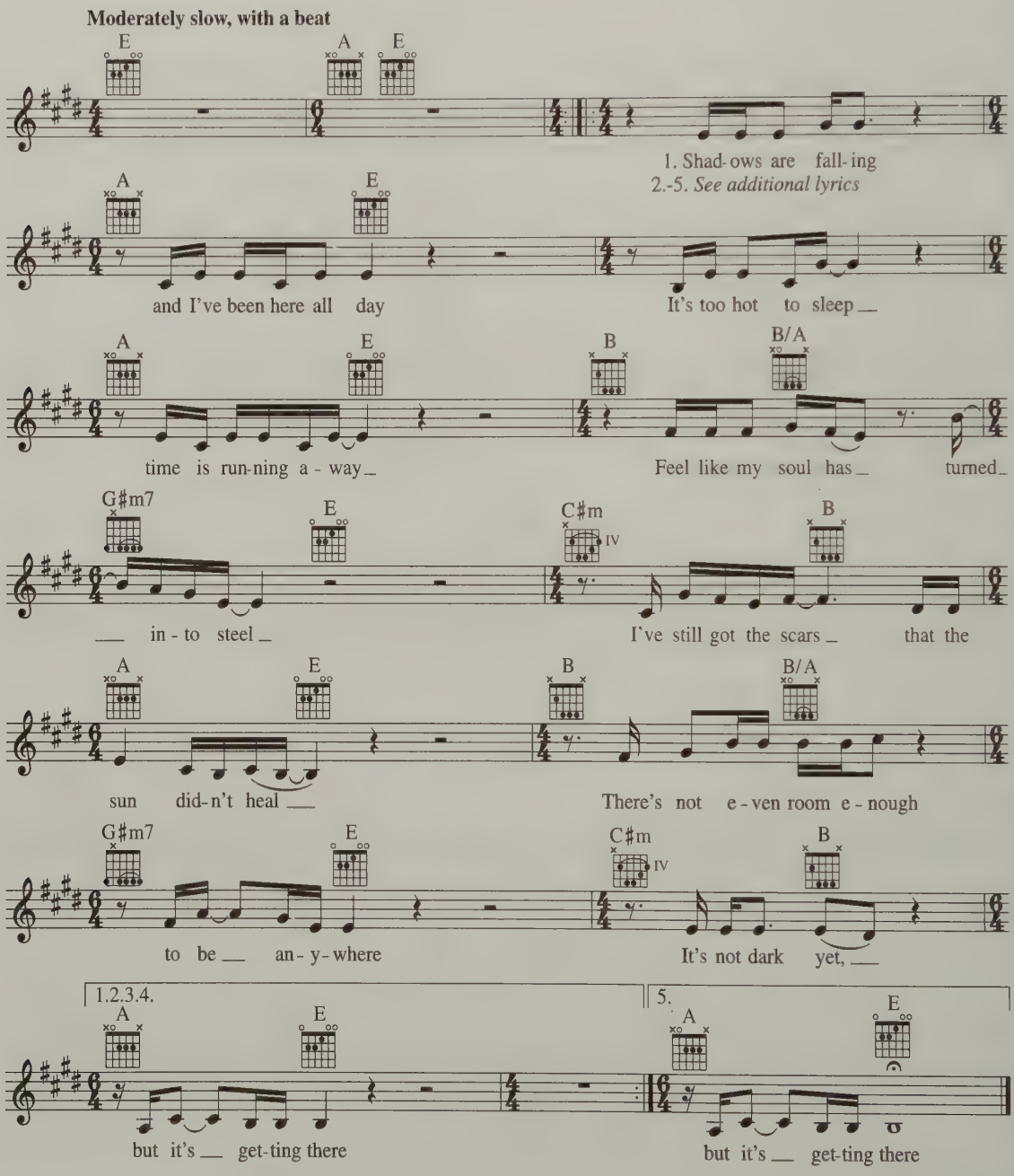
8. So the mining gates locked
And the red iron rotted
And the room smelled heavy from drinking.
Where the sad, silent song
Made the hour twice as long
As I waited for the sun to go sinking.

9. I lived by the window
As he talked to himself,
This silence of tongues it was building.
Then one morning's wake,
The bed it was bare,
And I's left alone with three children.

10. The summer is gone,
The ground's turning cold,
The stores one by one they're a-foldin'.
My children will go
As soon as they grow.
Well, there ain't nothing here now to hold them.

Not Dark Yet

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

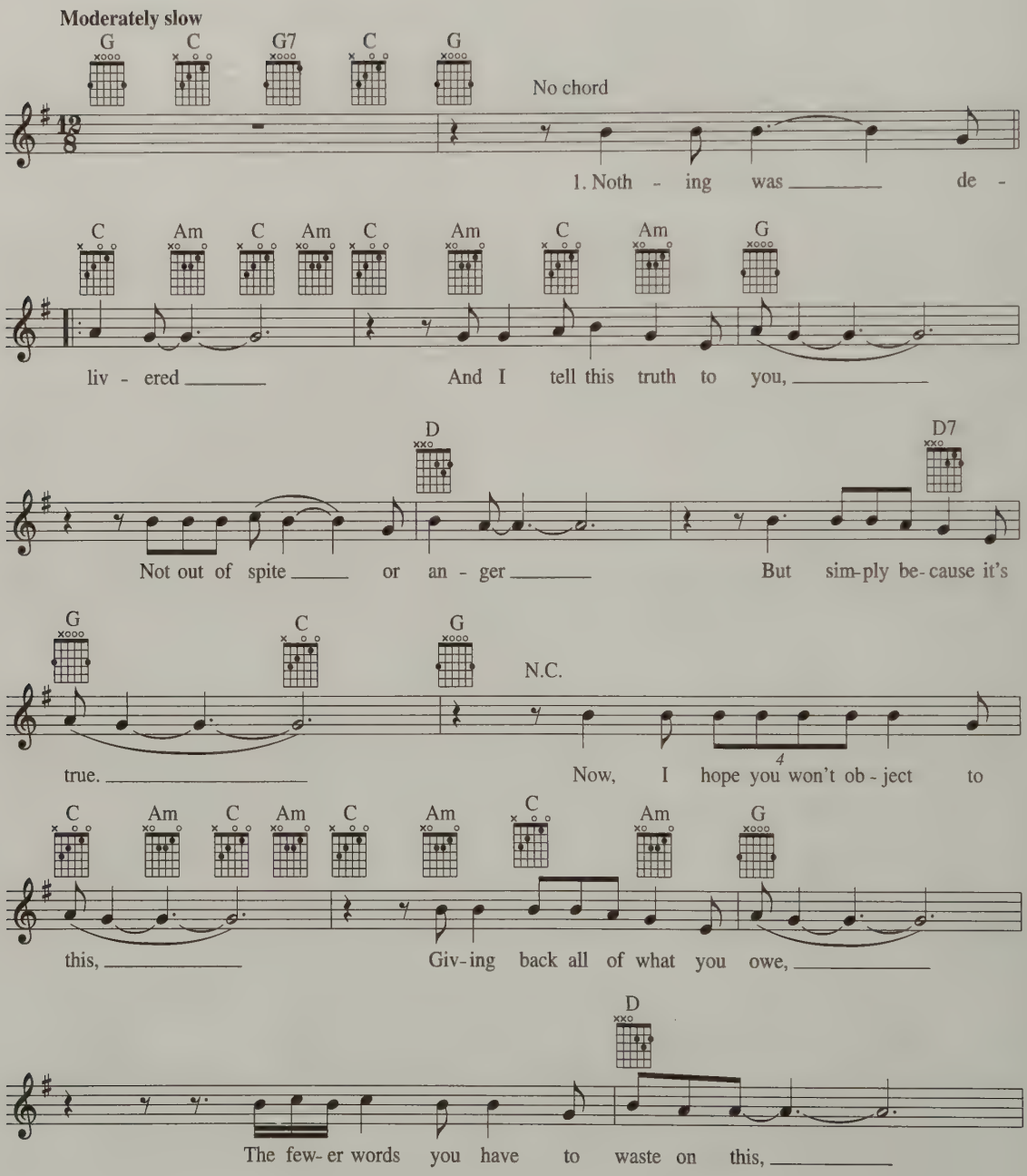
2. Well my sense of humanity has gone down the drain
   Behind every beautiful thing there's been some kind of pain
   She wrote me a letter and she wrote it so kind
   She put down in writing what was in her mind
   I just don't see why I should even care
   It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

3. Well, I've been to London and I've been to gay Paree
   I've followed the river and I got to the sea
   I've been down on the bottom of a world full of lies
   I ain't looking for nothing in anyone's eyes
   Sometimes my burden seems more than I can bear
   It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

4. *Instrumental*

5. I was born here and I'll die here against my will
   I know it looks like I'm moving, but I'm standing still
   Every nerve in my body is so vacant and numb
   I can't even remember what it was I came here to get away from
   Don't even hear a murmur of a prayer
   It's not dark yet, but it's getting there.

Nothing Was Delivered

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately slow
G C G7 C G
No chord
1. Noth - ing was _____ de -
C Am C Am C Am C Am G
liv - ered _____ And I tell this truth to you, _____
D D7
Not out of spite _____ or an - ger _____ But sim-ply be-cause it's
G C G
N.C.
true. _____ Now, I hope you won't ob - ject to
C Am C Am C Am C Am G
this, _____ Giv-ing back all of what you owe, _____
D
The few- er words you have to waste on this, _____

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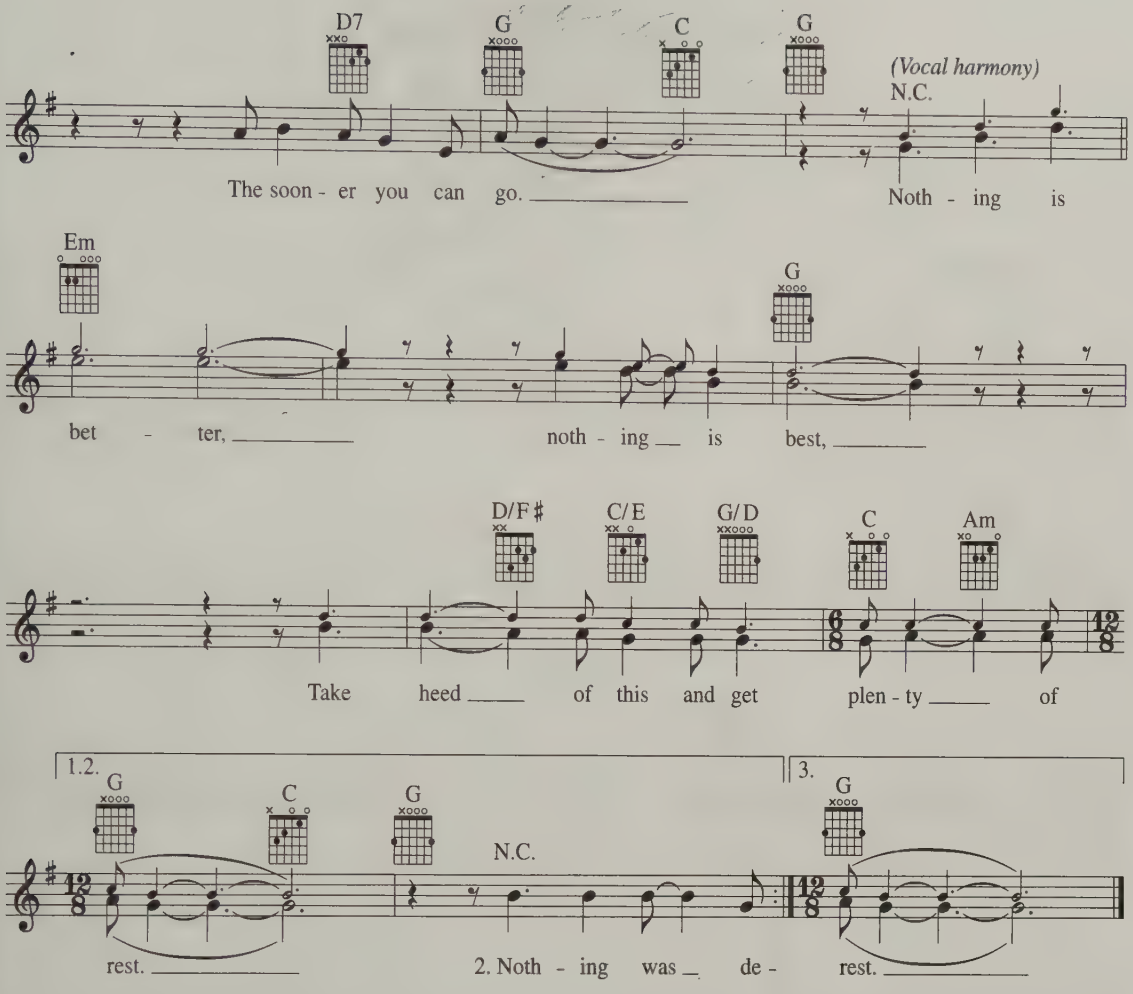


Additional lyrics

2. Nothing was delivered
But I can't say I sympathize
With what your fate is going to be,
Yes, for telling all those lies.
Now you must provide some answers
For what you sell has not been received,
And the sooner you come up with them,
The sooner you can leave.

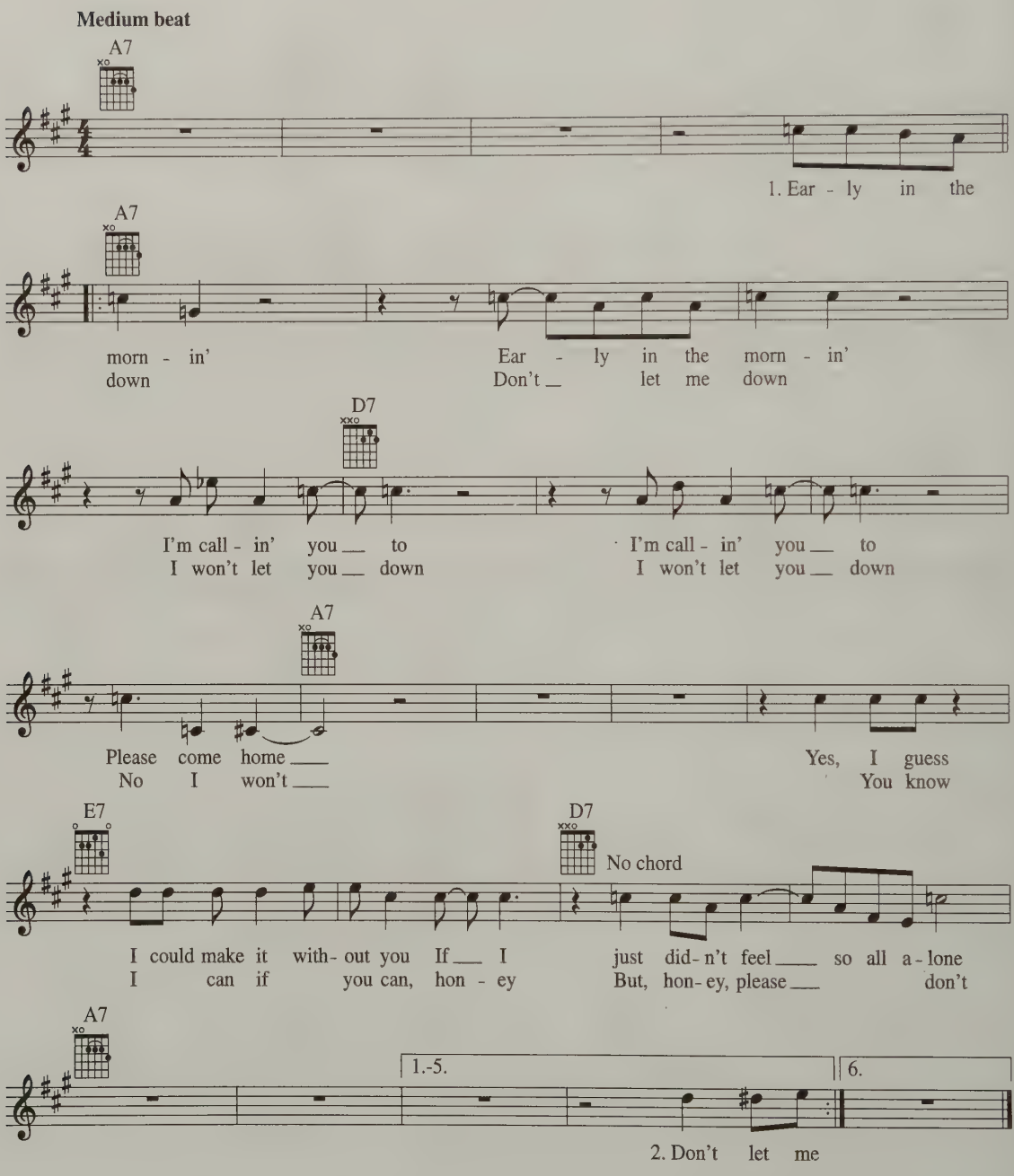
Nothing is better, nothing is best,
Take heed of this and get plenty rest.

3. (Now you know)
Nothing was delivered
And it's up to you to say
Just what you had in mind
When you made ev'rybody pay.
No, nothing was delivered,
Yes, 'n' someone must explain
That as long as it takes to do this
Then that's how long that you'll remain.

Nothing is better, nothing is best,
Take heed of this and get plenty rest.

Obviously Five Believers

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium beat
A7
1. Ear - ly in the
A7
morn - in' Ear - ly in the morn - in'
down Don't _ let me down
D7
I'm call - in' you _ to I'm call - in' you _ to
I won't let you _ down I won't let you _ down
A7
Please come home ___ Yes, I guess
No I won't ___ You know
E7
D7
No chord
I could make it with- out you If ___ I just did- n't feel ___ so all a - lone
I can if you can, hon - ey But, hon- ey, please ___ don't
A7
1.-5.
6.
2. Don't let me

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Additional lyrics

3. I got my black dog barkin'
   Black dog barkin'
   Yes it is now
   Yes it is now
   Outside my yard
   Yes, I could tell you what he means
   If I just didn't have to try so hard

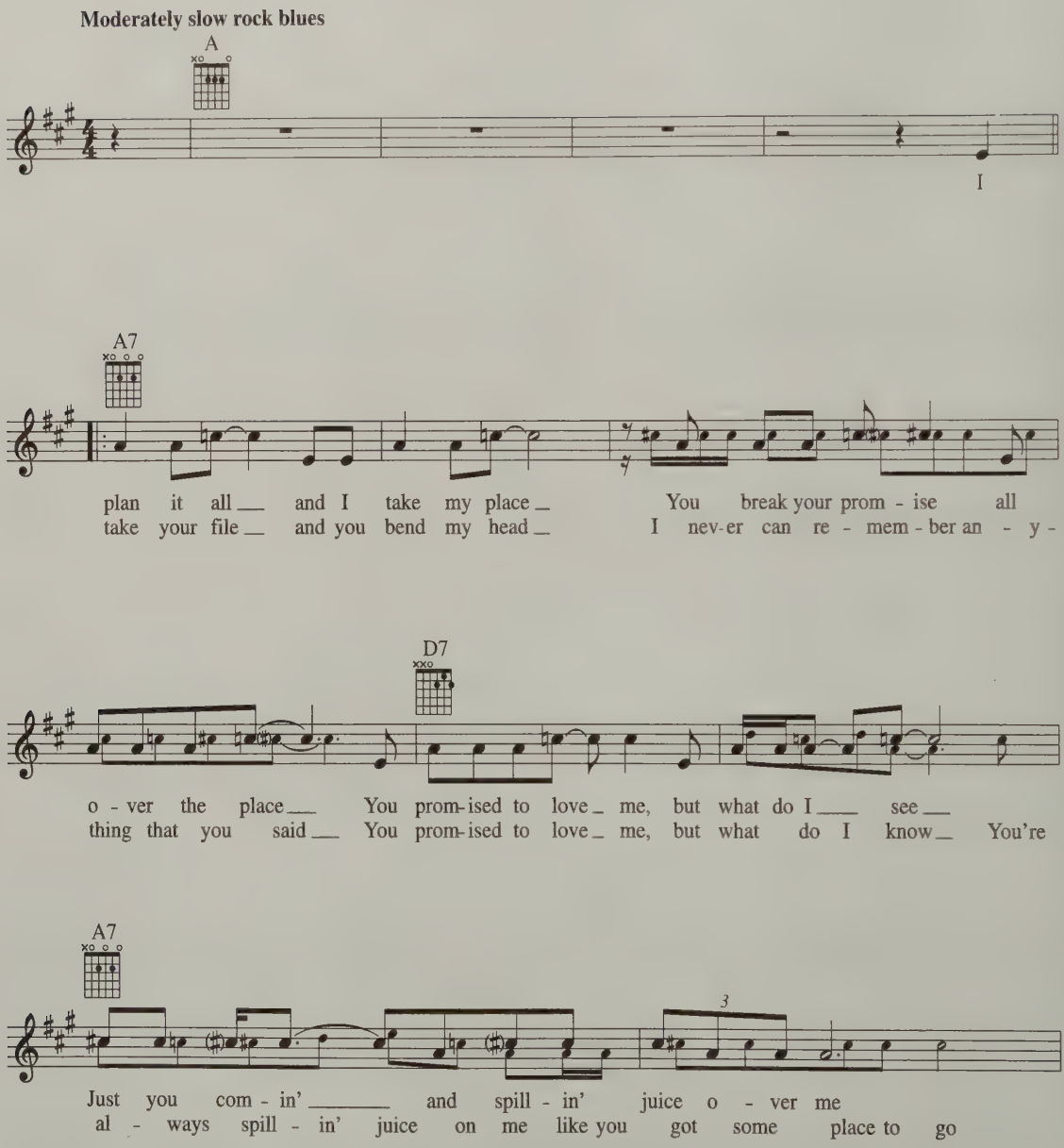
4. Your mama's workin'
   Your mama's moanin'
   She's cryin' you know
   She's tryin' you know
   You better go now
   Well, I'd tell you what she wants
   But I just don't know how

5. Fifteen jugglers
   Fifteen jugglers
   Five believers
   Five believers
   All dressed like men
   Tell yo' mama not to worry because
   They're just my friends

6. Early in the mornin'
   Early in the mornin'
   I'm callin' you to
   I'm callin' you to
   Please come home
   Yes, I could make it without you
   If I just did not feel so all alone

Odds and Ends

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow rock blues
A
I
A7
plan it all and I take my place You break your prom - ise all
take your file and you bend my head I nev-er can re - mem - ber an - y -
D7
o - ver the place You prom-ised to love me, but what do I see
thing that you said You prom-ised to love me, but what do I know You're
A7
3
Just you com - in' and spill - in' juice o - ver me
al - ways spill - in' juice on me like you got some place to go

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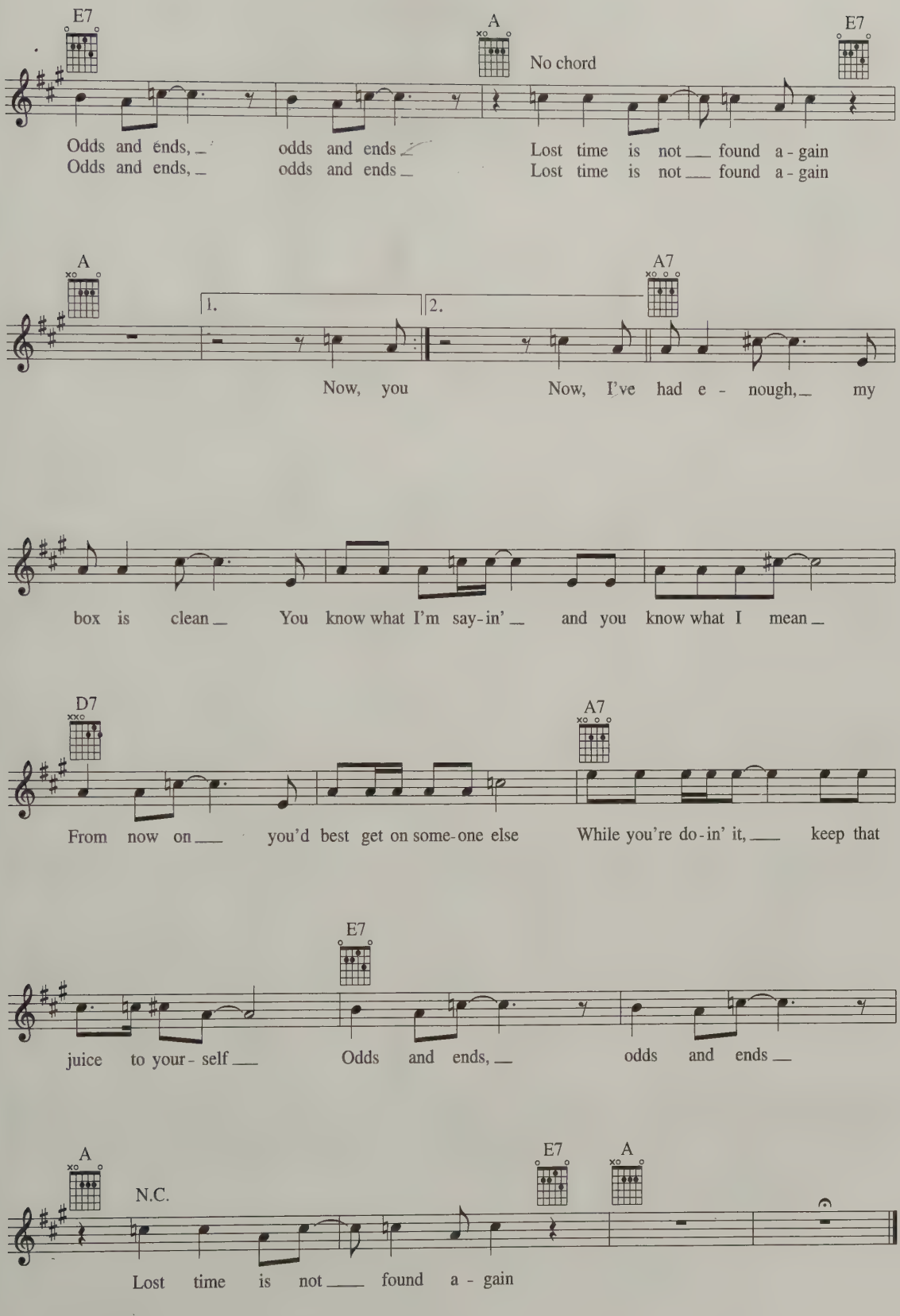
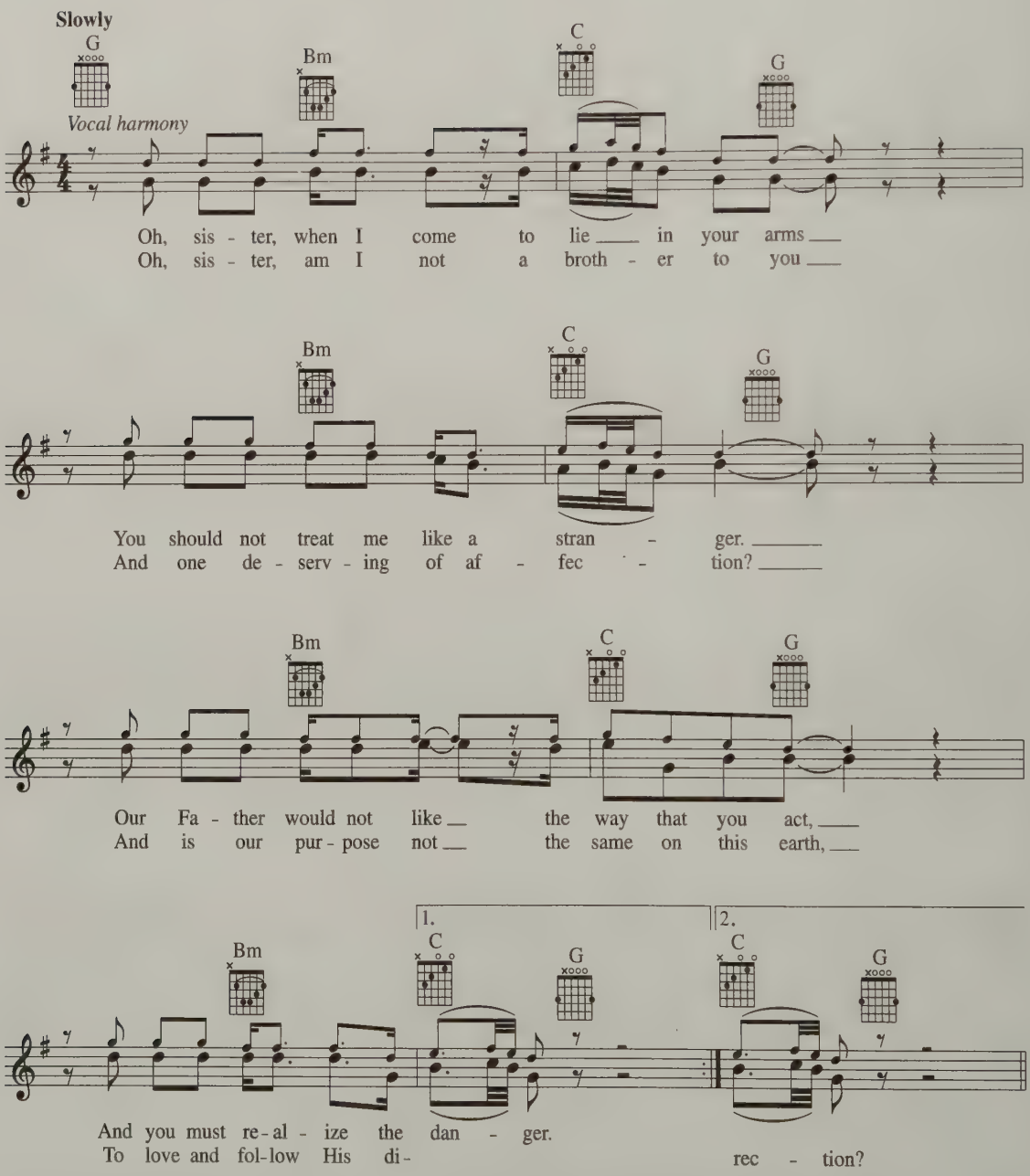

E7
A
No chord
E7
Odds and ends, _ odds and ends _ Lost time is not __ found a - gain
Odds and ends, _ odds and ends _ Lost time is not __ found a - gain
A
1.
2.
A7
Now, you Now, I've had e - nough, _ my
box is clean _ You know what I'm say-in' _ and you know what I mean _
D7
A7
From now on __ you'd best get on some-one else While you're do-in' it, __ keep that
E7
juice to your - self __ Odds and ends, _ odds and ends _
A
N.C.
E7
A
Lost time is not __ found a - gain

Oh, Sister

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy


Slowly
G
Bm
C
G
Vocal harmony
Oh, sis - ter, when I come to lie ___ in your arms ___
Oh, sis - ter, am I not a broth - er to you ___
Bm
C
G
You should not treat me like a stran - ger. ___
And one de - serv - ing of af - fec - tion? ___
Bm
C
G
Our Fa - ther would not like ___ the way that you act, ___
And is our pur - pose not ___ the same on this earth, ___
1.
2.
Bm
C
G
C
G
And you must re - al - ize the dan - ger.
To love and fol - low His di - rec - tion?

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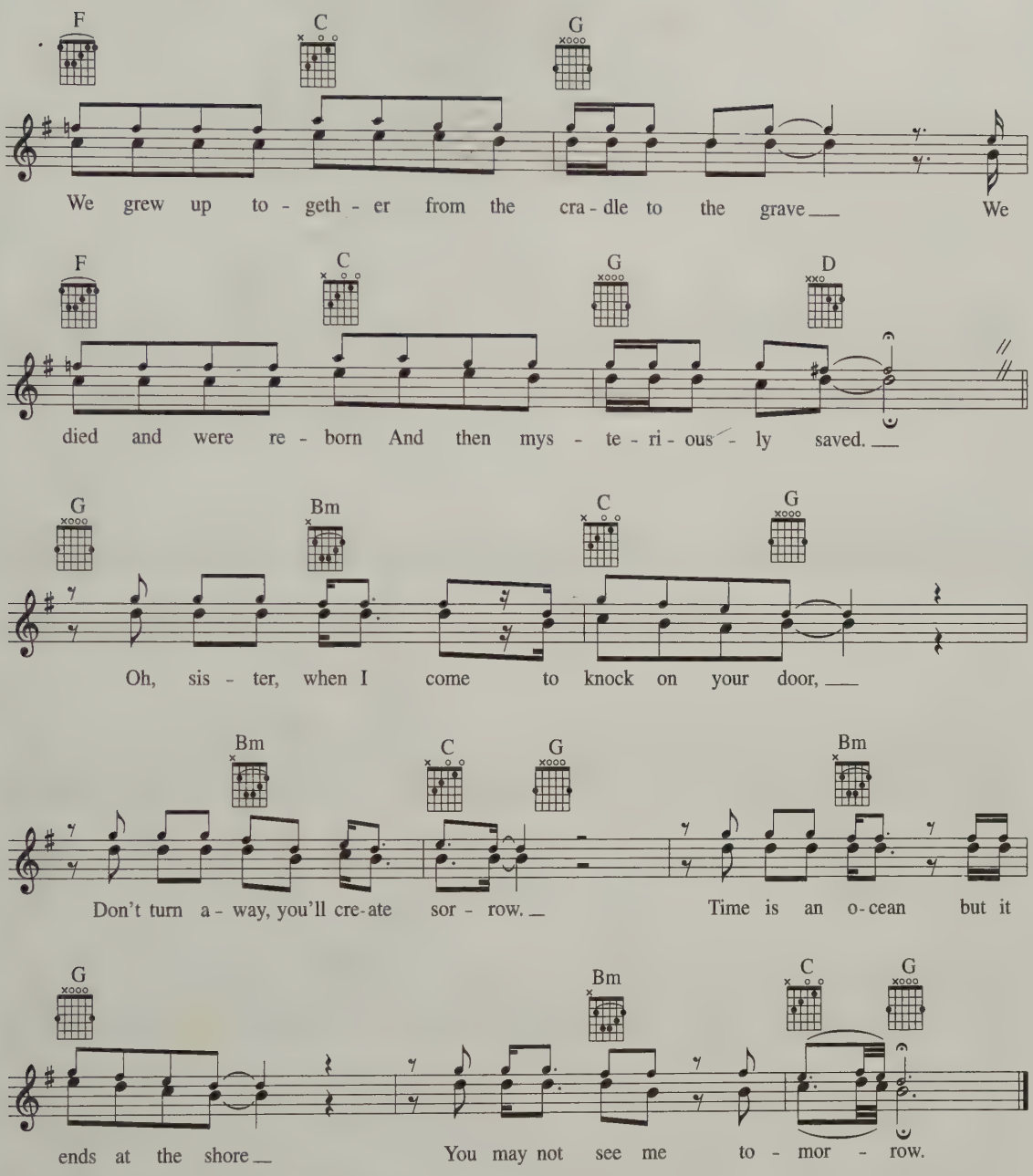
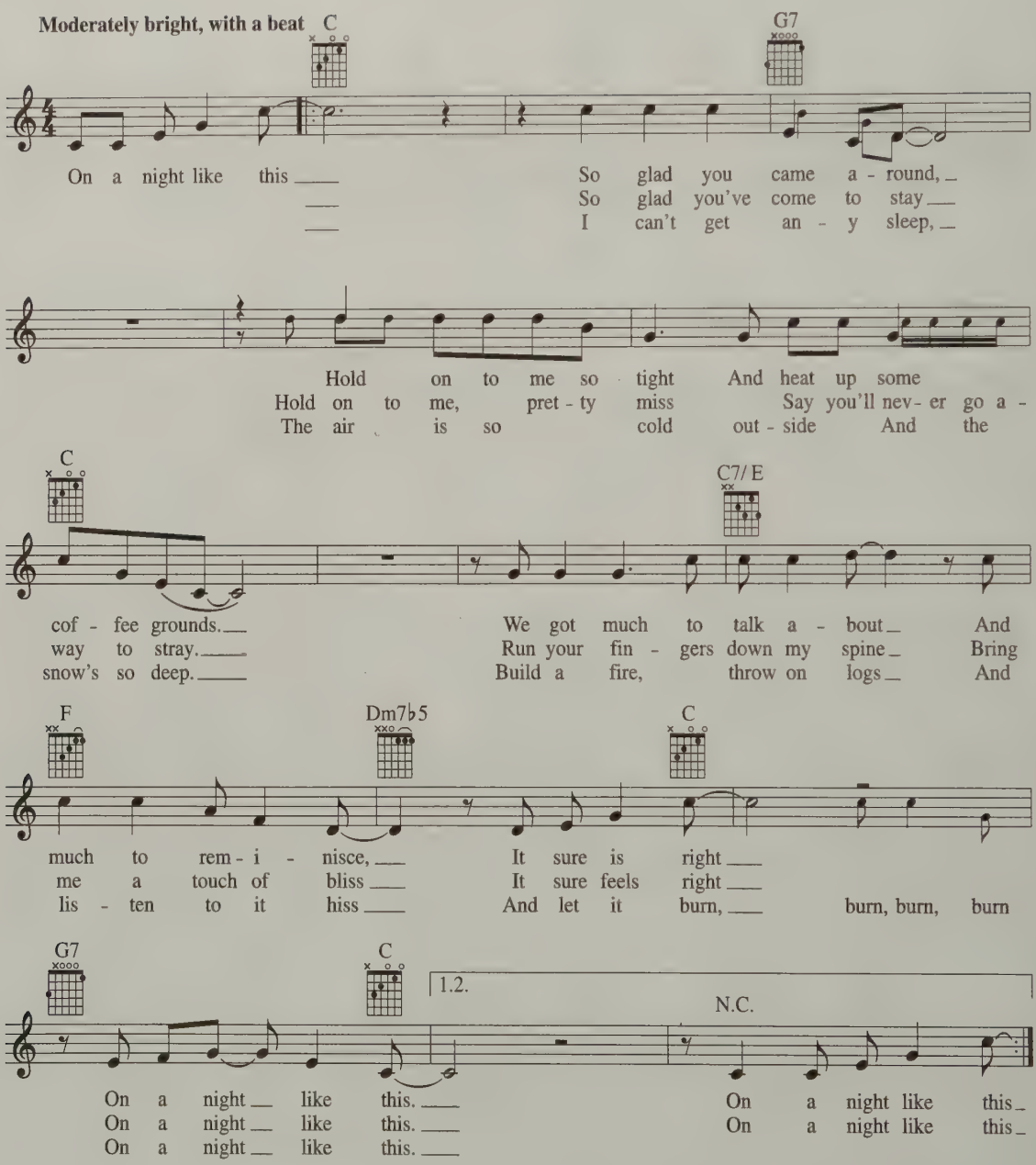

F C G
We grew up to - geth - er from the cra - dle to the grave We
F C G D
died and were re - born And then mys - te - ri - ous - ly saved.
G Bm C G
Oh, sis - ter, when I come to knock on your door,
Bm C G Bm
Don't turn a - way, you'll cre - ate sor - row. Time is an o - cean but it
G Bm C G
ends at the shore You may not see me to - mor - row.

On a Night Like This

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately bright, with a beat
C
G7
On a night like this
So glad you came a - round,
So glad you've come to stay
I can't get an - y sleep,
Hold on to me so tight And heat up some
Hold on to me, pret - ty miss Say you'll nev - er go a -
The air is so cold out - side And the
C
C7/E
cof - fee grounds.
way to stray.
snow's so deep.
We got much to talk a - bout And
Run your fin - gers down my spine Bring
Build a fire, throw on logs And
F
Dm7♭5
C
much to rem - i - nisce,
me a touch of bliss
lis - ten to it hiss
It sure is right
It sure feels right
And let it burn, burn, burn, burn
G7
C
1.2.
N.C.
On a night like this.
On a night like this.
On a night like this.
On a night like this
On a night like this

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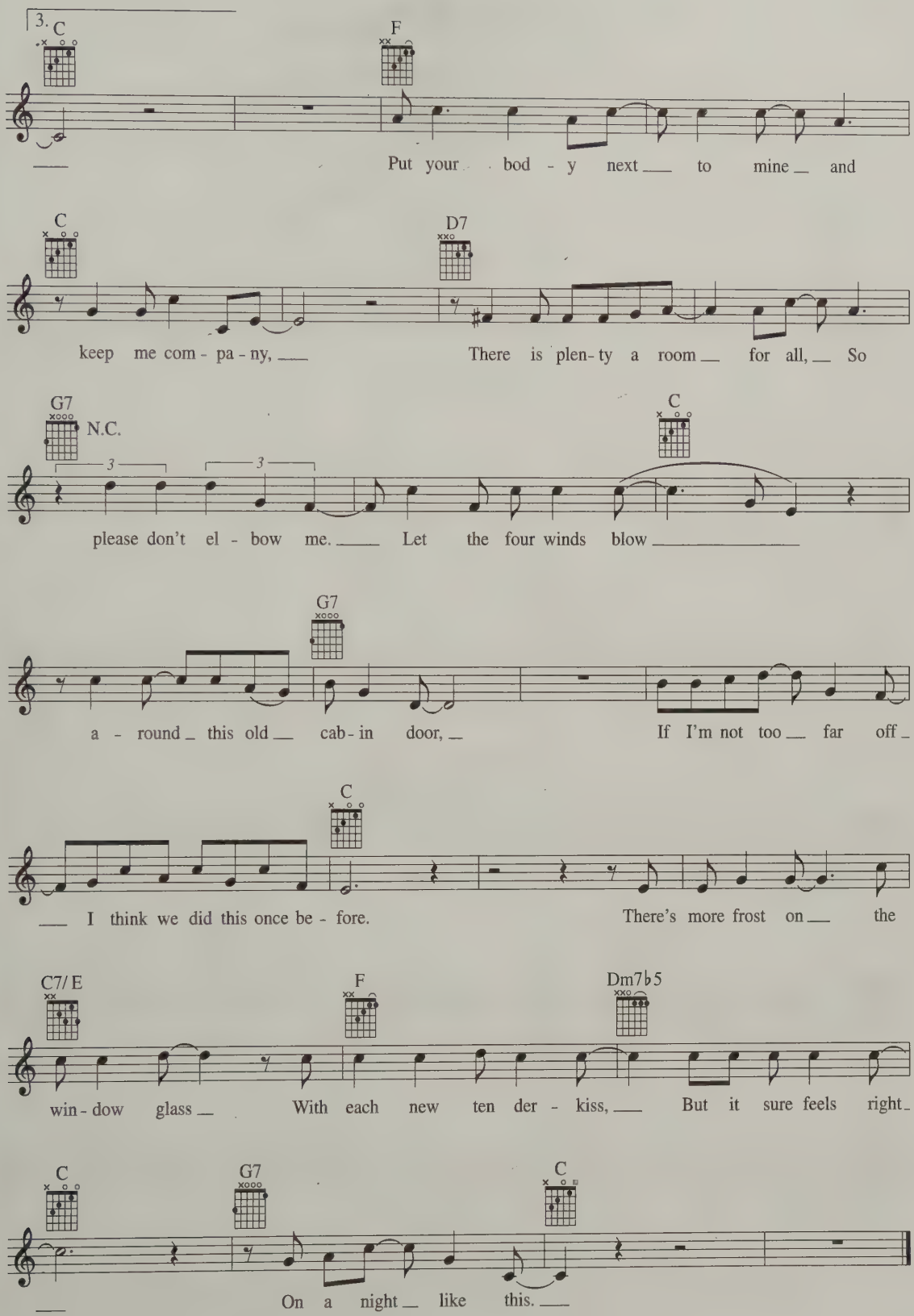
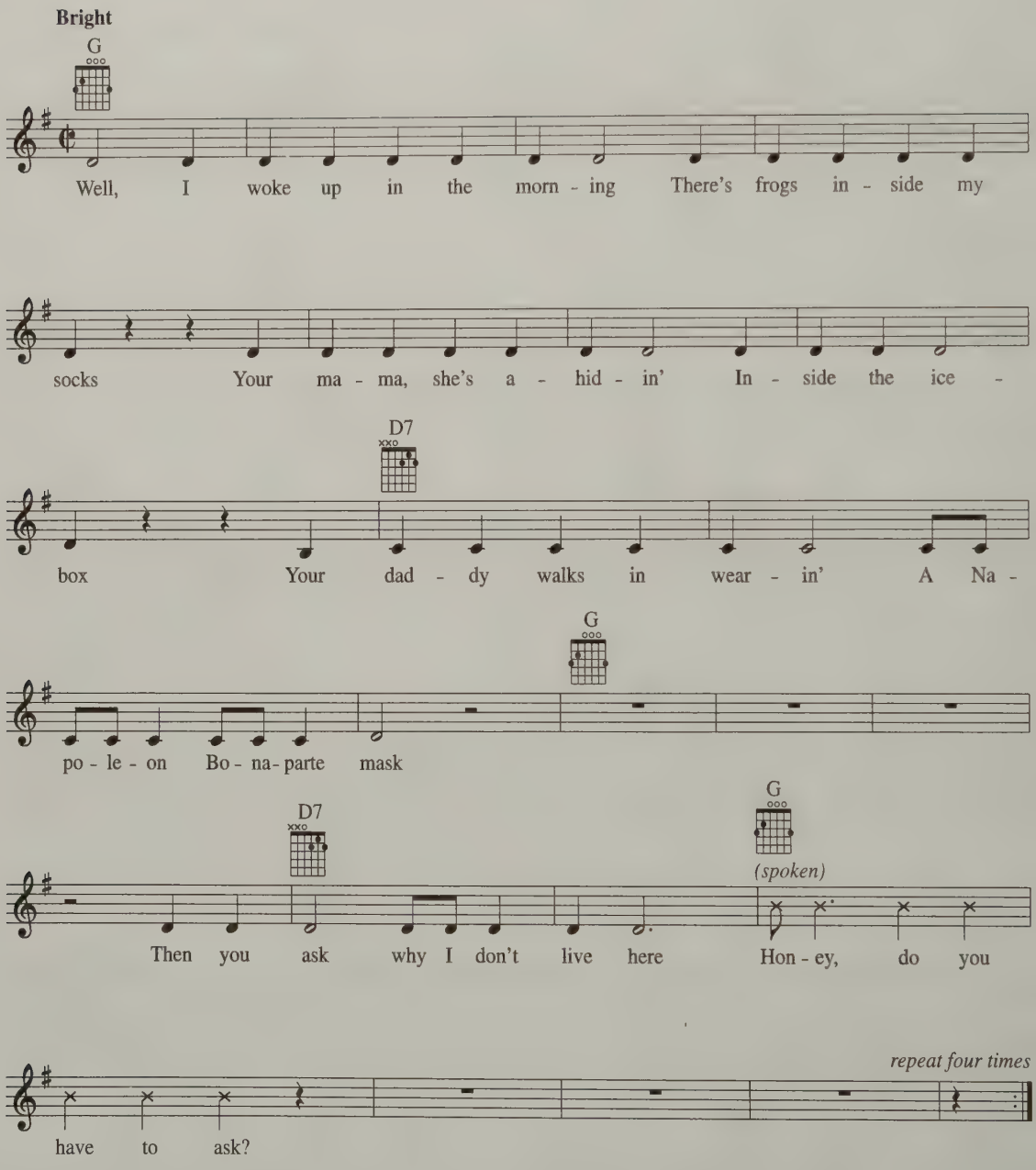

3.
C
F
Put your bod - y next to mine and
C
D7
keep me com - pa - ny, There is plen - ty a room for all, So
G7
N.C.
C
please don't el - bow me. Let the four winds blow
G7
a - round this old cab - in door, If I'm not too far off
C
I think we did this once be - fore. There's more frost on the
C7/E
F
Dm7♭5
win - dow glass With each new ten der - kiss, But it sure feels right
C
G7
C
On a night like this.

On the Road Again

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Bright
G
Well, I woke up in the morn - ing There's frogs in - side my
socks Your ma - ma, she's a - hid - in' In - side the ice -
D7
box Your dad - dy walks in wear - in' A Na -
G
po - le - on Bo - na - parte mask
D7
G
(spoken)
Then you ask why I don't live here Hon - ey, do you
repeat four times
have to ask?

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Additional lyrics

2. Well, I go to pet your monkey
I get a face full of claws
I ask who's in the fireplace
And you tell me Santa Claus
The milkman comes in
He's wearing a derby hat
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, how come you have to ask me that?

3. Well, I asked for something to eat
I'm hungry as a hog
So I get brown rice, seaweed
And a dirty hot dog
I've got a hole
Where my stomach disappeared
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, I gotta think you're really weird.

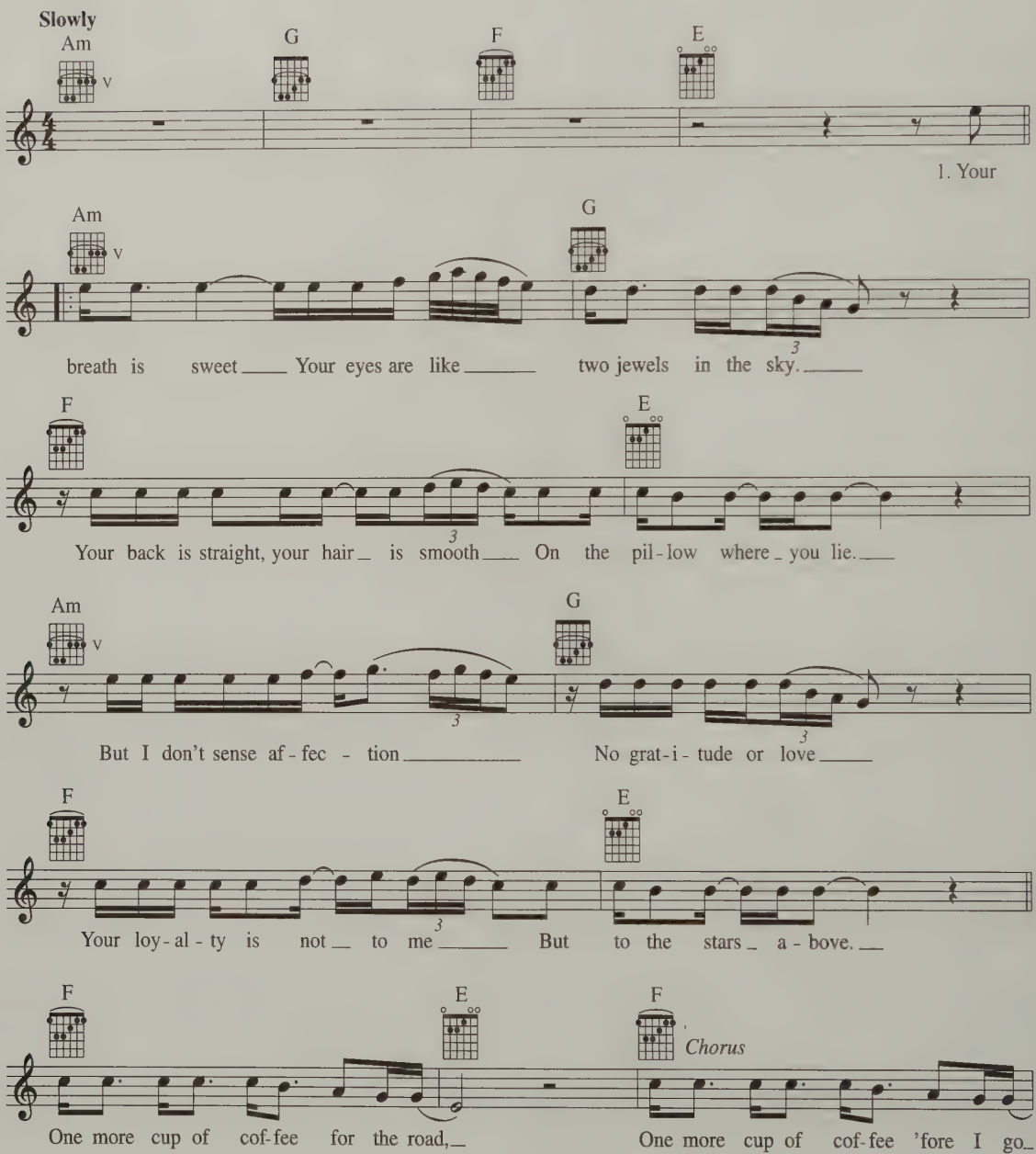
4. Your grandpa's cane
It turns into a sword
Your grandma prays to pictures
That are pasted on a board
Everything inside my pockets
Your uncle steals
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, I can't believe that you're for real.

5. Well, there's fist fights in the kitchen
They're enough to make me cry
The mailman comes in
Even he's gotta take a side
Even the butler
He's got something to prove
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, how come you don't move?

One More Cup of Coffee

(Valley Below)

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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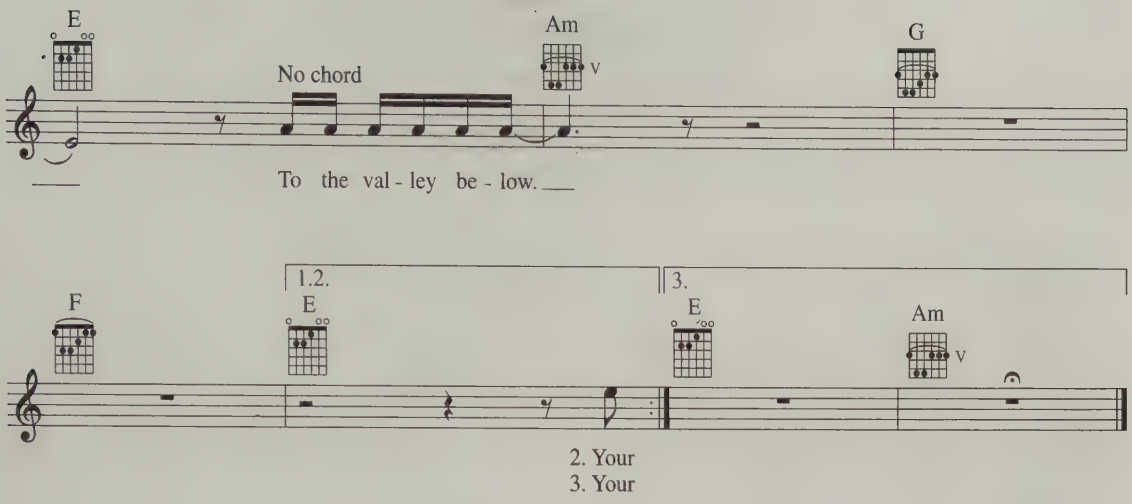


Additional lyrics

2. Your daddy he's an outlaw
And a wanderer by trade
He'll teach you how to pick and choose
And how to throw the blade.
He oversees his kingdom
So no stranger does intrude
His voice it trembles as he calls out
For another plate of food.

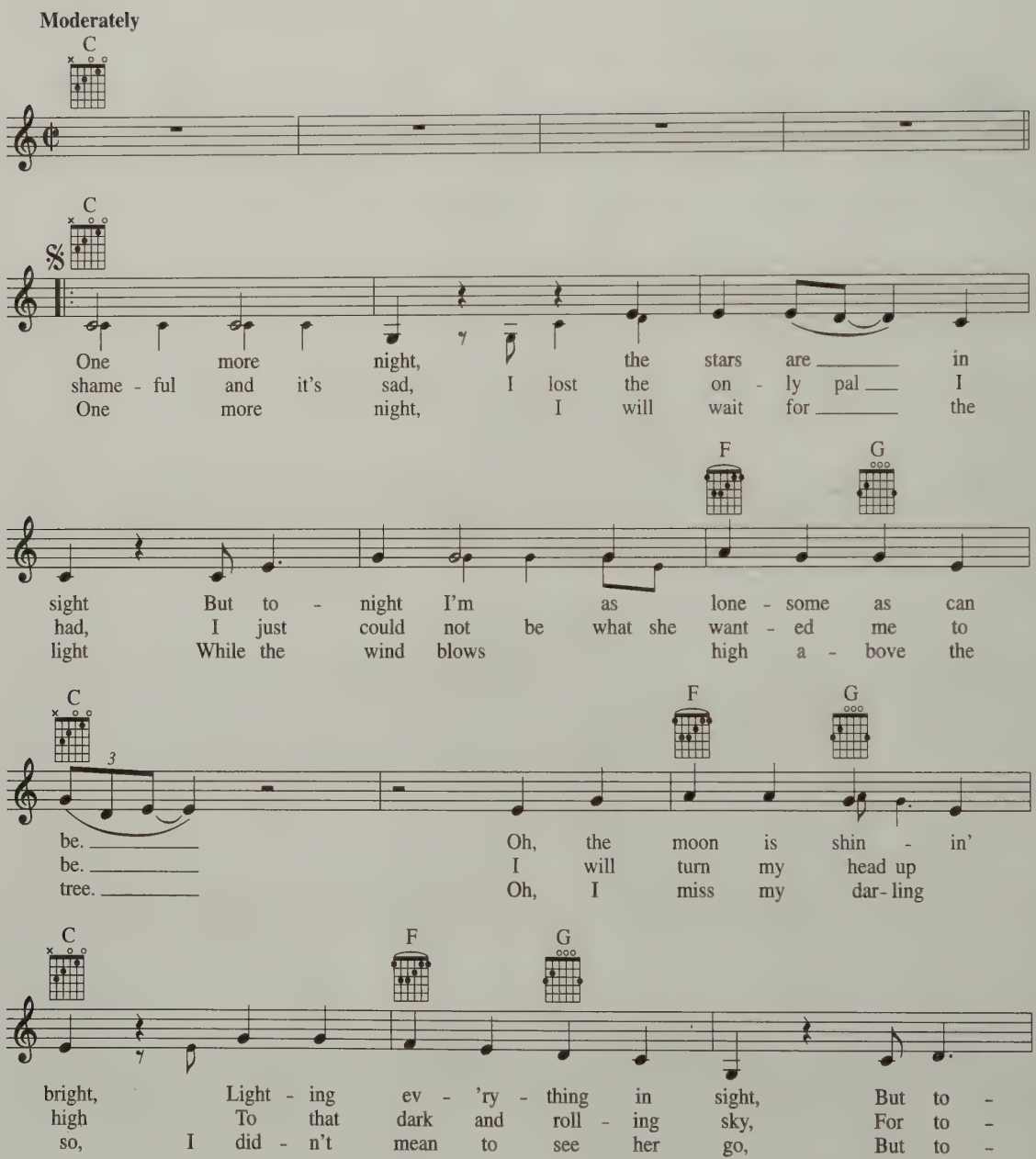
Chorus

3. Your sister sees the future
Like your mama and yourself.
You've never learned to read or write
There's no books upon your shelf.
And your pleasure knows no limits
Your voice is like a meadowlark
But your heart is like an ocean
Mysterious and dark.

Chorus

One More Night

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
C
C
One more night, the stars are in
shame - ful and it's sad, I lost the on - ly pal I
One more night, I will wait for the
F
G
sight But to - night I'm as lone - some as can
had, I just could not be what she want - ed me to
light While the wind blows high a - bove the
C
F
G
be. Oh, the moon is shin - in'
be. I will turn my head up
tree. Oh, I miss my dar- ling
C
F
G
bright, Light - ing ev - 'ry - thing in sight, But to -
high To that dark and roll - ing sky, For to -
so, I did - n't mean to see her go, But to -

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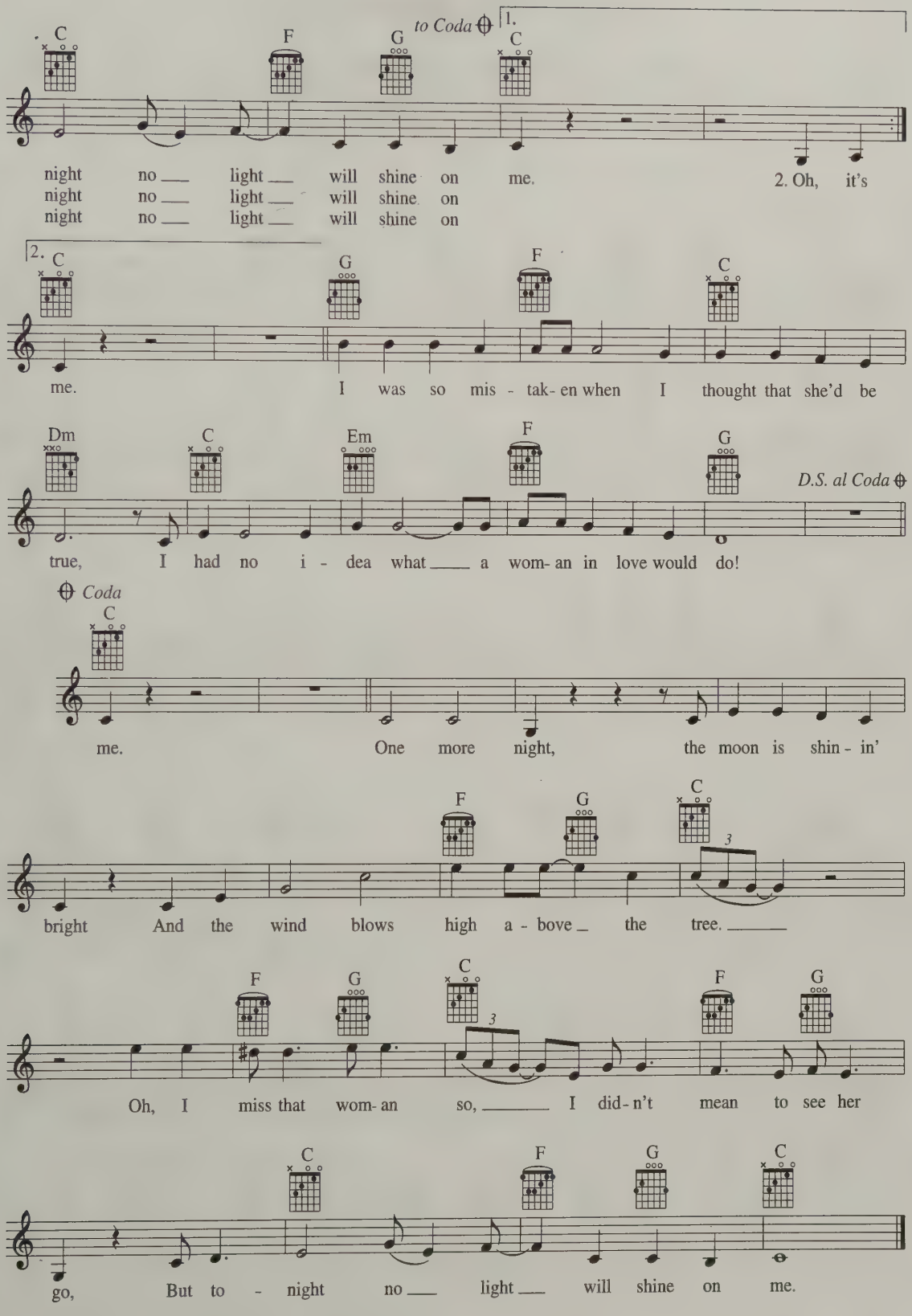
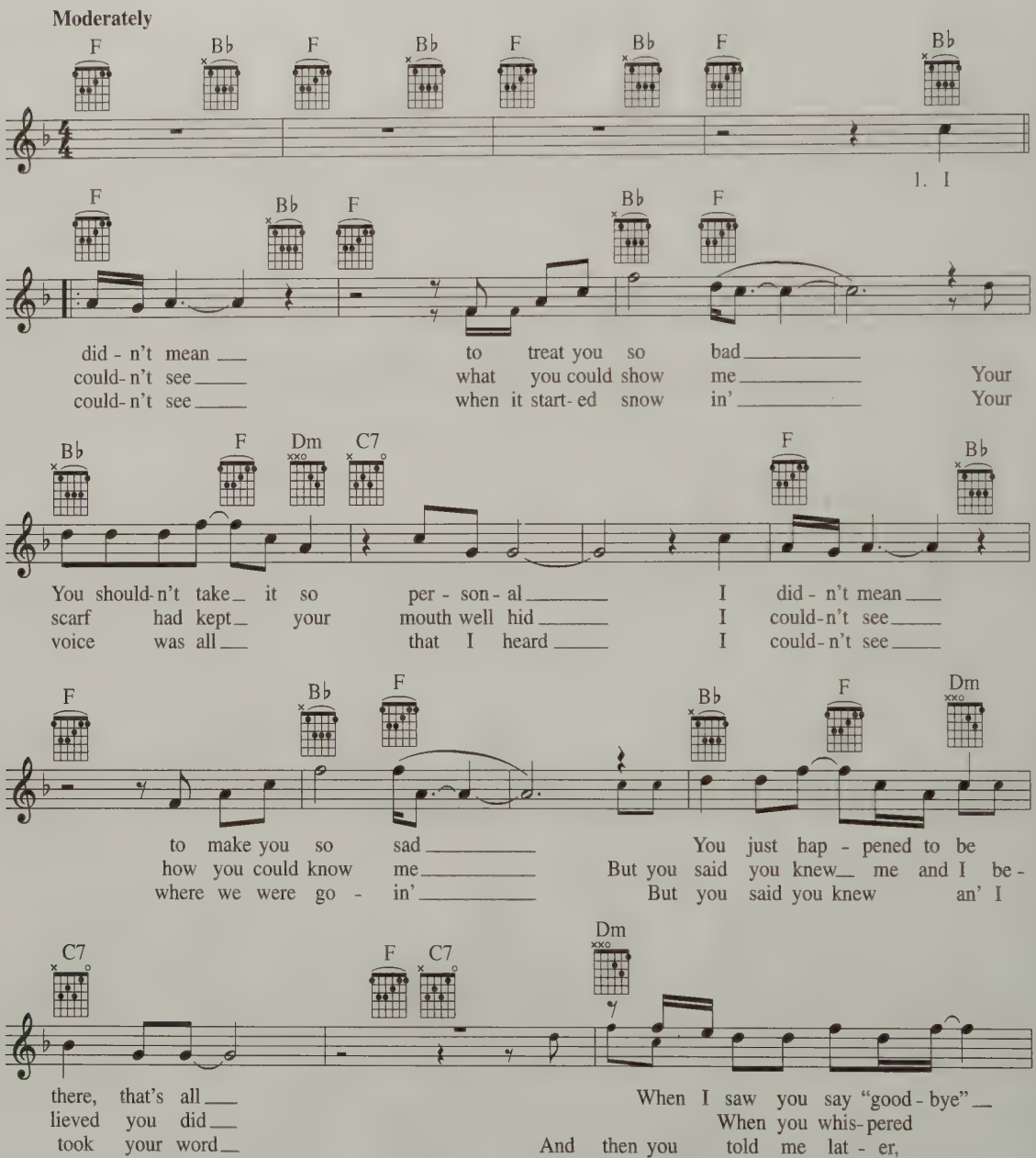

C F G to Coda 1. C
night no light will shine on me. 2. Oh, it's
night no light will shine on
night no light will shine on
2. C G F C
me. I was so mis - tak- en when I thought that she'd be
Dm C Em F G D.S. al Coda
true, I had no i - dea what a wom- an in love would do!
Coda C
me. One more night, the moon is shin - in'
F G C
bright And the wind blows high a - bove the tree.
F G C F G
Oh, I miss that wom- an so, I did- n't mean to see her
C F G C
go, But to - night no light will shine on me.

One of Us Must Know

(Sooner or Later)

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately
F Bb F Bb F Bb F Bb
1. I
F Bb F Bb F
did - n't mean ___ to treat you so bad ___
could - n't see ___ what you could show me ___ Your
could - n't see ___ when it start - ed snow in' ___ Your
Bb F Dm C7 F Bb
You should - n't take ___ it so per - son - al ___ I did - n't mean ___
scarf had kept ___ your mouth well hid ___ I could - n't see ___
voice was all ___ that I heard ___ I could - n't see ___
F Bb F Bb F Dm
to make you so sad ___ You just hap - pened to be
how you could know me ___ But you said you knew ___ me and I be -
where we were go - in' ___ But you said you knew an' I
C7 F C7 Dm
there, that's all ___ When I saw you say "good - bye" ___
lieved you did ___ When you whis - pered
took your word ___ And then you told me lat - er,

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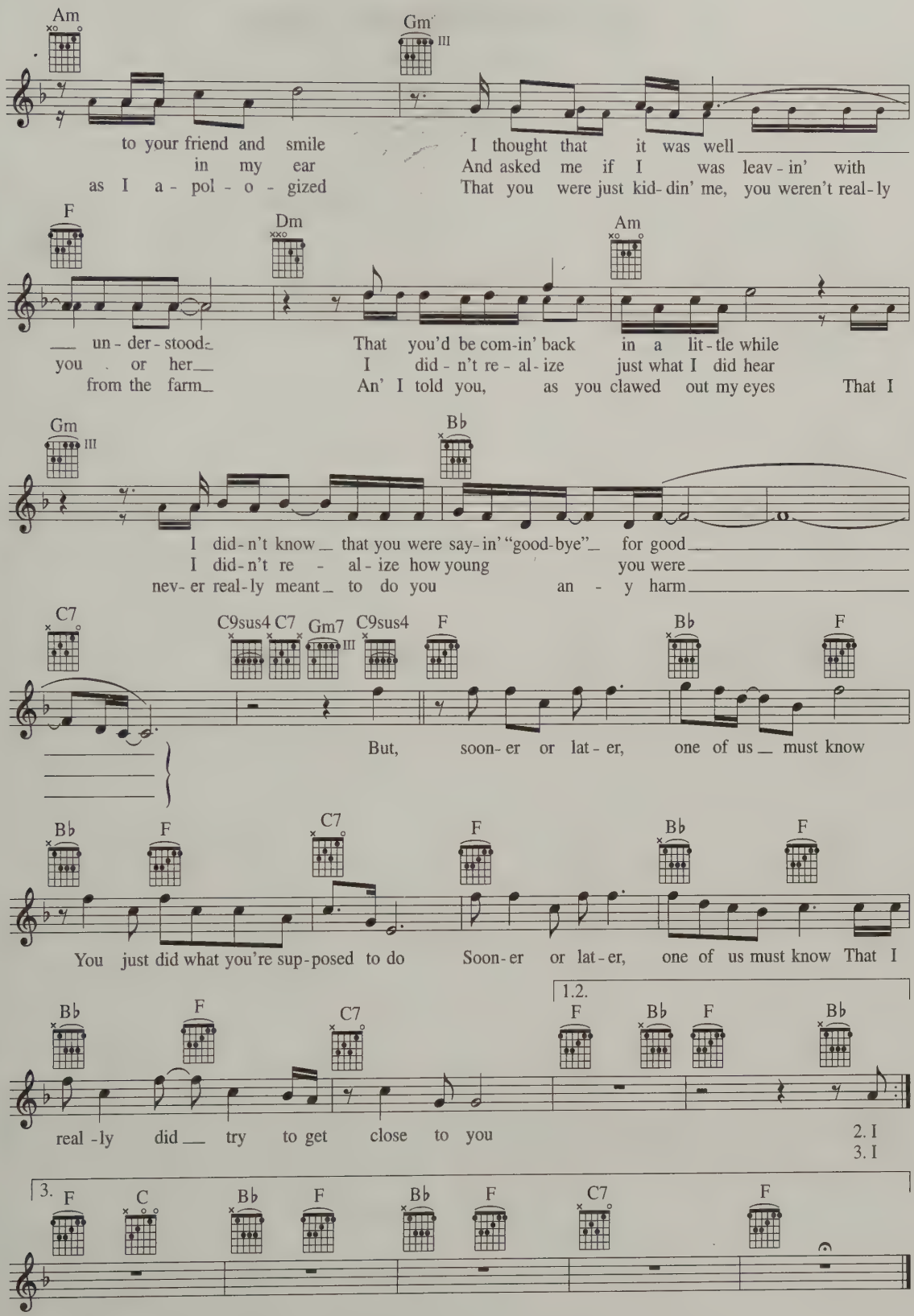
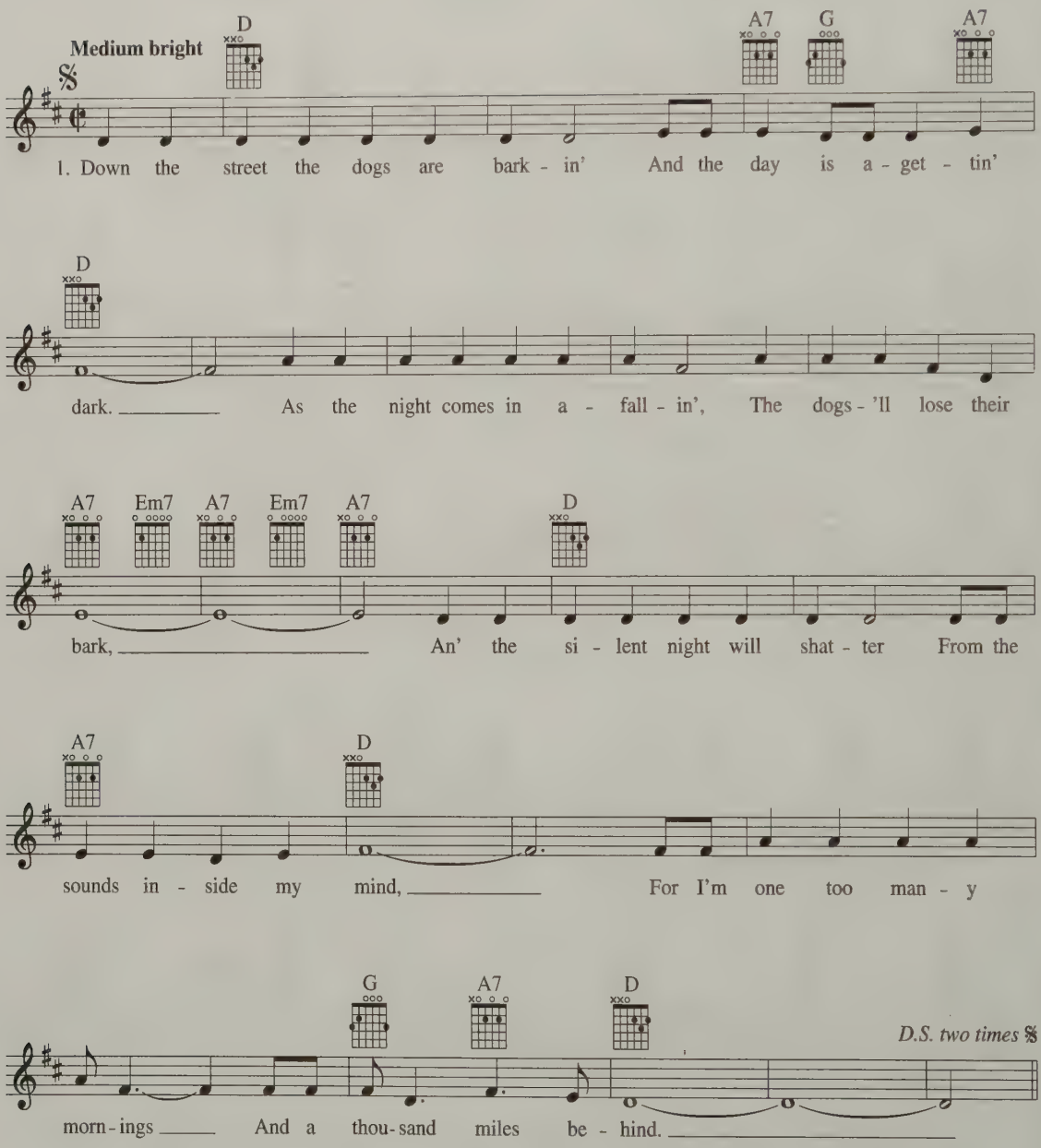

Am
Gm III
to your friend and smile
in my ear
as I a - pol - o - gized
I thought that it was well
And asked me if I was leav - in' with
That you were just kid - din' me, you weren't real - ly
F
Dm
Am
un - der - stood
you or her
from the farm
That you'd be com-in' back in a lit - tle while
I did - n't re - al - ize just what I did hear
An' I told you, as you clawed out my eyes That I
Gm III
B♭
I did - n't know that you were say - in' "good - bye" for good
I did - n't re - al - ize how young you were
nev - er real - ly meant to do you an - y harm
C7
C9sus4 C7 Gm7 III C9sus4
F
B♭
F
But, soon - er or lat - er, one of us must know
B♭
F
C7
F
B♭
F
You just did what you're sup - posed to do Soon - er or lat - er, one of us must know That I
1.2.
B♭
F
C7
F
B♭
F
B♭
real - ly did try to get close to you
2. I
3. I
3.
F
C
B♭
F
B♭
F
C7
F

One Too Many Mornings

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium bright
D
A7
G
A7
1. Down the street the dogs are bark - in' And the day is a - get - tin'
D
dark. As the night comes in a - fall - in', The dogs - 'll lose their
A7
Em7
A7
Em7
A7
D
bark, An' the si - lent night will shat - ter From the
A7
D
sounds in - side my mind, For I'm one too man - y
G
A7
D
D.S. two times
morn - ings And a thou - sand miles be - hind.

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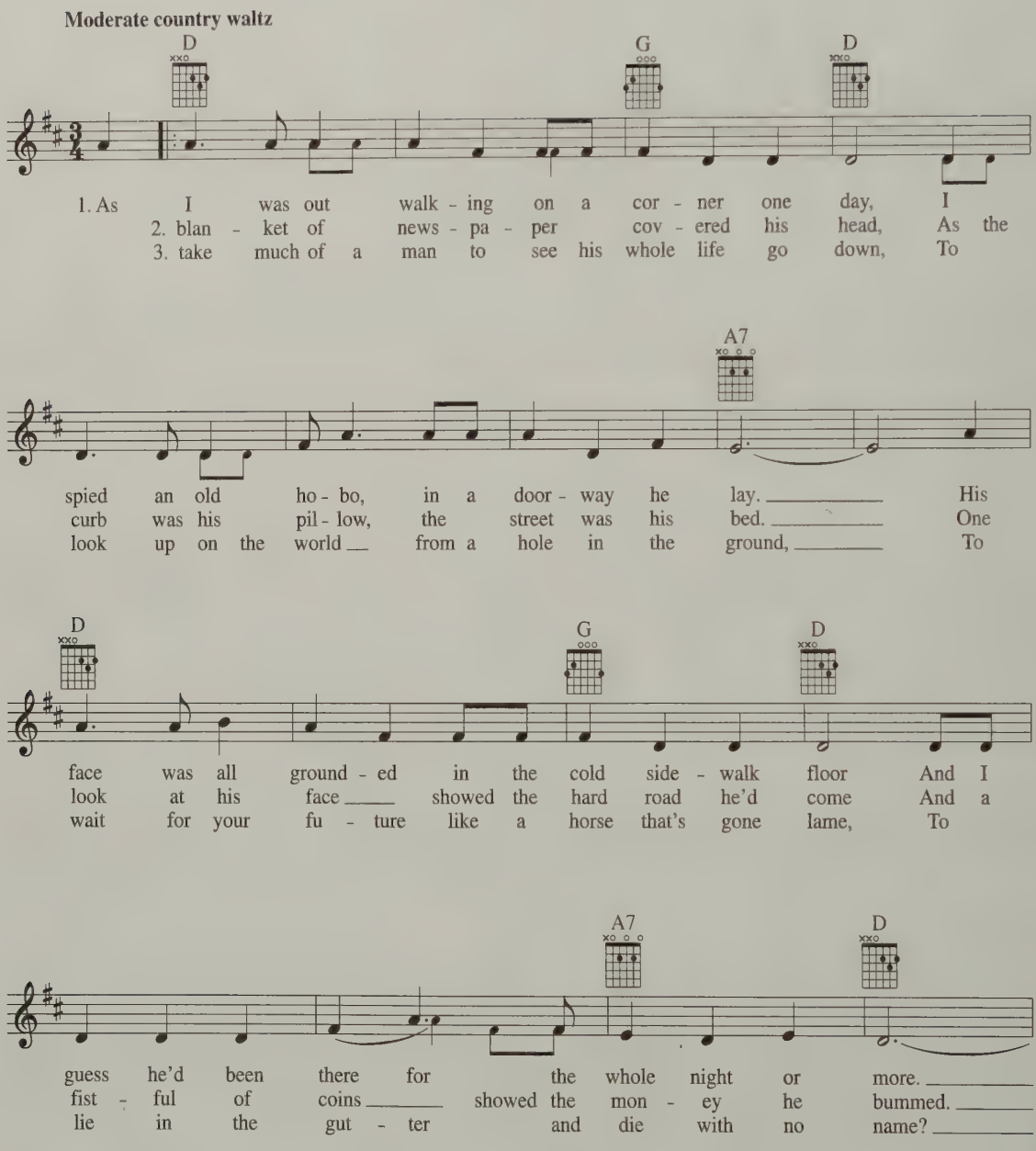
Additional lyrics

2. From the crossroads of my doorstep,
My eyes they start to fade,
As I turn my head back to the room
Where my love and I have laid.
An' I gaze back to the street,
The sidewalk and the sign,
And I'm one too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind.

3. It's a restless hungry feeling
That don't mean no one no good,
When ev'rything I'm a-sayin'
You can say it just as good.
You're right from your side,
I'm right from mine.
We're both just too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind.

Only a Hobo

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate country waltz
D
G
D
1. As I was out walk - ing on a cor - ner one day, I
2. blan - ket of news - pa - per cov - ered his head, As the
3. take much of a man to see his whole life go down, To
A7
spied an old ho - bo, in a door - way he lay. His
curb was his pil - low, the street was his bed. One
look up on the world from a hole in the ground, To
D
G
D
face was all ground - ed in the cold side - walk floor And I
look at his face showed the hard road he'd come And a
wait for your fu - ture like a horse that's gone lame, To
A7
D
guess he'd been there for the whole night or more.
fist - ful of coins showed the mon - ey he bummed.
lie in the gut - ter and die with no name?

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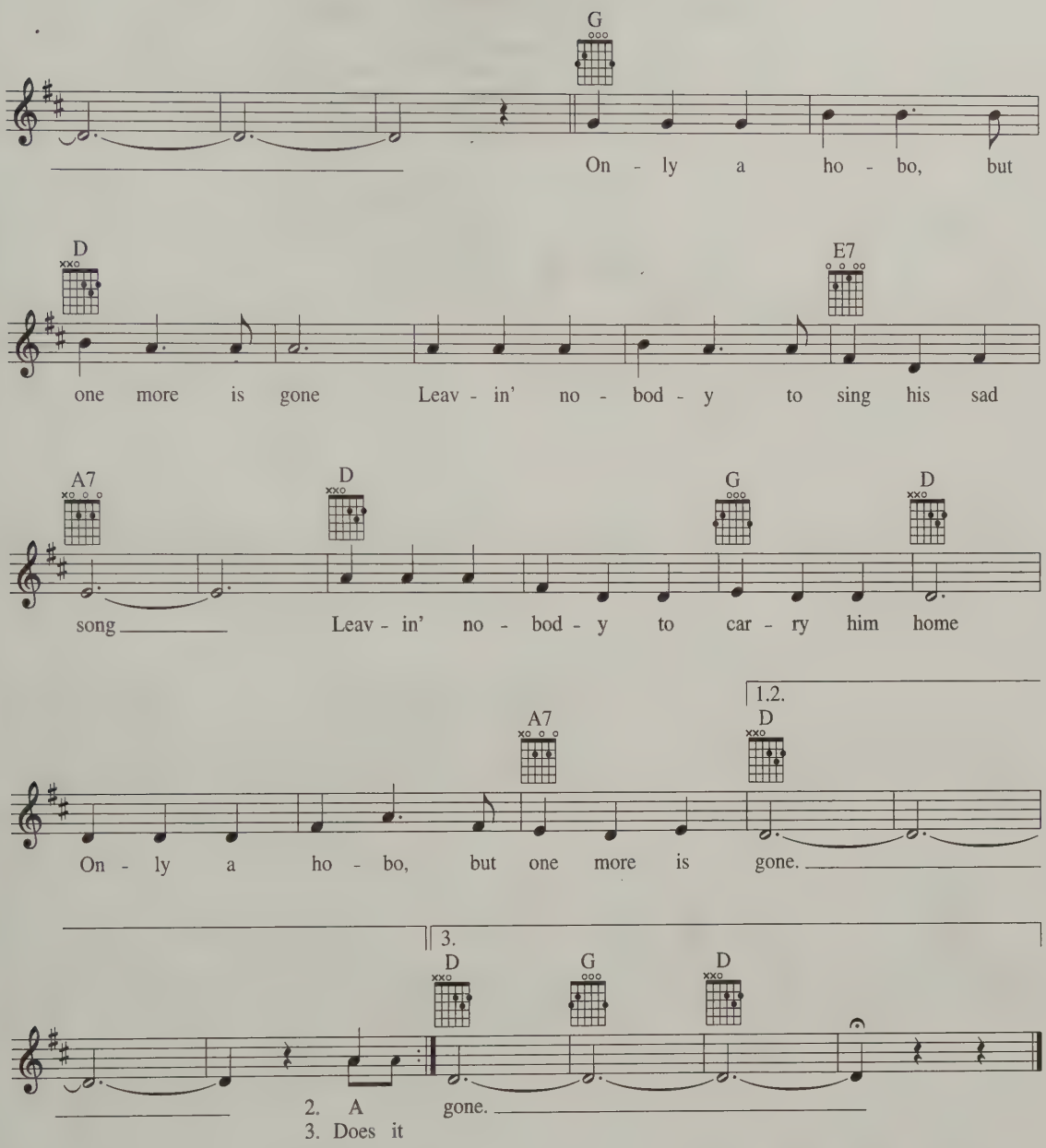
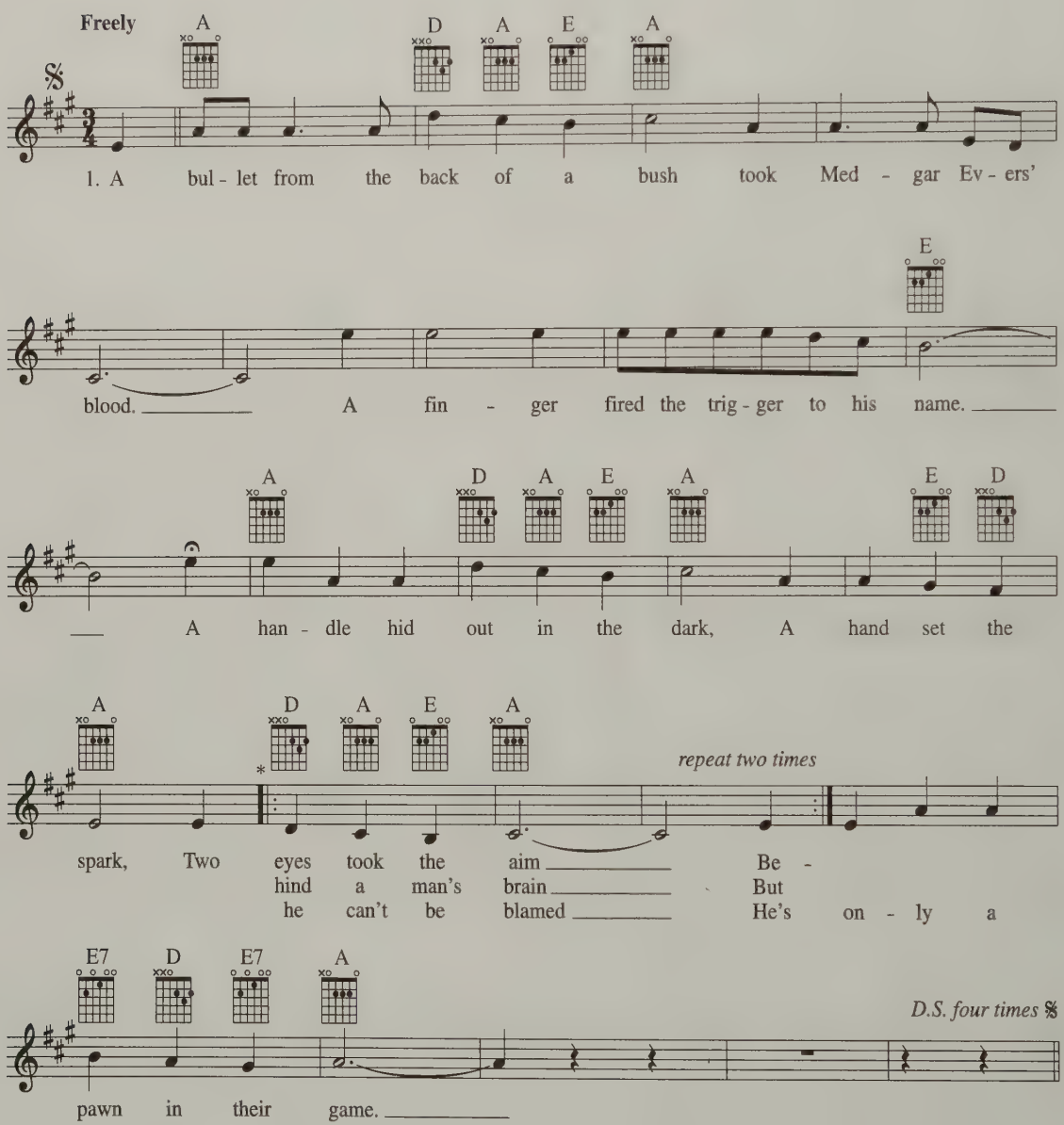

G
On - ly a ho - bo, but
D
E7
one more is gone Leav - in' no - bod - y to sing his sad
A7
D
G
D
song Leav - in' no - bod - y to car - ry him home
1.2.
A7
D
On - ly a ho - bo, but one more is gone.
3.
D
G
D
2. A gone.
3. Does it

Only a Pawn in Their Game

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Freely
A
D A E A
1. A bul - let from the back of a bush took Med - gar Ev - ers'
E
blood. A fin - ger fired the trig - ger to his name.
A D A E A E D
A han - dle hid out in the dark, A hand set the
A D A E A
repeat two times
spark, Two eyes took the aim Be -
hind a man's brain But
he can't be blamed He's on - ly a
E7 D E7 A
D.S. four times 𝄋
pawn in their game.

* *Repeat as often as necessary to accommodate additional lyrics.*

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Additional lyrics

2. A South politician preaches to the poor white man,
"You got more than the blacks, don't complain.
You're better than them, you been born with white skin," they explain.
And the Negro's name
Is used it is plain
For the politician's gain
As he rises to fame
And the poor white remains
On the caboose of the train
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

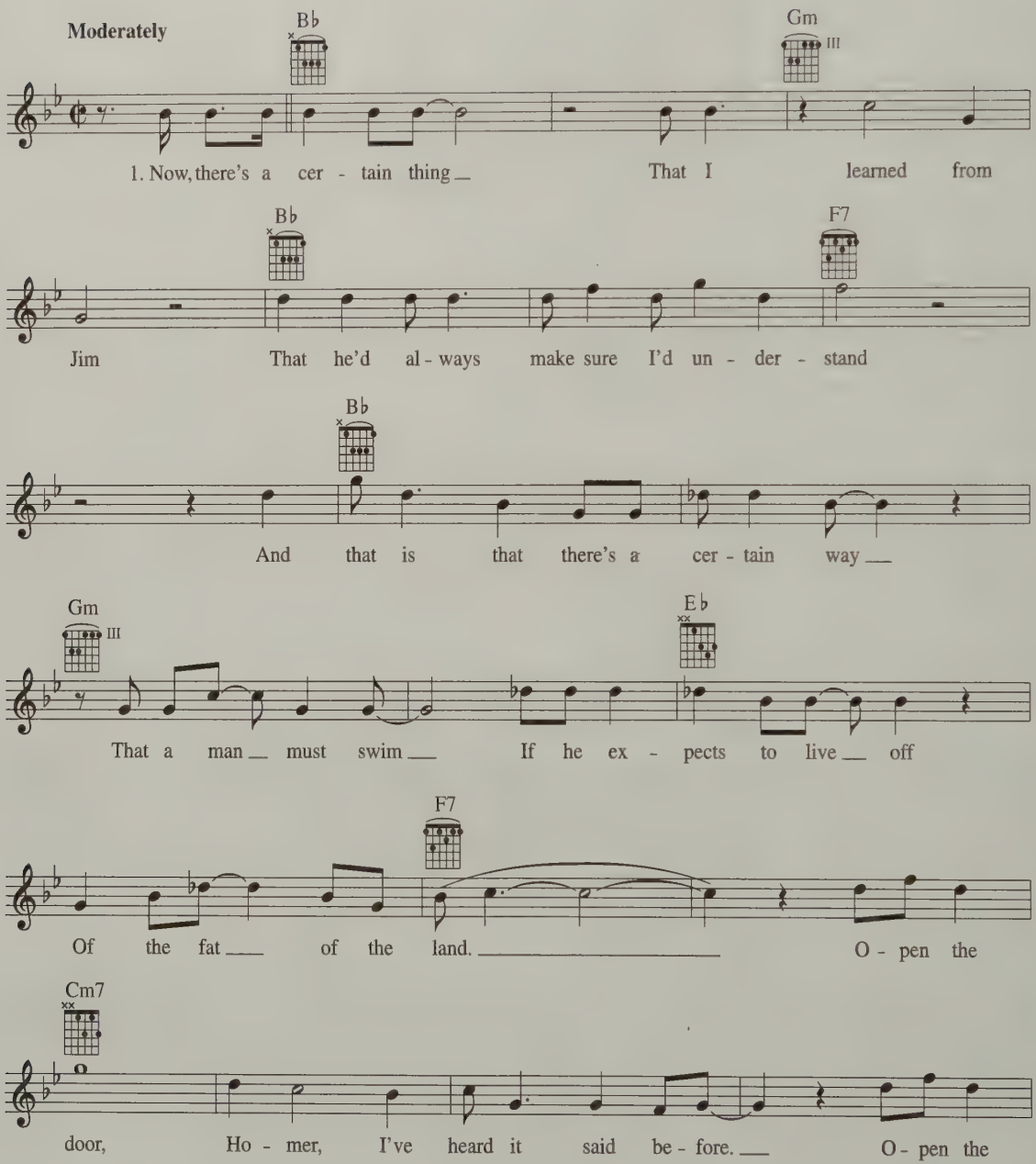
3. The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid,
And the marshals and cops get the same,
But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool.
He's taught in his school
From the start by the rule
That the laws are with him
To protect his white skin
To keep up his hate
So he never thinks straight
'Bout the shape that he's in
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

4. From the poverty shacks, he looks from the cracks to the tracks,
And the hoof beats pound in his brain.
And he's taught how to walk in a pack
Shoot in the back
With his fist in a clinch
To hang and to lynch
To hide 'neath the hood
To kill with no pain
Like a dog on a chain
He ain't got no name
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

5. Today, Medgar Evers was buried from the bullet he caught.
They lowered him down as a king.
But when the shadowy sun sets on the one
That fired the gun
He'll see by his grave
On the stone that remains
Carved next to his name
His epitaph plain:
Only a pawn in their game.

Open the Door, Homer

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
B♭
Gm
1. Now, there's a cer - tain thing That I learned from
B♭
F7
Jim That he'd al - ways make sure I'd un - der - stand
B♭
And that is that there's a cer - tain way
Gm
E♭
That a man must swim If he ex - pects to live off
F7
Of the fat of the land. O - pen the
Cm7
door, Ho - mer, I've heard it said be - fore. O - pen the

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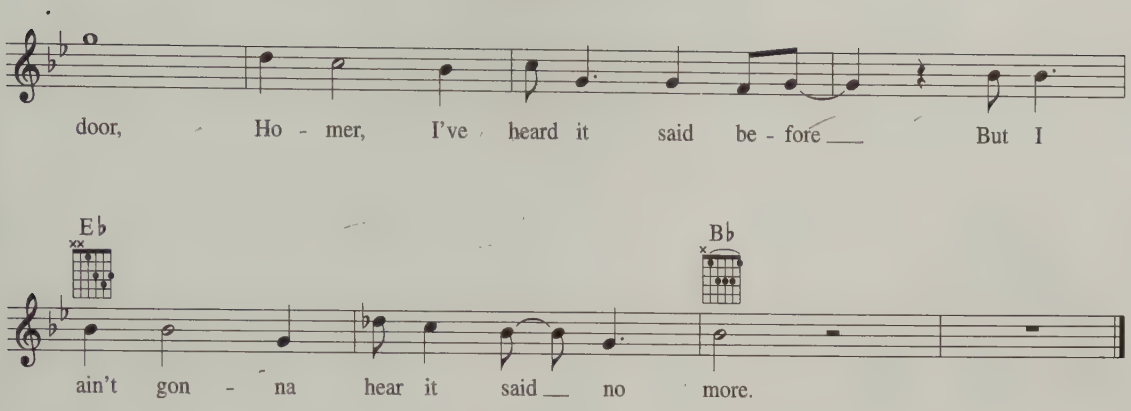


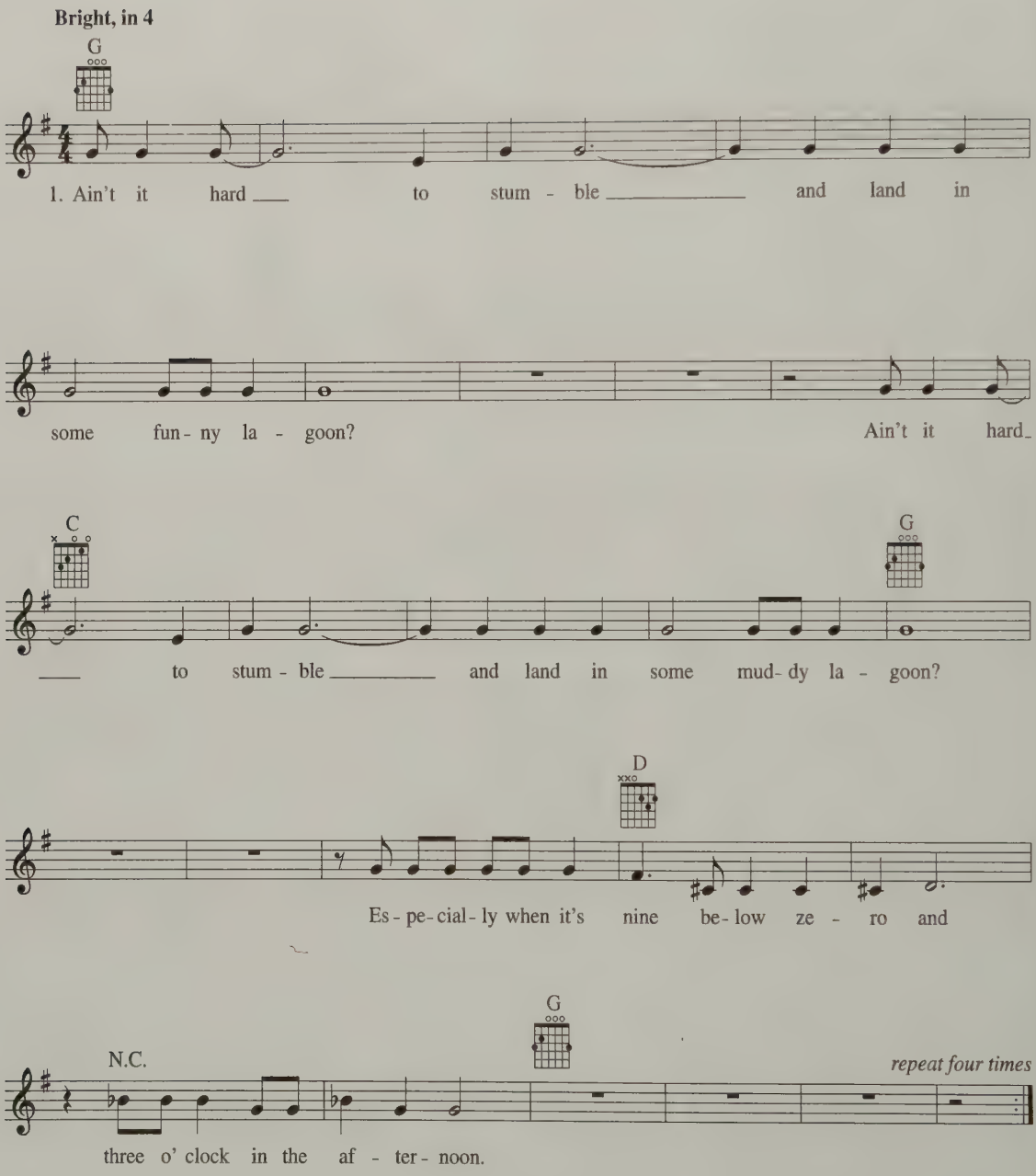
Additional lyrics

2. Now, there's a certain thing
That I learned from my friend, Mouse
A fella who always blushes
And that is that ev'ryone
Must always flush out his house
If he don't expect to be
Goin' 'round housing flushes.
Open the door, Homer,
I've heard it said before.
Open the door, Homer,
I've heard it said before
But I ain't gonna hear it said no more.

3. "Take care of all your memories"
Said my friend, Mick
"For you cannot relive them
And remember when you're out there
Tryin' to heal the sick
That you must always
First forgive them."
Open the door, Homer,
I've heard it said before.
Open the door, Homer,
I've heard it said before
But I ain't gonna hear it said no more.

Outlaw Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Bright, in 4
G
1. Ain't it hard ___ to stum - ble _____ and land in
some fun - ny la - goon? Ain't it hard_
C
G
___ to stum - ble _____ and land in some mud - dy la - goon?
D
Es - pe - cial - ly when it's nine be - low ze - ro and
G
N.C.
repeat four times
three o' clock in the af - ter - noon.

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Additional lyrics

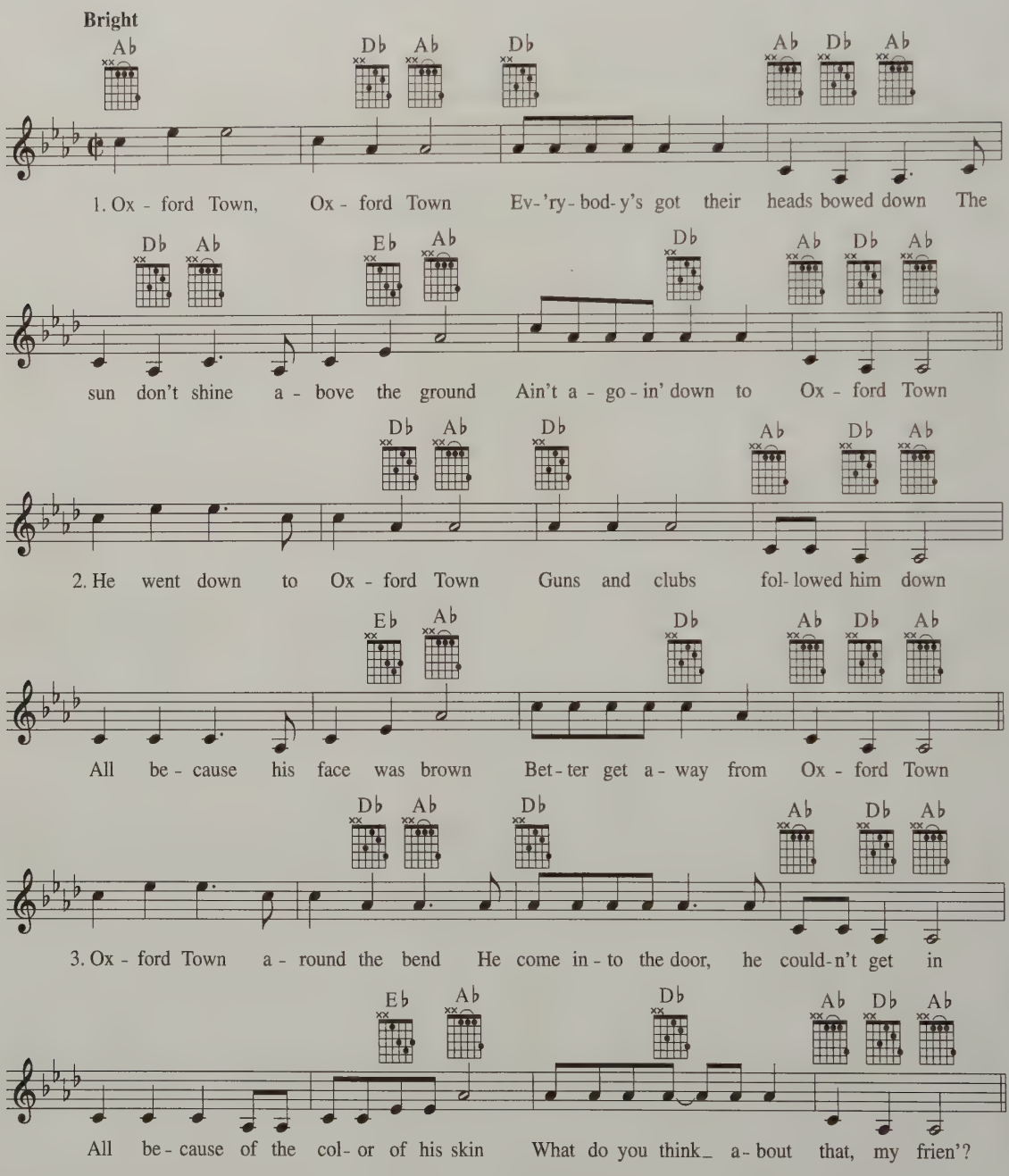
2. Ain't gonna hang no picture,
Ain't gonna hang no picture frame.
Ain't gonna hang no picture,
Ain't gonna hang no picture frame.
Well, I might look like Robert Ford
But I feel just like a Jesse James.

3. Well, I wish I was on some
Australian mountain range.
Oh, I wish I was on some
Australian mountain range.
I got no reason to be there, but I
Imagine it would be some kind of change.

4. I got my dark sunglasses,
I got for good luck my black tooth.
I got my dark sunglasses,
I'm carryin' for good luck my black tooth.
Don't ask me nothin' about nothin',
I just might tell you the truth.

5. I got a woman in Jackson,
I ain't gonna say her name.
I got a woman in Jackson,
I ain't gonna say her name.
She's a brown-skin woman,
But I love her just the same.

Oxford Town

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Bright
1. Ox - ford Town, Ox - ford Town Ev-'ry-bod-y's got their heads bowed down The
sun don't shine a - bove the ground Ain't a - go - in' down to Ox - ford Town
2. He went down to Ox - ford Town Guns and clubs fol- lowed him down
All be - cause his face was brown Bet - ter get a - way from Ox - ford Town
3. Ox - ford Town a - round the bend He come in - to the door, he could-n't get in
All be - cause of the col - or of his skin What do you think_ a - bout that, my frien'?

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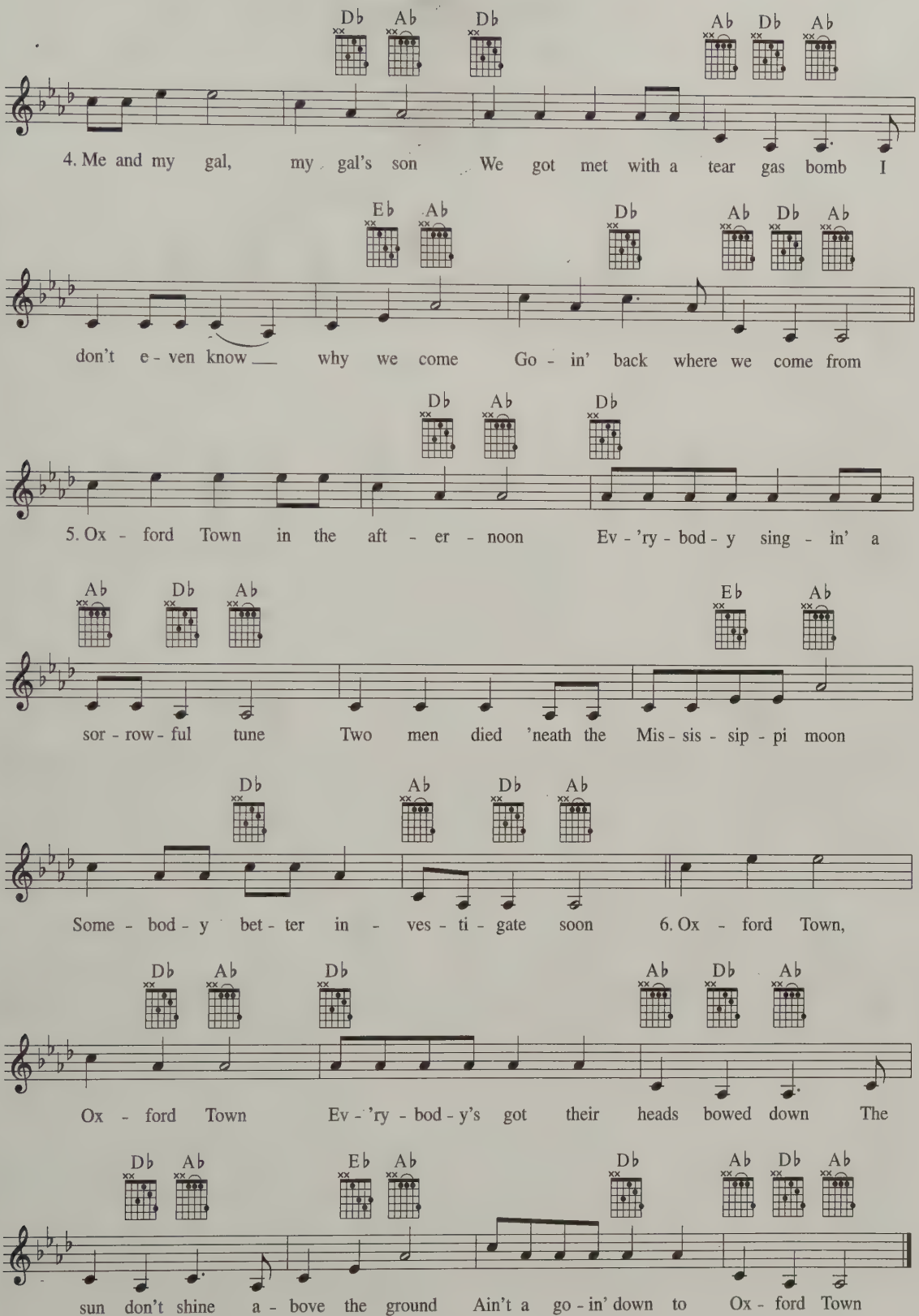
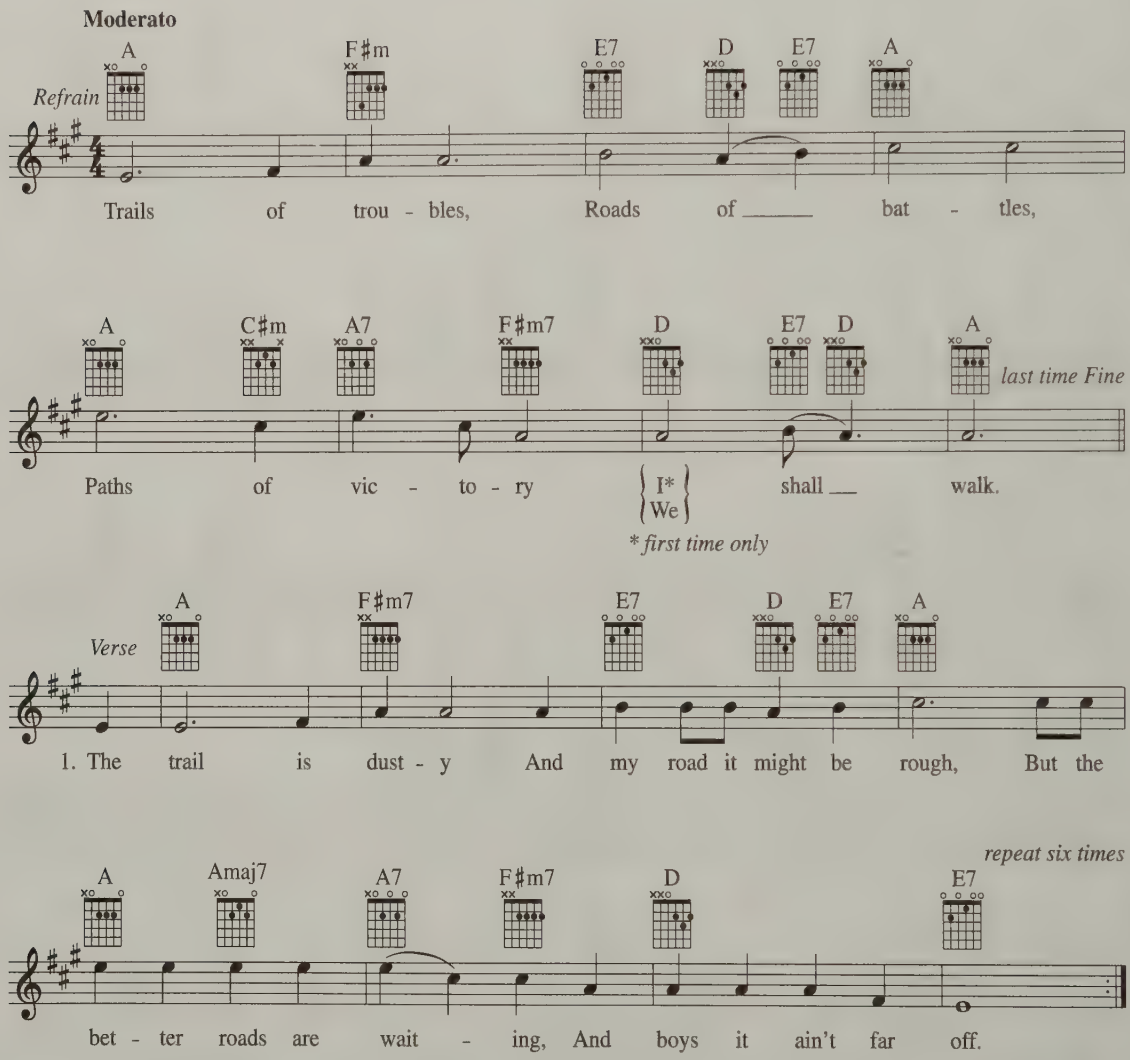

Db Ab Db Ab Db Ab
4. Me and my gal, my gal's son We got met with a tear gas bomb I
Eb Ab Db Ab Db Ab
don't e - ven know ___ why we come Go - in' back where we come from
Db Ab Db
5. Ox - ford Town in the aft - er - noon Ev - 'ry - bod - y sing - in' a
Ab Db Ab Eb Ab
sor - row - ful tune Two men died 'neath the Mis - sis - sip - pi moon
Db Ab Db Ab
Some - bod - y bet - ter in - ves - ti - gate soon 6. Ox - ford Town,
Db Ab Db Ab Db Ab
Ox - ford Town Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got their heads bowed down The
Db Ab Eb Ab Db Ab Db Ab
sun don't shine a - bove the ground Ain't a go - in' down to Ox - ford Town

Paths of Victory

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato
Refrain
A F♯m E7 D E7 A
Trails of trou - bles, Roads of ___ bat - tles,
A C♯m A7 F♯m7 D E7 D A
last time Fine
Paths of vic - to - ry { I* / We } shall ___ walk.
* first time only
Verse
A F♯m7 E7 D E7 A
1. The trail is dust - y And my road it might be rough, But the
repeat six times
A Amaj7 A7 F♯m7 D E7
bet - ter roads are wait - ing, And boys it ain't far off.

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Additional lyrics

Refrain

2. I walked down by the river,
I turned my head up high.
I saw that silver linin'
That was hangin' in the sky.

Refrain

3. The evenin' dusk was rollin',
I was walking down the track.
There was a one-way wind a-blowin'
And it was blowin' at my back.

Refrain

4. The gravel road is bumpy,
It's a hard road to ride,
But there's a clearer road a-waitin'
With the cinders on the side.

Refrain

5. That evening train was rollin',
The hummin' of its wheels,
My eyes they saw a better day
As I looked across the fields.

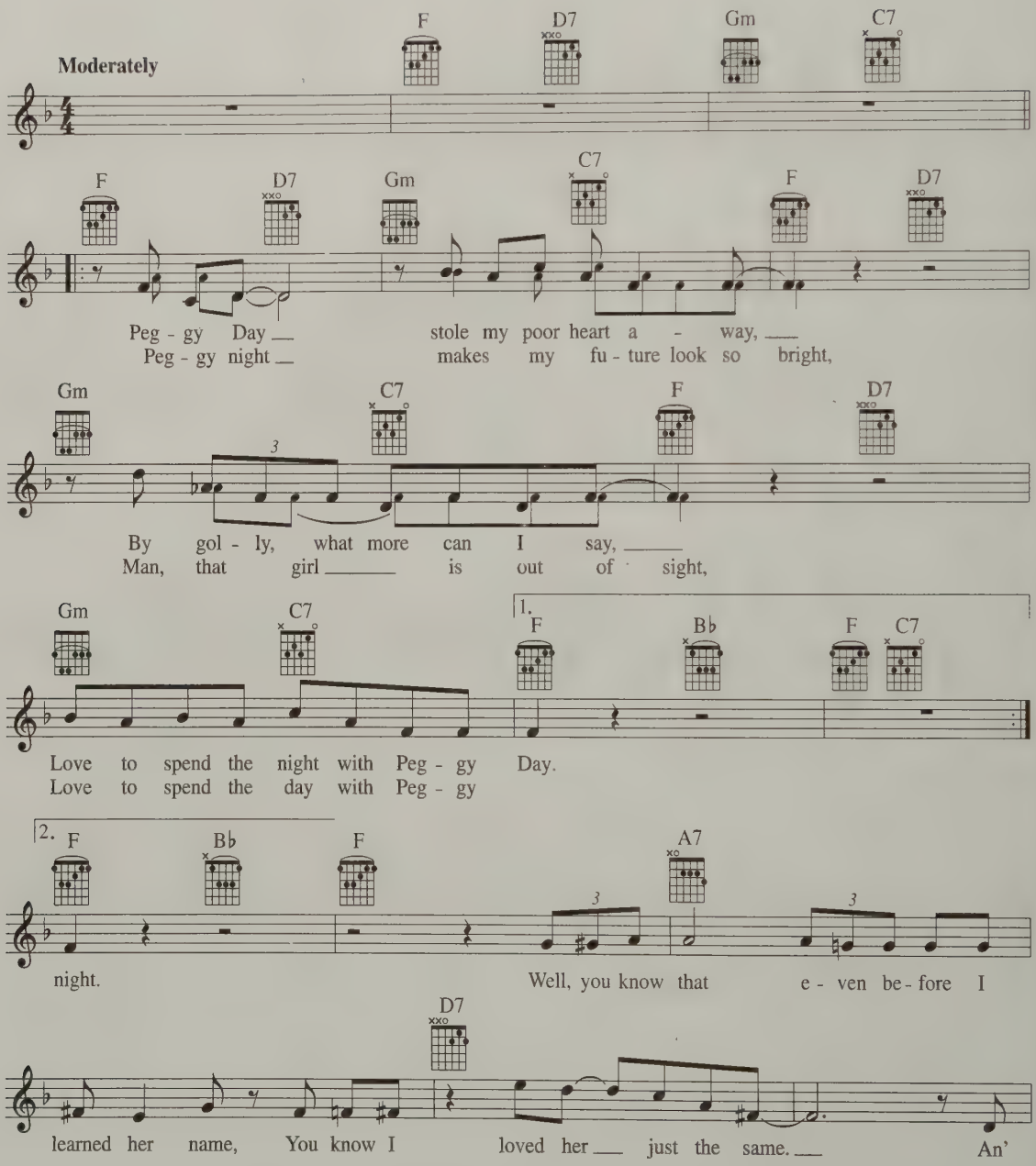
Refrain

6. The trail is dusty,
The road it might be rough,
But the good road is a-waitin'
And boys it ain't far off.

Refrain

Peggy Day

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
F D7 Gm C7
F D7 Gm C7 F D7
Peg - gy Day stole my poor heart a - way,
Peg - gy night makes my fu - ture look so bright,
Gm C7 F D7
By gol - ly, what more can I say,
Man, that girl is out of sight,
Gm C7 1. F B♭ F C7
Love to spend the night with Peg - gy Day.
Love to spend the day with Peg - gy
2. F B♭ F A7
night. Well, you know that e - ven be - fore I
D7
learned her name, You know I loved her just the same. An'

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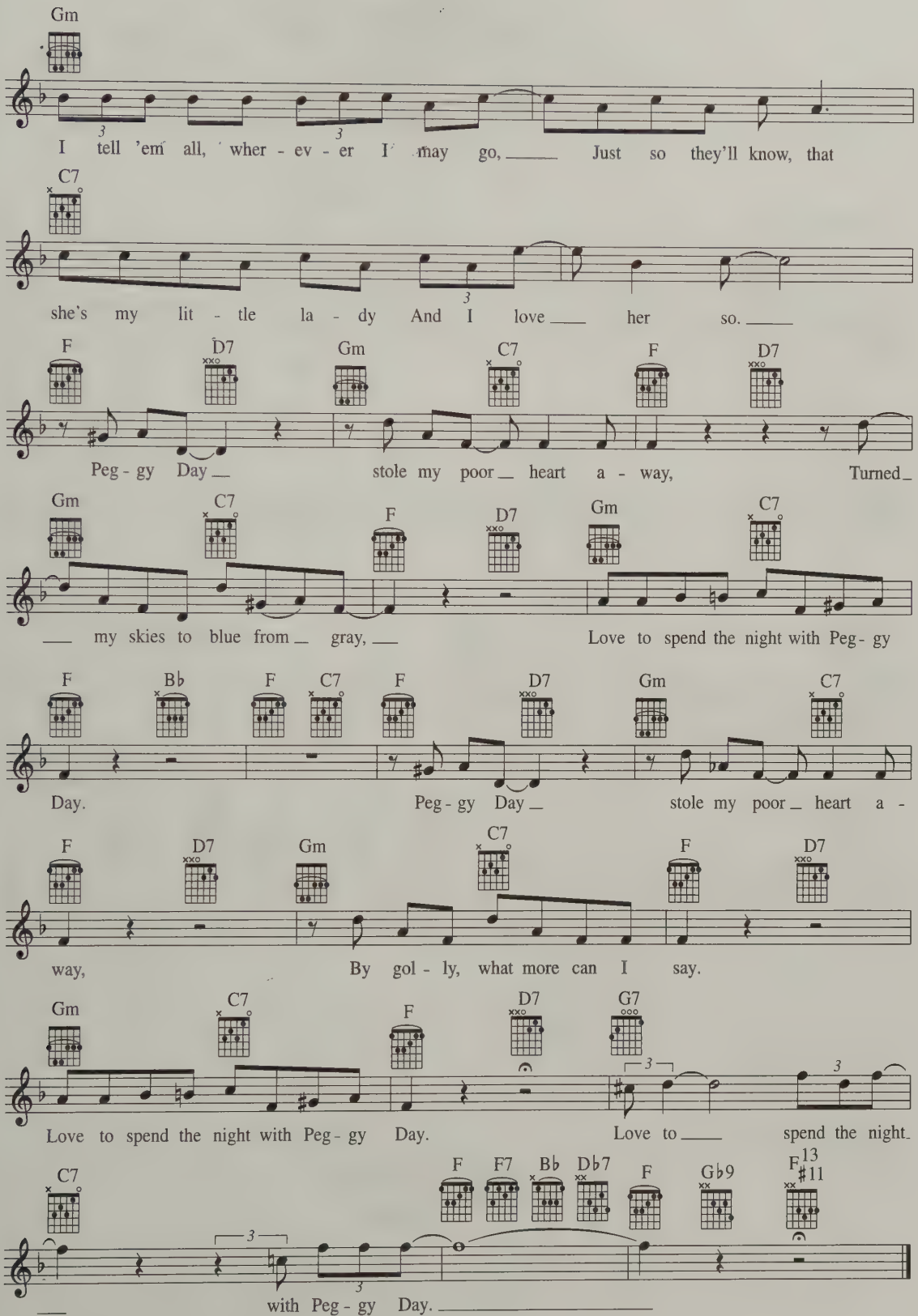
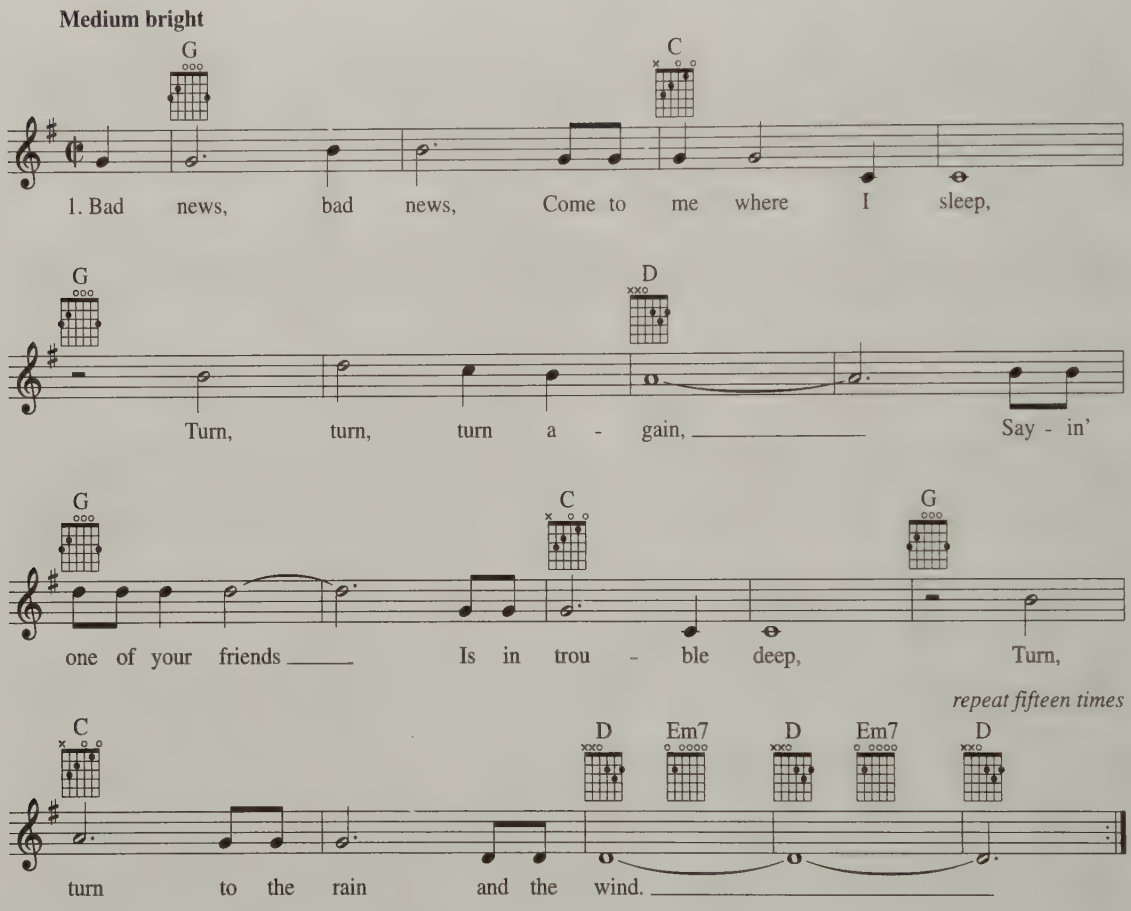

Gm
I tell 'em all, wher - ev - er I may go, Just so they'll know, that
C7
she's my lit - tle la - dy And I love her so.
F D7 Gm C7 F D7
Peg - gy Day stole my poor heart a - way, Turned
Gm C7 F D7 Gm C7
my skies to blue from gray, Love to spend the night with Peg - gy
F B♭ F C7 F D7 Gm C7
Day. Peg - gy Day stole my poor heart a -
F D7 Gm C7 F D7
way, By gol - ly, what more can I say.
Gm C7 F D7 G7
Love to spend the night with Peg - gy Day. Love to spend the night
C7 F F7 B♭ D♭7 F G♭9 F13 ♯11
with Peg - gy Day.

Percy's Song

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Additional lyrics

2. Tell me the trouble,
Tell once to my ear,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Joliet prison
And ninety-nine years,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

3. Oh what's the charge
Of how this came to be,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Manslaughter
In the highest of degree,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

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4. I sat down and wrote
The best words I could write,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Explaining to the judge
I'd be there on Wednesday night,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

5. Without a reply,
I left by the moon,
Turn, turn, turn again.
And was in his chambers
By the next afternoon,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

6. Could ya tell me the facts?
I said without fear,
Turn, turn, turn again.
That a friend of mine
Would get ninety-nine years,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

7. A crash on the highway
Flew the car to a field,
Turn, turn, turn again.
There was four persons killed
And he was at the wheel,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

8. But I knew him as good
As I'm knowin' myself,
Turn, turn, turn again.
And he wouldn't harm a life
That belonged to someone else,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

9. The judge spoke
Out of the side of his mouth,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Sayin', "The witness who saw,
He left little doubt,"
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

10. That may be true,
He's got a sentence to serve,
Turn, turn, turn again.
But ninety-nine years,
He just don't deserve,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

11. Too late, too late,
For his case it is sealed,
Turn, turn, turn again.
His sentence is passed
And it cannot be repealed,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

12. But he ain't no criminal
And his crime it is none,
Turn, turn, turn again.
What happened to him
Could happen to anyone,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

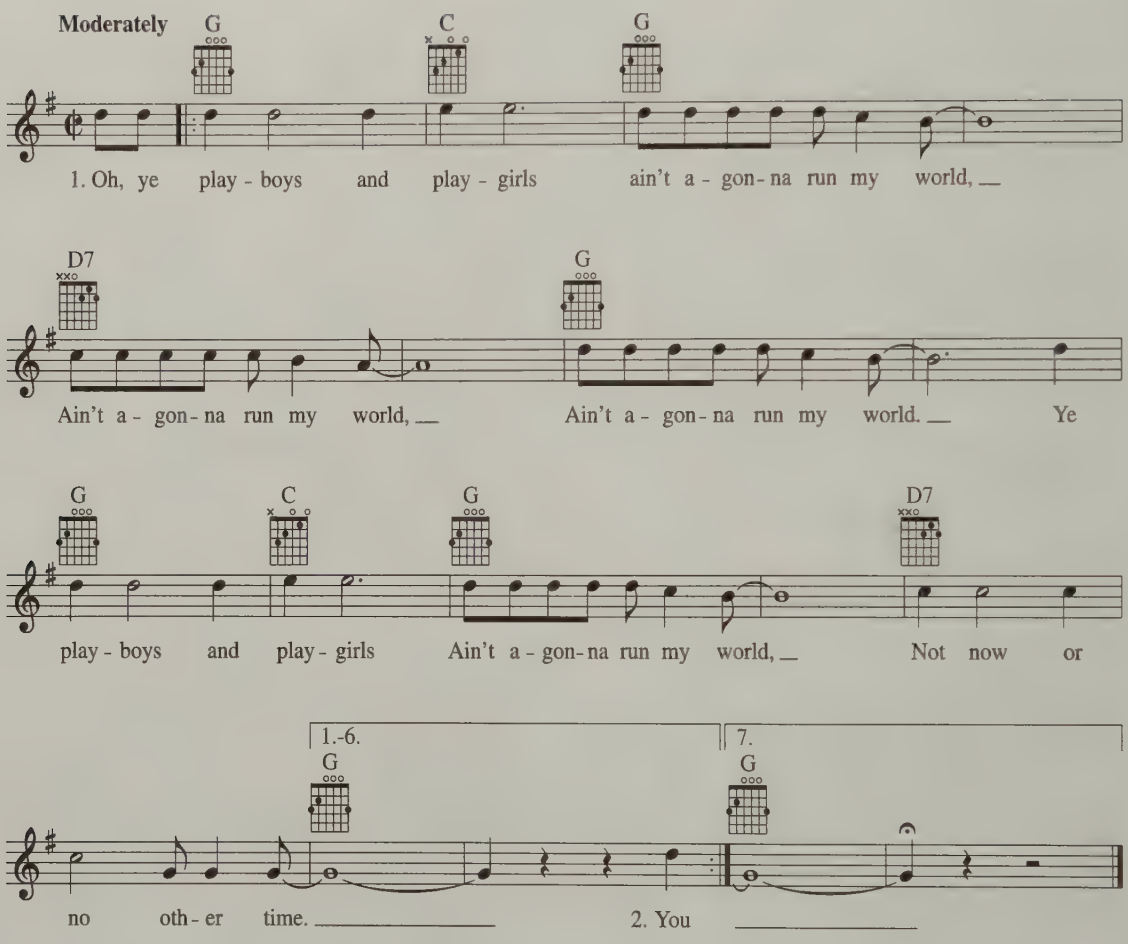
13. And at that the judge jerked forward
And his face it did freeze,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Sayin', "Could you kindly leave
My office now, please,"
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

14. Well his eyes looked funny
And I stood up so slow,
Turn, turn, turn again.
With no other choice
Except for to go,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

15. I walked down the hallway
And I heard his door slam,
Turn, turn, turn again.
I walked down the courthouse stairs
And I did not understand,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

16. And I played my guitar
Through the night to the day,
Turn, turn, turn again.
And the only tune
My guitar could play
Was, "Oh the Cruel Rain
And the Wind."

Playboys and Playgirls

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately
G
C
G
1. Oh, ye play - boys and play - girls ain't a - gon - na run my world, __
D7
G
Ain't a - gon - na run my world, __ Ain't a - gon - na run my world. __ Ye
G
C
G
D7
play - boys and play - girls Ain't a - gon - na run my world, __ Not now or
1.-6.
7.
G
G
no oth - er time. __ 2. You __

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Additional lyrics

2. You fallout shelter sellers
Can't get in my door,
Can't get in my door,
Can't get in my door.
You fallout shelter sellers
Can't get in my door,
Not now or no other time.

3. Your Jim Crow ground
Can't turn me around,
Can't turn me around,
Can't turn me around.
Your Jim Crow ground
Can't turn me around,
Not now or no other time.

4. The laughter in the lynch mob
Ain't a-gonna do no more,
Ain't a-gonna do no more,
Ain't a-gonna do no more.
The laughter in the lynch mob
Ain't a-gonna do no more,
Not now or no other time.

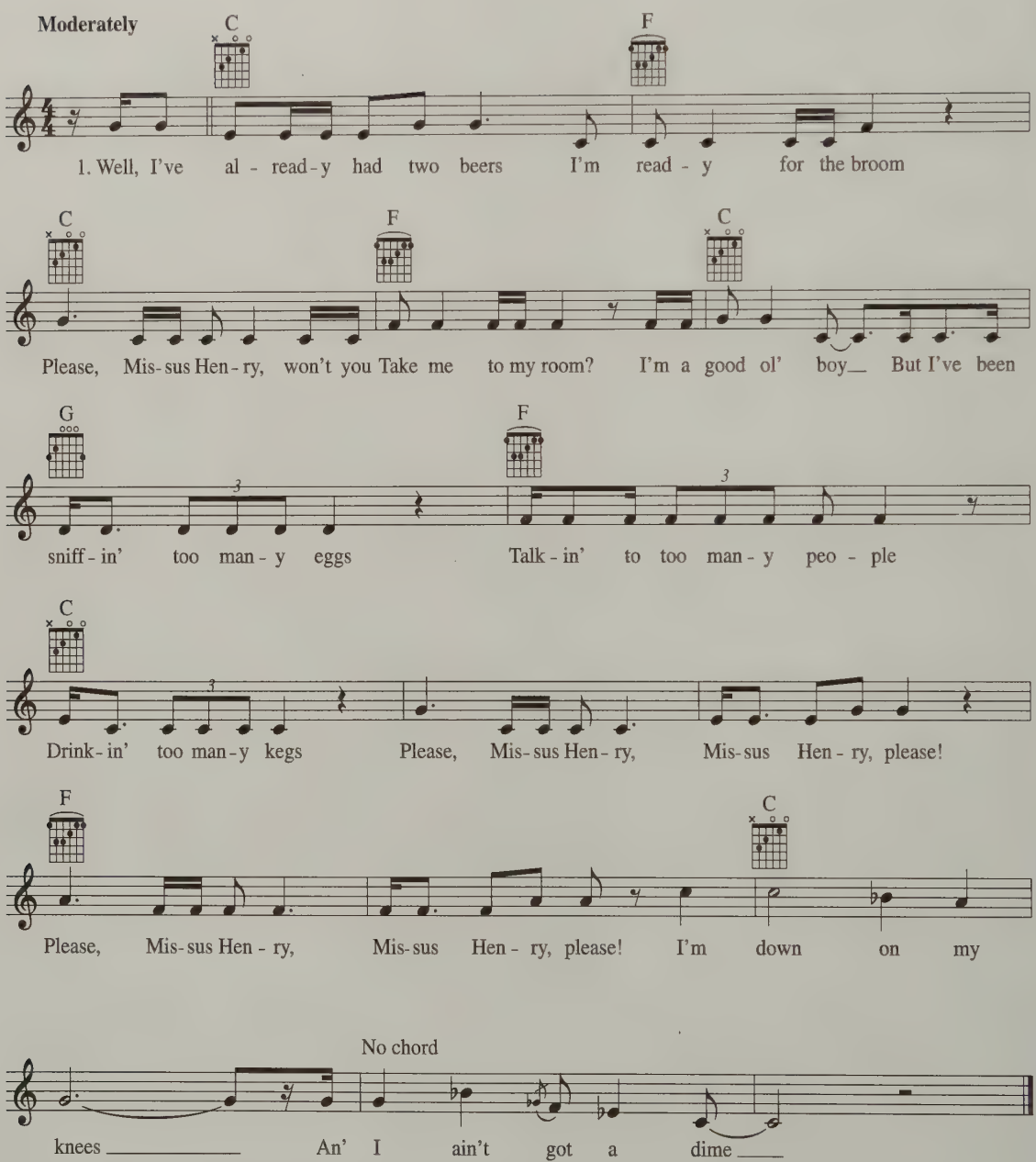
5. You insane tongues of war talk
Ain't a-gonna guide my road,
Ain't a-gonna guide my road,
Ain't a-gonna guide my road.
You insane tongues of war talk
Ain't a-gonna guide my road,
Not now or no other time.

6. You red baiters and race haters
Ain't a-gonna hang around here,
Ain't a-gonna hang around here,
Ain't a-gonna hang around here.
You red baiters and race haters,
Ain't a-gonna hang around here,
Not now or no other time.

7. Ye playboys and playgirls
Ain't a-gonna own my world,
Ain't a-gonna own my world,
Ain't a-gonna own my world.
Ye playboys and playgirls,
Ain't a-gonna own my world,
Not now or no other time.

Please, Mrs. Henry

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
C
F
1. Well, I've al - read - y had two beers I'm read - y for the broom
C
F
C
Please, Mis - sus Hen - ry, won't you Take me to my room? I'm a good ol' boy__ But I've been
G
F
3
3
sniff - in' too man - y eggs Talk - in' to too man - y peo - ple
C
3
Drink - in' too man - y kegs Please, Mis - sus Hen - ry, Mis - sus Hen - ry, please!
F
C
Please, Mis - sus Hen - ry, Mis - sus Hen - ry, please! I'm down on my
No chord
knees _____ An' I ain't got a dime ____

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Additional lyrics

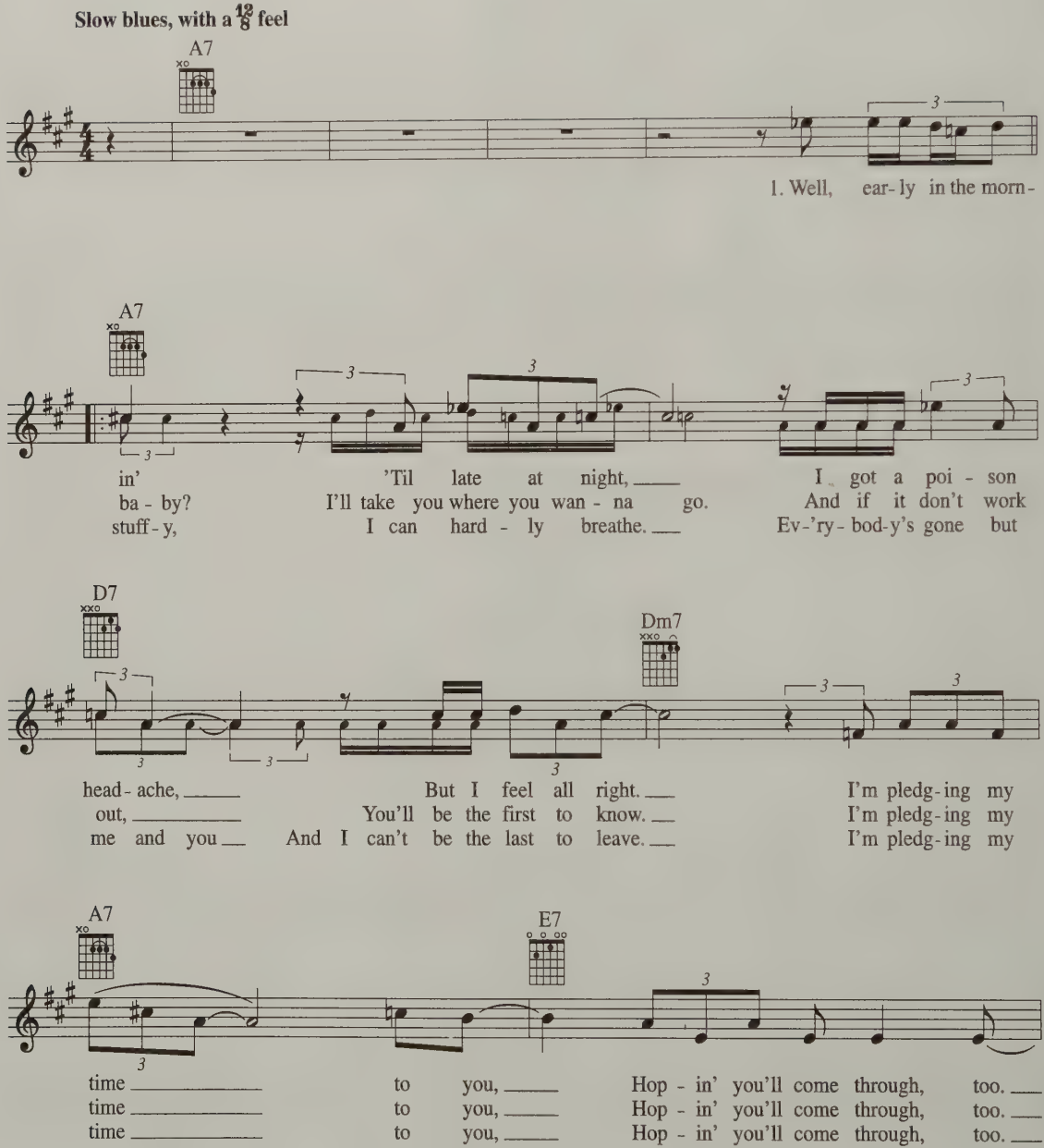
2. Well, I'm groanin' in a hallway
Pretty soon I'll be mad
Please, Missus Henry, won't you
Take me to your dad?
I can drink like a fish
I can crawl like a snake
I can bite like a turkey
I can slam like a drake
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
I'm down on my knees
An' I ain't got a dime

3. Now, don't crowd me, lady
Or I'll fill up your shoe
I'm a sweet bourbon daddy
An' tonight I am blue
I'm a thousand years old
And I'm a generous bomb
I'm T-boned and punctured
But I'm known to be calm
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
I'm down on my knees
An' I ain't got a dime

4. Now, I'm startin' to drain
My stool's gonna squeak
If I walk too much farther
My crane's gonna leak
Look, Missus Henry
There's only so much I can do
Why don't you look my way
An' pump me a few?
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
I'm down on my knees
An' I ain't got a dime.

Pledging My Time

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slow blues, with a 12/8 feel
A7
1. Well, ear-ly in the morn-
A7
in' 'Til late at night, I got a poi - son
ba - by? I'll take you where you wan - na go. And if it don't work
stuff - y, I can hard - ly breathe. Ev-'ry - bod-y's gone but
D7
Dm7
head - ache, But I feel all right. I'm pledg - ing my
out, You'll be the first to know. I'm pledg - ing my
me and you And I can't be the last to leave. I'm pledg - ing my
A7
E7
time to you, Hop - in' you'll come through, too.
time to you, Hop - in' you'll come through, too.
time to you, Hop - in' you'll come through, too.

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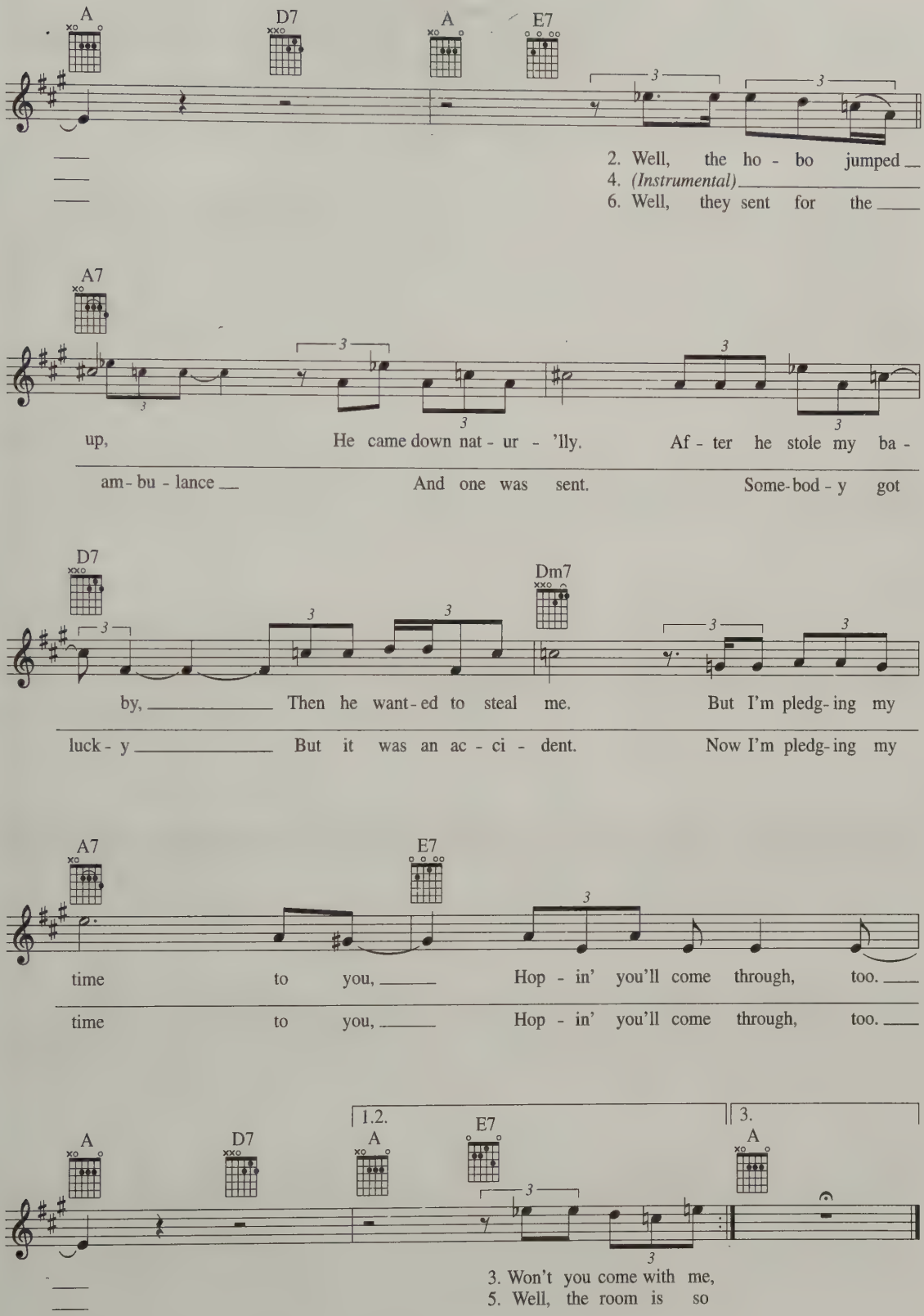
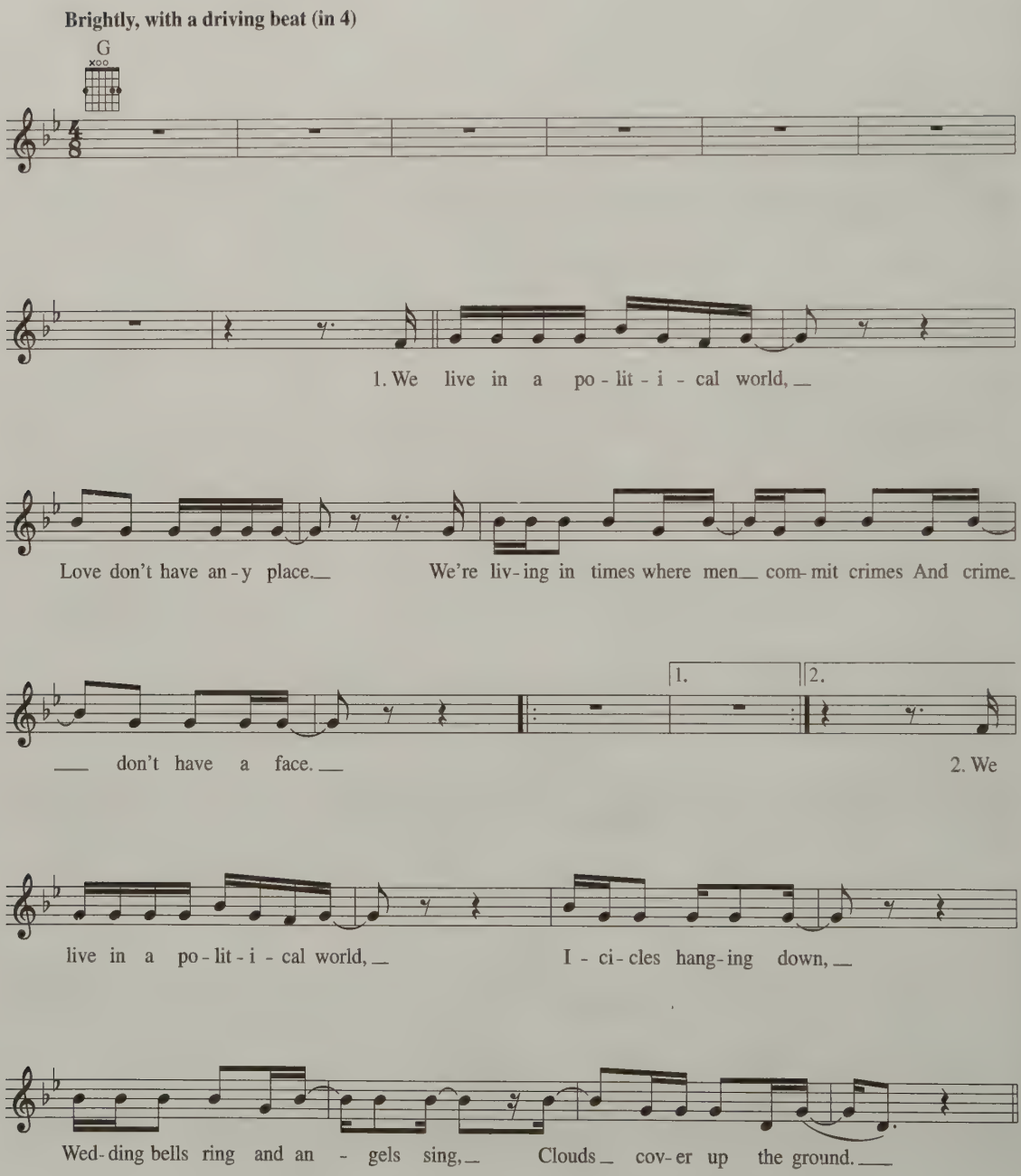

A
D7
A
E7
2. Well, the ho - bo jumped
4. (Instrumental)
6. Well, they sent for the
A7
up, He came down nat - ur - 'lly. Af - ter he stole my ba -
am - bu - lance And one was sent. Some - bod - y got
D7
Dm7
by, Then he want - ed to steal me. But I'm pledg - ing my
luck - y But it was an ac - ci - dent. Now I'm pledg - ing my
A7
E7
time to you, Hop - in' you'll come through, too.
time to you, Hop - in' you'll come through, too.
A
D7
1.2.
A
E7
3.
A
3. Won't you come with me,
5. Well, the room is so

Political World

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Brightly, with a driving beat (in 4)
G
xoo
1. We live in a po - lit - i - cal world, _
Love don't have an - y place. _ We're liv - ing in times where men _ com - mit crimes And crime _
1.
2.
_ don't have a face. _
2. We
live in a po - lit - i - cal world, _
I - ci - cles hang - ing down, _
Wed - ding bells ring and an - gels sing, _ Clouds _ cov - er up the ground. _

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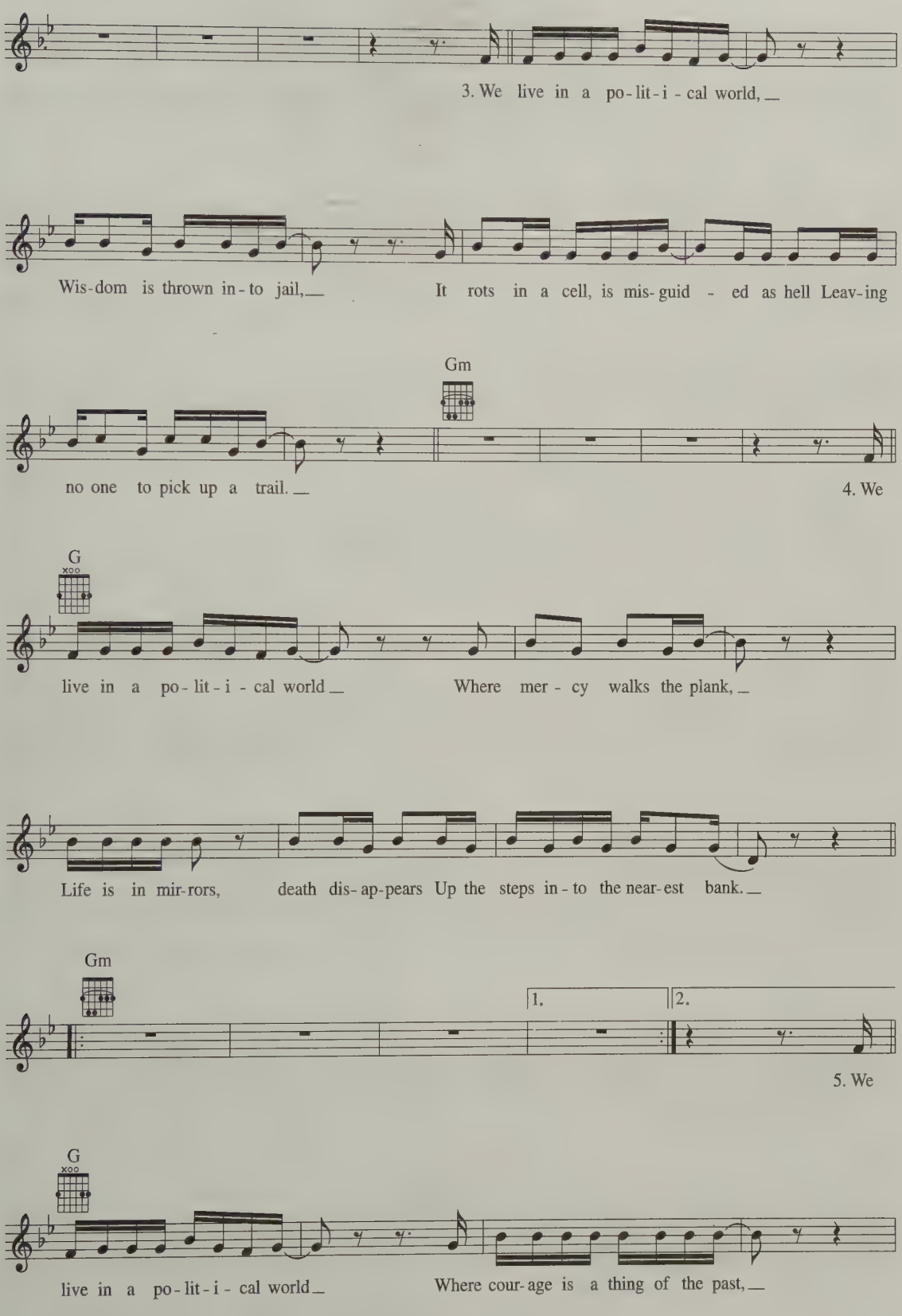
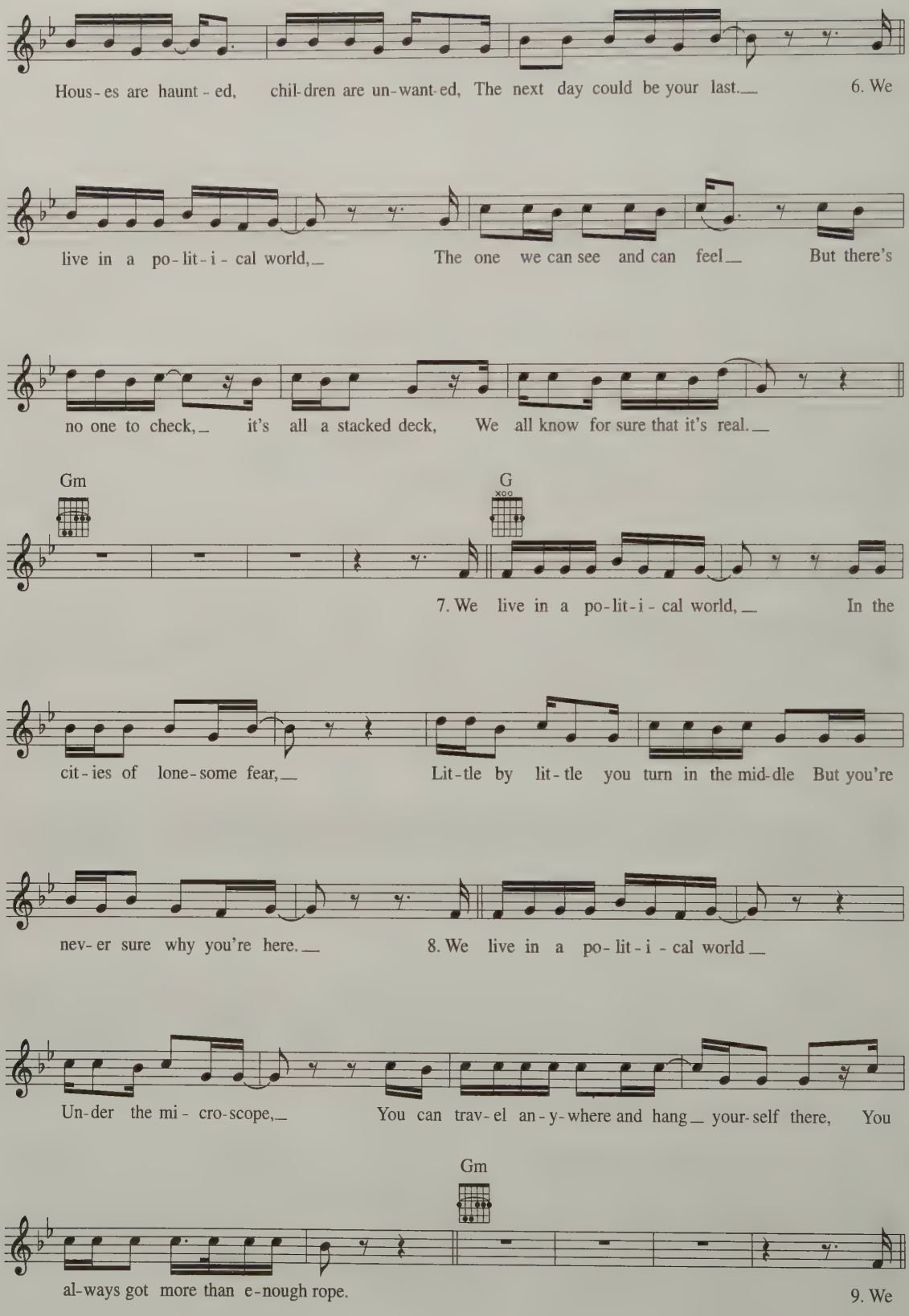
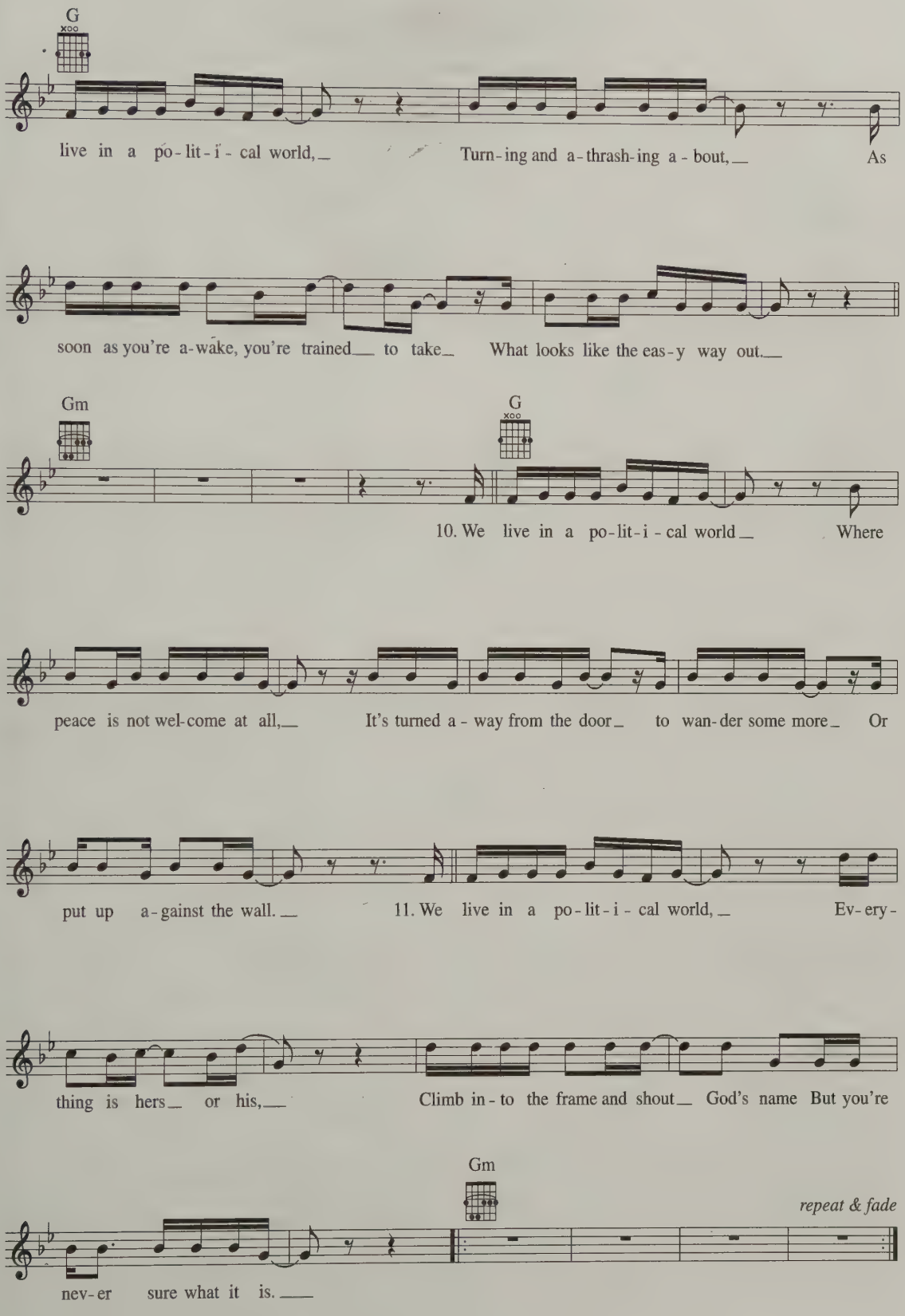
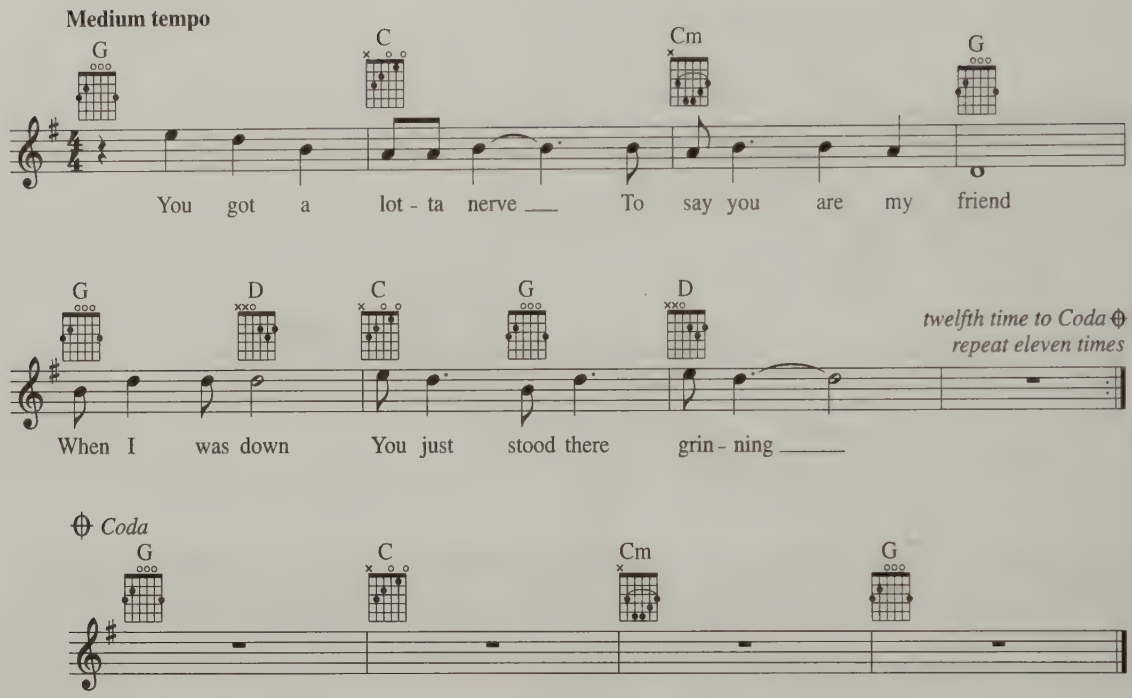

3. We live in a po-lit-i-cal world,
Wis-dom is thrown in-to jail,
It rots in a cell, is mis-guid-ed as hell Leav-ing
Gm
no one to pick up a trail.
4. We
G
live in a po-lit-i-cal world
Where mer-cy walks the plank,
Life is in mir-rors, death dis-ap-pears Up the steps in-to the near-est bank.
Gm
1.
2.
5. We
G
live in a po-lit-i-cal world
Where cour-age is a thing of the past,


Hous-es are haunt-ed, chil-dren are un-want-ed, The next day could be your last. 6. We
live in a po-lit-i-cal world, The one we can see and can feel But there's
no one to check, it's all a stacked deck, We all know for sure that it's real.
Gm
G
xoo
7. We live in a po-lit-i-cal world, In the
cit-ies of lone-some fear, Lit-tle by lit-tle you turn in the mid-dle But you're
nev-er sure why you're here. 8. We live in a po-lit-i-cal world
Un-der the mi-cro-scope, You can trav-el an-y-where and hang your-self there, You
Gm
al-ways got more than e-nough rope. 9. We


G
live in a po-lit-i-cal world, Turn-ing and a-thrash-ing a-bout, As
soon as you're a-wake, you're trained to take What looks like the eas-y way out.
Gm
G
10. We live in a po-lit-i-cal world Where
peace is not wel-come at all, It's turned a-way from the door to wan-der some more Or
put up a-gainst the wall. 11. We live in a po-lit-i-cal world, Ev-ery-
thing is hers or his, Climb in-to the frame and shout God's name But you're
Gm
repeat & fade
nev-er sure what it is.

Positively 4th Street

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Additional lyrics

2. You got a lotta nerve
To say you gotta helping hand to lend
You just want to be on
The side that's winning

3. You say I let you down
You know it's not like that
If you're so hurt
Why then don't you show it

4. You say you lost your faith
But that's not where it's at
You had no faith to lose
And you know it

5. I know the reason
That you talk behind my back
I used to be among the crowd
You're in with

6. Do you take me for such a fool
To think I'd make contact
With the one who tries to hide
What he don't know to begin with

7. You see me on the street
You always act surprised
You say, "How are you?" "Good luck"
But you don't mean it

8. When you know as well as me
You'd rather see me paralyzed
Why don't you just come out once
And scream it

9. No, I do not feel that good
When I see the heartbreaks you embrace
If I was a master thief
Perhaps I'd rob them

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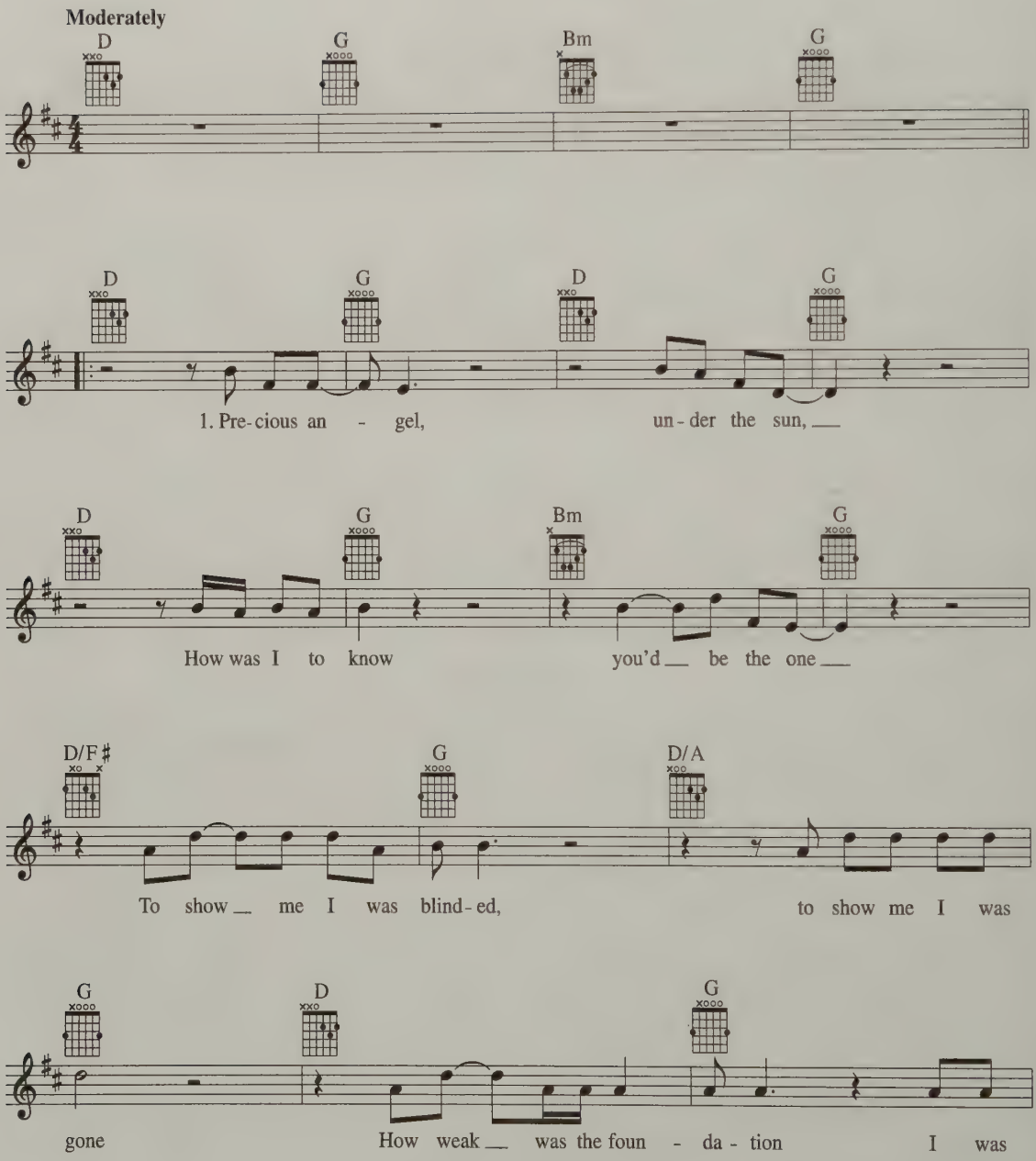
10. And now I know you're dissatisfied
With your position and your place
Don't you understand
It's not my problem

11. I wish that for just one time
You could stand inside my shoes
And just for that one moment
I could be you

12. Yes, I wish that for just one time
You could stand inside my shoes
You'd know what a drag it is
To see you

Precious Angel

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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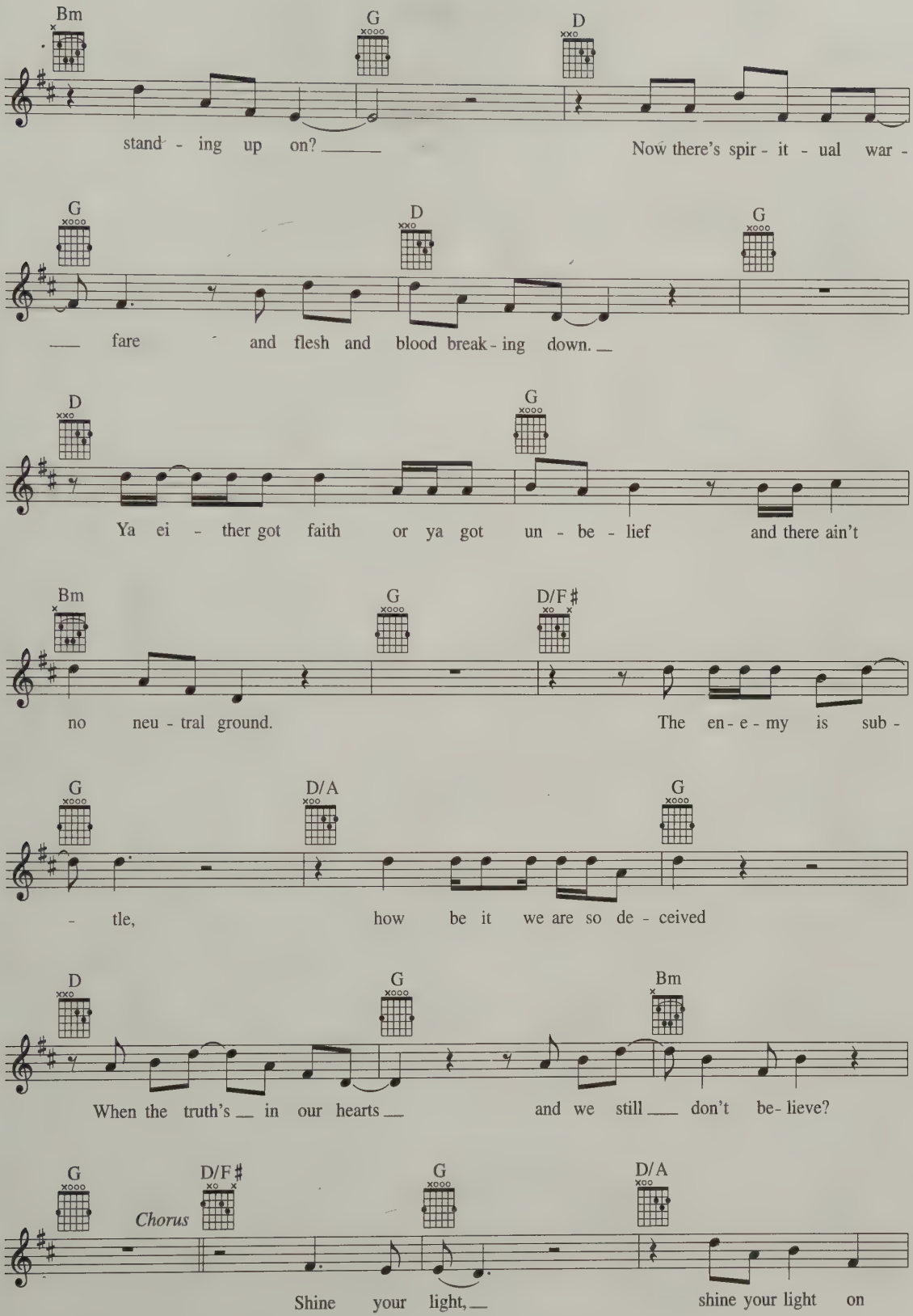
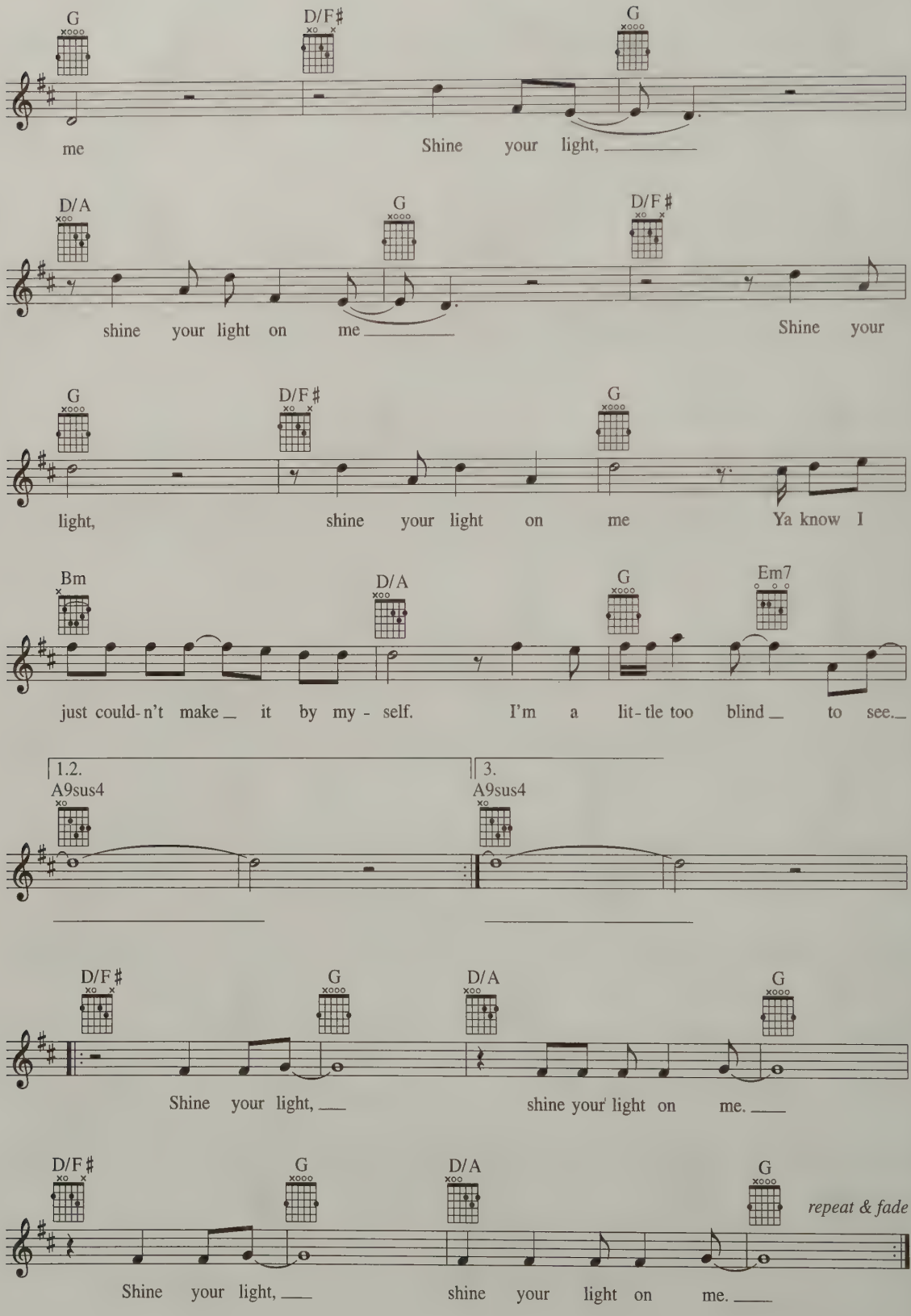

Bm G D
stand - ing up on? Now there's spir - it - ual war -
G D G
fare and flesh and blood break - ing down.
D G
Ya ei - ther got faith or ya got un - be - lief and there ain't
Bm G D/F♯
no neu - tral ground. The en - e - my is sub -
G D/A G
- tle, how be it we are so de - ceived
D G Bm
When the truth's in our hearts and we still don't be - lieve?
G D/F♯ G D/A
Chorus
Shine your light, shine your light on


G
D/F♯
G
me
Shine your light,
D/A
G
D/F♯
shine your light on me
Shine your
G
D/F♯
G
light,
shine your light on me
Ya know I
Bm
D/A
G
Em7
just could-n't make it by my-self.
I'm a lit-tle too blind to see.
1.2.
A9sus4
3.
A9sus4
D/F♯
G
D/A
G
Shine your light,
shine your light on me.
D/F♯
G
D/A
G
repeat & fade
Shine your light,
shine your light on me.

Additional lyrics

2. My so-called friends have fallen under a spell.
   They look me squarely in the eye and they say, "All is well."
   Can they imagine the darkness that will fall from on high
   When men will beg God to kill them and they won't be able to die?

   Sister, lemme tell you about a vision I saw.
   You were drawing water for your husband, you were suffering under the law.
   You were telling him about Buddha, you were telling him about Mohammed in the same breath.
   You never mentioned one time the Man who came and died a criminal's death.

   Chorus

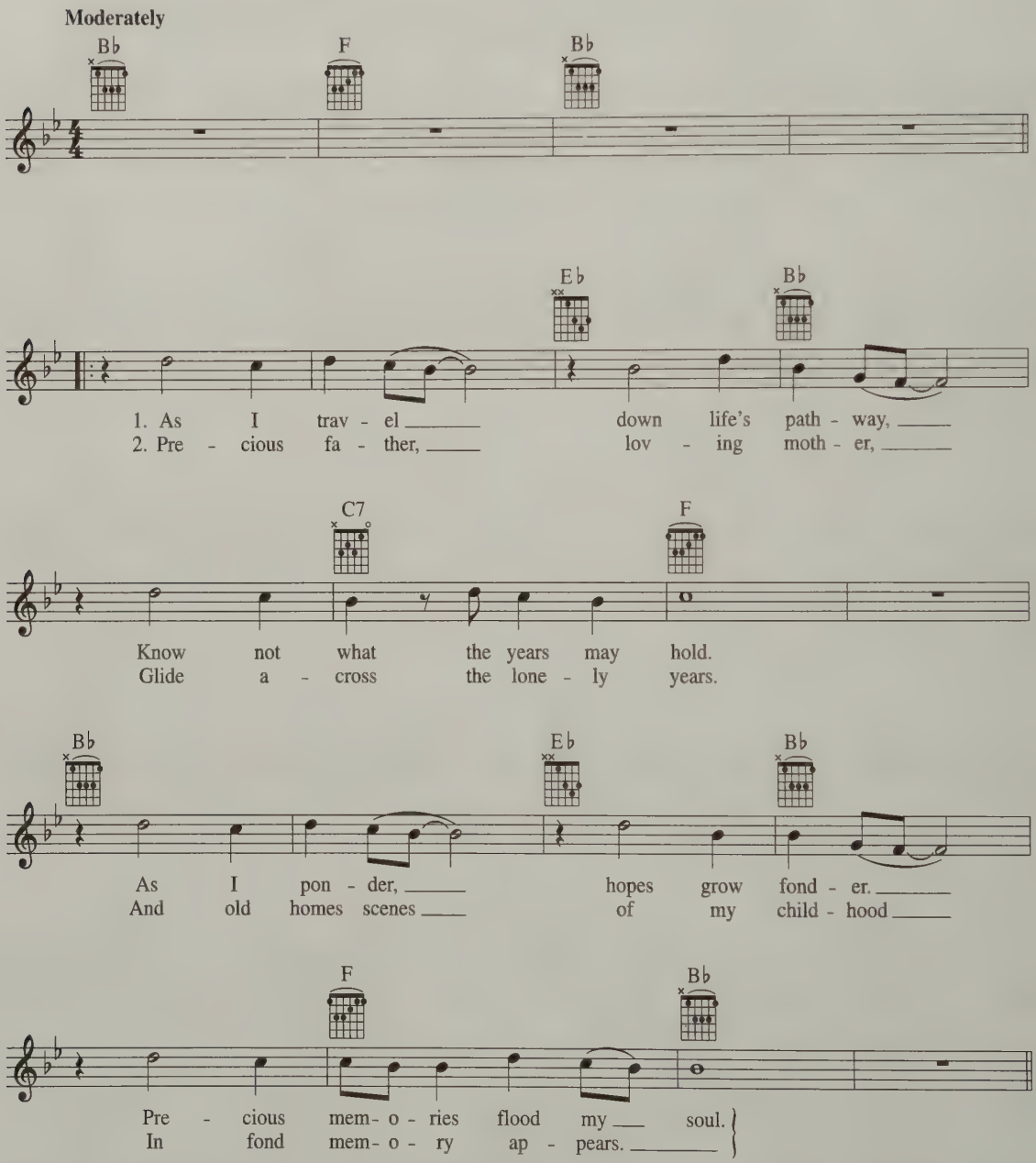
3. Precious angel, you believe me when I say
   What God has given to us no man can take away.
   We are covered in blood, girl, you know our forefathers were slaves.
   Let us hope they've found mercy in their bone-filled graves.

   You're the queen of my flesh, girl, you're my woman, you're my delight,
   You're the lamp of my soul, girl, and you touch up the night.
   But there's violence in the eyes, girl, so let us not be enticed
   On the way out of Egypt, through Ethiopia, to the judgment hall of Christ.

   Chorus

Precious Memories

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
B♭
F
B♭
E♭
B♭
1. As I trav - el down life's path - way,
2. Pre - cious fa - ther, lov - ing moth - er,
C7
F
Know not what the years may hold.
Glide a - cross the lone - ly years.
B♭
E♭
B♭
As I pon - der, hopes grow fond - er.
And old homes scenes of my child - hood
F
B♭
Pre - cious mem - o - ries flood my soul.
In fond mem - o - ry ap - pears.

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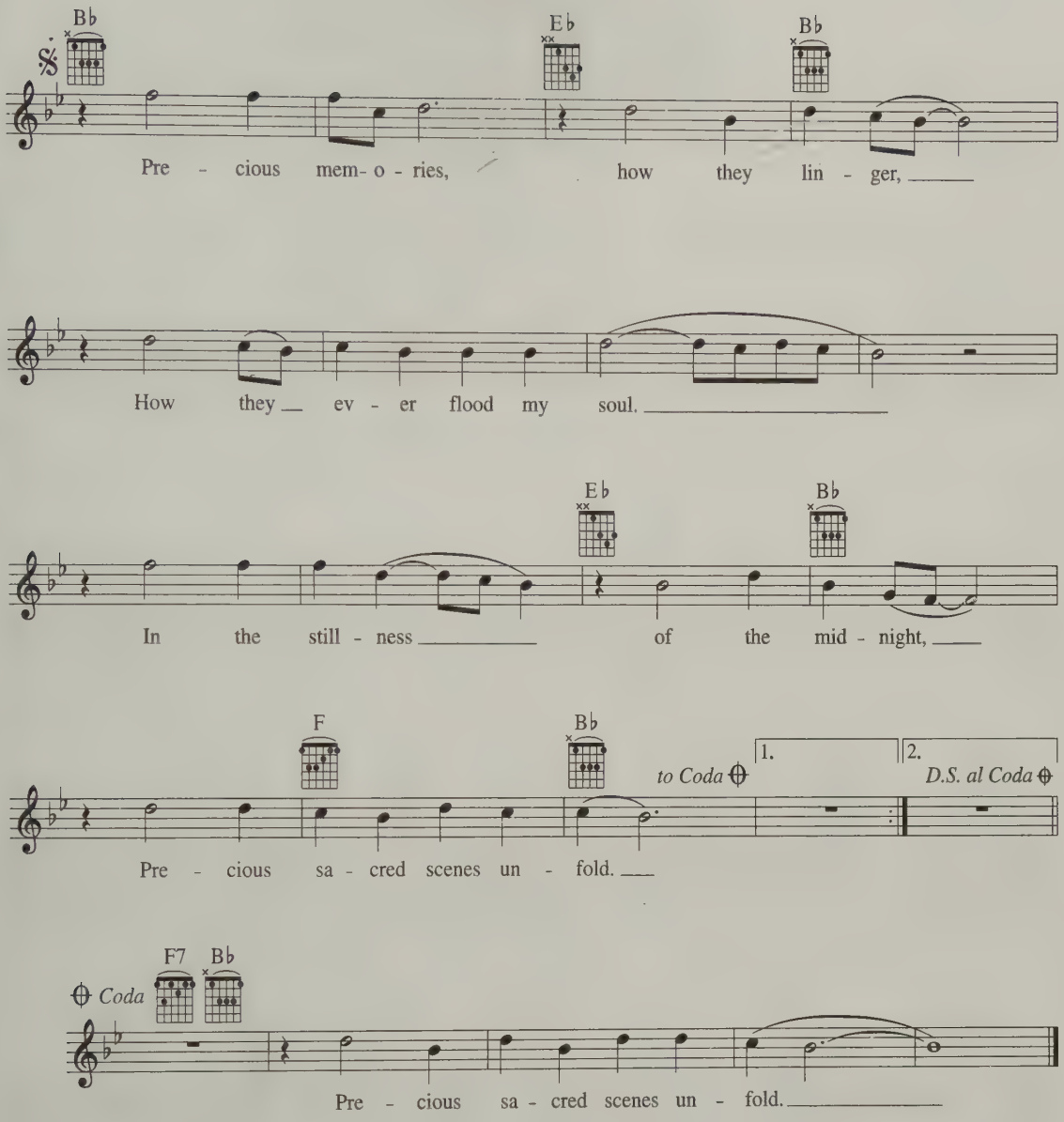
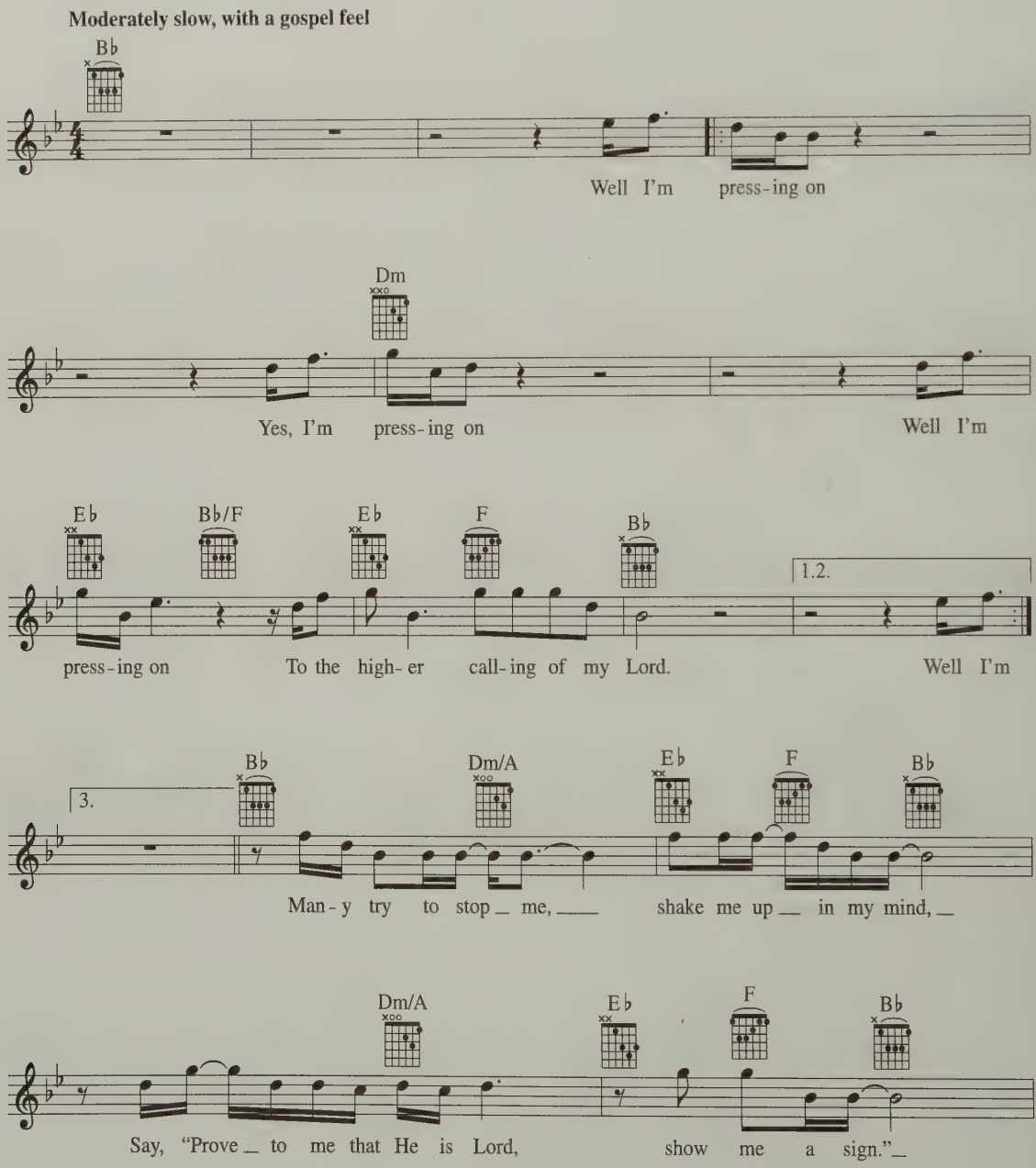

B♭
E♭
B♭
Pre - cious mem- o - ries, how they lin - ger,
How they ev - er flood my soul.
E♭
B♭
In the still - ness of the mid - night,
F
B♭
1.
2.
to Coda
D.S. al Coda
Pre - cious sa - cred scenes un - fold.
Coda
F7
B♭
Pre - cious sa - cred scenes un - fold.

Pressing On

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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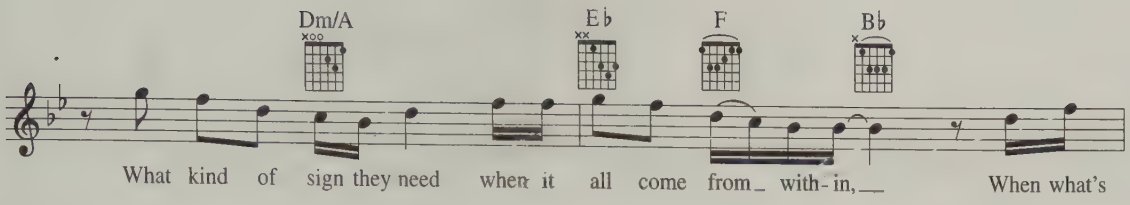
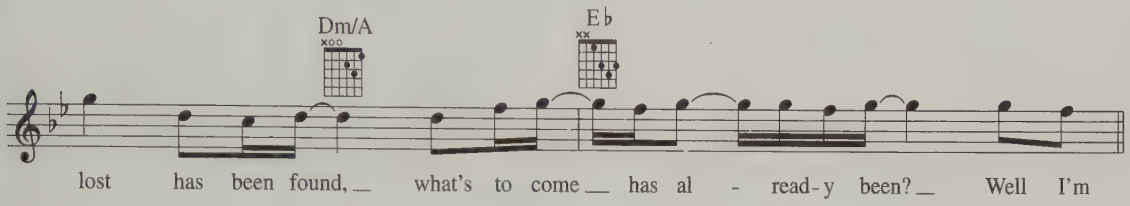
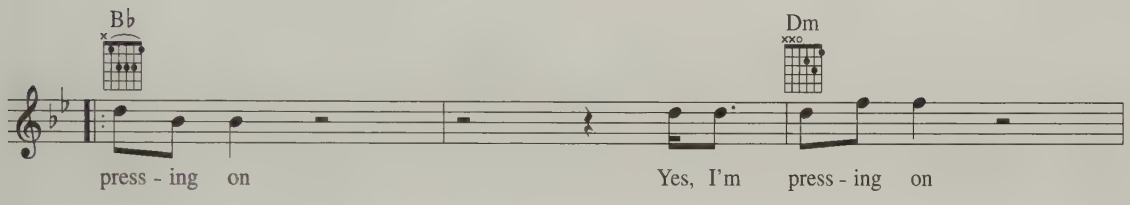
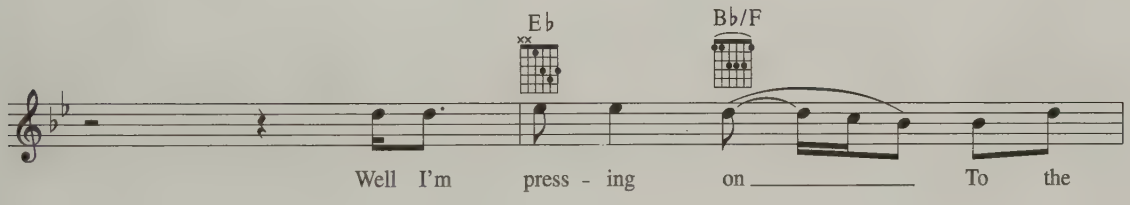
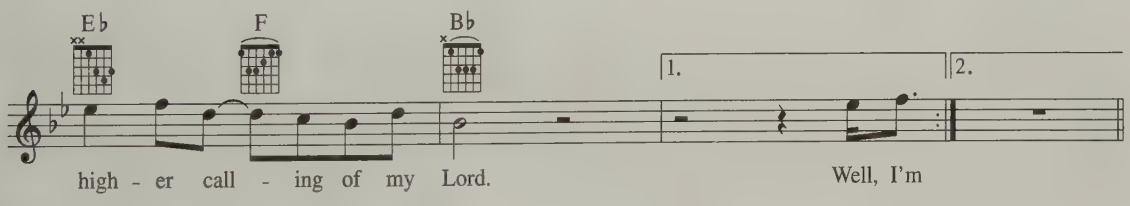
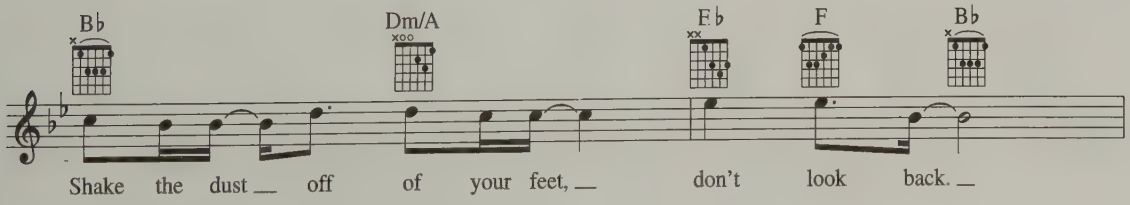

Dm/A
E♭
F
B♭
What kind of sign they need when it all come from_ with-in,__ When what's

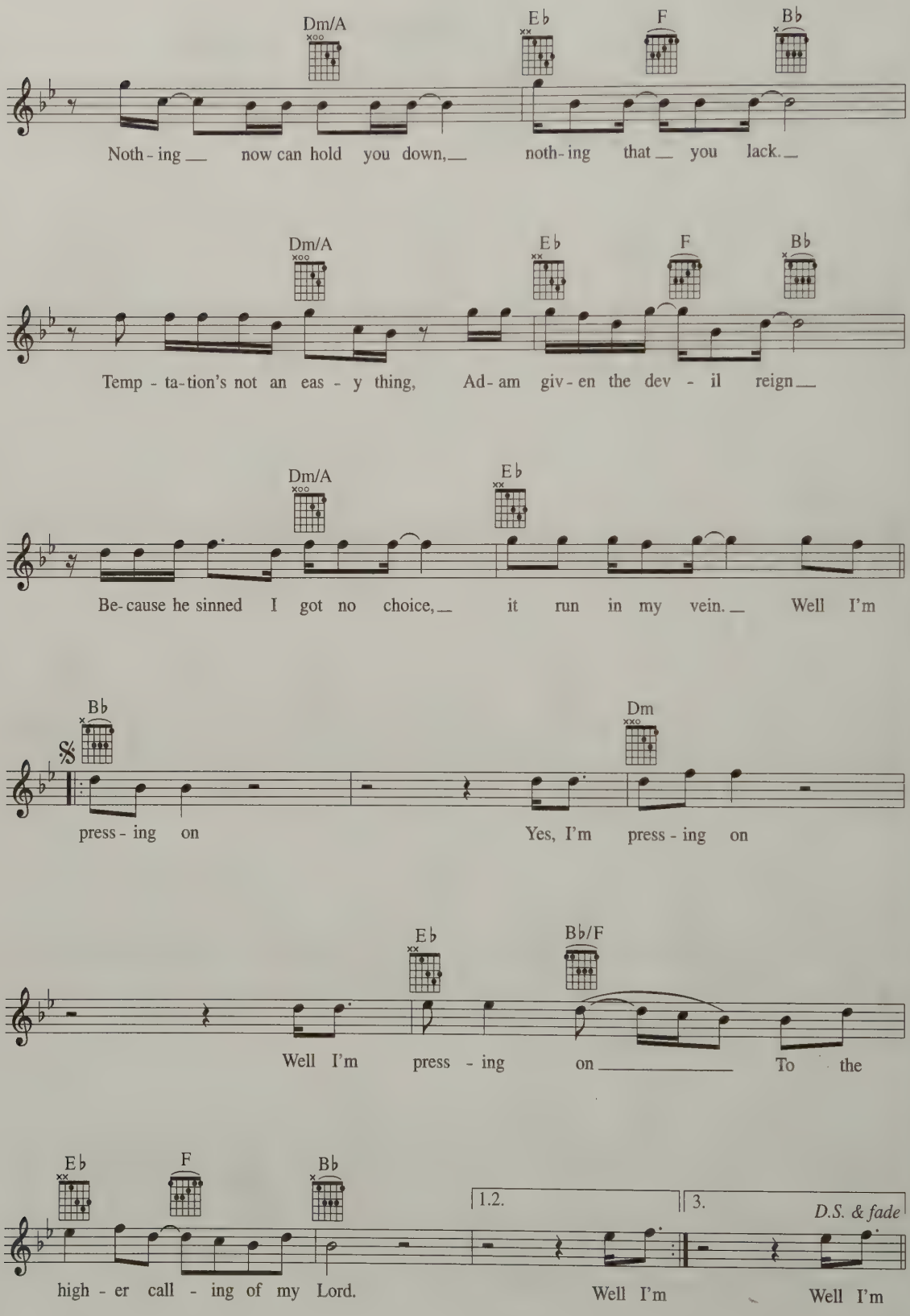

Dm/A
E♭
lost has been found,_ what's to come__ has al - read-y been?_ Well I'm


B♭
Dm
press - ing on Yes, I'm press - ing on


E♭
B♭/F
Well I'm press - ing on_____ To the

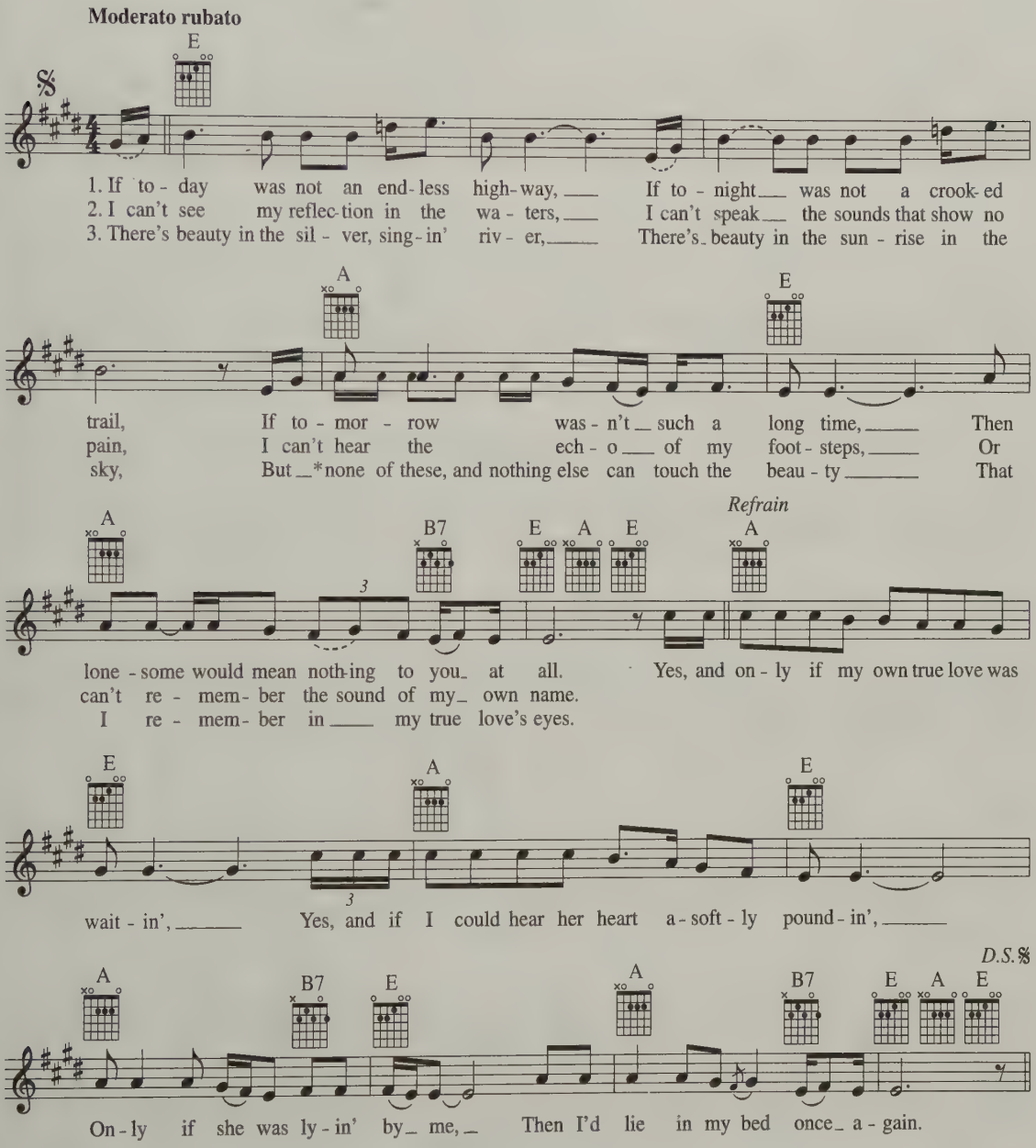

E♭
F
B♭
1.
2.
high - er call - ing of my Lord. Well, I'm


B♭
Dm/A
E♭
F
B♭
Shake the dust__ off of your feet,__ don't look back.__


Dm/A
E♭
F
B♭
Noth - ing now can hold you down, noth - ing that you lack.
Dm/A
E♭
F
B♭
Temp - ta - tion's not an eas - y thing, Ad - am giv - en the dev - il reign
Dm/A
E♭
Be - cause he sinned I got no choice, it run in my vein. Well I'm
B♭
Dm
𝄋
press - ing on
Yes, I'm press - ing on
E♭
B♭/F
Well I'm press - ing on To the
E♭
F
B♭
1.2.
3.
D.S. & fade
high - er call - ing of my Lord.
Well I'm
Well I'm

Tomorrow Is a Long Time

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato rubato
E
1. If to - day was not an end - less high - way,
2. I can't see my reflec - tion in the wa - ters,
3. There's beauty in the sil - ver, sing - in' riv - er,
If to - night was not a crook - ed
I can't speak the sounds that show no
There's beauty in the sun - rise in the
A
E
trail, If to - mor - row was - n't such a long time, Then
pain, I can't hear the ech - o of my foot - steps, Or
sky, But *none of these, and nothing else can touch the beau - ty That
Refrain
A
B7
E
A
E
A
lone - some would mean noth - ing to you at all.
can't re - mem - ber the sound of my own name.
I re - mem - ber in my true love's eyes.
Yes, and on - ly if my own true love was
E
A
E
wait - in',
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a - soft - ly pound - in',
D.S.𝄋
A
B7
E
A
B7
E
A
E
On - ly if she was ly - in' by me,
Then I'd lie in my bed once a - gain.

* *ad lib quasi recitative*

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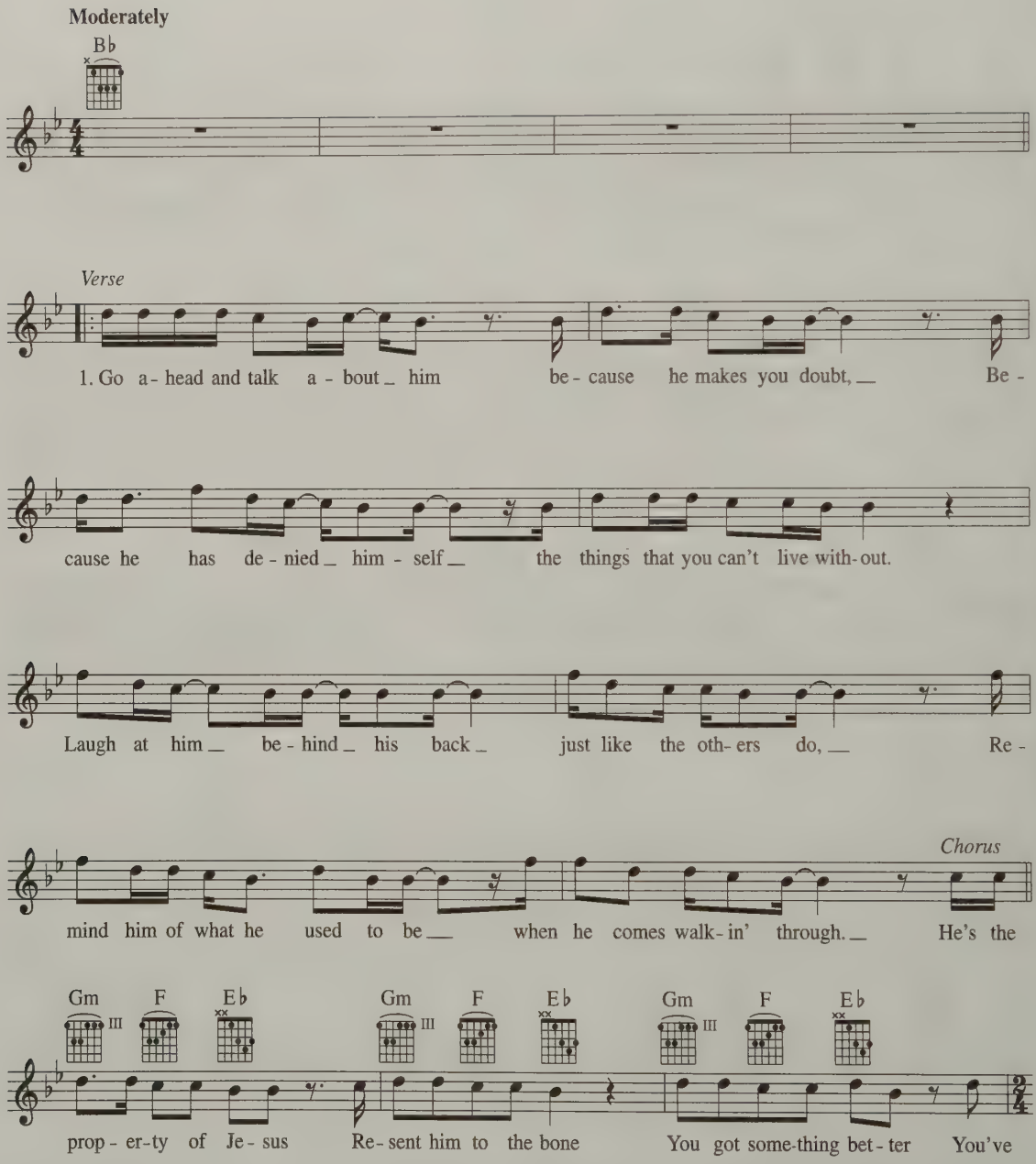
Property of Jesus

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
B♭
Verse
1. Go a - head and talk a - bout _ him be - cause he makes you doubt, __ Be -
cause he has de - nied _ him - self __ the things that you can't live with - out.
Laugh at him __ be - hind _ his back _ just like the oth - ers do, __ Re -
Chorus
mind him of what he used to be __ when he comes walk - in' through. __ He's the
Gm F E♭ Gm F E♭ Gm F E♭
prop - er - ty of Je - sus Re - sent him to the bone You got some - thing bet - ter You've

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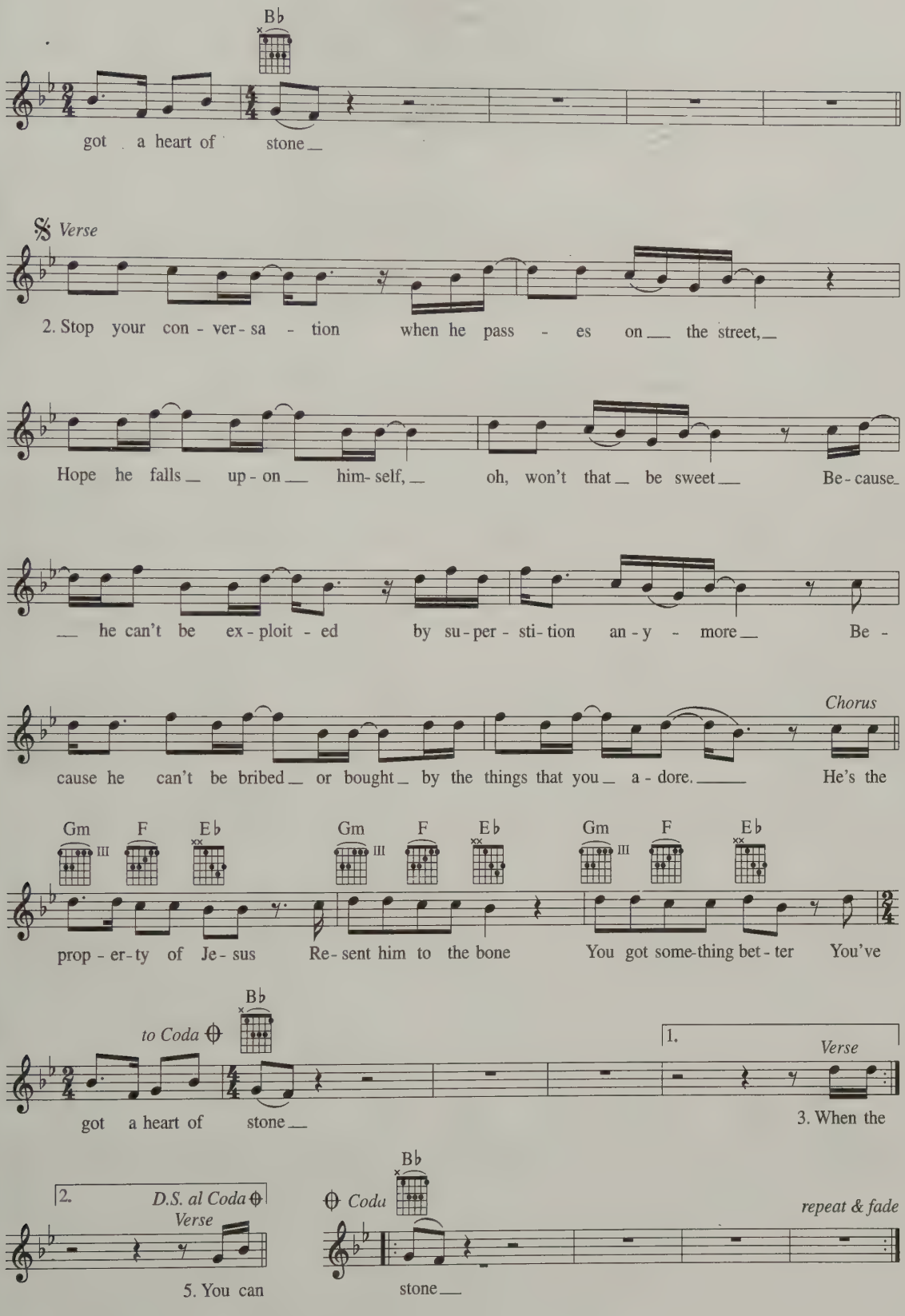

B♭
got a heart of stone
𝄋 Verse
2. Stop your con - ver - sa - tion when he pass - es on the street,
Hope he falls up - on him - self, oh, won't that be sweet Be - cause
he can't be ex - ploit - ed by su - per - sti - tion an - y - more Be -
Chorus
cause he can't be bribed or bought by the things that you a - dore. He's the
Gm F E♭ Gm F E♭ Gm F E♭
prop - er - ty of Je - sus Re - sent him to the bone You got some - thing bet - ter You've
to Coda
B♭
got a heart of stone
1.
Verse
3. When the
2.
D.S. al Coda
Verse
5. You can
Coda
B♭
stone
repeat & fade

Additional lyrics

3. When the whip that's keeping you in line doesn't make him jump,
   Say he's hard-of-hearin', say that he's a chump.
   Say he's out of step with reality as you try to test his nerve
   Because he doesn't pay no tribute to the king that you serve.

   Chorus

4. Say that he's a loser 'cause he got no common sense
   Because he don't increase his worth at someone else's expense.
   Because he's not afraid of trying, 'cause he don't look at you and smile,
   'Cause he doesn't tell you jokes or fairy tales, say he's got no style.

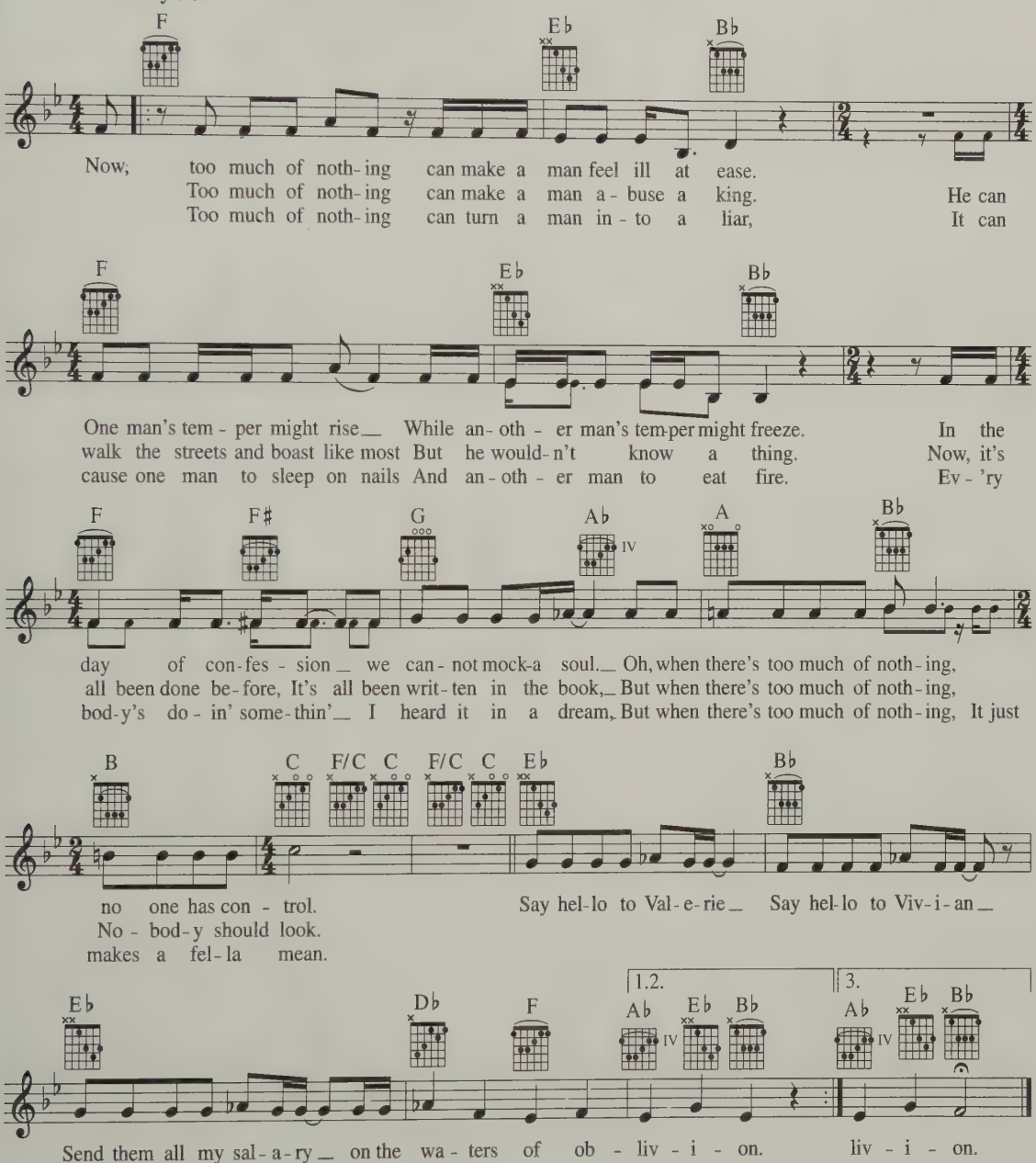
   Chorus

5. You can laugh at salvation, you can play Olympic games,
   You think that when you rest at last you'll go back from where you came.
   But you've picked up quite a story and you've changed since the womb.
   What happened to the real you, you've been captured but by whom?

   Chorus

Too Much of Nothing

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately slow

F
E♭
B♭
Now, too much of noth-ing can make a man feel ill at ease.
Too much of noth-ing can make a man a-buse a king. He can
Too much of noth-ing can turn a man in-to a liar, It can
F
E♭
B♭
One man's tem-per might rise While an-oth-er man's tem-per might freeze. In the
walk the streets and boast like most But he would-n't know a thing. Now, it's
cause one man to sleep on nails And an-oth-er man to eat fire. Ev-'ry
F
F♯
G
A♭
IV
A
B♭
day of con-fes-sion we can-not mock-a soul. Oh, when there's too much of noth-ing,
all been done be-fore, It's all been writ-ten in the book, But when there's too much of noth-ing,
bod-y's do-in' some-thin' I heard it in a dream, But when there's too much of noth-ing, It just
B
C
F/C
C
F/C
C
E♭
B♭
no one has con-trol. Say hel-lo to Val-e-rie Say hel-lo to Viv-i-an
No-bod-y should look.
makes a fel-la mean.
1.2.
3.
E♭
D♭
F
A♭
E♭
B♭
A♭
E♭
B♭
IV
IV
Send them all my sal-a-ry on the wa-ters of ob-liv-i-on. liv-i-on.

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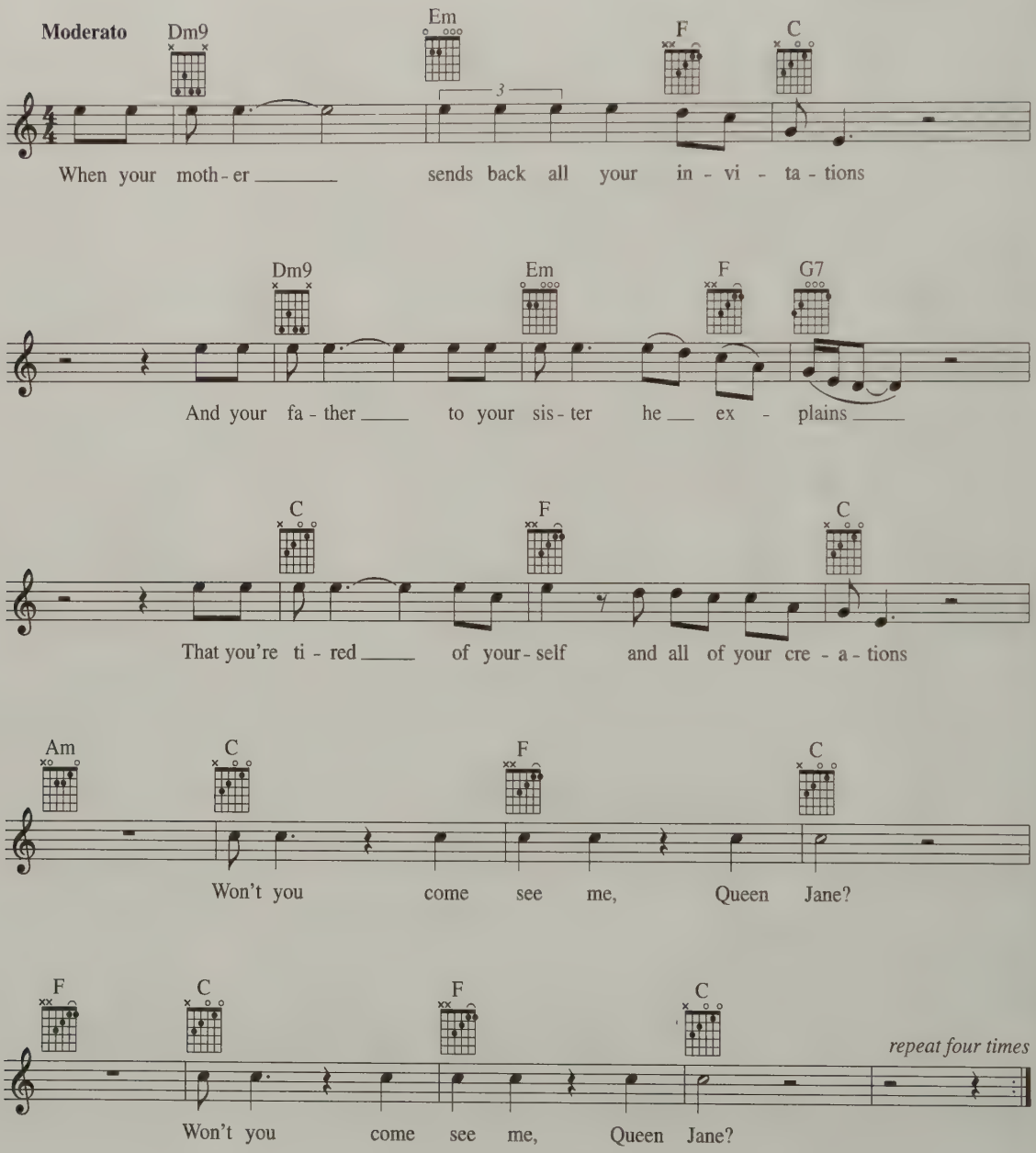
Queen Jane Approximately

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Now when all of the flower ladies want back what they have lent you
   And the smell of their roses does not remain
   And all of your children start to resent you
   Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
   Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

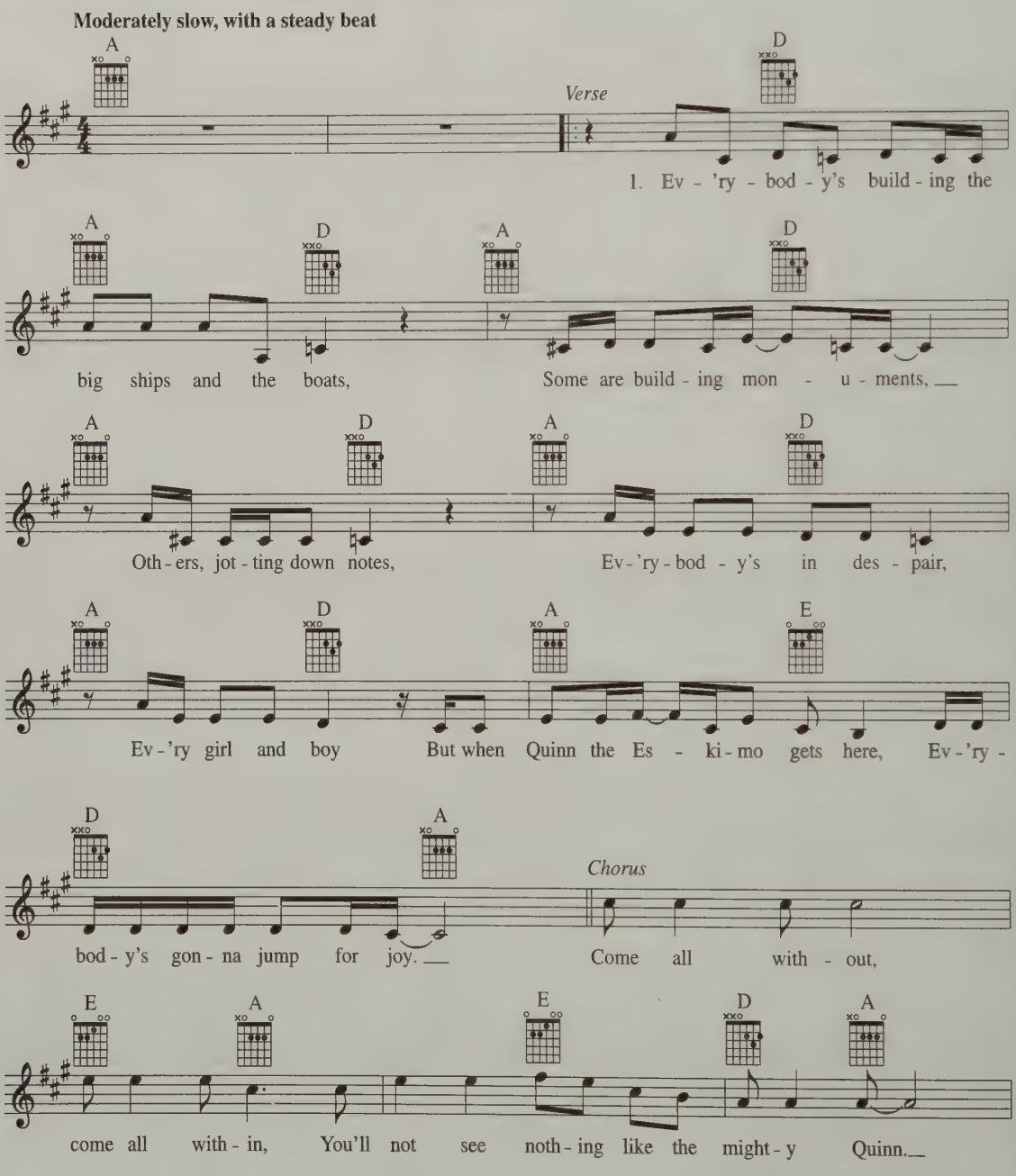
3. Now when all the clowns that you have commissioned
   Have died in battle or in vain
   And you're sick of all this repetition
   Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
   Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

4. When all of your advisers heave their plastic
   At your feet to convince you of your pain
   Trying to prove that your conclusions should be more drastic
   Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
   Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

5. Now when all the bandits that you turned your other cheek to
   All lay down their bandanas and complain
   And you want somebody you don't have to speak to
   Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
   Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Quinn the Eskimo
(The Mighty Quinn)

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow, with a steady beat
A
D
Verse
1. Ev - 'ry - bod - y's build - ing the
A
D
A
D
big ships and the boats, Some are build - ing mon - u - ments,
A
D
A
D
Oth - ers, jot - ting down notes, Ev - 'ry - bod - y's in des - pair,
A
D
A
E
Ev - 'ry girl and boy But when Quinn the Es - ki - mo gets here, Ev - 'ry -
D
A
Chorus
bod - y's gon - na jump for joy. Come all with - out,
E
A
E
D
A
come all with - in, You'll not see noth - ing like the might - y Quinn.

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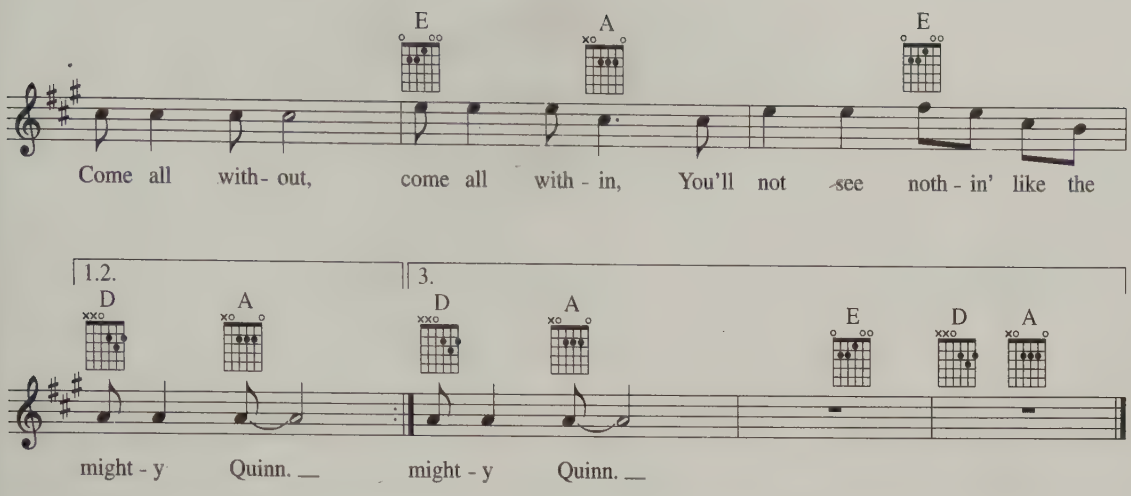
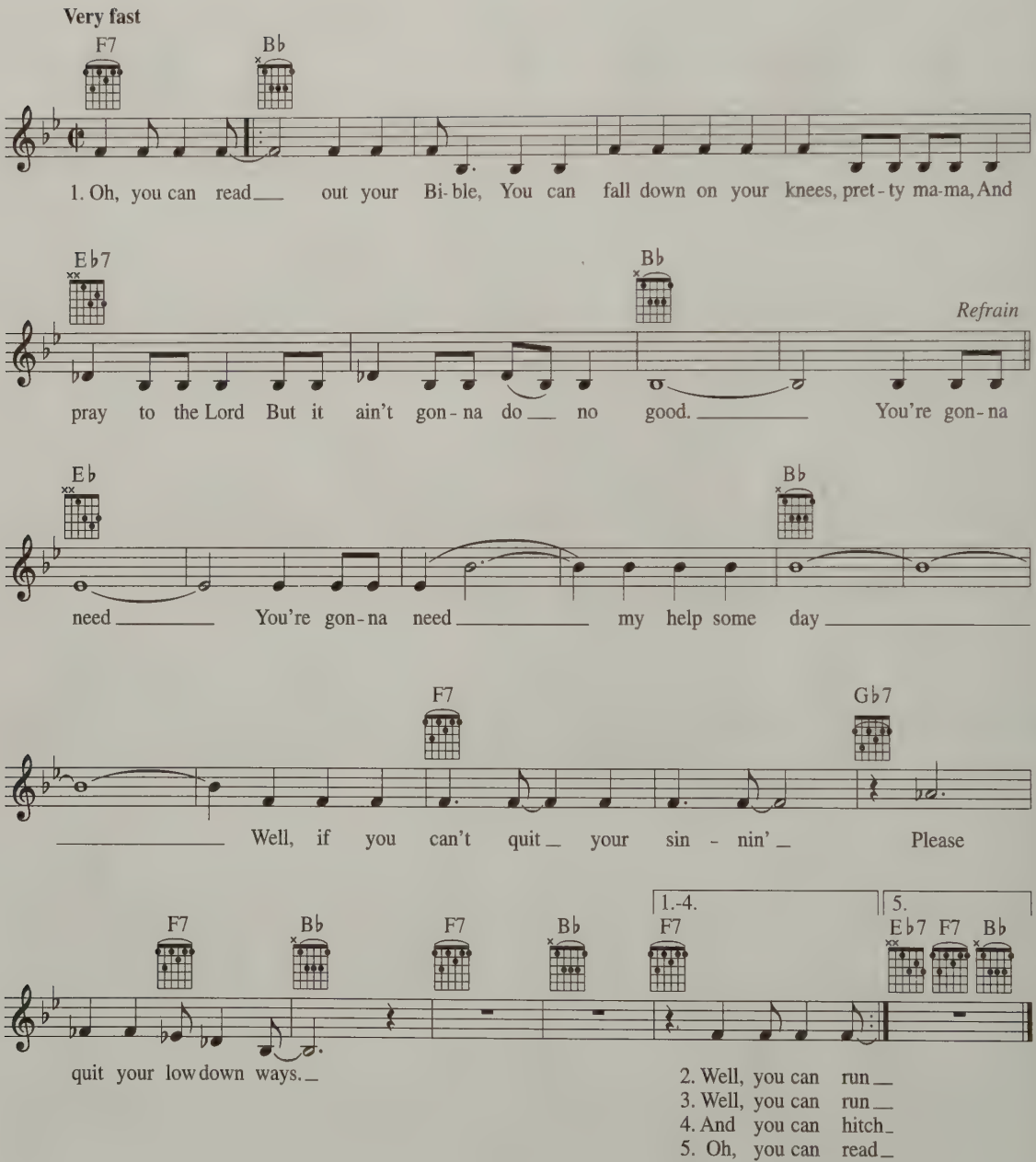


Additional lyrics

2. I like to do just like the rest, I like my sugar sweet,
But guarding fumes and making haste,
It ain't my cup of meat.
Ev'rybody's 'neath the trees,
Feeding pigeons on a limb
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here,
All the pigeons gonna run to him.
Come all without, come all within,
You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn.

3. A cat's meow and a cow's moo, I can recite 'em all,
Just tell me where it hurts yuh, honey,
And I'll tell you who to call.
Nobody can get no sleep,
There's someone on ev'ryone's toes
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here,
Ev'rybody's gonna wanna doze.
Come all without, come all within,
You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn.

Quit Your Low Down Ways

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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Additional lyrics

2. Well, you can run down to the White House,
   You can gaze at the Capitol Dome, pretty mama,
   You can pound on the President's gate
   But you oughta know by now it's gonna be too late.

   Refrain

3. Well, you can run down to the desert,
   Throw yourself on the burning sand.
   You can raise up your right hand, pretty mama,
   But you better understand you done lost your one good man.

   Refrain

4. And you can hitchhike on the highway,
   You can stand all alone by the side of the road.
   You can try to flag a ride back home, pretty mama,
   But you can't ride in my car no more.

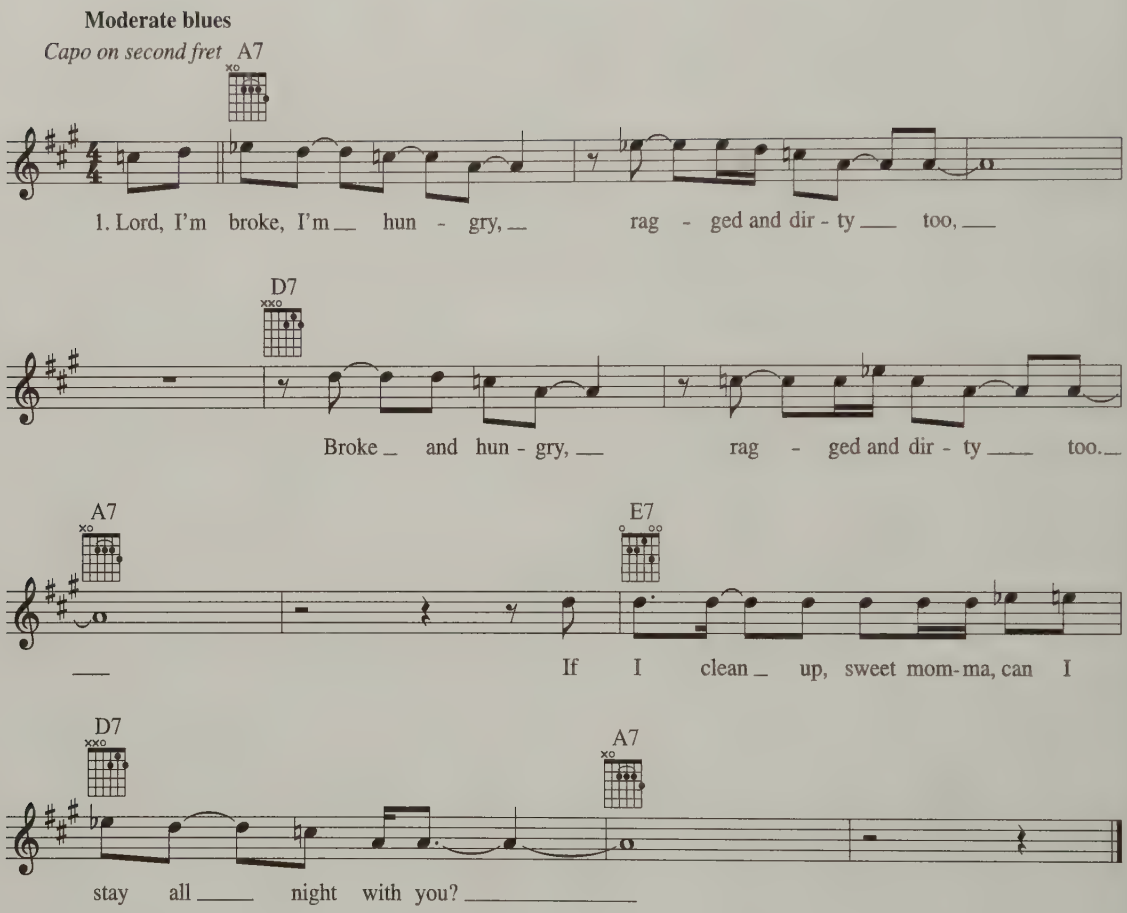
   Refrain

5. Oh, you can read out your Bible,
   You can fall down on your knees, pretty mama,
   And pray to the Lord
   But it ain't gonna do no good.

   Refrain

Ragged & Dirty

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderate blues
Capo on second fret
A7
1. Lord, I'm broke, I'm hun - gry, rag - ged and dir - ty too,
D7
Broke and hun - gry, rag - ged and dir - ty too.
A7
E7
If I clean up, sweet mom-ma, can I
D7
A7
stay all night with you?

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Additional lyrics

2. Lord, I went to my window, babe, I couldn't see through my blinds,
   Went to my window, babe, I couldn't see through my blinds.
   Heard my best friend a-comin' and I thought I heard my baby cry.

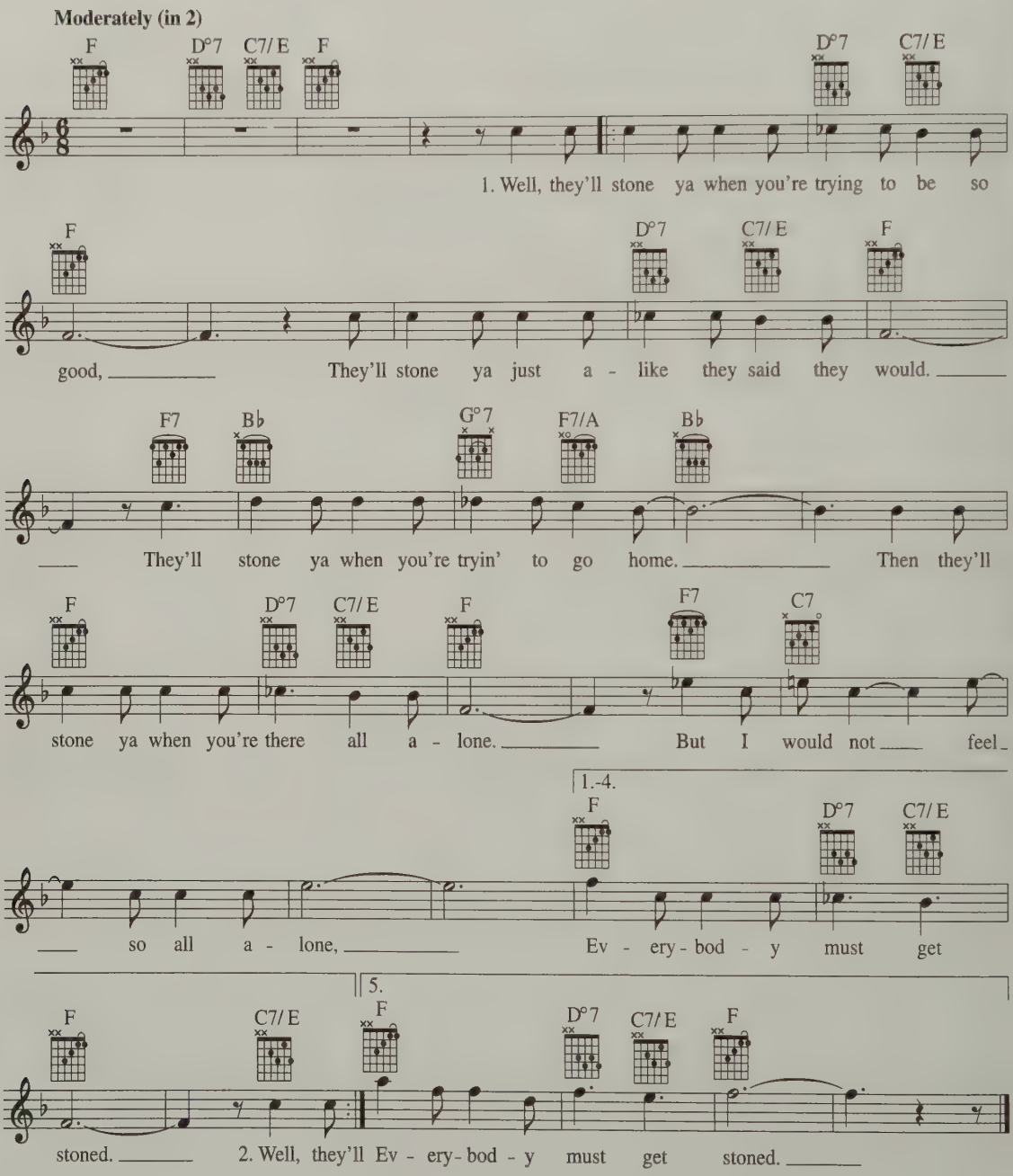
3. Lord, if I can't come in here, baby, then just let me sit down in your door,
   If I can't come in here, baby, then just let me sit down in your door.
   And I would leave so soon that your man won't never know.

4. How can I live here, baby, Lord, and feel at ease?
   How can I live here, baby, Lord, and feel at ease?
   Well, that woman I got, man, she does just what she feels.

5. Lord, you shouldn't mistreat me, baby, because I'm young and wild,
   Shouldn't mistreat me, baby, because I'm young and wild.
   You must always remember, baby, you was once a child.

6. 'Cause I'm leaving in the morning, if I have to ride the blinds,
   Leaving in the morning, if I have to ride the blinds.
   Well, I been mistreated and I swear I don't mind dyin'.

Rainy Day Women #12 & 35

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately (in 2)
F D°7 C7/E F D°7 C7/E
1. Well, they'll stone ya when you're trying to be so
F D°7 C7/E F
good, They'll stone ya just a - like they said they would.
F7 B♭ G°7 F7/A B♭
They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to go home. Then they'll
F D°7 C7/E F F7 C7
stone ya when you're there all a - lone. But I would not feel
1.-4.
F D°7 C7/E
so all a - lone, Ev - ery - bod - y must get
5.
F C7/E F D°7 C7/E F
stoned. 2. Well, they'll Ev - ery - bod - y must get stoned.

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Additional lyrics

2. Well, they'll stone ya when you're walkin' 'long the street.
   They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to keep your seat.
   They'll stone ya when you're walkin' on the floor.
   They'll stone ya when you're walkin' to the door.
   But I would not feel so all alone,
   Everybody must get stoned.

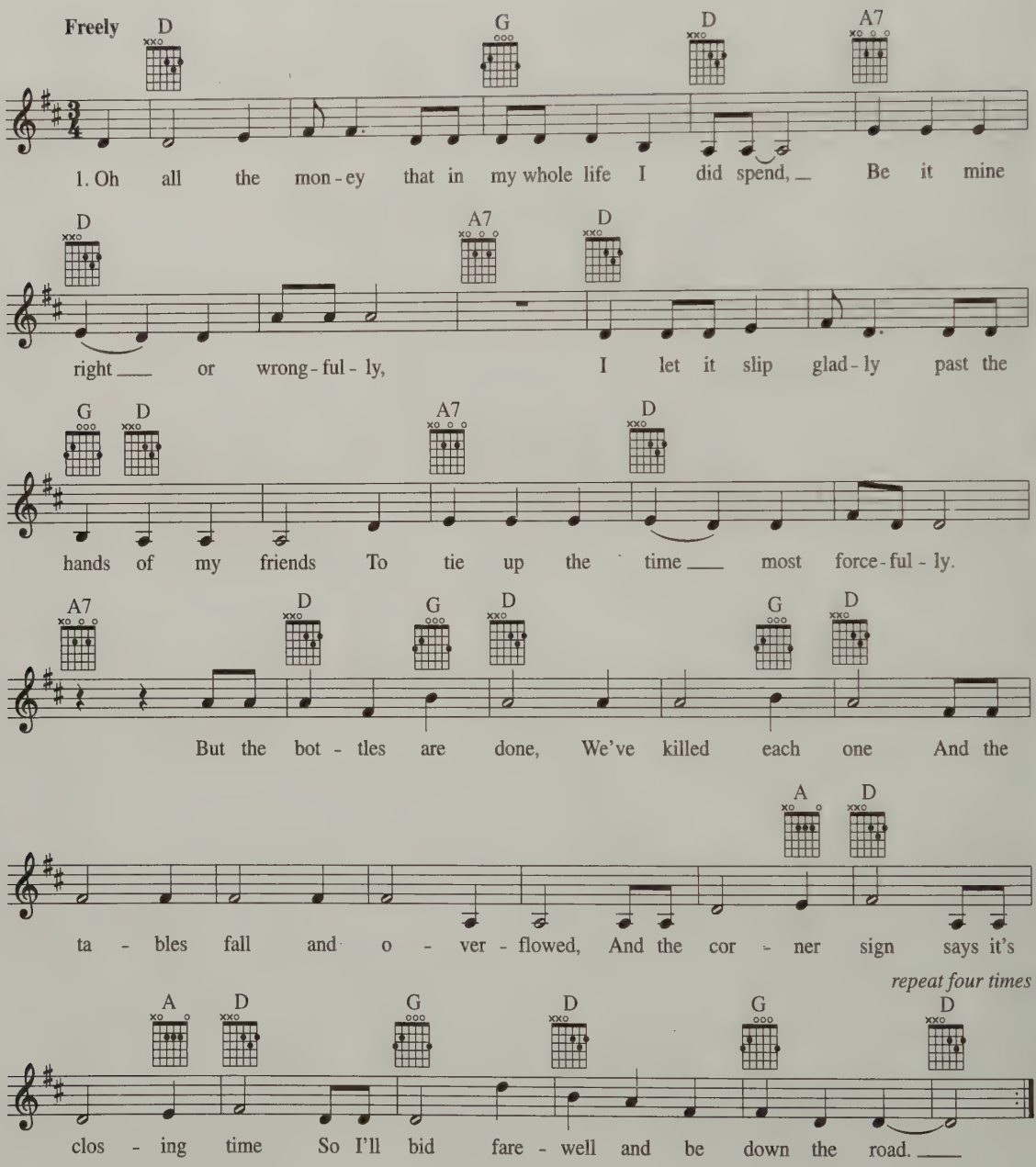
3. They'll stone ya when you're at the breakfast table.
   They'll stone ya when you are young and able.
   They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to make a buck.
   They'll stone ya and then they'll say, "good luck."
   Tell ya what, I would not feel so all alone,
   Everybody must get stoned.

4. Well, they'll stone you and say that it's the end.
   Then they'll stone you and then they'll come back again.
   They'll stone you when you're riding in your car.
   They'll stone you when you're playing your guitar.
   Yes, but I would not feel so all alone,
   Everybody must get stoned.

5. Well, they'll stone you when you walk all alone.
   They'll stone you when you are walking home.
   They'll stone you and then say you are brave.
   They'll stone you when you are set down in your grave.
   But I would not feel so all alone,
   Everybody must get stoned.

Restless Farewell

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Freely
D G D A7
1. Oh all the mon - ey that in my whole life I did spend, Be it mine
D A7 D
right or wrong - ful - ly, I let it slip glad - ly past the
G D A7 D
hands of my friends To tie up the time most force - ful - ly.
A7 D G D G D
But the bot - tles are done, We've killed each one And the
A D
ta - bles fall and o - ver - flowed, And the cor - ner sign says it's
repeat four times
A D G D G D
clos - ing time So I'll bid fare - well and be down the road.

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Additional lyrics

2. Oh ev'ry girl that ever I've touched,
I did not do it harmfully.
And ev'ry girl that ever I've hurt,
I did not do it knowin'ly.
But to remain as friends and make amends
You need the time and stay behind.
And since my feet are now fast
And point away from the past,
I'll bid farewell and be down the line.

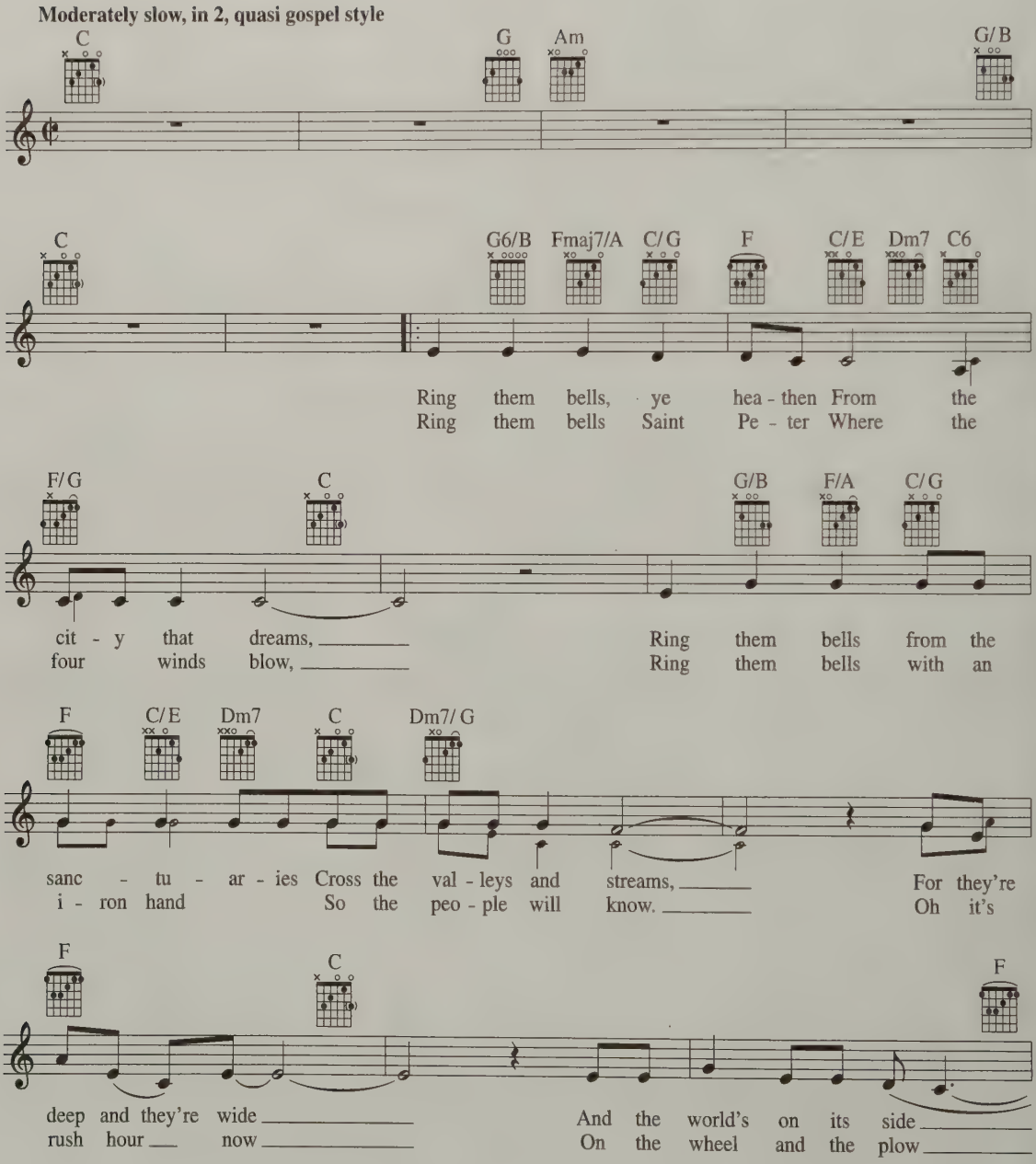
3. Oh ev'ry foe that ever I faced,
The cause was there before we came.
And ev'ry cause that ever I fought,
I fought it full without regret or shame.
But the dark does die
As the curtain is drawn and somebody's eyes
Must meet the dawn.
And if I see the day
I'd only have to stay,
So I'll bid farewell in the night and be gone.

4. Oh, ev'ry thought that's strung a knot in my mind,
I might go insane if it couldn't be sprung.
But it's not to stand naked under unknowin' eyes,
It's for myself and my friends my stories are sung.
But the time ain't tall,
Yet on time you depend and no word is possessed
By no special friend.
And though the line is cut,
It ain't quite the end,
I'll just bid farewell till we meet again.

5. Oh a false clock tries to tick out my time
To disgrace, distract, and bother me.
And the dirt of gossip blows into my face,
And the dust of rumors covers me.
But if the arrow is straight
And the point is slick,
It can pierce through dust no matter how thick.
So I'll make my stand
And remain as I am
And bid farewell and not give a damn.

Ring Them Bells

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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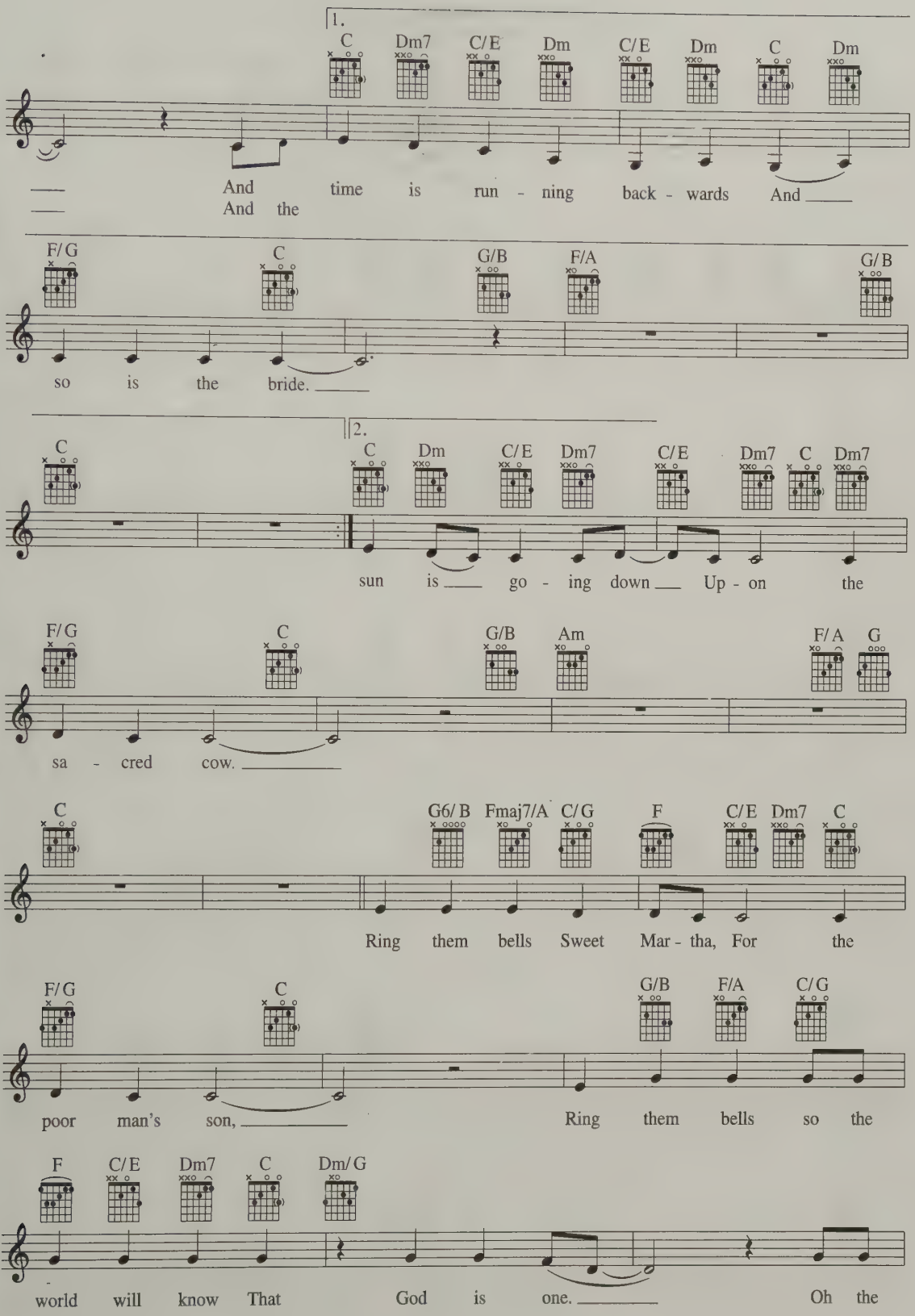
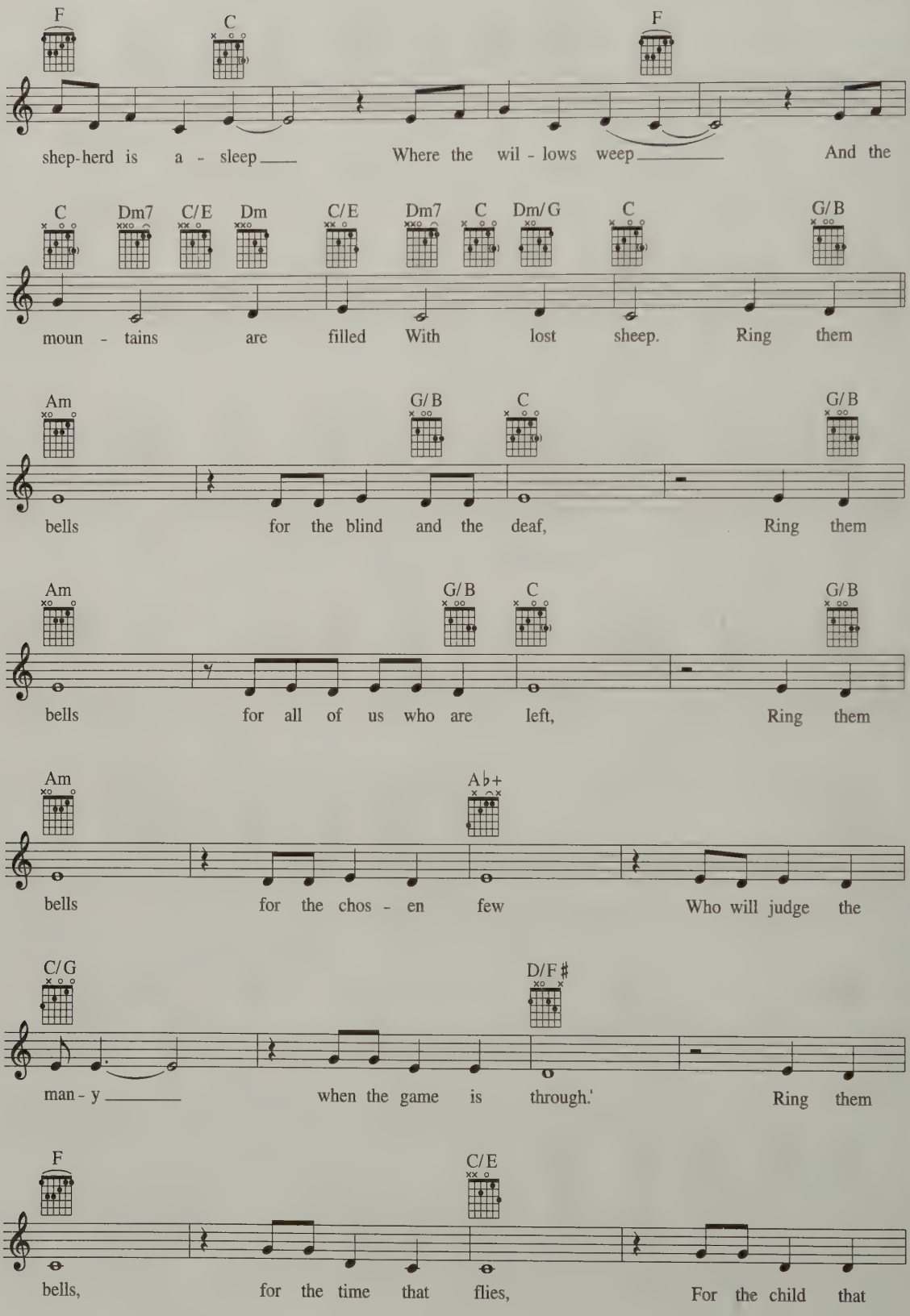
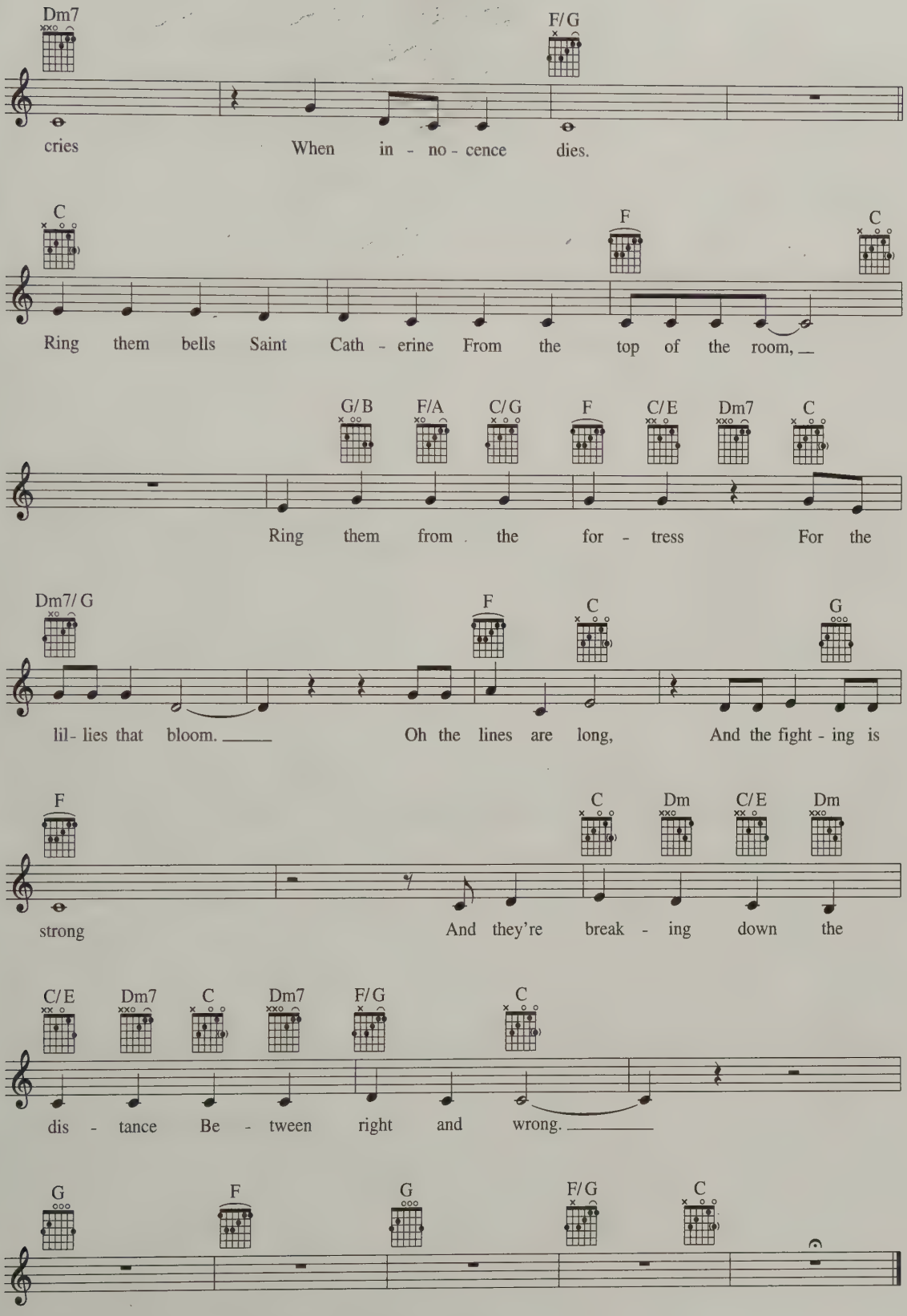
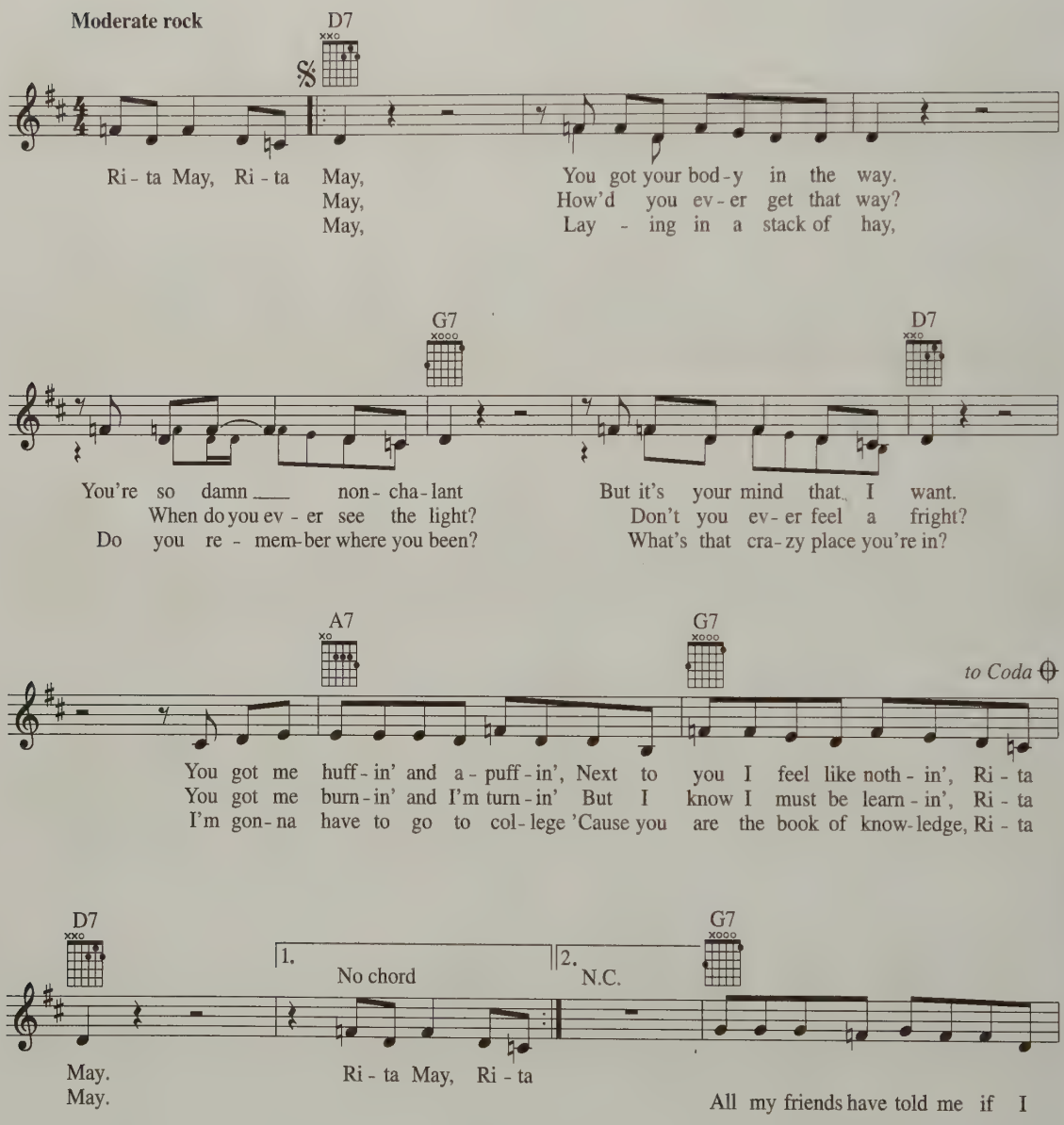

1.
C Dm7 C/E Dm C/E Dm C Dm
And time is run - ning back - wards And
And the
F/G C G/B F/A G/B
so is the bride.
2.
C C Dm C/E Dm7 C/E Dm7 C Dm7
sun is go - ing down Up - on the
F/G C G/B Am F/A G
sa - cred cow.
C G6/B Fmaj7/A C/G F C/E Dm7 C
Ring them bells Sweet Mar - tha, For the
F/G C G/B F/A C/G
poor man's son, Ring them bells so the
F C/E Dm7 C Dm/G
world will know That God is one. Oh the


F C F
shep-herd is a - sleep Where the wil - lows weep And the
C Dm7 C/E Dm C/E Dm7 C Dm/G C G/B
moun - tains are filled With lost sheep. Ring them
Am G/B C G/B
bells for the blind and the deaf, Ring them
Am G/B C G/B
bells for all of us who are left, Ring them
Am A♭+
bells for the chos - en few Who will judge the
C/G D/F♯
man - y when the game is through.' Ring them
F C/E
bells, for the time that flies, For the child that


Dm7
F/G
cries
When in - no - cence dies.
C
F
C
Ring them bells Saint Cath - erine From the top of the room, _
G/B
F/A
C/G
F
C/E
Dm7
C
Ring them from the for - tress For the
Dm7/G
F
C
G
lil - lies that bloom. _____ Oh the lines are long, And the fight - ing is
F
C
Dm
C/E
Dm
strong
And they're break - ing down the
C/E
Dm7
C
Dm7
F/G
C
dis - tance Be - tween right and wrong. _____
G
F
G
F/G
C

Rita May

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy


Moderate rock
D7
Ri - ta May, Ri - ta May,
May,
May,
You got your bod - y in the way.
How'd you ev - er get that way?
Lay - ing in a stack of hay,
G7
D7
You're so damn ___ non - cha - lant
When do you ev - er see the light?
Do you re - mem - ber where you been?
But it's your mind that I want.
Don't you ev - er feel a fright?
What's that cra - zy place you're in?
A7
G7
to Coda
You got me huff - in' and a - puff - in', Next to you I feel like noth - in', Ri - ta
You got me burn - in' and I'm turn - in' But I know I must be learn - in', Ri - ta
I'm gon - na have to go to col - lege 'Cause you are the book of know - ledge, Ri - ta
D7
1.
No chord
2.
N.C.
G7
May.
May.
Ri - ta May, Ri - ta
All my friends have told me if I

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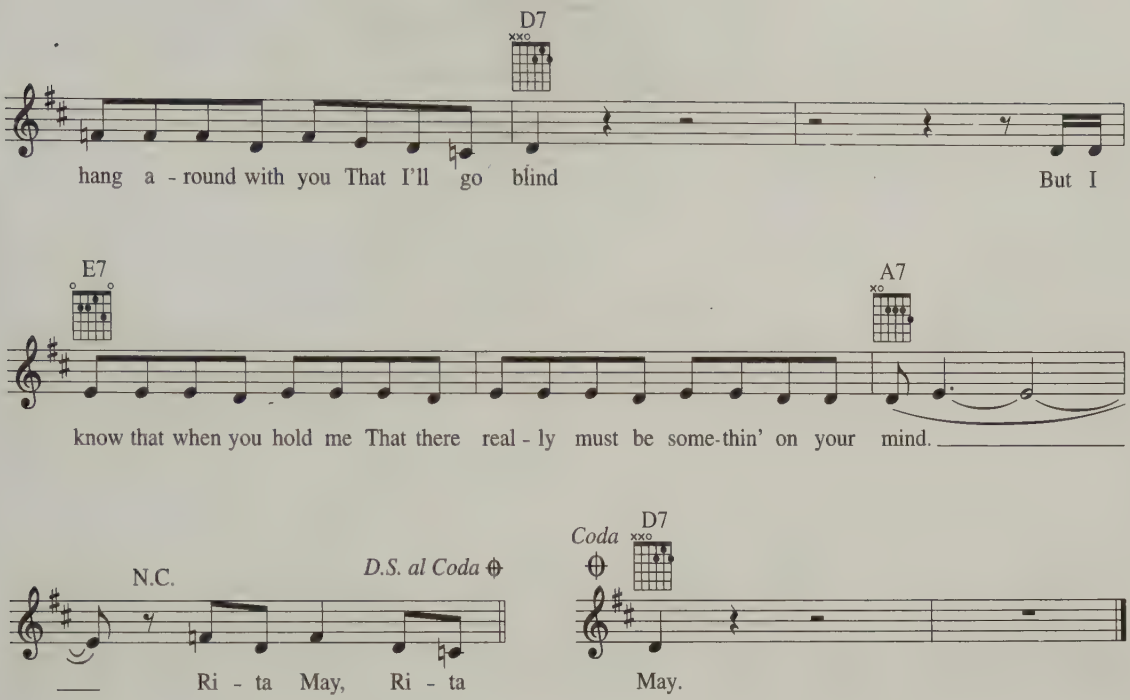
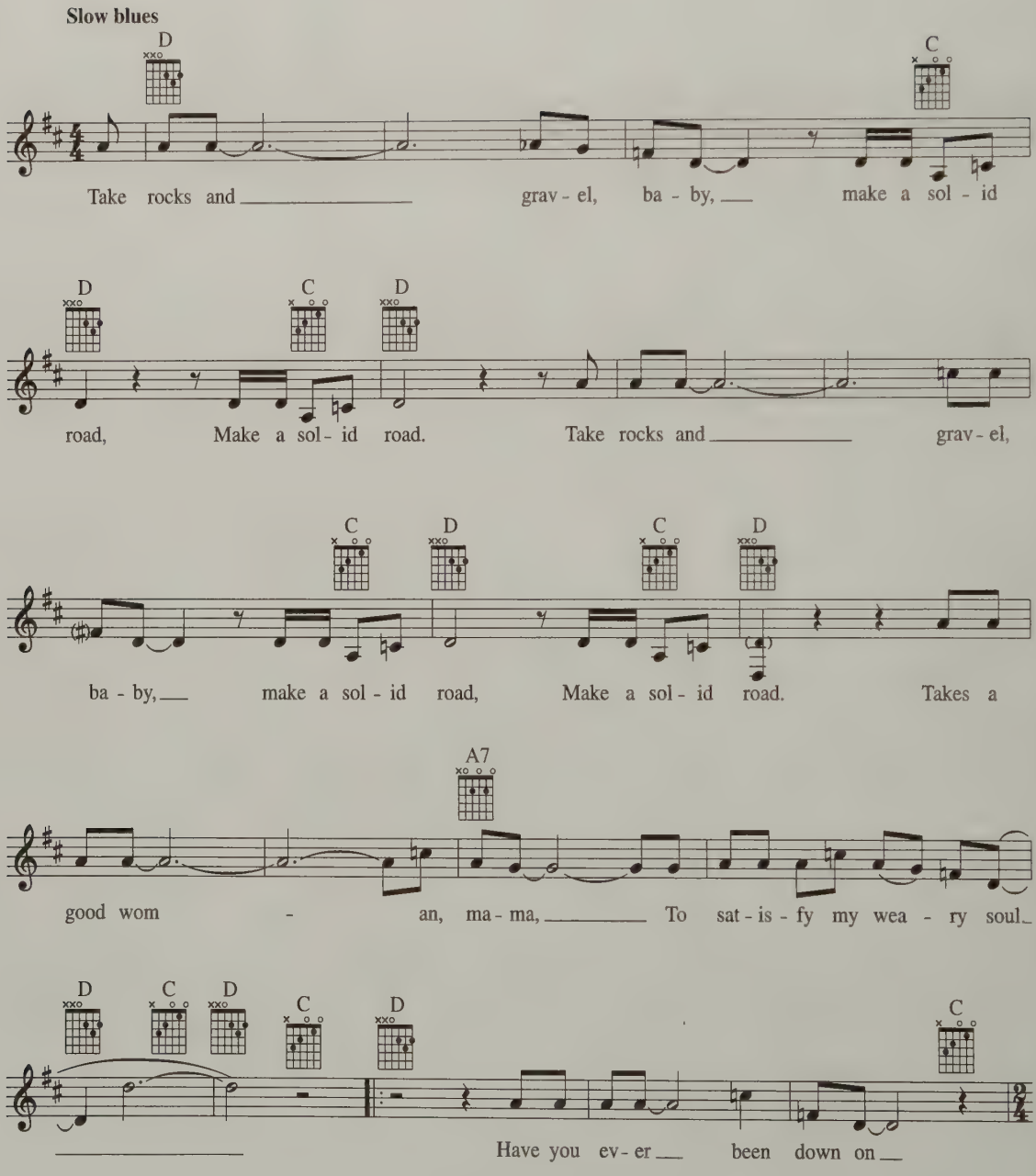

D7
hang a - round with you That I'll go blind
But I
E7
A7
know that when you hold me That there real - ly must be some-thin' on your mind.
N.C.
D.S. al Coda
Ri - ta May, Ri - ta
Coda
D7
May.

Rocks and Gravel

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slow blues
D
C
Take rocks and grav - el, ba - by, make a sol - id
D
C
D
road, Make a sol - id road. Take rocks and grav - el,
C
D
C
D
ba - by, make a sol - id road, Make a sol - id road. Takes a
A7
good wom - an, ma - ma, To sat - is - fy my wea - ry soul
D
C
D
C
D
C
Have you ev - er been down on

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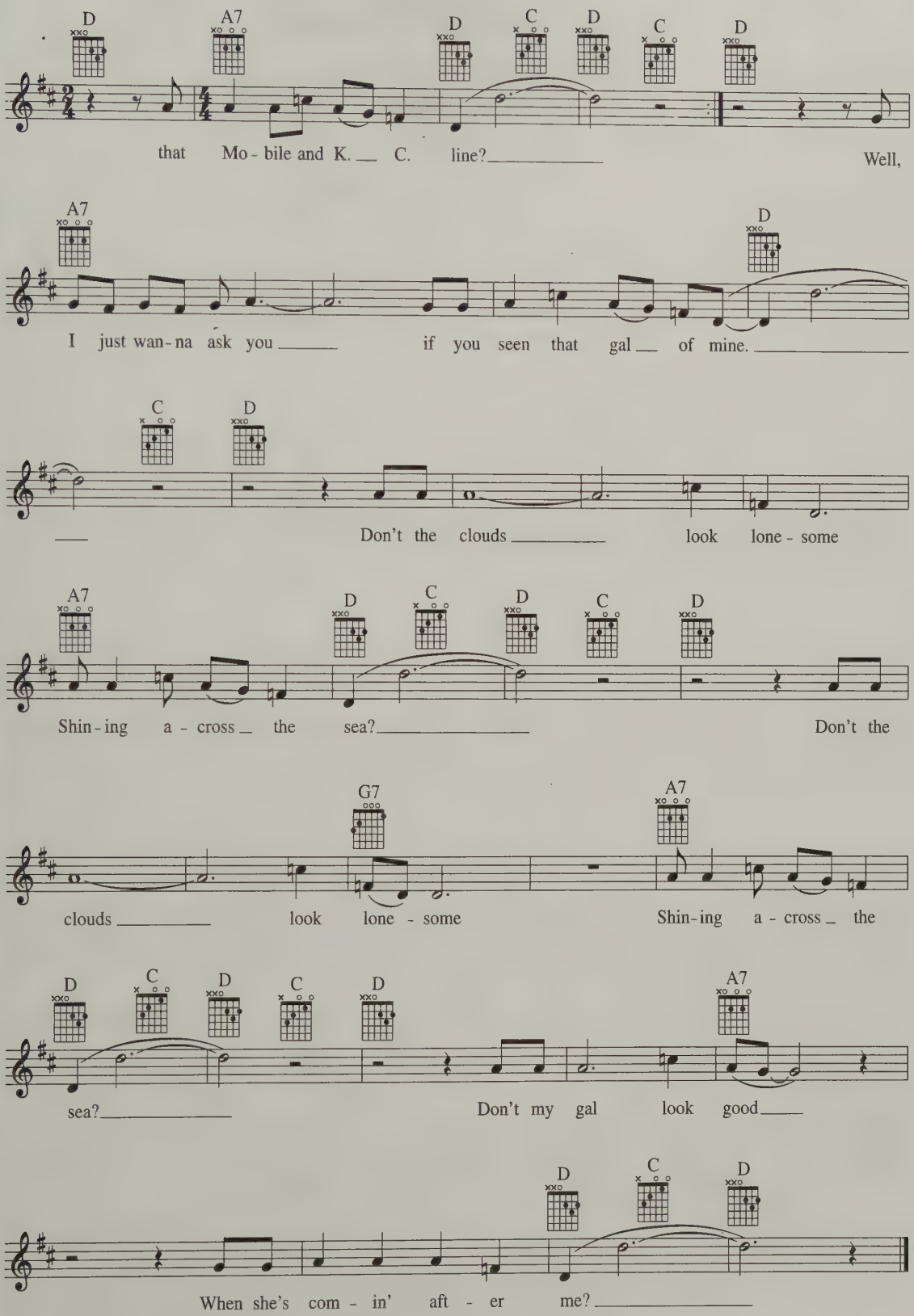
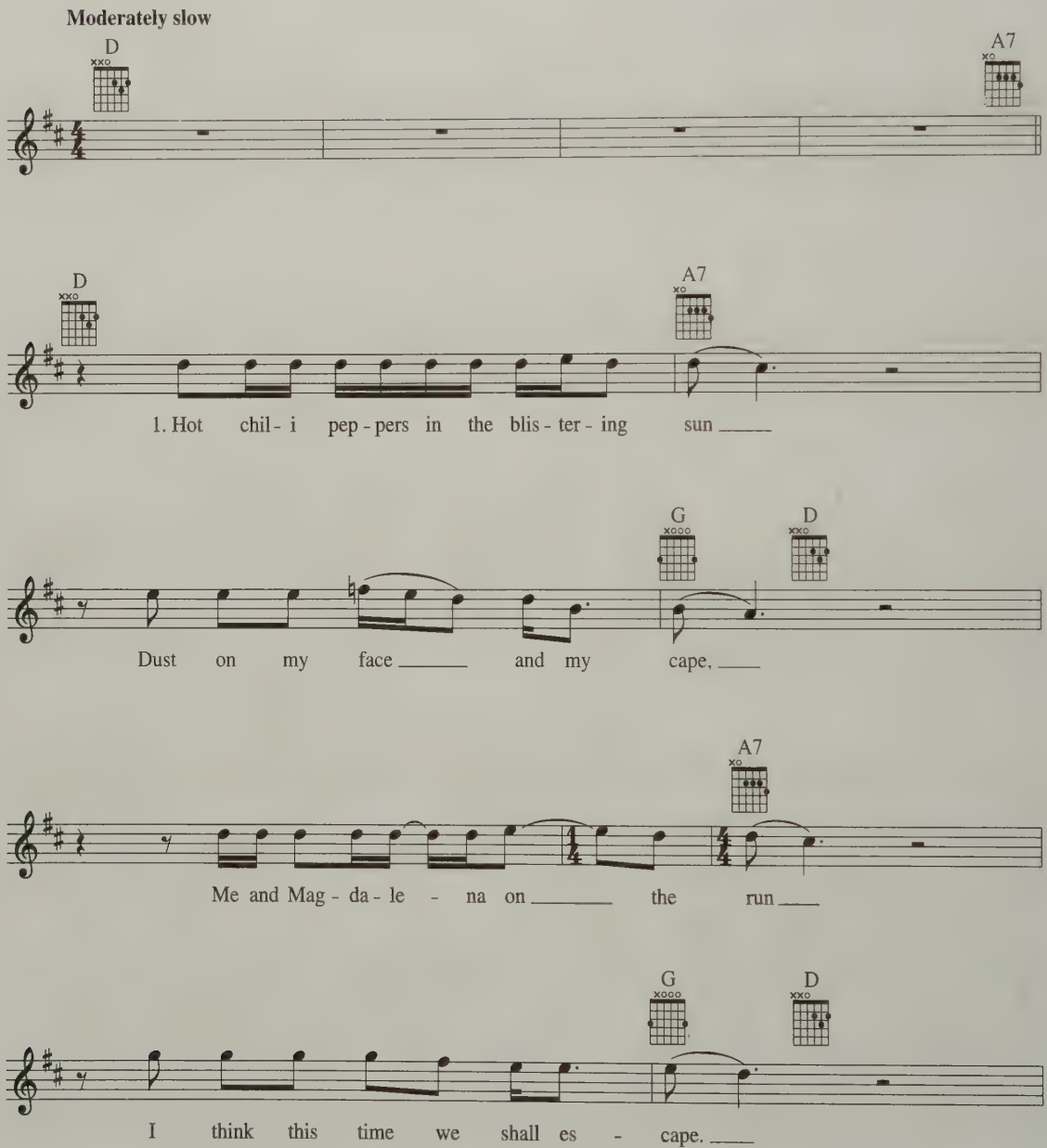

D A7 D C D C D
that Mo - bile and K. __ C. line?_____ Well,
A7 D
I just wan - na ask you _____ if you seen that gal __ of mine. _____
C D
___ Don't the clouds _____ look lone - some
A7 D C D C D
Shin - ing a - cross _ the sea?_____ Don't the
G7 A7
clouds _____ look lone - some Shin - ing a - cross _ the
D C D C D A7
sea?_____ Don't my gal look good____
D C D
When she's com - in' aft - er me? _____

Romance in Durango

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy



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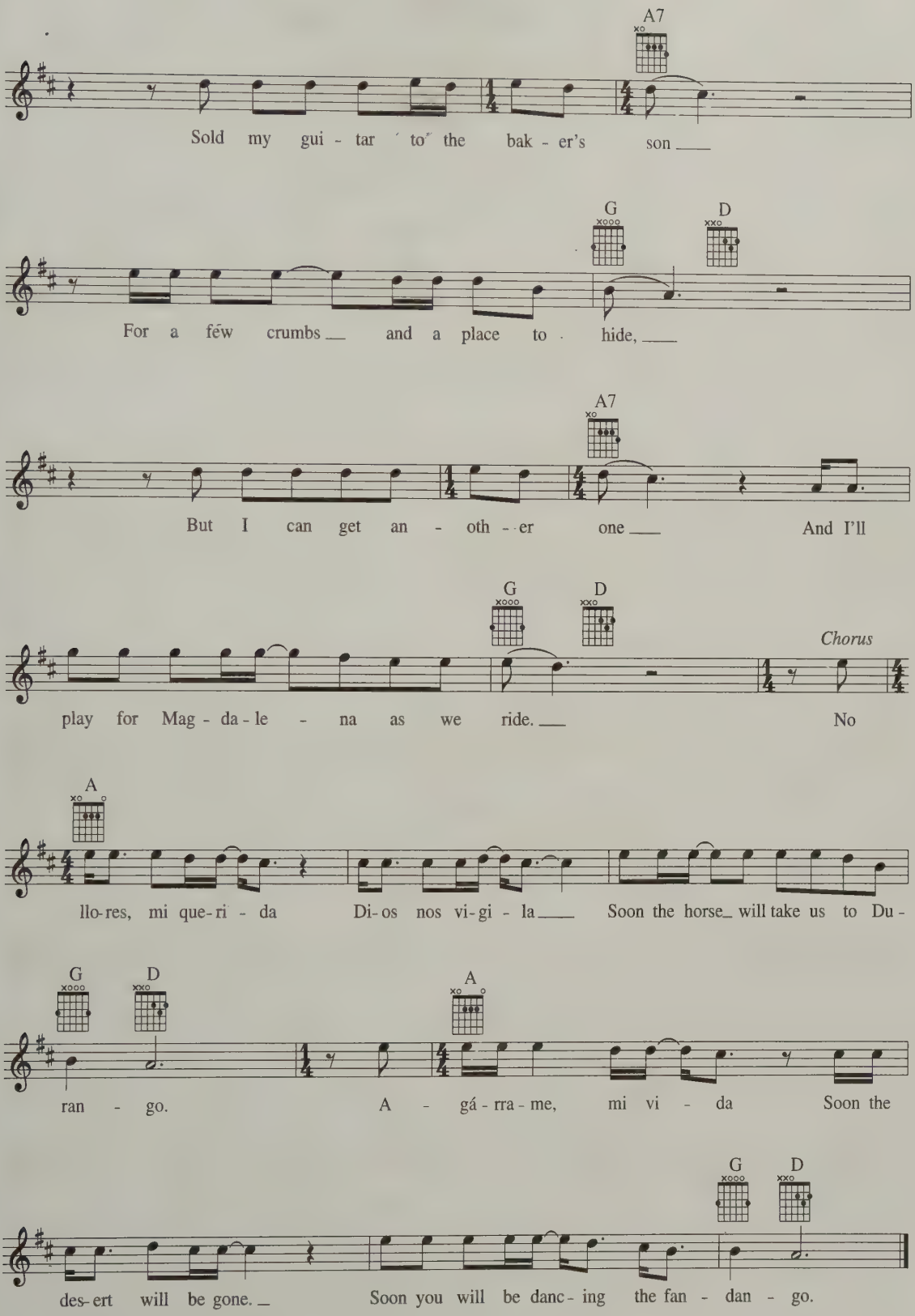

A7
Sold my gui - tar to the bak - er's son
G
D
For a few crumbs and a place to hide,
A7
But I can get an - oth - er one And I'll
G
D
Chorus
play for Mag - da - le - na as we ride. No
A
llo-res, mi que-ri - da Di-os nos vi-gi - la Soon the horse will take us to Du -
G
D
A
ran - go. A - gá - rra - me, mi vi - da Soon the
G
D
des-ert will be gone. Soon you will be danc - ing the fan - dan - go.

Additional lyrics

2. Past the Aztec ruins and the ghosts of our people
Hoofbeats like castanets on stone.
At night I dream of bells in the village steeple
Then I see the bloody face of Ramon.

Was it me that shot him down in the cantina
Was it my hand that held the gun?
Come, let us fly, my Magdalena
The dogs are barking and what's done is done.

Chorus

3. At the corrida we'll sit in the shade
And watch the young torero stand alone.
We'll drink tequila where our grandfathers stayed
When they rode with Villa into Torreon.

Then the padre will recite the prayers of old
In the little church this side of town.
I will wear new boots and an earring of gold
You'll shine with diamonds in your wedding gown.

The way is long but the end is near
Already the fiesta has begun.
The face of God will appear
With His serpent eyes of obsidian.

Chorus

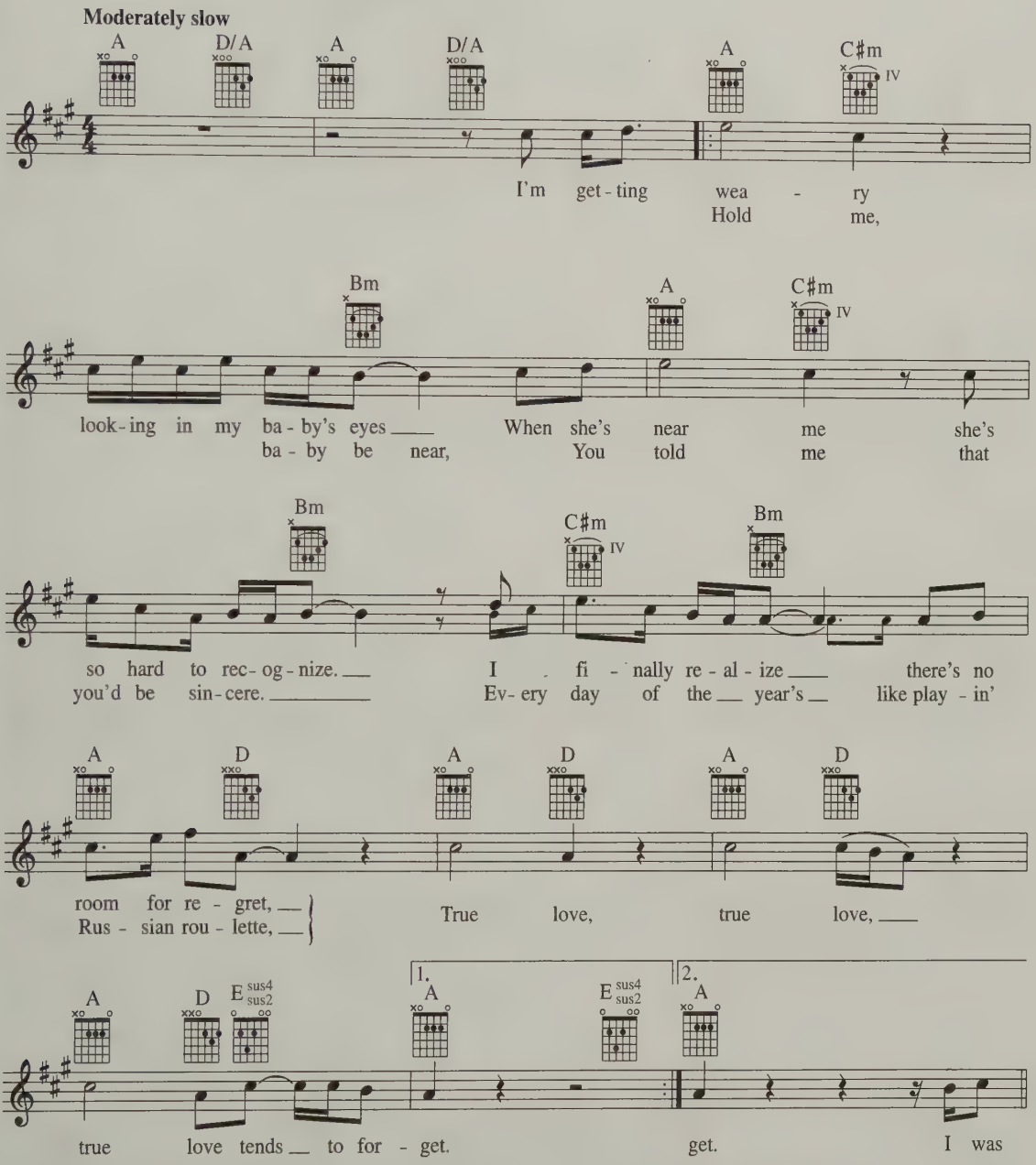
4. Was that the thunder that I heard?
My head is vibrating, I feel a sharp pain.
Come sit by me, don't say a word
Oh, can it be that I am slain?

Quick, Magdalena, take my gun
Look up in the hills, that flash of light.
Aim well my little one
We may not make it through the night.

Chorus

True Love Tends to Forget

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
A D/A A D/A A C♯m IV
I'm get - ting wea - ry
Hold me,
Bm A C♯m IV
look - ing in my ba - by's eyes ___ When she's near me she's
ba - by be near, You told me that
Bm C♯m IV Bm
so hard to rec - og - nize. ___ I fi - nally re - al - ize ___ there's no
you'd be sin - cere. ___ Ev - ery day of the ___ year's ___ like play - in'
A D A D A D
room for re - gret, ___
Rus - sian rou - lette, ___
True love, true love, ___
1. 2.
A D E sus4 sus2 A E sus4 sus2 A
true love tends ___ to for - get. get. I was

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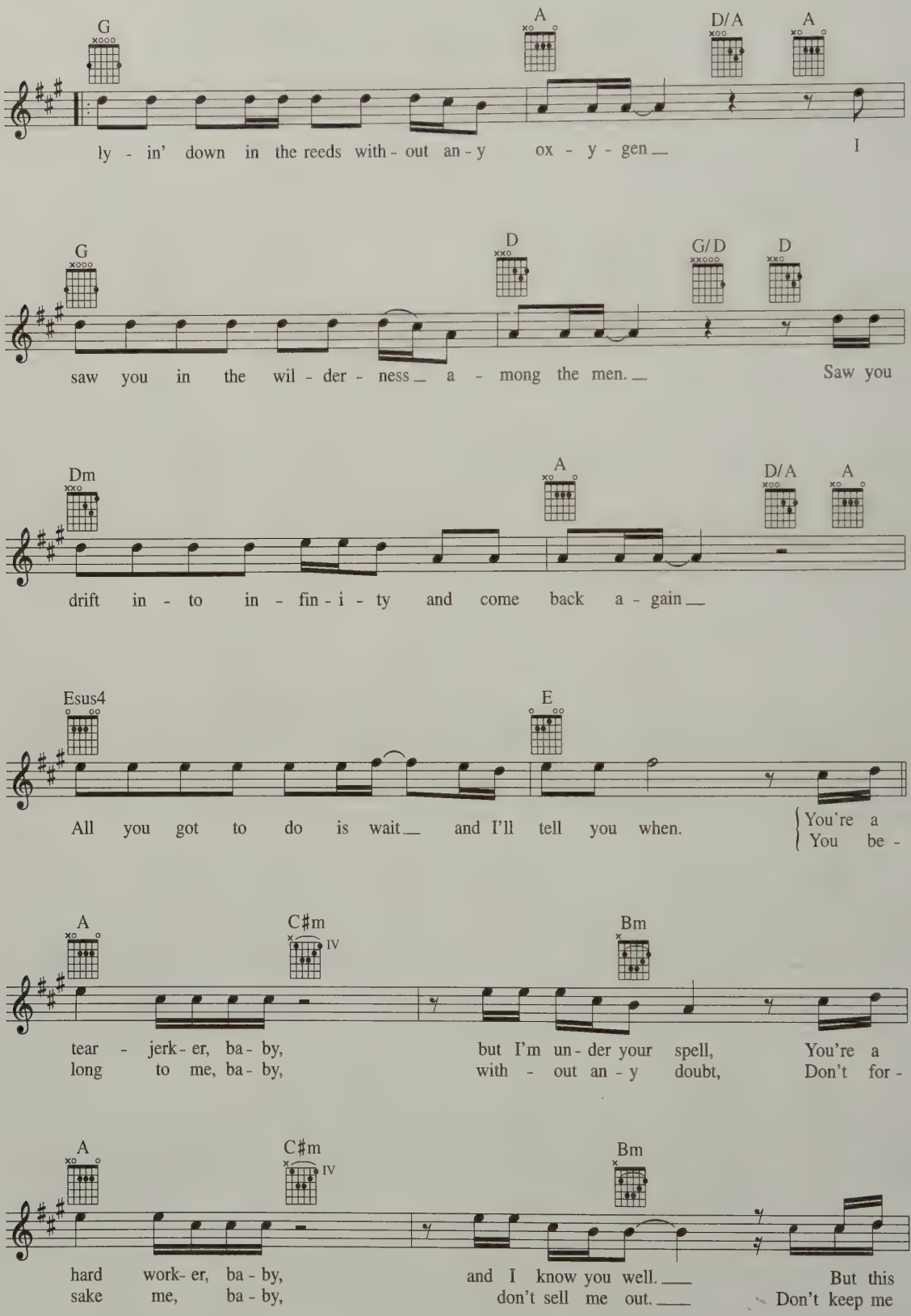
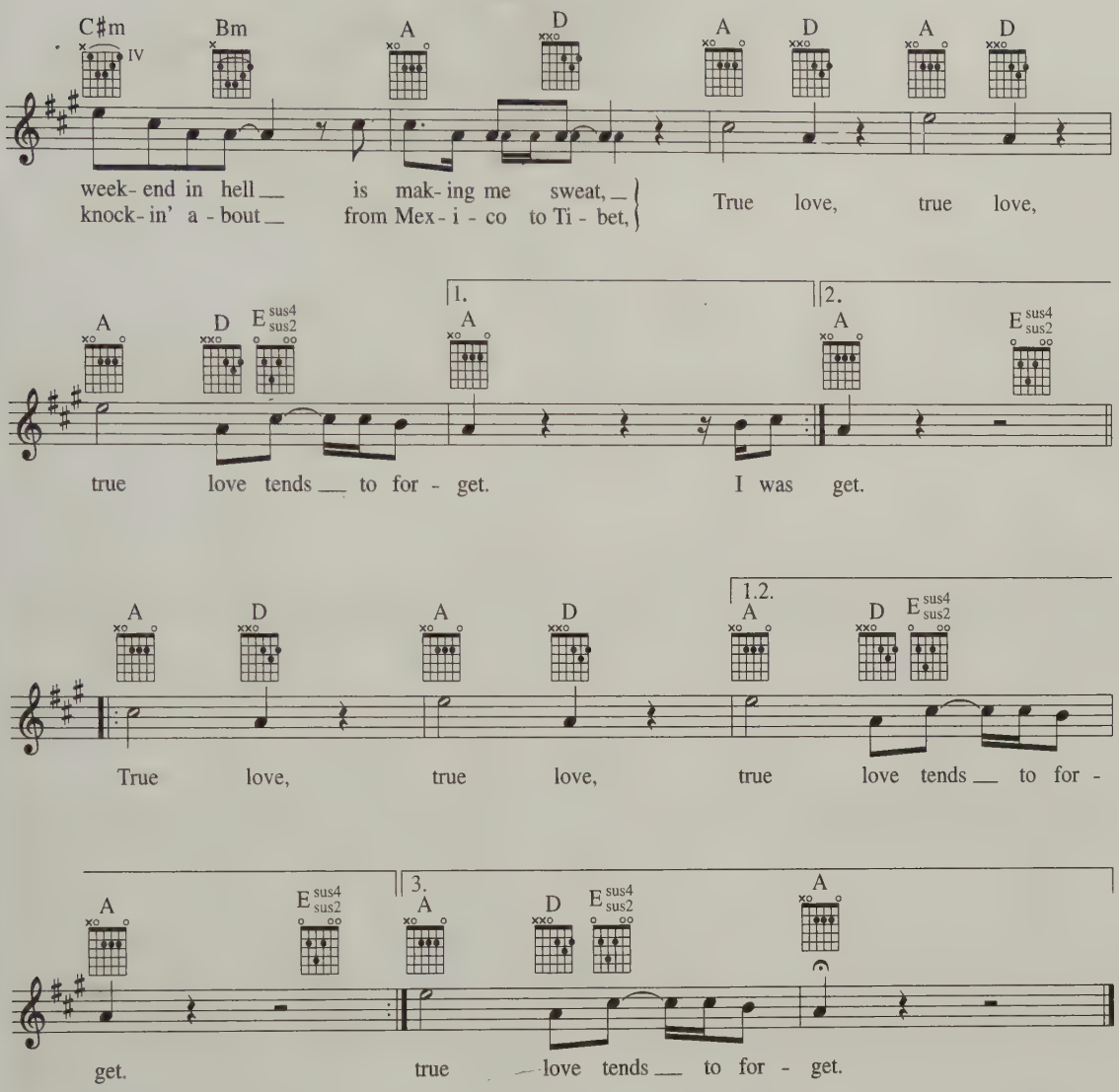
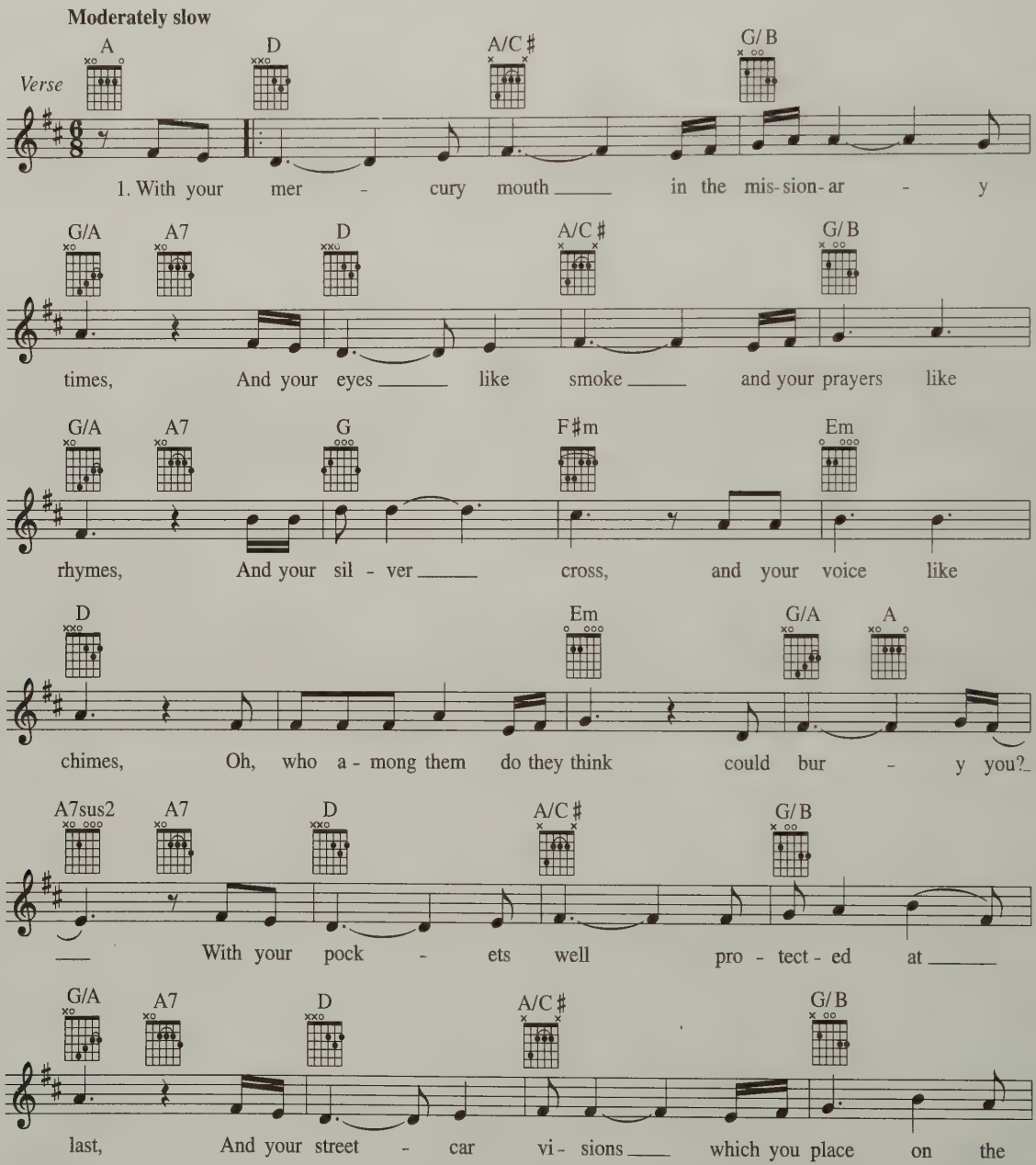

G
A
D/A
A
ly - in' down in the reeds with - out an - y ox - y - gen I
G
D
G/D
D
saw you in the wil - der - ness a - mong the men. Saw you
Dm
A
D/A
A
drift in - to in - fin - i - ty and come back a - gain
Esus4
E
All you got to do is wait and I'll tell you when.
You're a
You be -
A
C♯m
IV
Bm
tear - jerk - er, ba - by, but I'm un - der your spell, You're a
long to me, ba - by, with - out an - y doubt, Don't for -
A
C♯m
IV
Bm
hard work - er, ba - by, and I know you well. But this
sake me, ba - by, don't sell me out. Don't keep me


C♯m
IV
Bm
A
D
A
D
A
D
week- end in hell __ is mak- ing me sweat, _
knock- in' a - bout __ from Mex - i - co to Ti - bet,
True love, true love,
A
D
E sus4 sus2
1.
A
2.
A
E sus4 sus2
true love tends __ to for - get.
I was get.
A
D
A
D
1.2.
A
D
E sus4 sus2
True love, true love, true love tends __ to for -
A
E sus4 sus2
3.
A
D
E sus4 sus2
A
get. true love tends __ to for - get.

Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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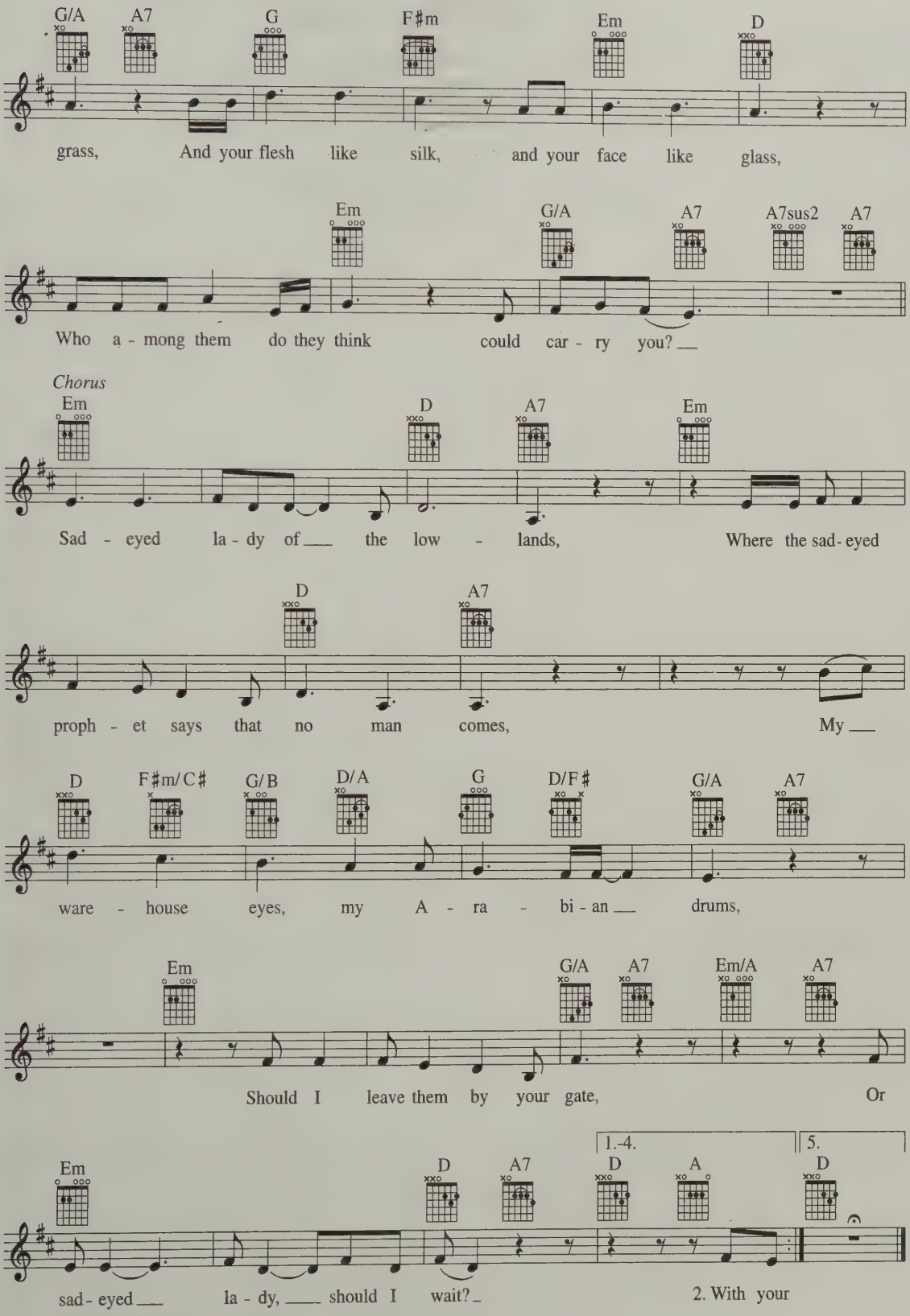

G/A A7 G F♯m Em D
grass, And your flesh like silk, and your face like glass,
Em G/A A7 A7sus2 A7
Who a - mong them do they think could car - ry you? __
Chorus
Em D A7 Em
Sad - eyed la - dy of __ the low - lands, Where the sad-eyed
D A7
proph - et says that no man comes, My __
D F♯m/C♯ G/B D/A G D/F♯ G/A A7
ware - house eyes, my A - ra - bi - an __ drums,
Em G/A A7 Em/A A7
Should I leave them by your gate, Or
1.-4. 5.
Em D A7 D A D
sad-eyed __ la - dy, __ should I wait? _ 2. With your

Additional lyrics

2. With your sheets like metal and your belt like lace,
And your deck of cards missing the jack and the ace,
And your basement clothes and your hollow face,
Who among them can think he could outguess you?
With your silhouette when the sunlight dims
Into your eyes where the moonlight swims,
And your match-book songs and your gypsy hymns,
Who among them would try to impress you?

Chorus

3. The kings of Tyrus with their convict list
Are waiting in line for their geranium kiss,
And you wouldn't know it would happen like this,
But who among them really wants just to kiss you?
With your childhood flames on your midnight rug,
And your Spanish manners and your mother's drugs,
And your cowboy mouth and your curfew plugs,
Who among them do you think could resist you?

Chorus

4. Oh, the farmers and the businessmen, they all did decide
To show you the dead angels that they used to hide.
But why did they pick you to sympathize with their side?
Oh, how could they ever mistake you?
They wished you'd accepted the blame for the farm,
But with the sea at your feet and the phony false alarm,
And with the child of a hoodlum wrapped up in your arms,
How could they ever, ever persuade you?

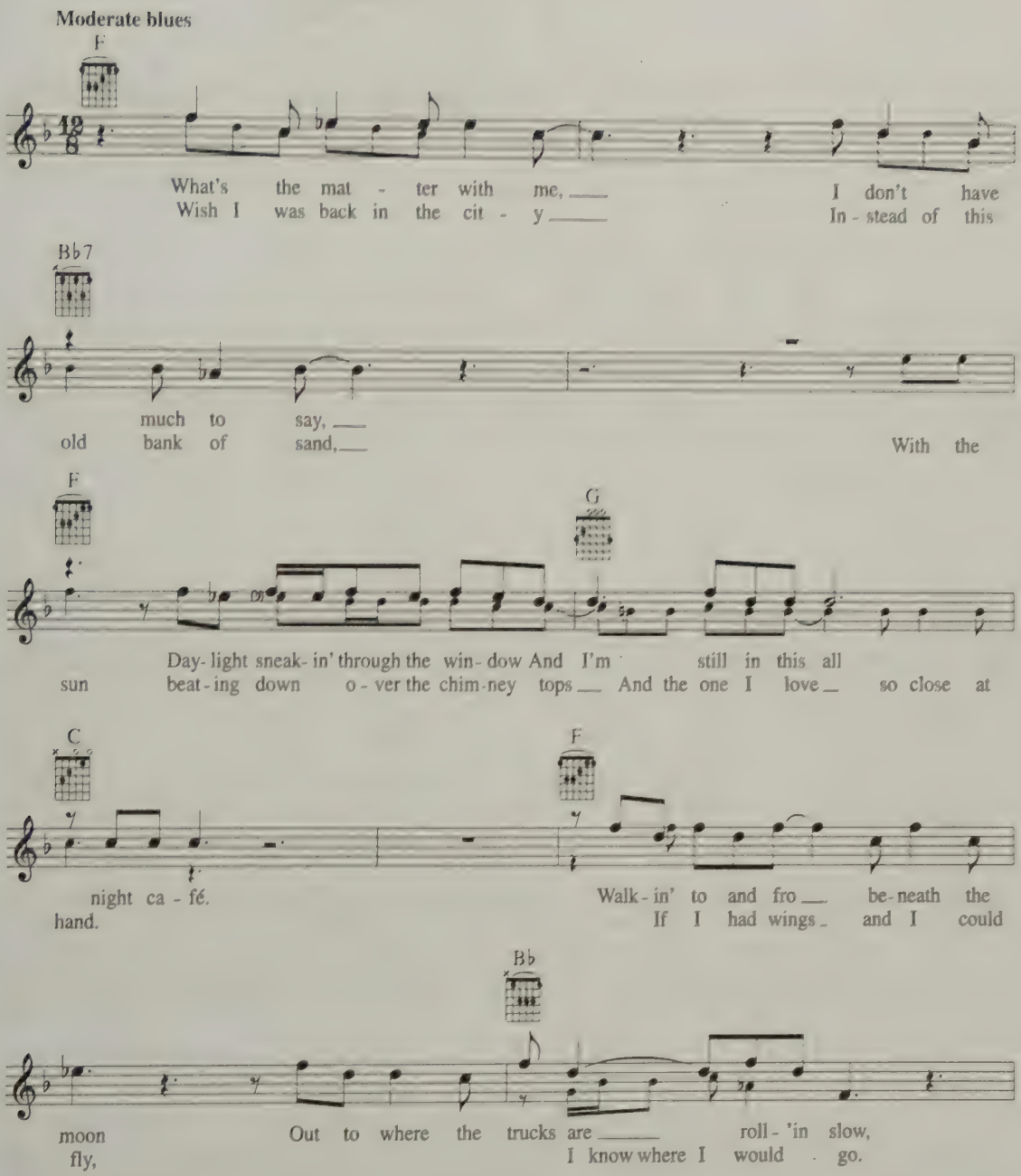
Chorus

5. With your sheet-metal memory of Cannery Row,
And your magazine-husband who one day just had to go,
And your gentleness now, which you just can't help but show,
Who among them do you think would employ you?
Now you stand with your thief, you're on his parole
With your holy medallion which your fingertips fold,
And your saintlike face and your ghostlike soul,
Oh, who among them do you think could destroy you

Chorus

Watching the River Flow

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate blues
F
What's the mat - ter with me, ___ I don't have
Wish I was back in the cit - y ___ In - stead of this
B♭7
much to say, ___
old bank of sand, ___ With the
F
G
Day- light sneak- in' through the win- dow And I'm still in this all
sun beat - ing down o - ver the chim - ney tops ___ And the one I love ___ so close at
C
F
night ca - fé. Walk - in' to and fro ___ be - neath the
hand. If I had wings ___ and I could
B♭
moon Out to where the trucks are ___ roll - 'in slow,
fly, I know where I would go.

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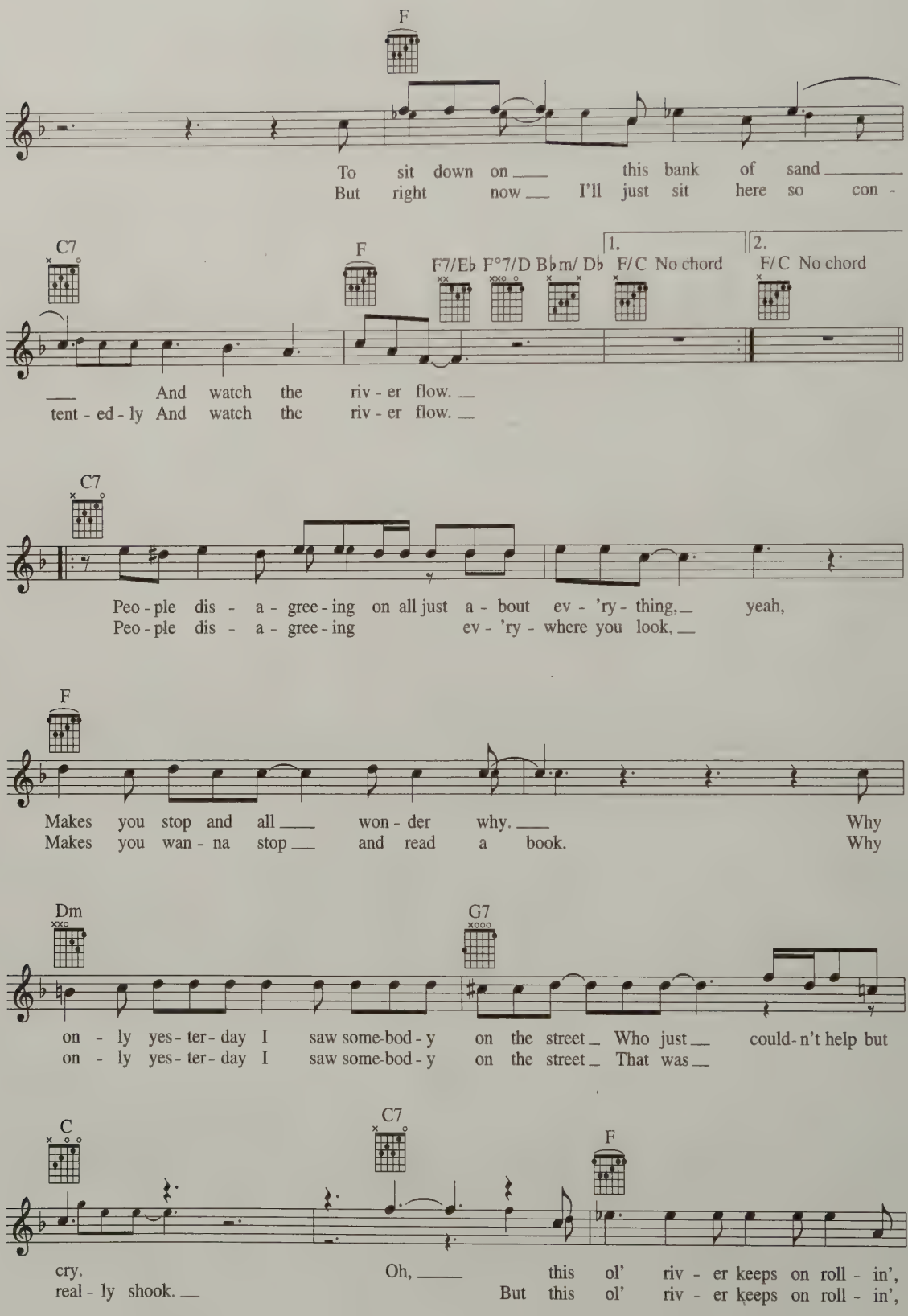
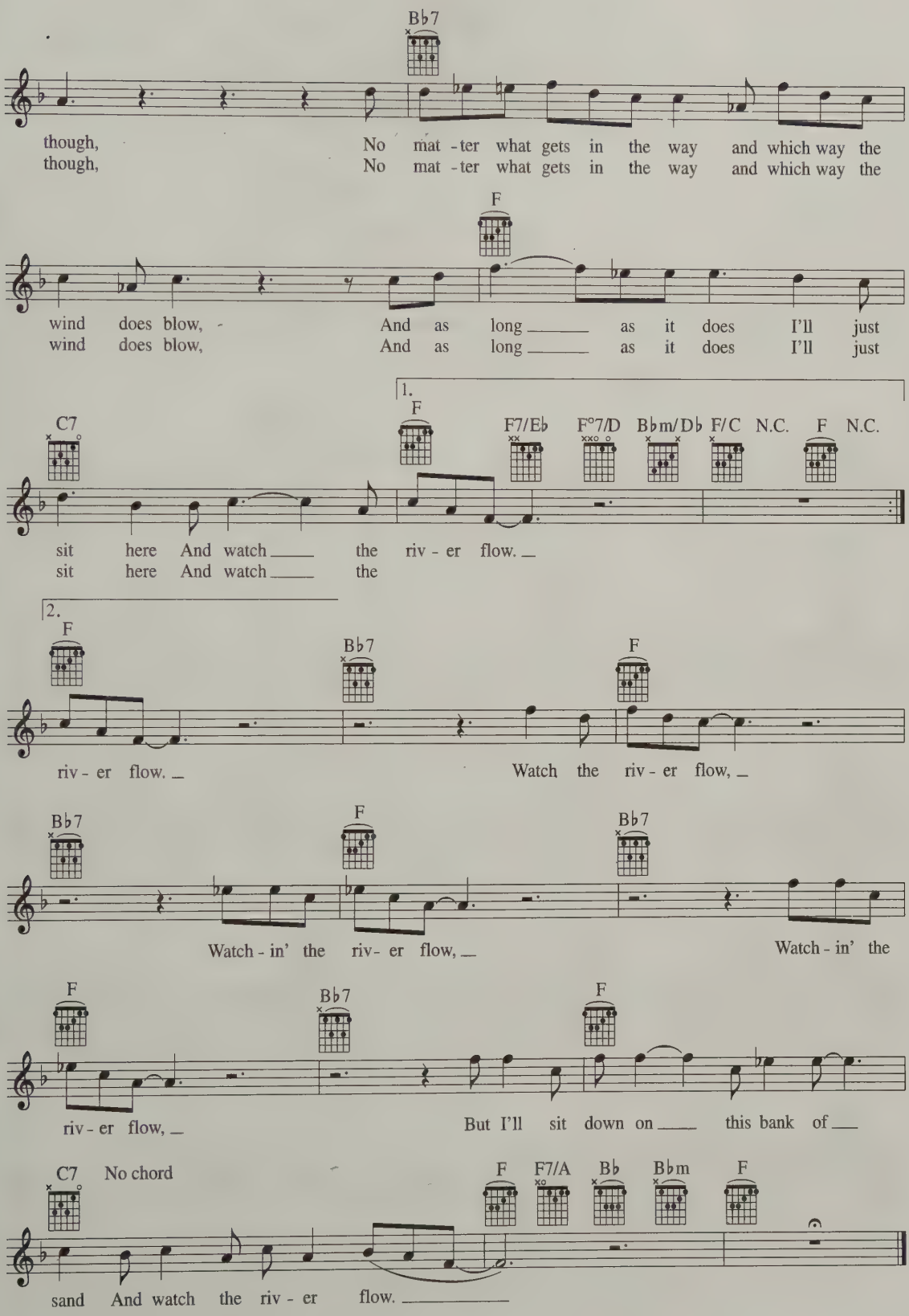
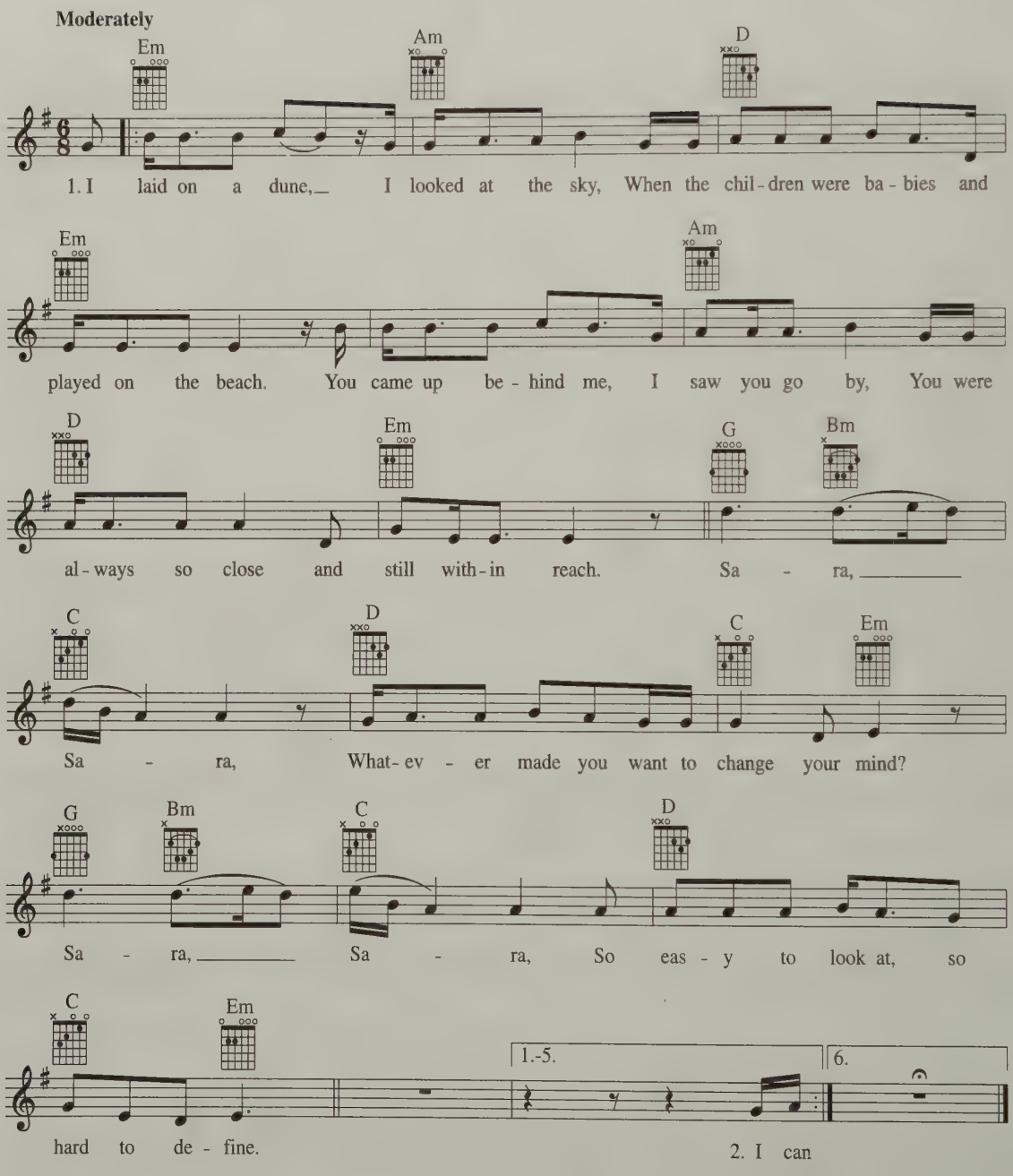

F
To sit down on this bank of sand
But right now I'll just sit here so con -
C7
F
F7/Eb F°7/D B♭m/ D♭
1. F/C No chord
2. F/C No chord
And watch the riv - er flow.
tent - ed - ly And watch the riv - er flow.
C7
Peo - ple dis - a - gree - ing on all just a - bout ev - 'ry - thing, yeah,
Peo - ple dis - a - gree - ing ev - 'ry - where you look,
F
Makes you stop and all won - der why. Why
Makes you wan - na stop and read a book. Why
Dm
G7
on - ly yes - ter - day I saw some-bod - y on the street Who just could - n't help but
on - ly yes - ter - day I saw some-bod - y on the street That was
C
C7
F
cry.
real - ly shook.
Oh, this ol' riv - er keeps on roll - in',
But this ol' riv - er keeps on roll - in',


B♭7
though, No mat - ter what gets in the way and which way the
though, No mat - ter what gets in the way and which way the
F
wind does blow, And as long as it does I'll just
wind does blow, And as long as it does I'll just
1.
C7
F
F7/E♭
F°7/D
B♭m/D♭
F/C
N.C.
F
N.C.
sit here And watch the riv - er flow.
sit here And watch the
2.
F
B♭7
F
riv - er flow. Watch the riv - er flow,
B♭7
F
B♭7
Watch - in' the riv - er flow, Watch - in' the
F
B♭7
F
riv - er flow, But I'll sit down on this bank of
C7
No chord
F
F7/A
B♭
B♭m
F
sand And watch the riv - er flow.

Sara

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. I can still see them playin' with their pails in the sand,
   They run to the water their buckets to fill.
   I can still see the shells fallin' out of their hands
   As they follow each other back up the hill.

   Sara, Sara,
   Sweet virgin angel, sweet love of my life,
   Sara, Sara,
   Radiant jewel, mystical wife.

3. Sleepin' in the woods by a fire in the night,
   Drinkin' white rum in a Portugal bar,
   Them playin' leapfrog and hearin' about Snow White,
   You in the marketplace in Savanna-la-Mar.

   Sara, Sara,
   It's all so clear, I could never forget,
   Sara, Sara,
   Lovin' you is the one thing I'll never regret.

4. I can still hear the sounds of those Methodist bells,
   I'd taken the cure and had just gotten through,
   Stayin' up for days in the Chelsea Hotel,
   Writin' "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" for you.

   Sara, Sara,
   Wherever we travel we're never apart.
   Sara, oh Sara,
   Beautiful lady, so dear to my heart.

5. How did I meet you? I don't know.
   A messenger sent me in a tropical storm.
   You were there in the winter, moonlight on the snow
   And on Lily Pond Lane when the weather was warm.

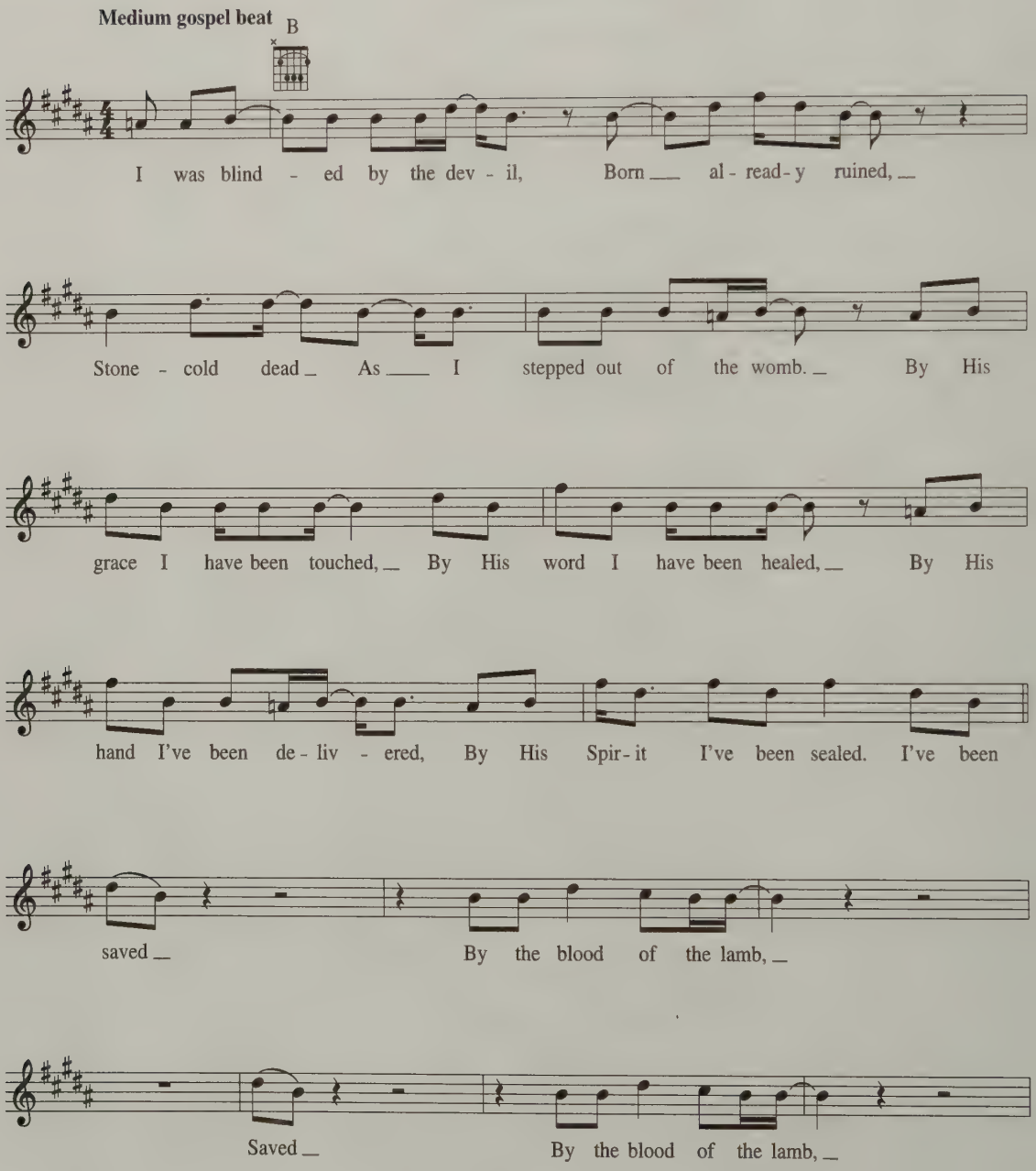
   Sara, oh Sara,
   Scorpio Sphinx in a calico dress,
   Sara, Sara,
   You must forgive me my unworthiness.

6. Now the beach is deserted except for some kelp
   And a piece of an old ship that lies on the shore.
   You always responded when I needed your help,
   You gimme a map and a key to your door.

   Sara, oh Sara,
   Glamorous nymph with an arrow and bow,
   Sara, oh Sara,
   Don't ever leave me, don't ever go.

Saved

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Tim Drummond


Medium gospel beat
B
I was blind - ed by the dev - il, Born ___ al - read - y ruined, _
Stone - cold dead _ As ___ I stepped out of the womb. _ By His
grace I have been touched, _ By His word I have been healed, _ By His
hand I've been de - liv - ered, By His Spir - it I've been sealed. I've been
saved _ By the blood of the lamb, _
Saved _ By the blood of the lamb, _

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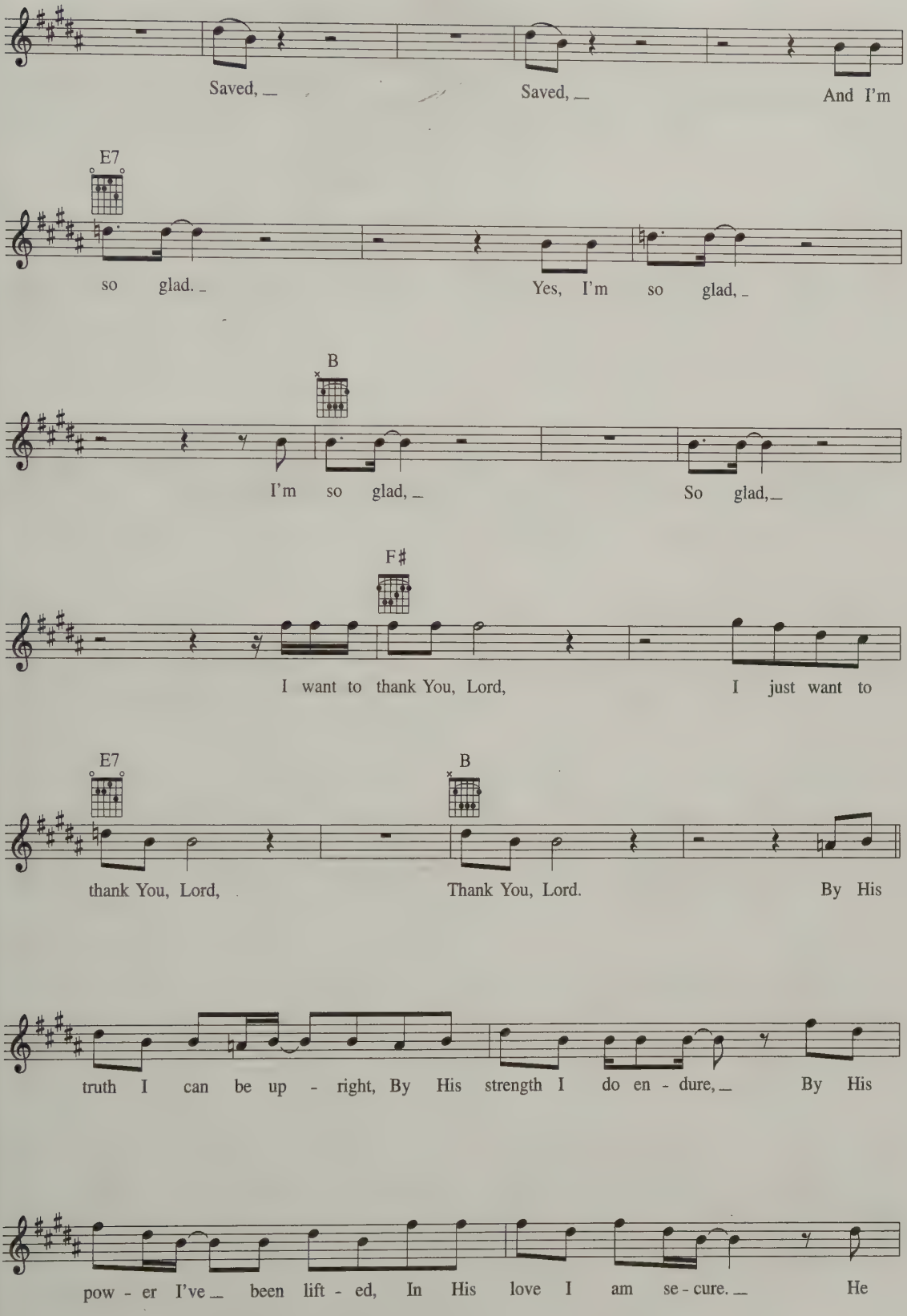
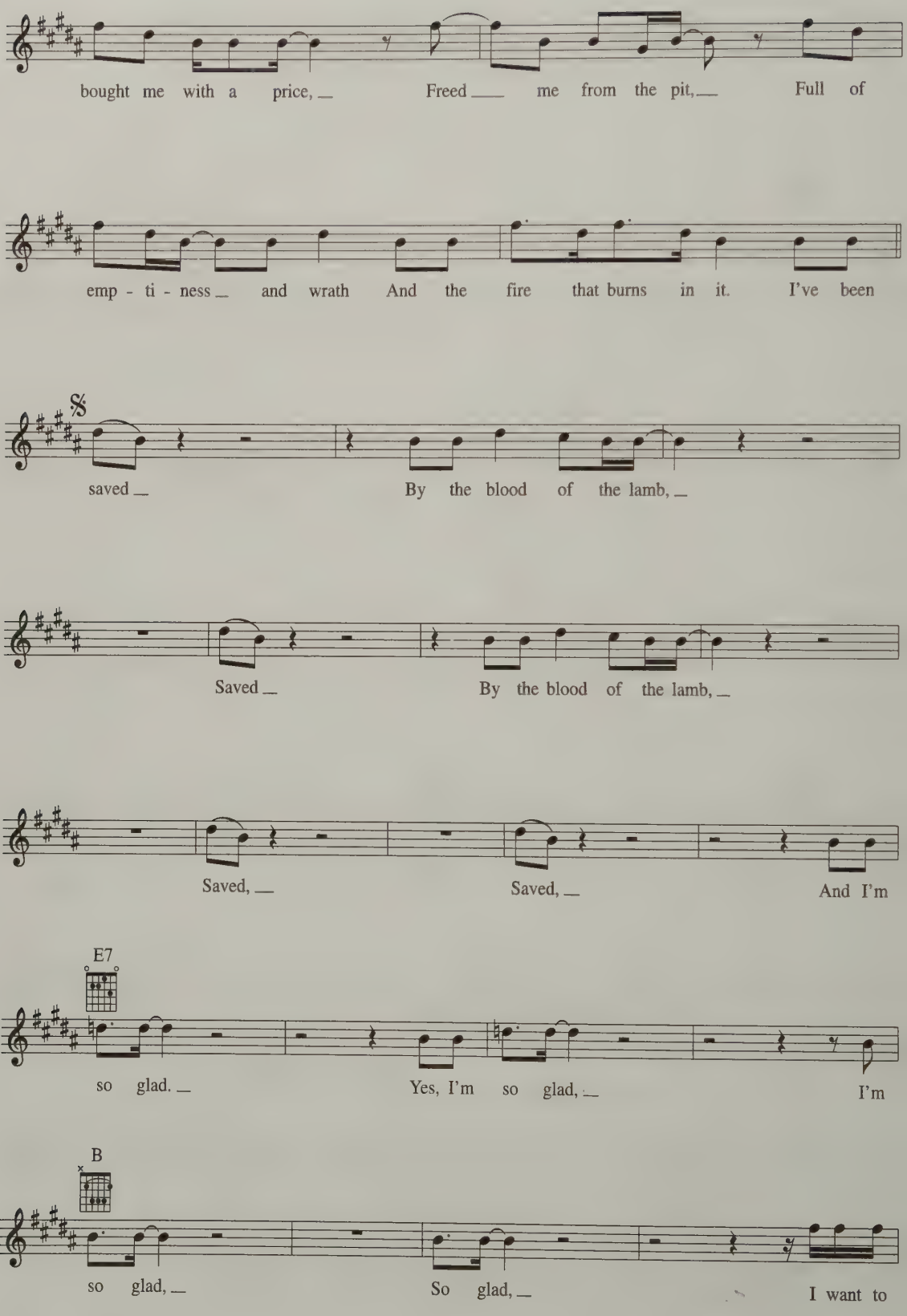
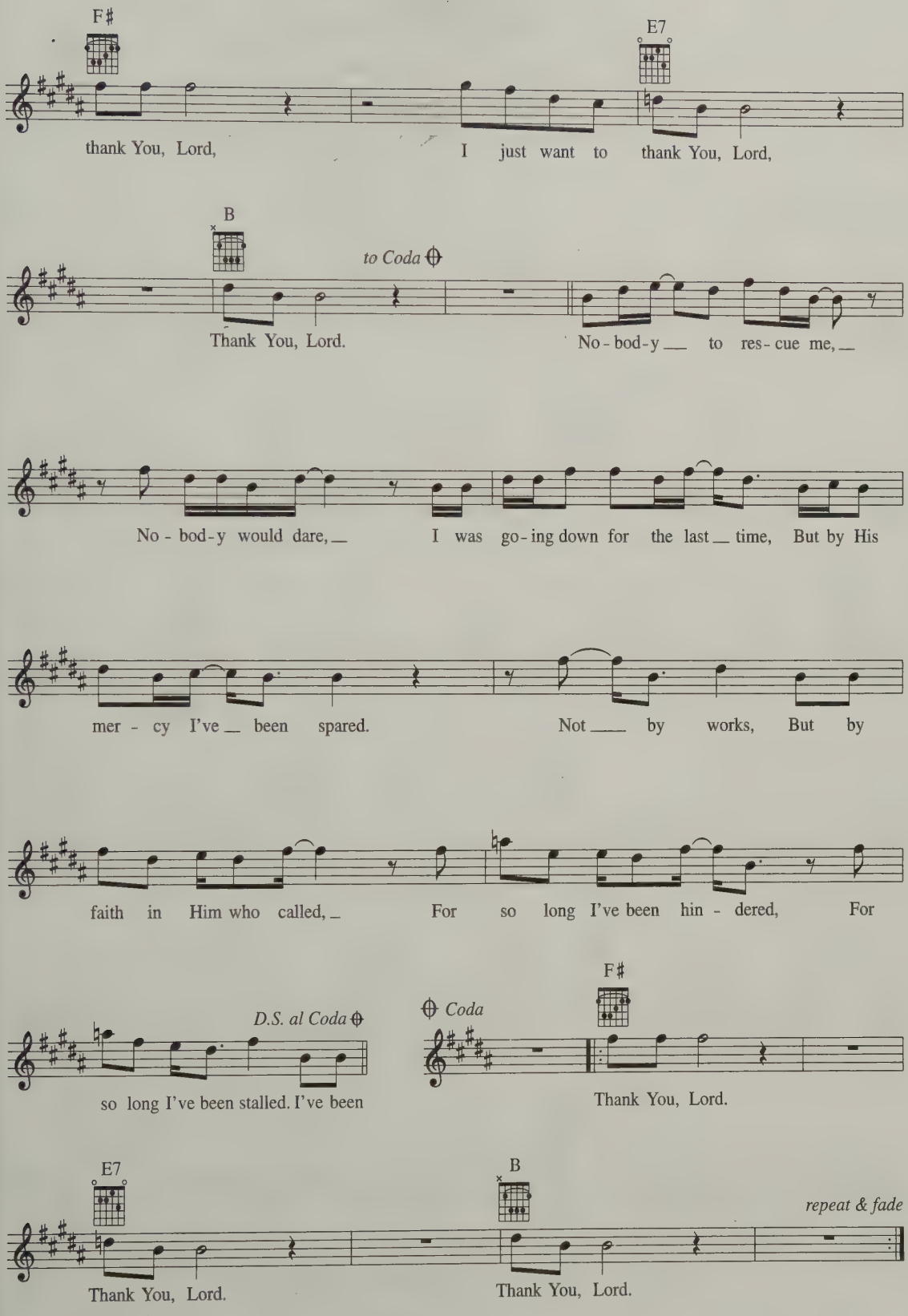
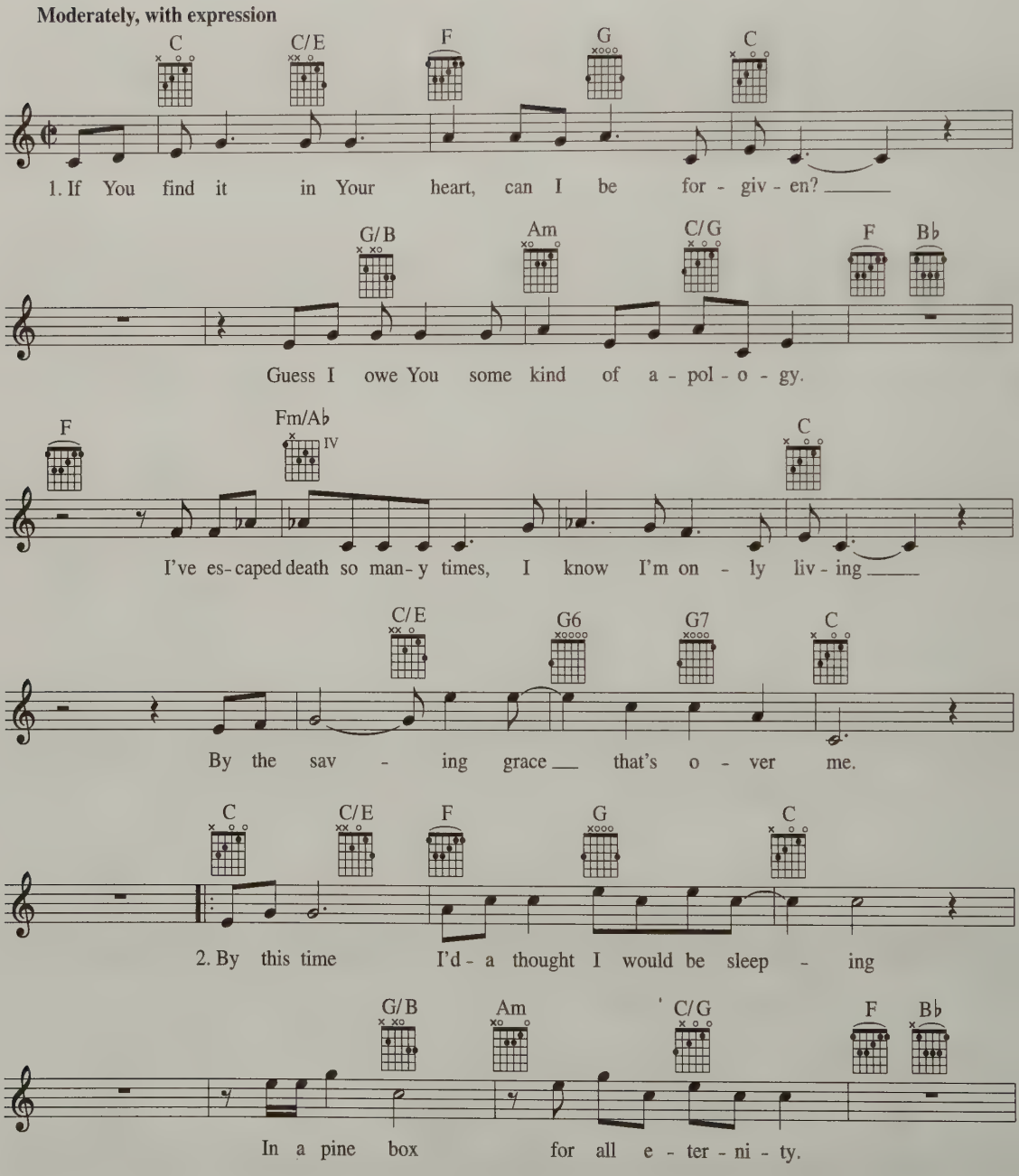

Saved, _ Saved, _ And I'm
E7
so glad. _ Yes, I'm so glad, _
B
I'm so glad, _ So glad, _
F♯
I want to thank You, Lord, I just want to
E7
B
thank You, Lord, Thank You, Lord. By His
truth I can be up - right, By His strength I do en - dure, _ By His
pow - er I've _ been lift - ed, In His love I am se - cure. _ He


bought me with a price, Freed me from the pit, Full of
emp - ti - ness and wrath And the fire that burns in it. I've been
saved By the blood of the lamb,
Saved By the blood of the lamb,
Saved, Saved, And I'm
E7
so glad. Yes, I'm so glad, I'm
B
so glad, So glad, I want to


F♯
E7
thank You, Lord, I just want to thank You, Lord,
B
to Coda
Thank You, Lord. No-bod-y to res-cue me,
No-bod-y would dare, I was go-ing down for the last time, But by His
mer-cy I've been spared. Not by works, But by
faith in Him who called, For so long I've been hin-dered, For
D.S. al Coda
so long I've been stalled. I've been
Coda
F♯
Thank You, Lord.
E7
Thank You, Lord.
B
Thank You, Lord.
repeat & fade

Saving Grace

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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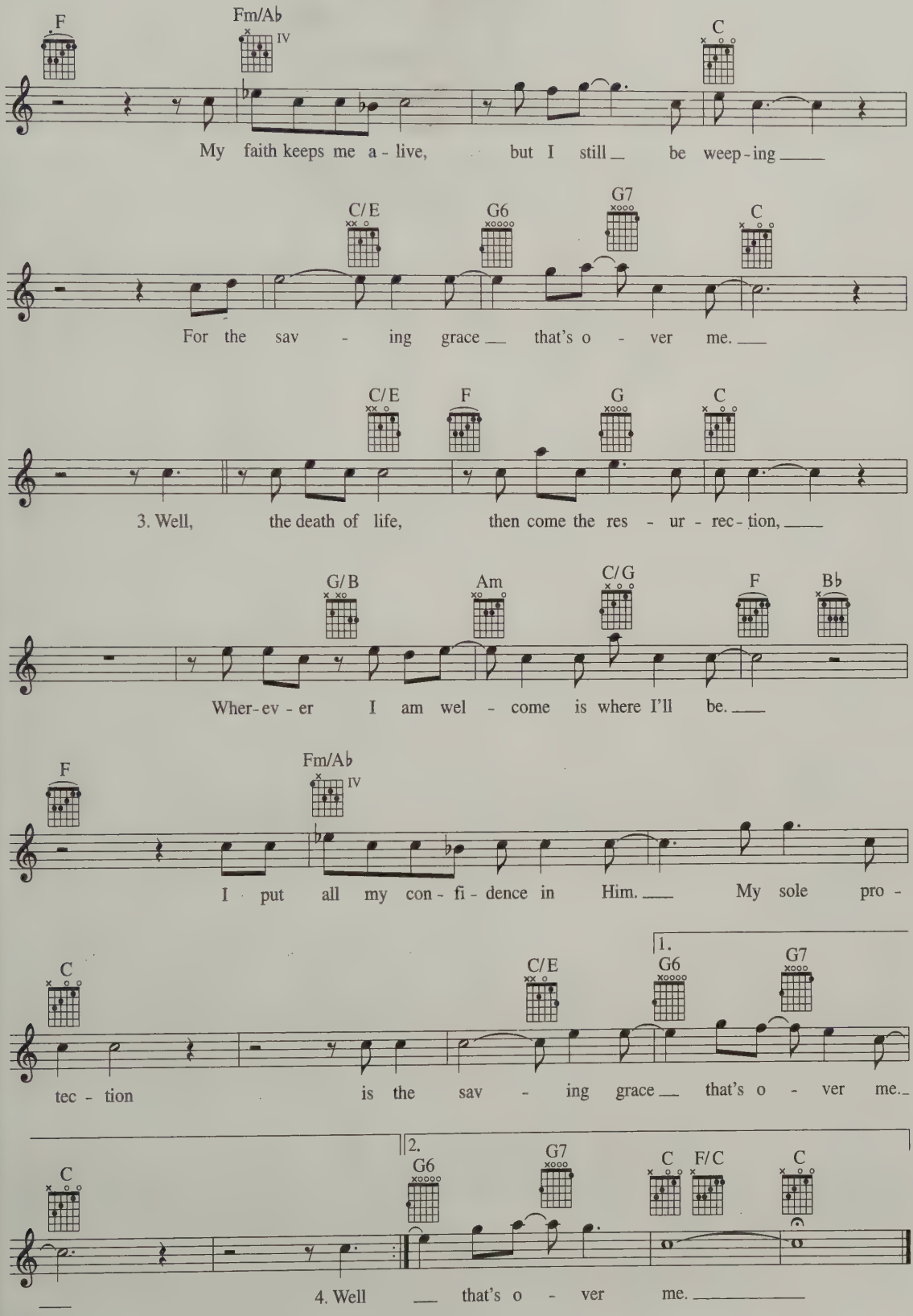

F
Fm/A♭
IV
C
My faith keeps me a - live, but I still be weep - ing
C/E
G6
G7
C
For the sav - ing grace that's o - ver me.
C/E
F
G
C
3. Well, the death of life, then come the res - ur - rec - tion,
G/B
Am
C/G
F
B♭
Wher - ev - er I am wel - come is where I'll be.
F
Fm/A♭
IV
I put all my con - fi - dence in Him. My sole pro -
C
C/E
1.
G6
G7
tec - tion is the sav - ing grace that's o - ver me.
C
2.
G6
G7
C
F/C
C
4. Well that's o - ver me.

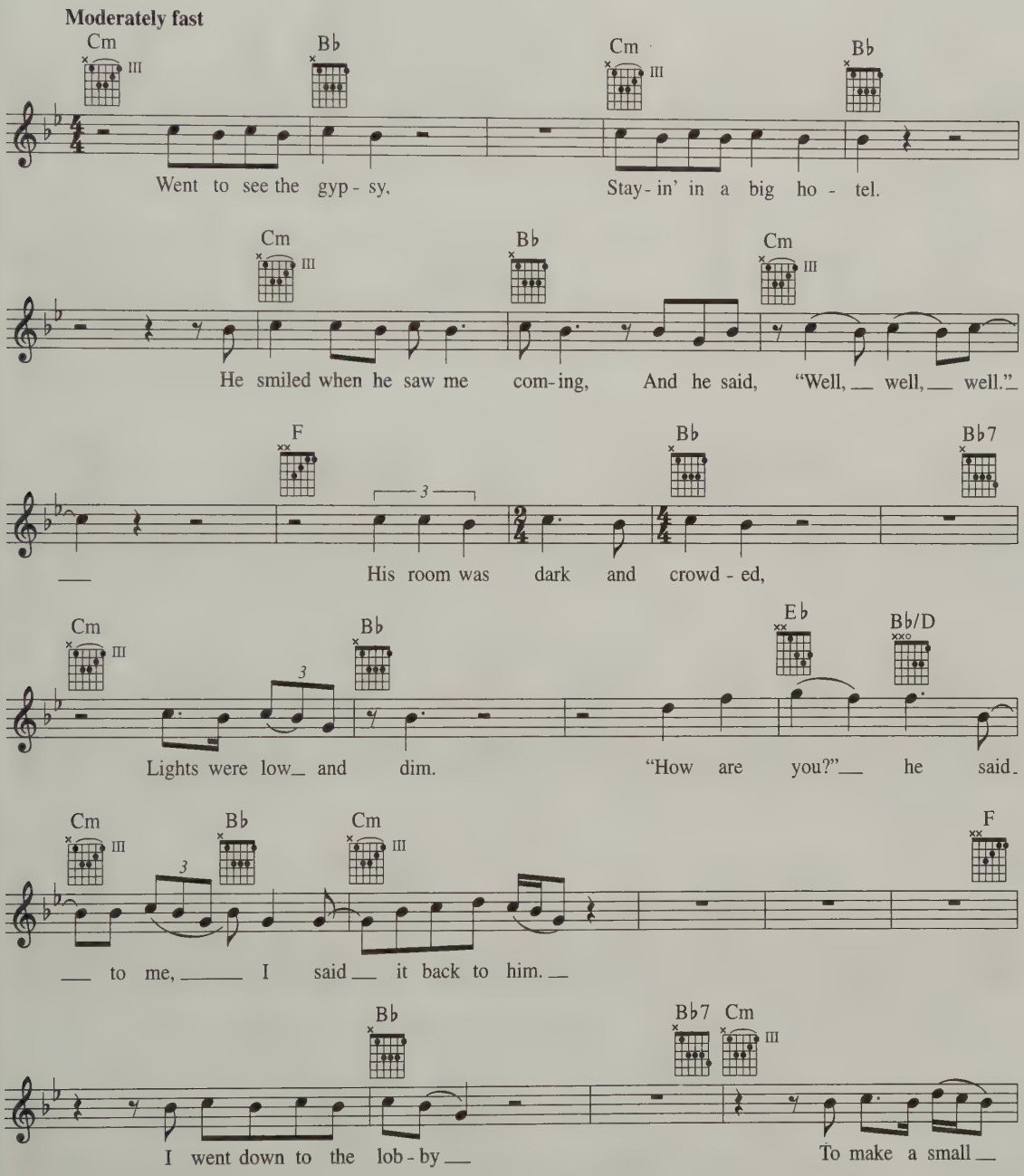
Additional lyrics

4. Well, the devil's shining light, it can be most blinding,
   But to search for love, that ain't no more than vanity.
   As I look around this world all that I'm finding
   Is the saving grace that's over me.

5. The wicked know no peace and you just can't fake it,
   There's only one road and it leads to Calvary.
   It gets discouraging at times, but I know I'll make it
   By the saving grace that's over me.

Went to See the Gypsy

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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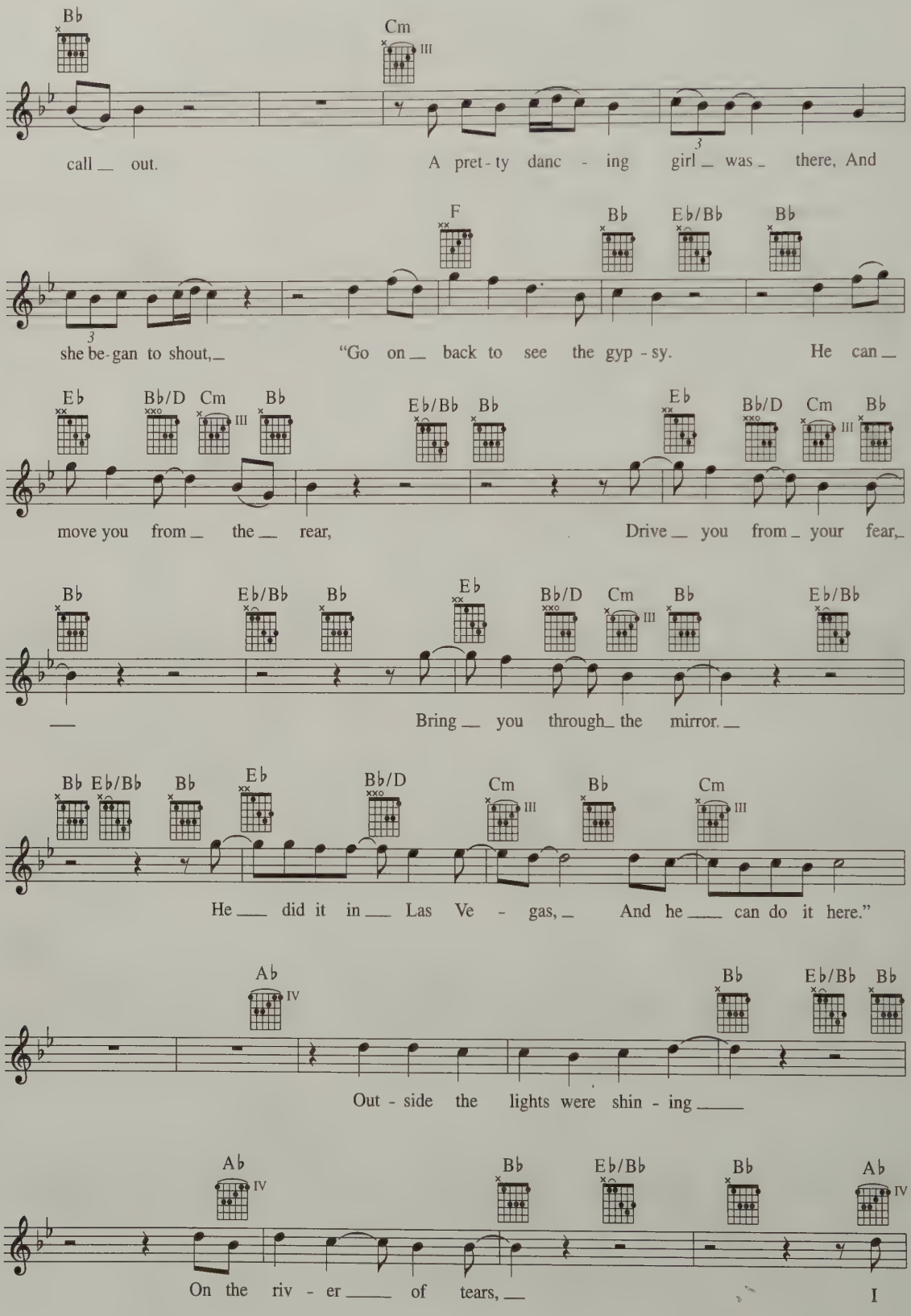
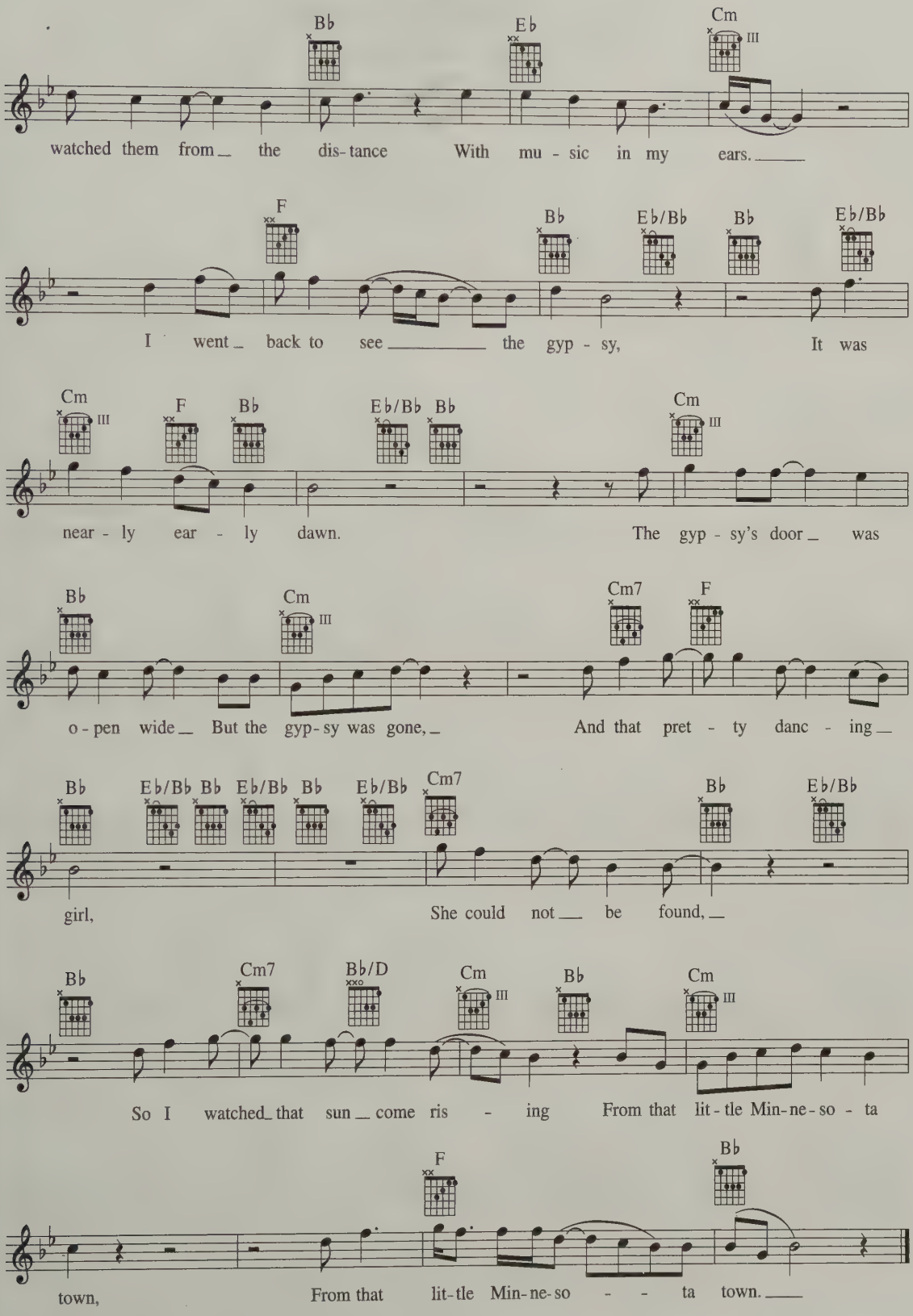
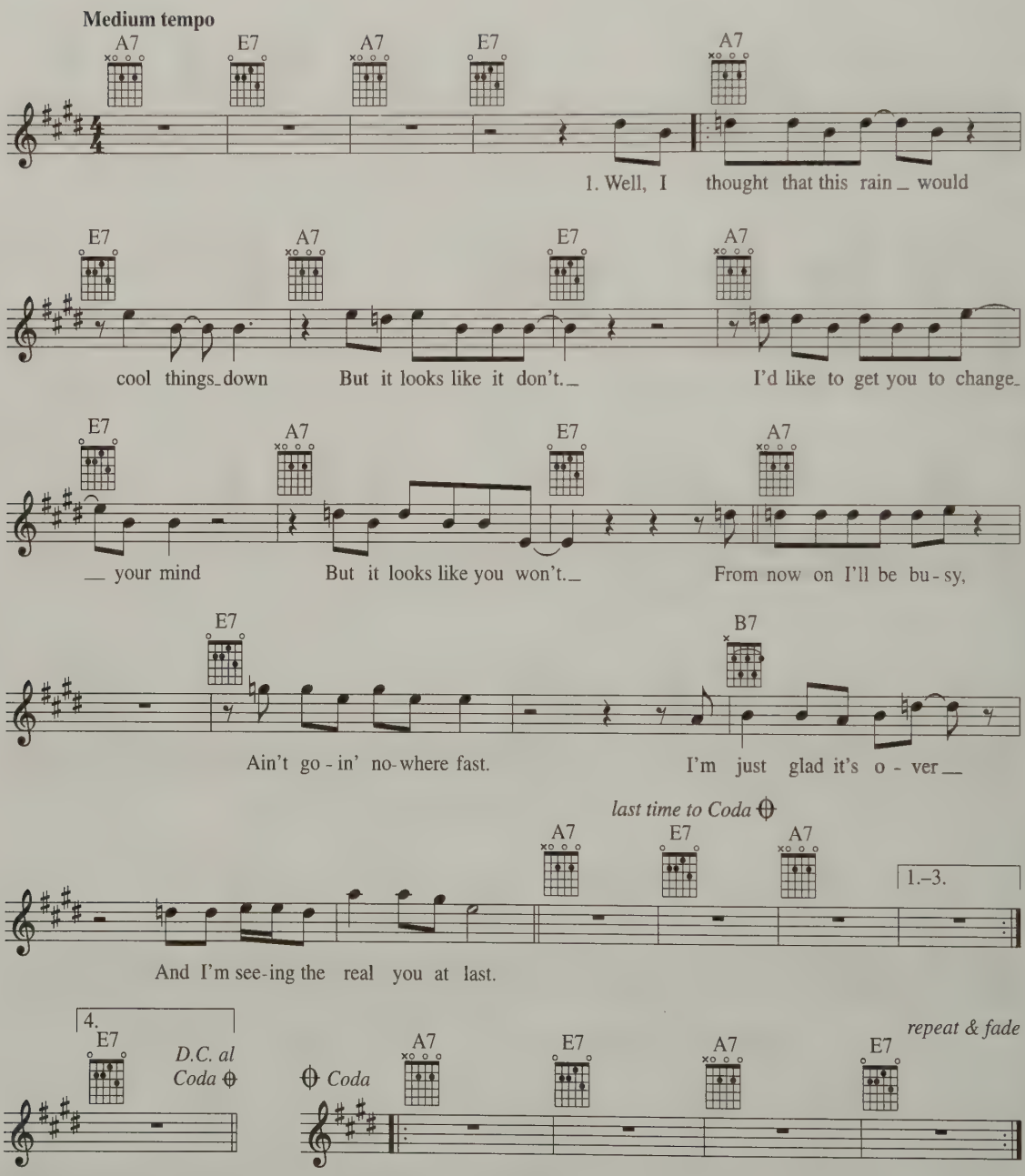

B♭
Cm
III
call _ out.
A pret - ty danc - ing girl _ was _ there, And
3
F
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
3
she be - gan to shout,_
"Go on _ back to see the gyp - sy.
He can _
E♭
B♭/D
Cm
III
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
B♭/D
Cm
III
B♭
move you from _ the _ rear,
Drive _ you from _ your fear,_
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
B♭/D
Cm
III
B♭
E♭/B♭
Bring _ you through_ the mirror. _
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭
B♭/D
Cm
III
B♭
Cm
III
He ___ did it in ___ Las Ve - gas, _ And he ___ can do it here."
A♭
IV
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
Out - side the lights were shin - ing ____
A♭
IV
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
A♭
IV
On the riv - er ____ of tears, __
I


B♭ E♭ Cm
watched them from the dis-tance With mu-sic in my ears.
F B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭/B♭
I went back to see the gyp-sy, It was
Cm F B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ Cm
near-ly ear-ly dawn. The gyp-sy's door was
B♭ Cm Cm7 F
o-pen wide But the gyp-sy was gone, And that pret-ty danc-ing
B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭/B♭ Cm7 B♭ E♭/B♭
girl, She could not be found,
B♭ Cm7 B♭/D Cm B♭ Cm
So I watched that sun come ris-ing From that lit-tle Min-ne-so-ta
F B♭
town, From that lit-tle Min-ne-so-ta town.

Seeing the Real You at Last

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium tempo
A7 E7 A7 E7 A7
1. Well, I thought that this rain _ would
E7 A7 E7 A7
cool things_down But it looks like it don't._ I'd like to get you to change_
E7 A7 E7 A7
__ your mind But it looks like you won't._ From now on I'll be bu - sy,
E7 B7
Ain't go - in' no-where fast. I'm just glad it's o - ver __
last time to Coda
A7 E7 A7
1.–3.
And I'm see-ing the real you at last.
4.
E7
D.C. al Coda
Coda
A7 E7 A7 E7
repeat & fade

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Additional lyrics

2. Well, didn't I risk my neck for you,
Didn't I take chances?
Didn't I rise above it all for you,
The most unfortunate circumstances?

Well, I have had some rotten nights,
Didn't think that they would pass.
I'm just thankful and grateful
To be seeing the real you at last.

3. I'm hungry and I'm irritable
And I'm tired of this bag of tricks.
At one time there was nothing wrong with me
That you could not fix.

Well, I sailed through the storm
Strapped to the mast,
But the time has come
And I'm seeing the real you at last.

4. When I met you, baby,
You didn't show no visible scars.
You could ride like Annie Oakley,
You could shoot like Belle Starr.

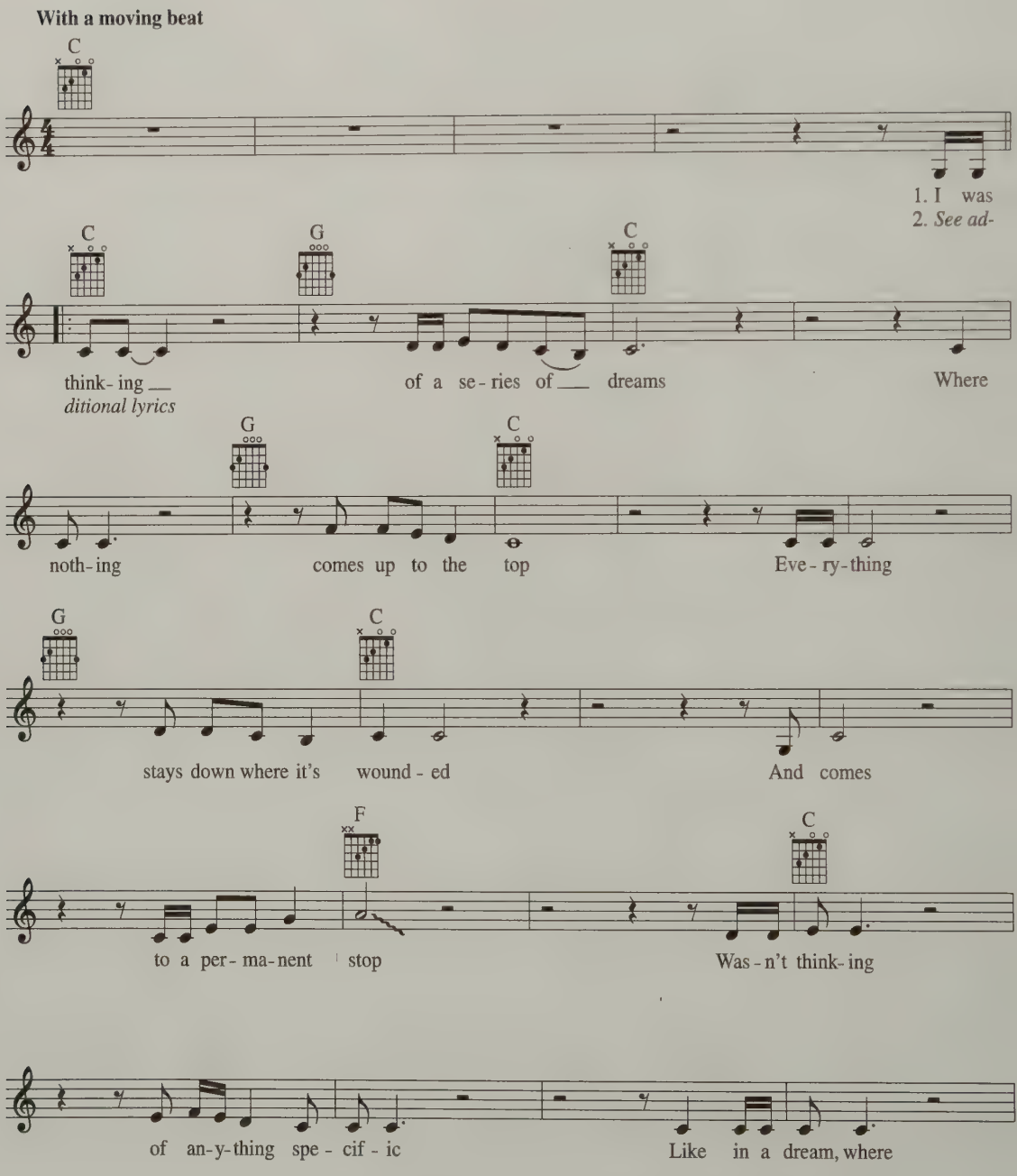
Well, I don't mind a reasonable amount of trouble,
Trouble always comes to pass
But all I care about now
Is that I'm seeing the real you at last.

5. Well, I'm gonna quit this baby talk now,
I guess I should have known.
I got troubles, I think maybe you got troubles,
I think maybe we'd better leave each other alone.

Whatever you gonna do,
Please do it fast.
I'm still trying to get used to
Seeing the real you at last.

Series of Dreams

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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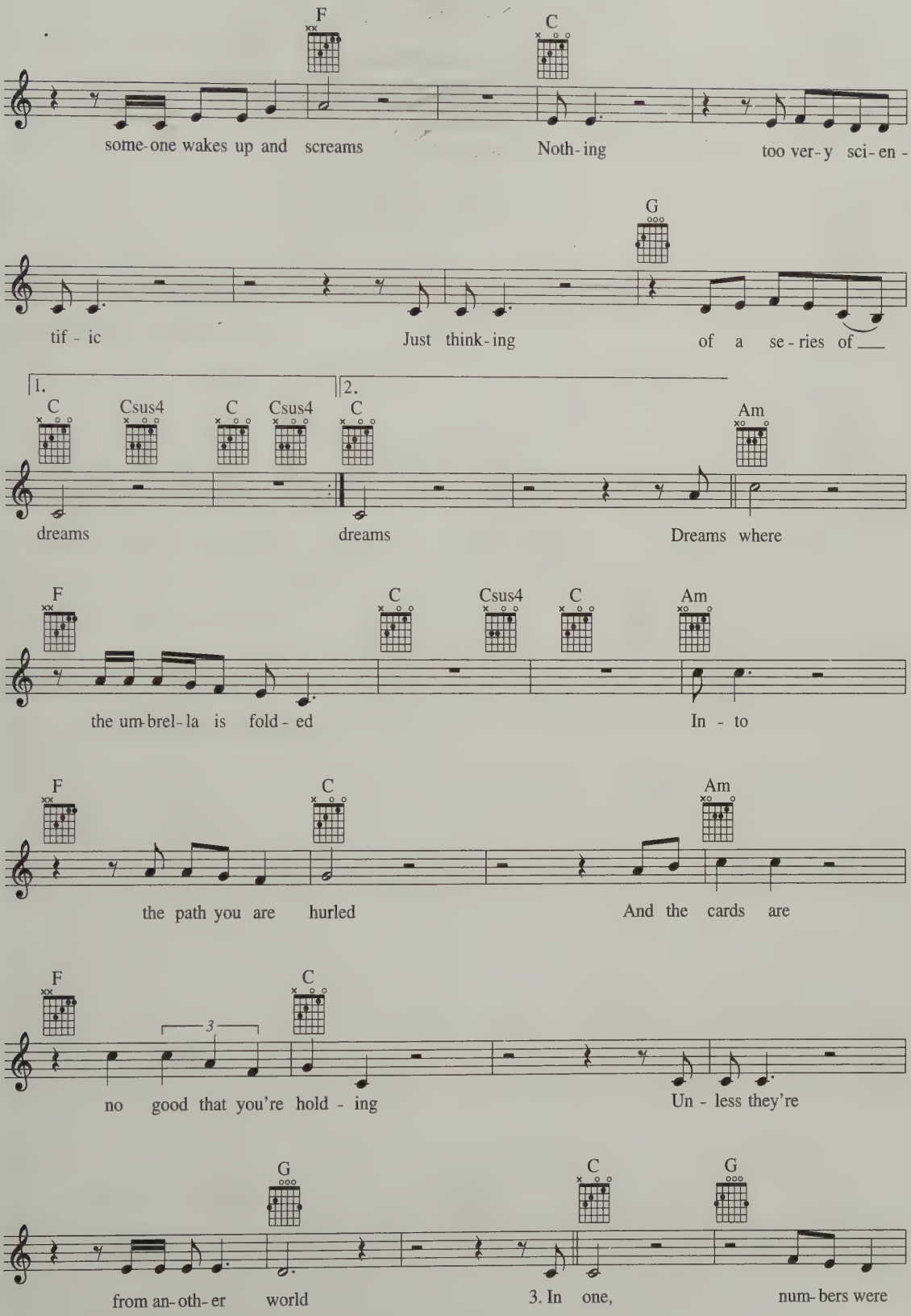
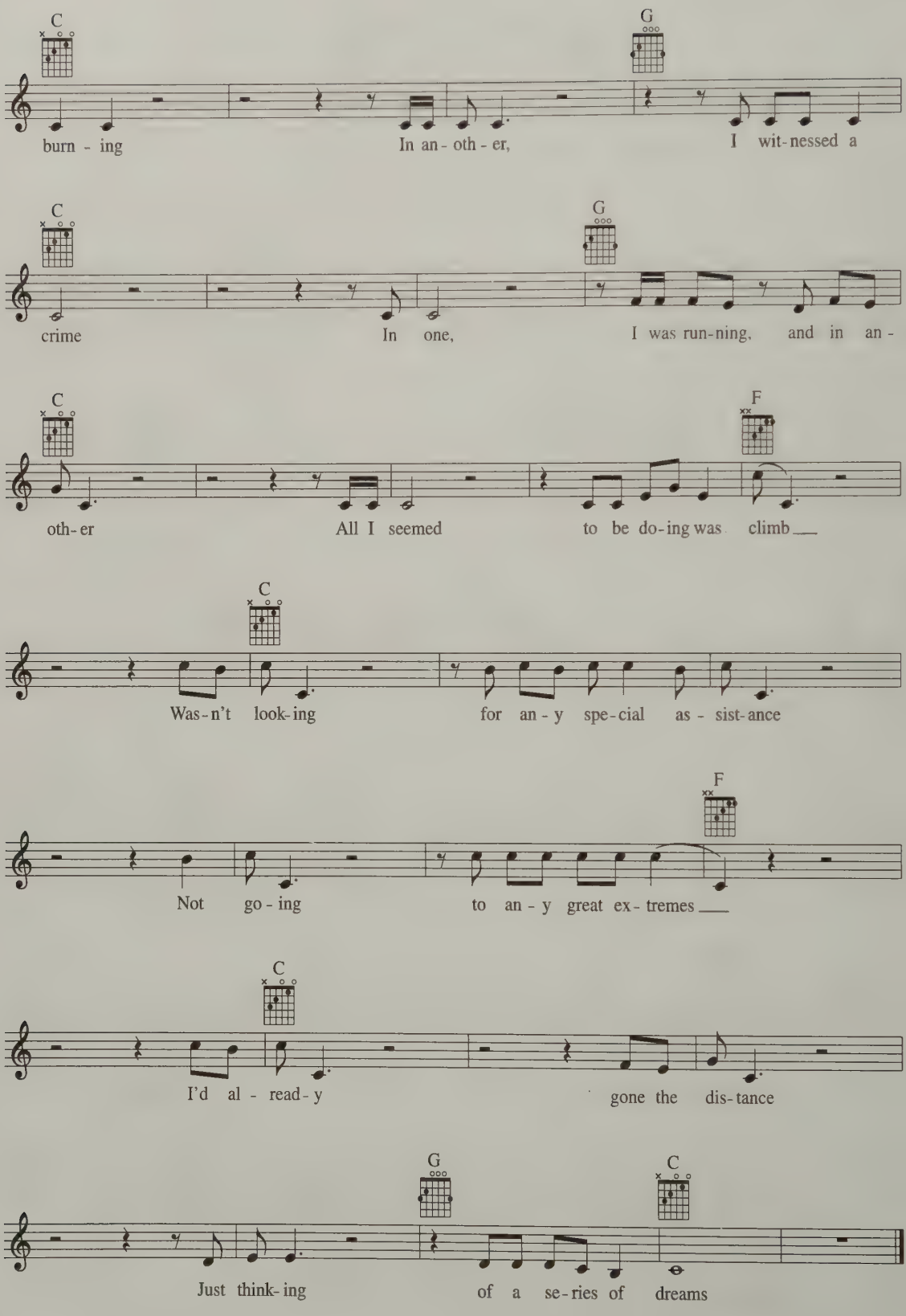
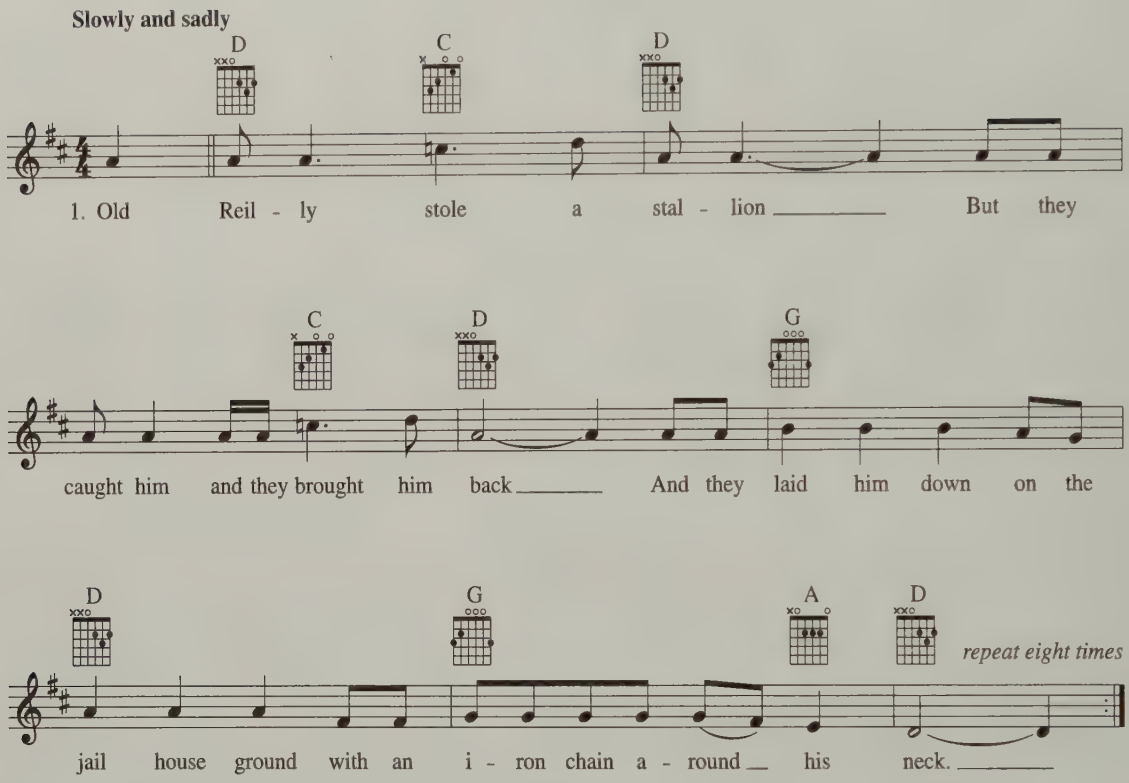

F
C
some-one wakes up and screams
Noth-ing
too ver-y sci-en-
G
tif - ic
Just think-ing
of a se-ries of
1.
2.
C
Csus4
C
Csus4
C
Am
dreams
dreams
Dreams where
F
C
Csus4
C
Am
the um-brel-la is fold - ed
In - to
F
C
Am
the path you are hurled
And the cards are
F
C
3
no good that you're hold - ing
Un - less they're
G
C
G
from an-oth-er world
3. In one,
num-bers were


C
G
burn - ing
In an - oth - er,
I wit-nessed a
C
G
crime
In one,
I was run-ning, and in an -
C
F
oth-er
All I seemed
to be do-ing was climb
C
Was-n't look-ing
for an - y spe-cial as - sist-ance
F
Not go - ing
to an - y great ex - tremes
C
I'd al - read - y
gone the dis-tance
G
C
Just think-ing
of a se-ries of dreams

Additional lyrics

2. Thinking of a series of dreams
Where the time and the tempo fly
And there's no exit in any direction
'Cept the one that you can't see with your eyes
Wasn't making any great connection
Wasn't falling for any intricate scheme
Nothing that would pass inspection
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Seven Curses

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Additional lyrics

2. Old Reilly's daughter got a message
That her father was goin' to hang.
She rode by night and came by morning
With gold and silver in her hand.

3. When the judge he saw Reilly's daughter
His old eyes deepened in his head,
Sayin', "Gold will never free your father,
The price, my dear, is you instead."

4. "Oh I'm as good as dead," cried Reilly,
"It's only you that he does crave
And my skin will surely crawl if he touches you at all.
Get on your horse and ride away."

5. "Oh father you will surely die
If I don't take the chance to try
And pay the price and not take your advice.
For that reason I will have to stay."

6. The gallows shadows shook the evening,
In the night a hound dog bayed,
In the night the grounds were groanin',
In the night the price was paid.

7. The next mornin' she had awoken
To know that the judge had never spoken.
She saw that hangin' branch a-bendin',
She saw her father's body broken.

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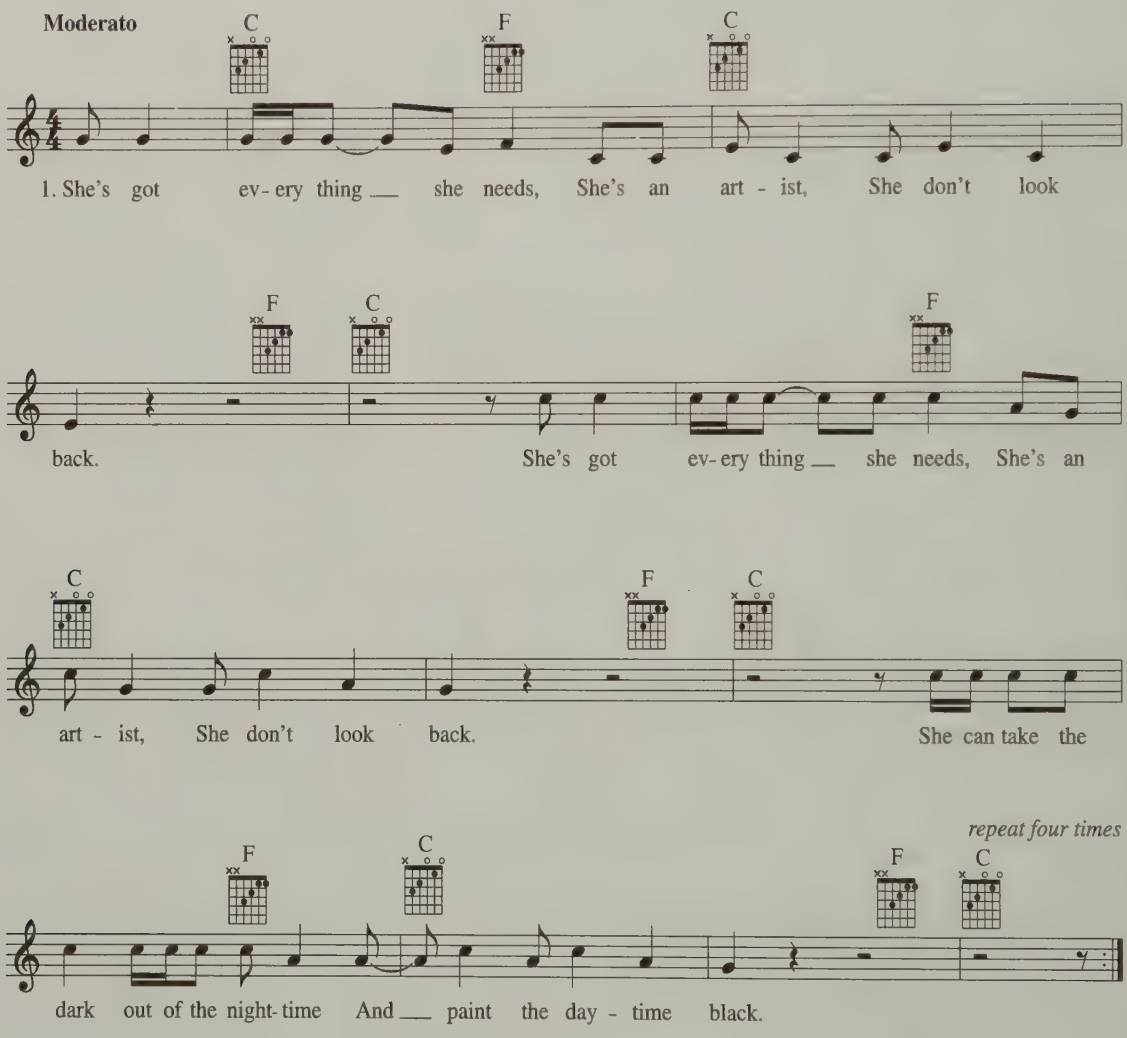
8. These be seven curses on a judge so cruel:
   That one doctor will not save him,
   That two healers will not heal him,
   That three eyes will not see him.

9. That four ears will not hear him,
   That five walls will not hide him,
   That six diggers will not bury him
   And that seven deaths shall never kill him.

She Belongs to Me

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees.
You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees.
But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole
Down upon your knees.

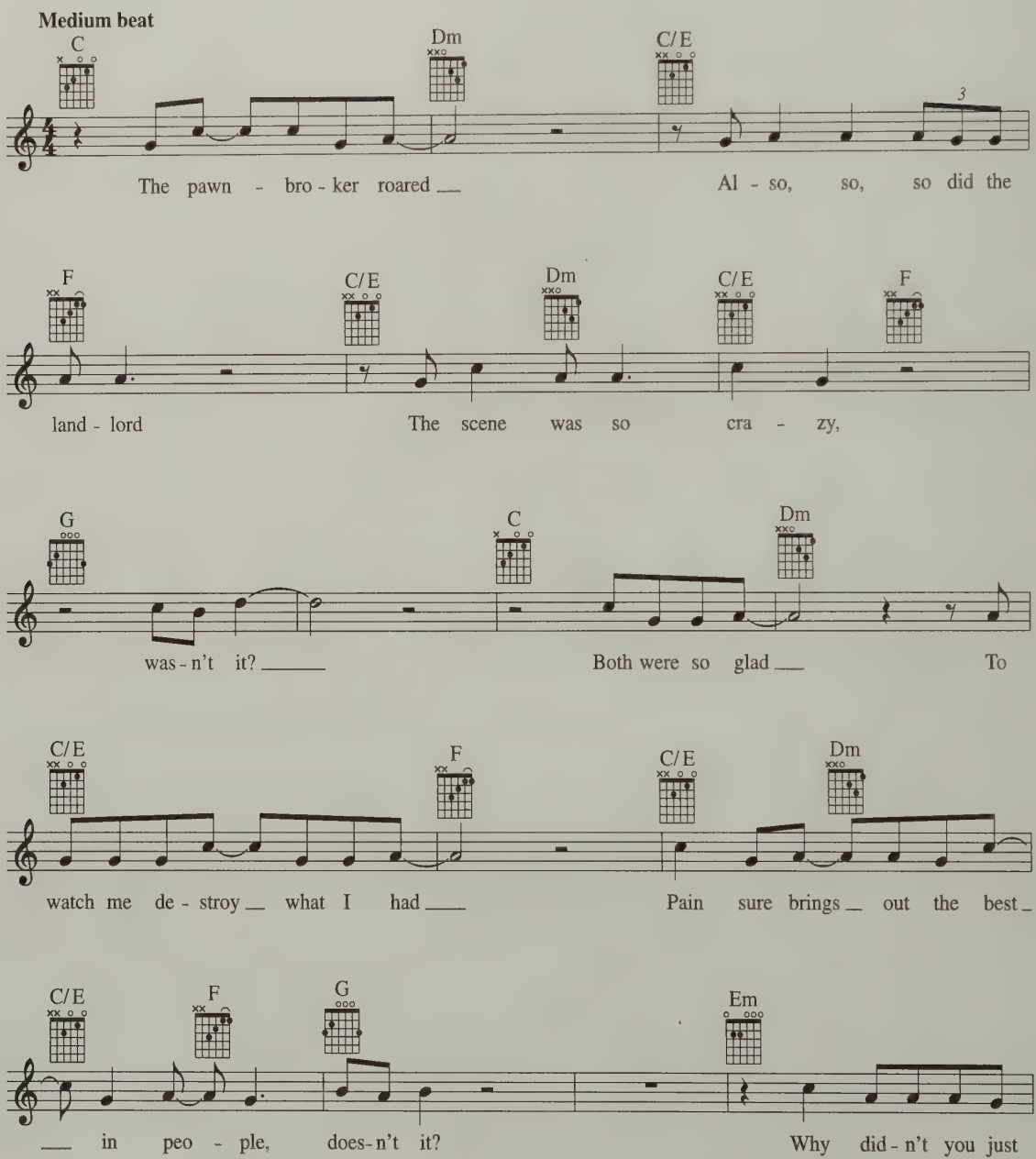
3. She never stumbles,
She's got no place to fall.
She never stumbles,
She's got no place to fall.
She's nobody's child,
The Law can't touch her at all.

4. She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks.
She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks.
She's a hypnotist collector,
You are a walking antique.

5. Bow down to her on Sunday,
Salute her when her birthday comes.
Bow down to her on Sunday,
Salute her when her birthday comes.
For Halloween give her a trumpet
And for Christmas, buy her a drum.

She's Your Lover Now

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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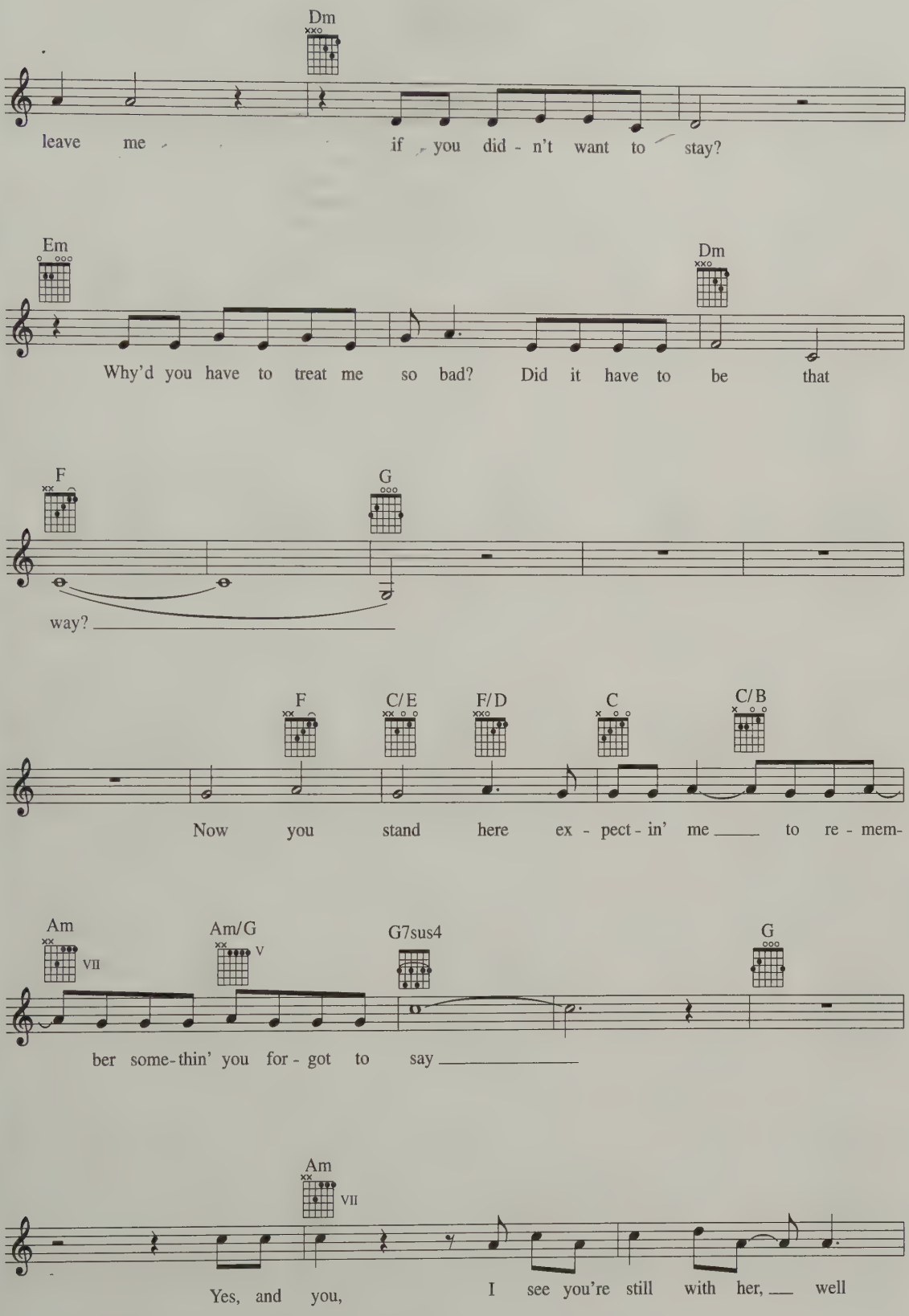
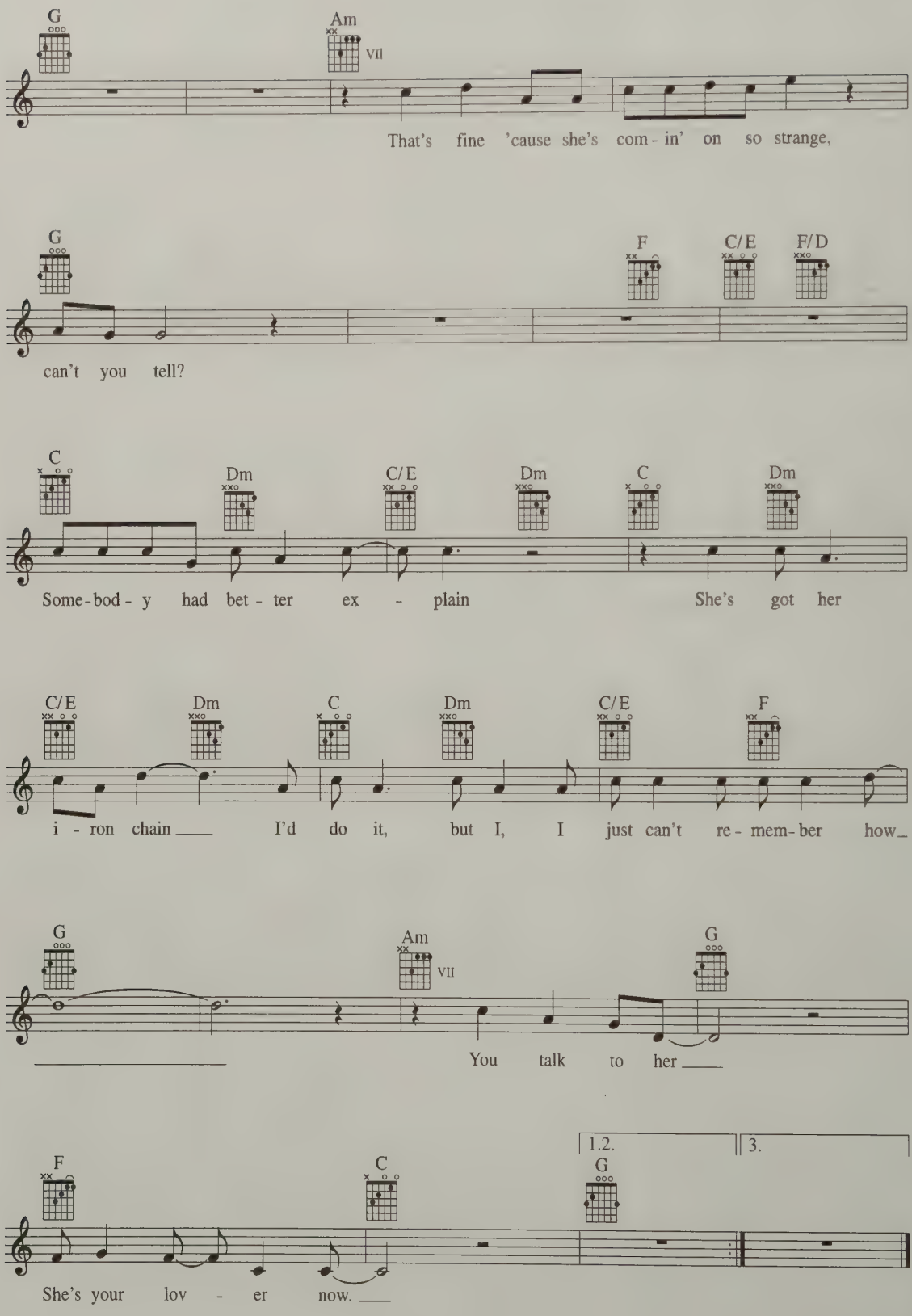

Dm
leave me if you did - n't want to stay?
Em
Dm
Why'd you have to treat me so bad? Did it have to be that
F
G
way?
F
C/E
F/D
C
C/B
Now you stand here ex - pect - in' me to re - mem-
Am
VII
Am/G
V
G7sus4
G
ber some-thin' you for - got to say
Am
VII
Yes, and you, I see you're still with her, well


G
Am
VII
That's fine 'cause she's com - in' on so strange,
G
F
C/E
F/D
can't you tell?
C
Dm
C/E
Dm
C
Dm
Some - bod - y had bet - ter ex - plain
She's got her
C/E
Dm
C
Dm
C/E
F
i - ron chain
I'd do it, but I, I just can't re - mem - ber how
G
Am
VII
G
You talk to her
1.2.
3.
F
C
G
She's your lov - er now.

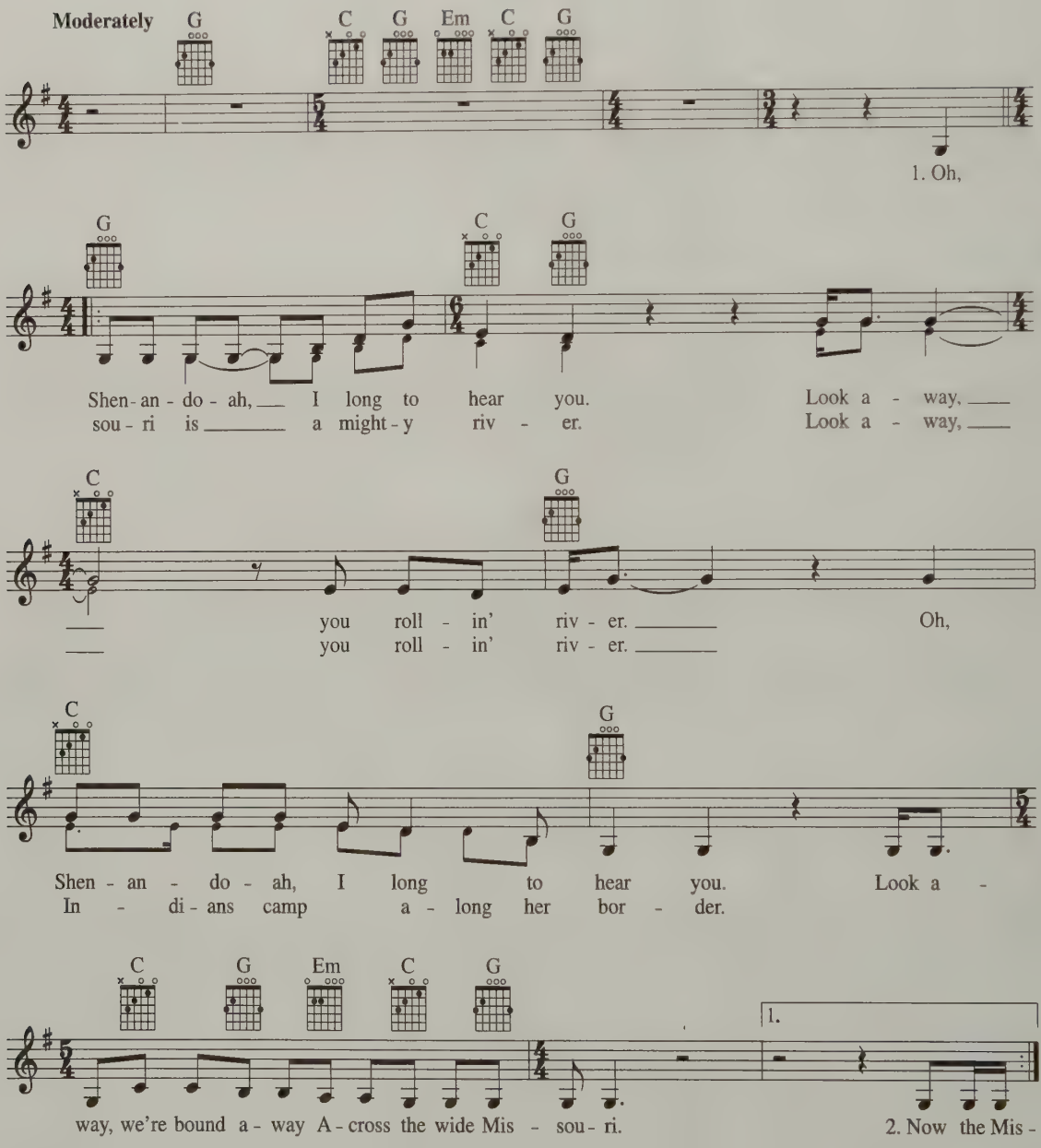
Additional lyrics

2. I already assumed
That we're in the felony room
But I ain't a judge, you don't have to be nice to me
But please tell that
To your friend in the cowboy hat
You know he keeps on sayin' ev'rythin' twice to me
You know I was straight with you
You know I've never tried to change you in any way
You know if you didn't want to be with me
That you could . . . didn't have to stay.
Now you stand here sayin' you forgive and forget. Honey, what can I say?
Yes, you, you just sit around and ask for ashtrays, can't you reach?
I see you kiss her on the cheek ev'rytime she gives a speech
With her picture books of the pyramid
And her postcards of Billy the Kid
(Why must everybody bow?)
You better talk to her 'bout it
You're her lover now.

3. Oh, ev'rybody that cares
Is goin' up the castle stairs
But I'm not up in your castle, honey
It's true, I just can't recall
San Francisco at all
I can't even remember El Paso, uh, honey
You never had to be faithful
I didn't want you to grieve
Oh, why was it so hard for you
If you didn't want to be with me, just to leave?
Now you stand here while your finger's goin' up my sleeve
An' you, just what do you do anyway? Ain't there nothin' you can say?
She'll be standin' on the bar soon
With a fish head an' a harpoon
An' a fake beard plastered on her brow
You'd better do somethin' quick
She's your lover now.

Shenandoah

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
G
C G Em C G
1. Oh,
G C G
Shen - an - do - ah, I long to hear you. Look a - way,
sou - ri is a might - y riv - er. Look a - way,
C G
you roll - in' riv - er. Oh,
you roll - in' riv - er.
C G
Shen - an - do - ah, I long to hear you. Look a -
In - di - ans camp a - long her bor - der.
C G Em C G
1.
way, we're bound a - way A - cross the wide Mis - sou - ri.
2. Now the Mis -

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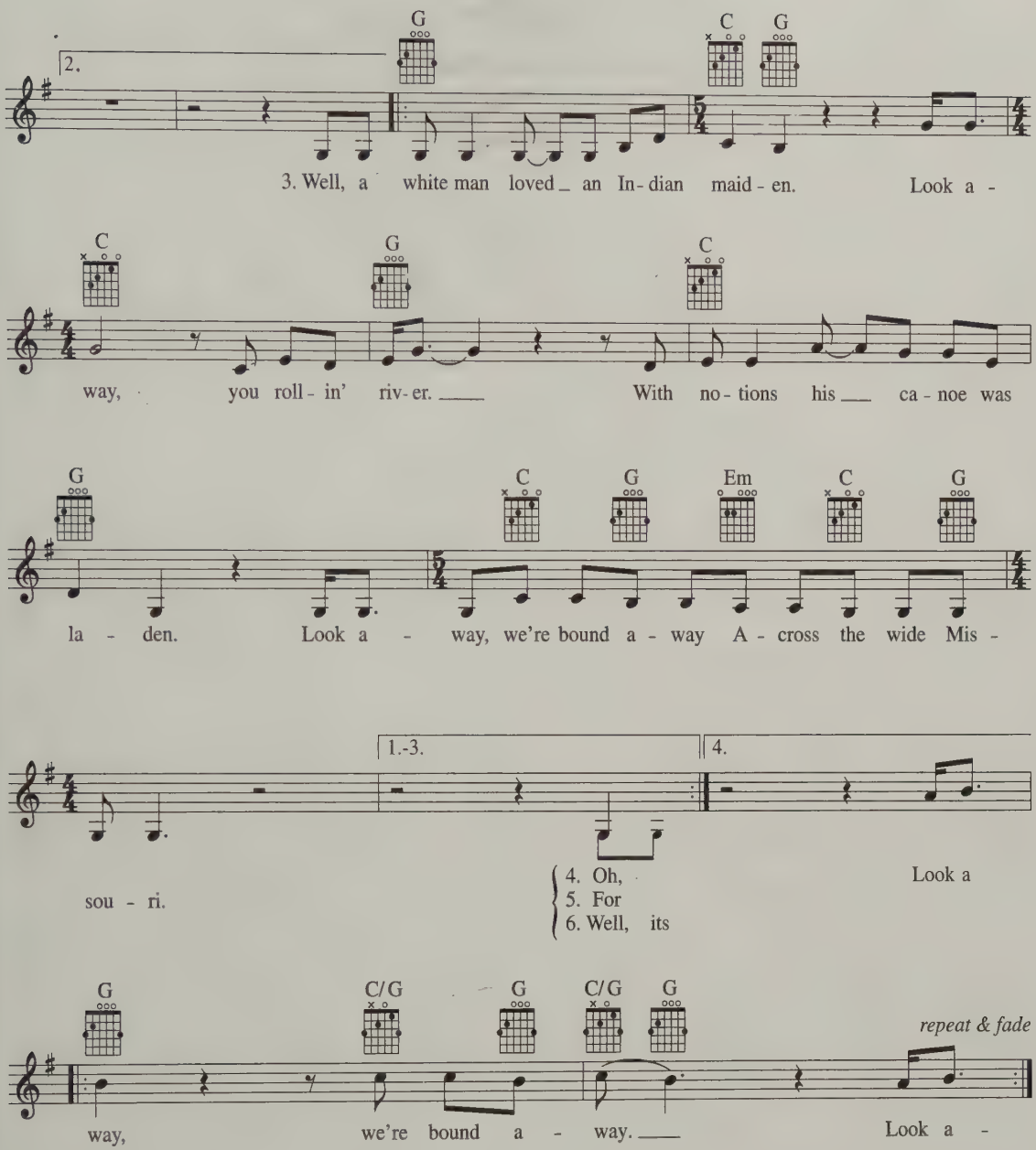

G
C
G
2.
3. Well, a white man loved an In-dian maid-en. Look a-
C
G
C
way, you roll-in' riv-er. With no-tions his ca-noe was
G
C
G
Em
C
G
la-den. Look a-way, we're bound a-way A-cross the wide Mis-
1.-3.
4.
sou-ri.
4. Oh, Look a
5. For
6. Well, its
G
C/G
G
C/G
G
repeat & fade
way, we're bound a-way. Look a-

Additional lyrics

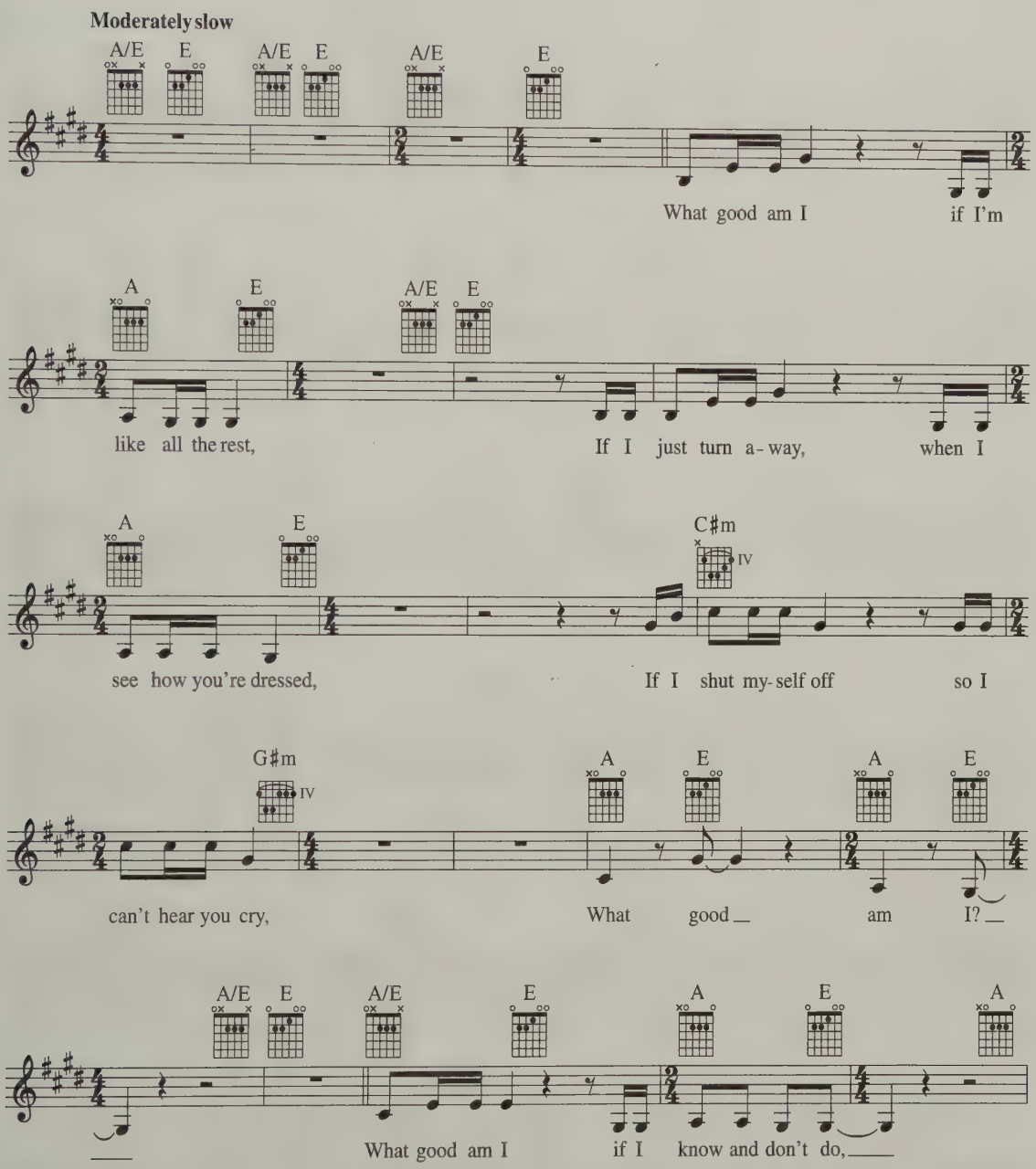
4. Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter.
Look away, you rollin' river.
It was for her I'd cross the water.
Look away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

5. For seven long years I courted Sally.
Look away, you rollin' river.
Seven more years I longed to have her.
Look away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

6. Well, it's fare-thee-well, my dear,
I'm bound to leave you.
Look away, you rollin' river.
Shenandoah, I will not deceive you.
Look away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

What Good Am I?

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
A/E E A/E E A/E E
What good am I if I'm
A E A/E E
like all the rest, If I just turn a-way, when I
A E C♯m IV
see how you're dressed, If I shut my-self off so I
G♯m IV A E A E
can't hear you cry, What good am I?
A/E E A/E E A E A
What good am I if I know and don't do,

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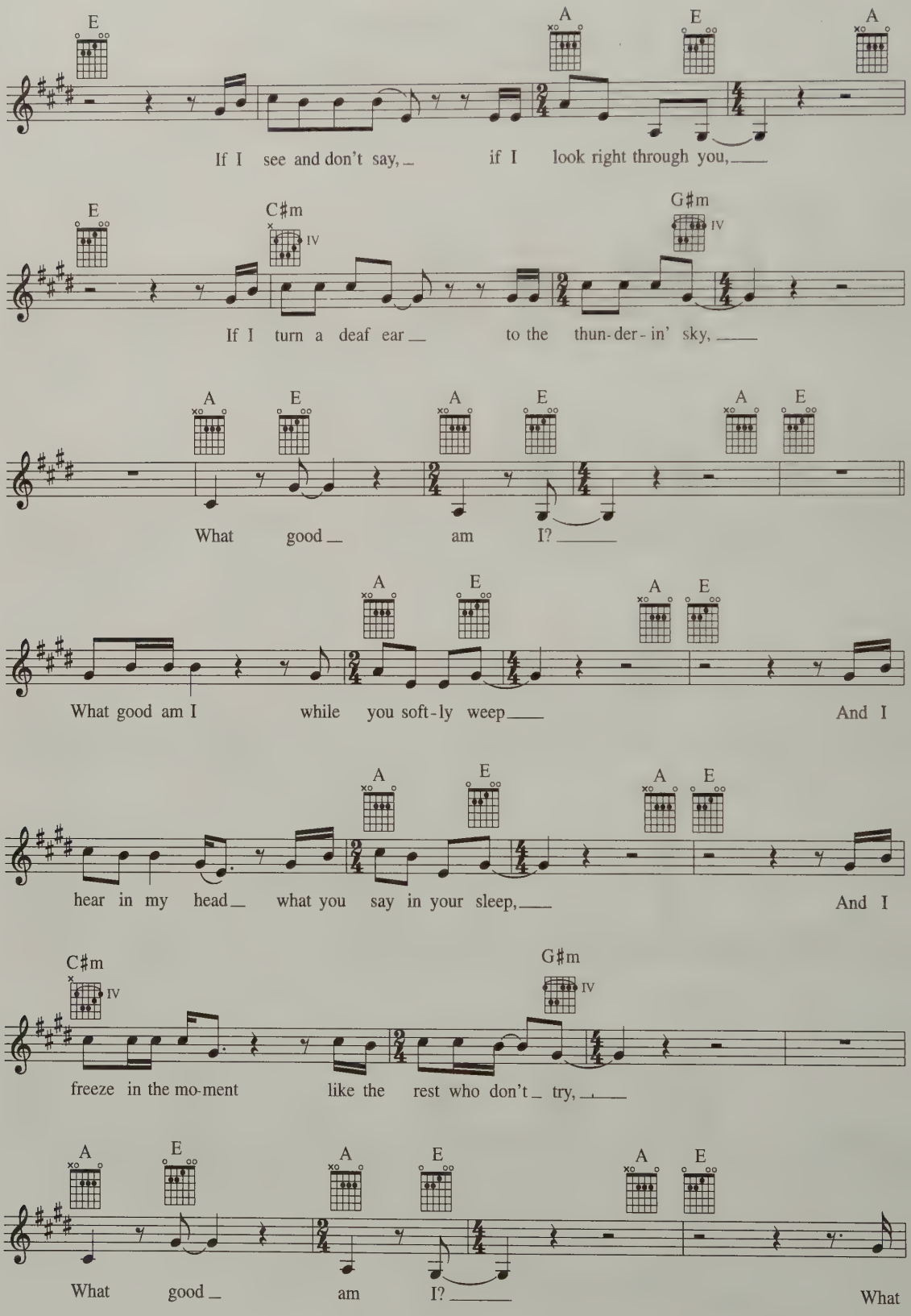
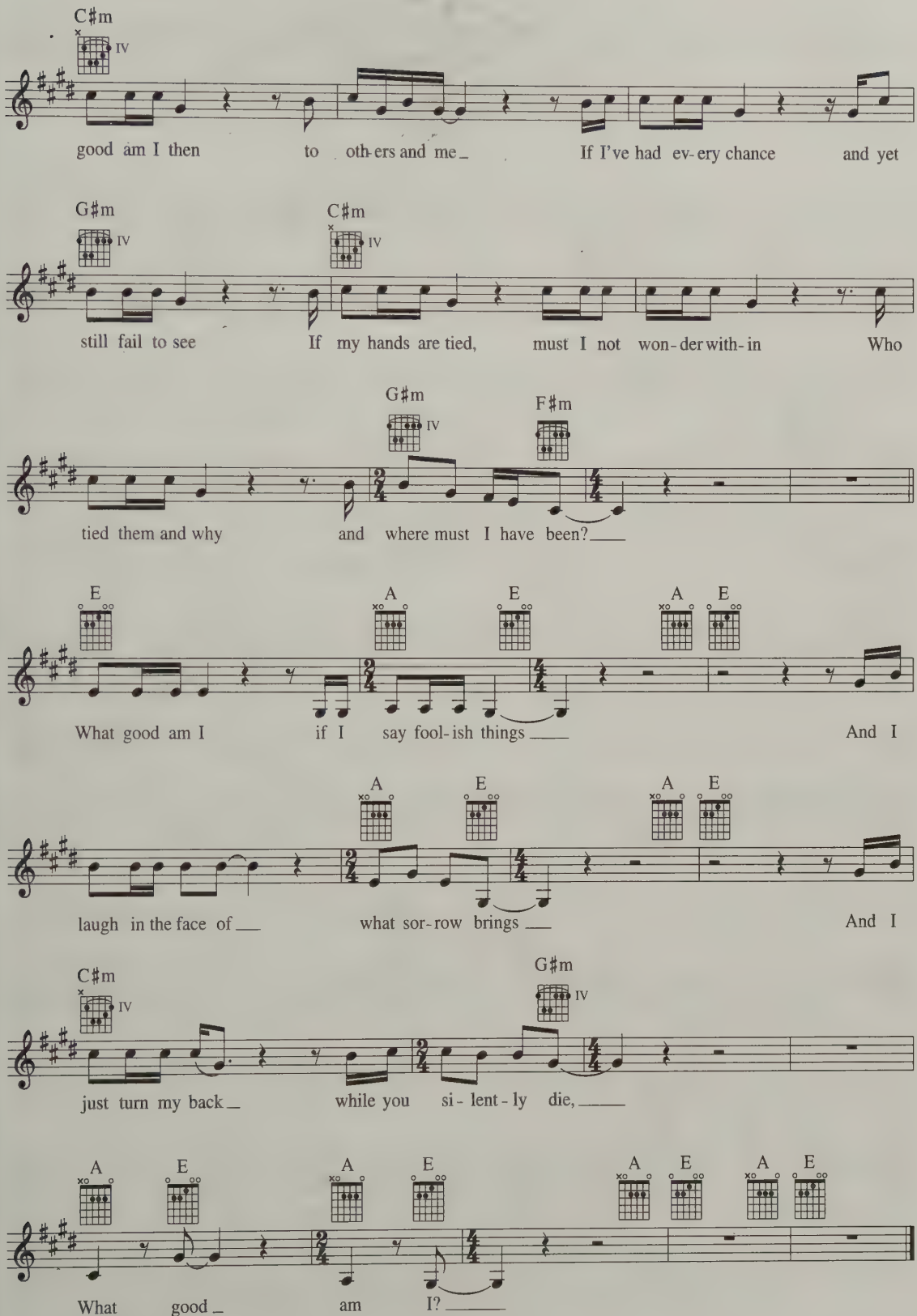
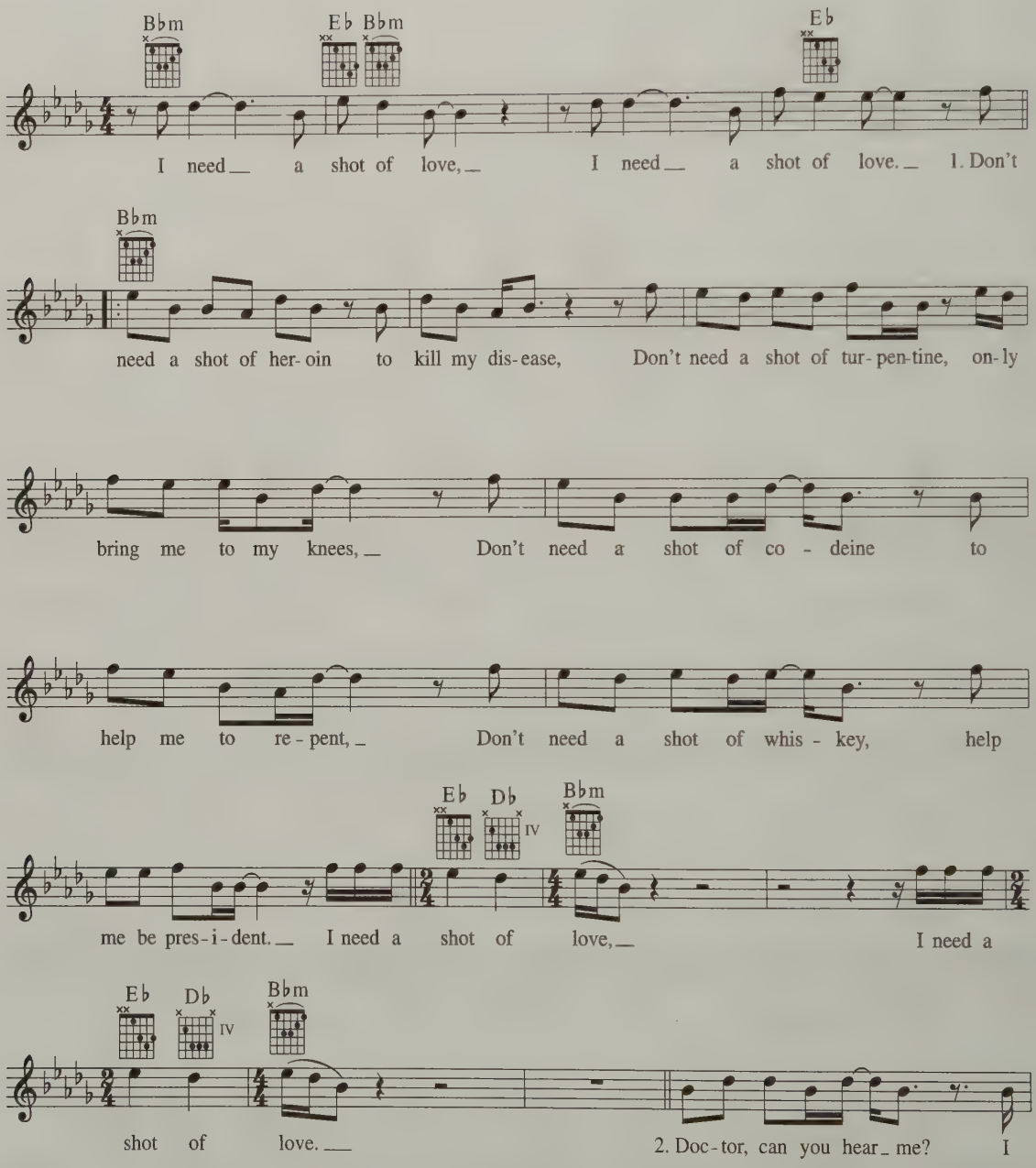

E
A
E
A
If I see and don't say, if I look right through you,
E
C♯m
IV
G♯m
IV
If I turn a deaf ear to the thun-der-in' sky,
A
E
A
E
A
E
What good am I?
A
E
A
E
What good am I while you soft-ly weep And I
A
E
A
E
hear in my head what you say in your sleep, And I
C♯m
IV
G♯m
IV
freeze in the mo-ment like the rest who don't try,
A
E
A
E
A
E
What good am I? What


C♯m
IV
good am I then to oth-ers and me_ If I've had ev-ery chance and yet
G♯m
IV
C♯m
IV
still fail to see If my hands are tied, must I not won-der with-in Who
G♯m
IV
F♯m
tied them and why and where must I have been?___
E
A
E
A
E
What good am I if I say fool-ish things___ And I
A
E
A
E
laugh in the face of___ what sor-row brings___ And I
C♯m
IV
G♯m
IV
just turn my back_ while you si-lent-ly die,____
A
E
A
E
A
E
A
E
What good_ am I?_____

Shot of Love

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Bbm
Eb Bbm
Eb
I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love. 1. Don't
Bbm
need a shot of her-oin to kill my dis-ease, Don't need a shot of tur-pen-tine, on-ly
bring me to my knees, Don't need a shot of co - deine to
help me to re-pent, Don't need a shot of whis - key, help
Eb Db IV Bbm
me be pres-i-dent. I need a shot of love, I need a
Eb Db IV Bbm
shot of love. 2. Doc-tor, can you hear me? I

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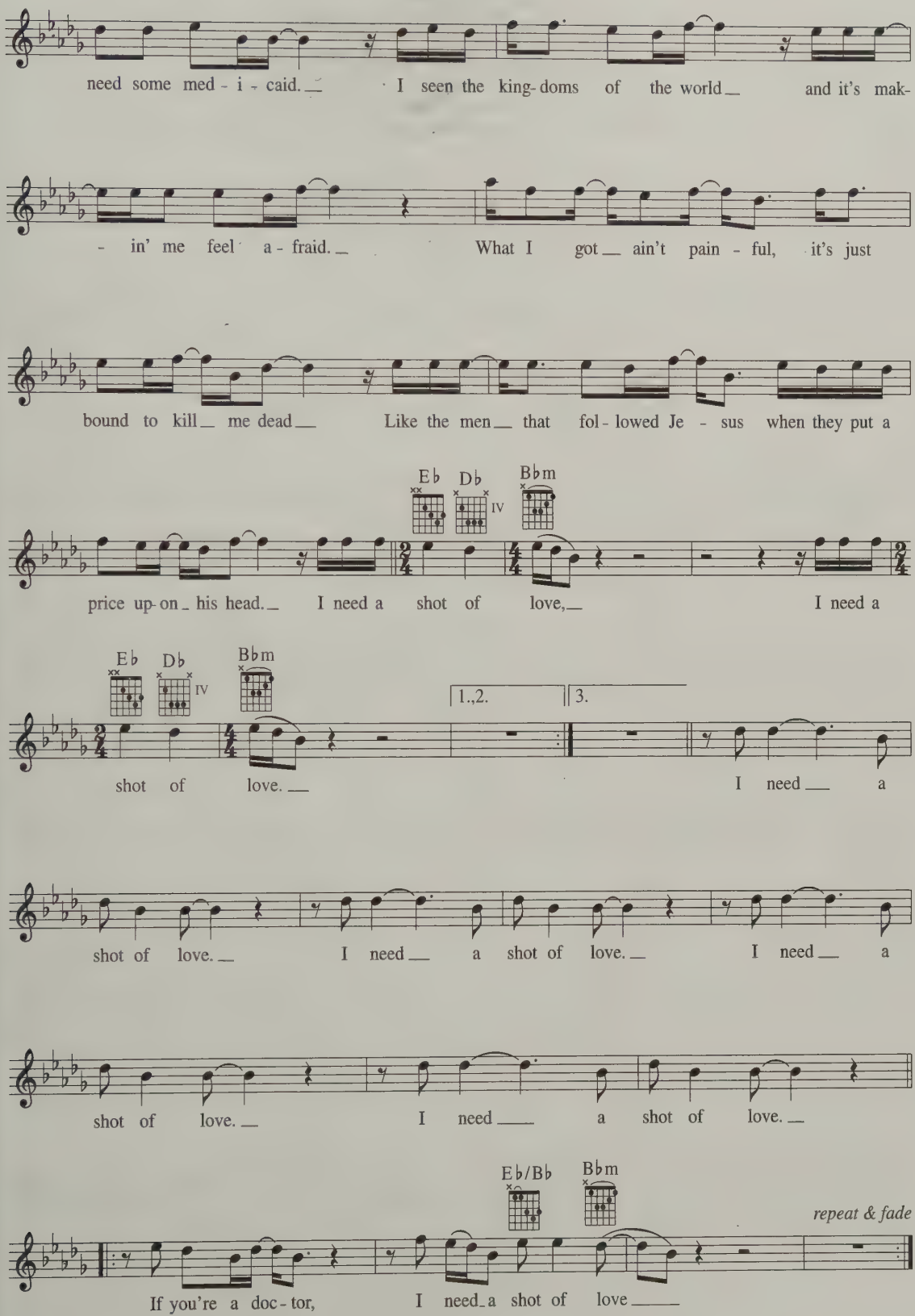

need some med - i - caid. I seen the king-doms of the world and it's mak-
- in' me feel a - fraid. What I got ain't pain - ful, it's just
bound to kill me dead Like the men that fol - lowed Je - sus when they put a
E♭ D♭ IV B♭m
price up-on his head. I need a shot of love, I need a
E♭ D♭ IV B♭m
1.,2. 3.
shot of love. I need a
shot of love. I need a shot of love. I need a
shot of love. I need a shot of love.
E♭/B♭ B♭m
repeat & fade
If you're a doc - tor, I need a shot of love

Additional lyrics

3. I don't need no alibi when I'm spending time with you.
   I've heard all of them rumors and you have heard 'em too.
   Don't show me no picture show or give me no book to read,
   It don't satisfy the hurt inside nor the habit that it feeds.

   I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

4. Why would I want to take your life?
   You've only murdered my father, raped his wife,
   Tattooed my babies with a poison pen,
   Mocked my God, humiliated my friends.

   I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

5. Don't wanna be with nobody tonight
   Veronica not around nowhere, Mavis just ain't right.
   There's a man that hates me and he's swift, smooth and near,
   Am I supposed to set back and wait until he's here?

   I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

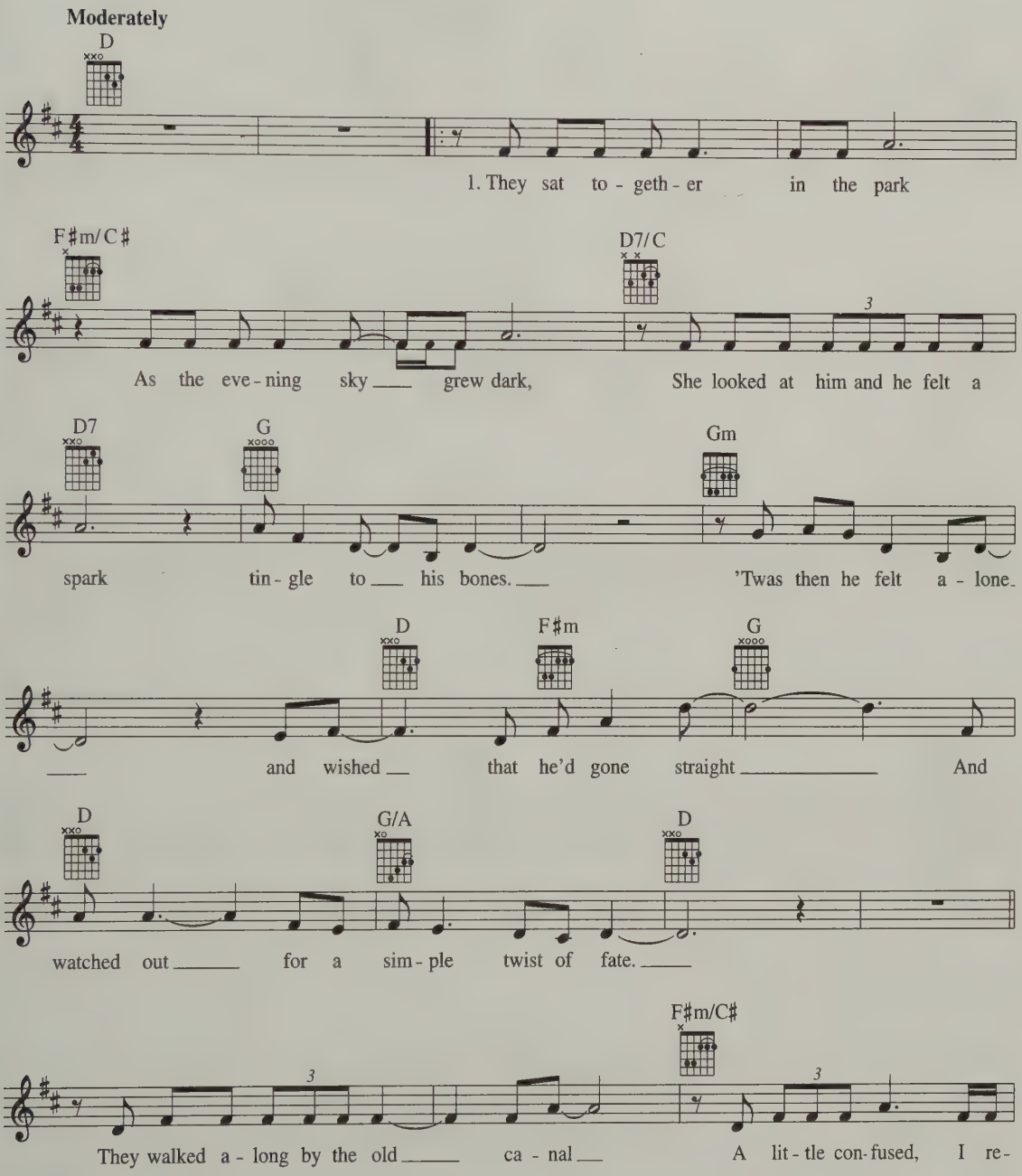
6. What makes the wind wanna blow tonight?
   Don't even feel like crossing the street and my car ain't actin' right.
   Called home, everybody seemed to have moved away.
   My conscience is beginning to bother me today.

   I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

   I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.
   If you're a doctor, I need a shot of love.

Simple Twist of Fate

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
D
1. They sat to - geth - er in the park
F♯m/C♯
D7/C
As the eve - ning sky grew dark, She looked at him and he felt a
D7
G
Gm
spark tin - gle to his bones. 'Twas then he felt a - lone
D
F♯m
G
and wished that he'd gone straight And
D
G/A
D
watched out for a sim - ple twist of fate.
F♯m/C♯
They walked a - long by the old ca - nal A lit - tle con - fused, I re -

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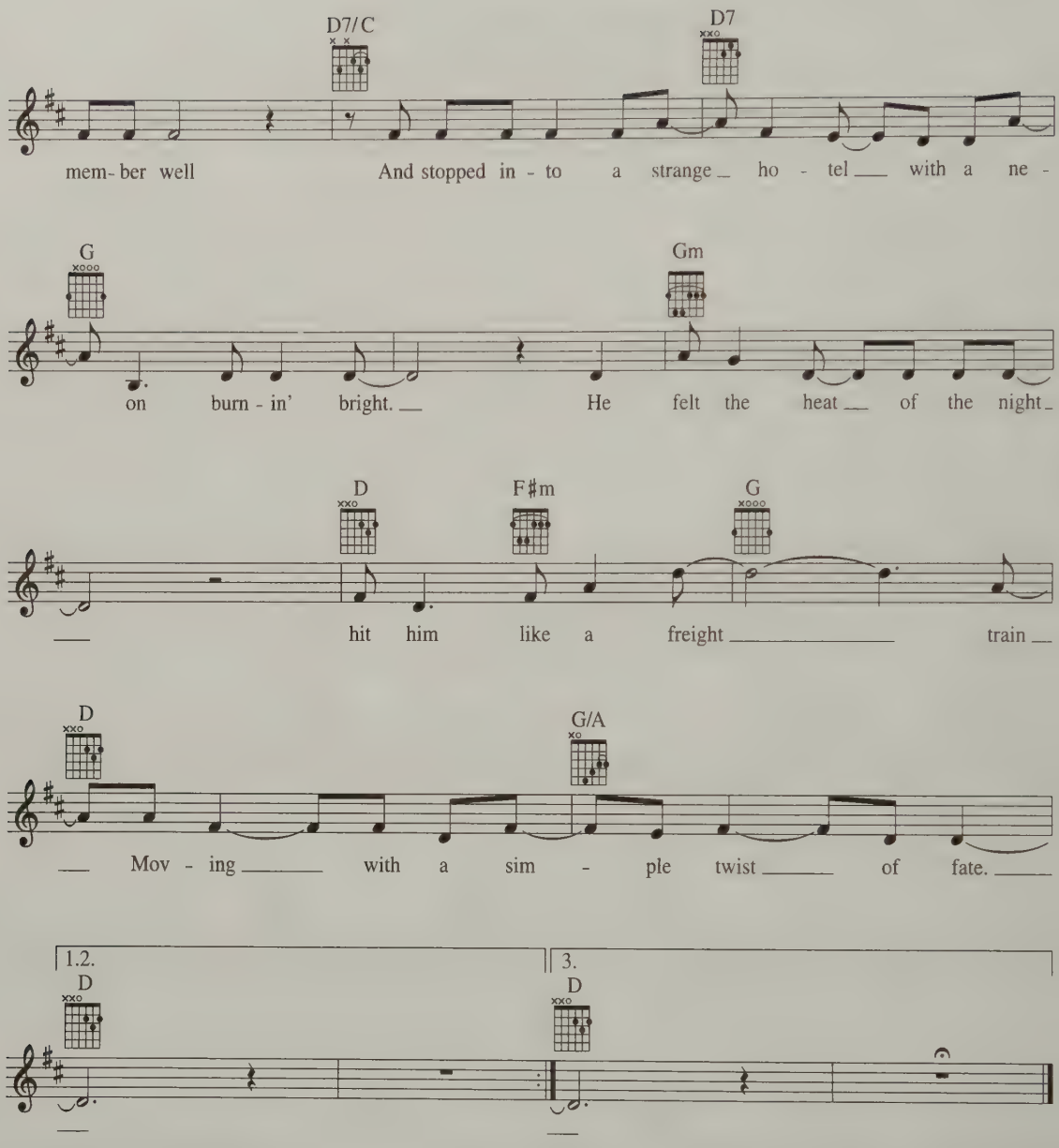

D7/C
D7
mem- ber well
And stopped in - to a strange ho - tel with a ne -
G
Gm
on burn - in' bright.
He felt the heat of the night
D
F♯m
G
hit him like a freight train
D
G/A
Mov - ing with a sim - ple twist of fate.
1.2.
3.
D
D

Additional lyrics

2. A saxophone someplace far off played
As she was walkin' by the arcade.
As the light bust through a beat-up shade where he was wakin' up,
She dropped a coin into the cup of a blind man at the gate
And forgot about a simple twist of fate.

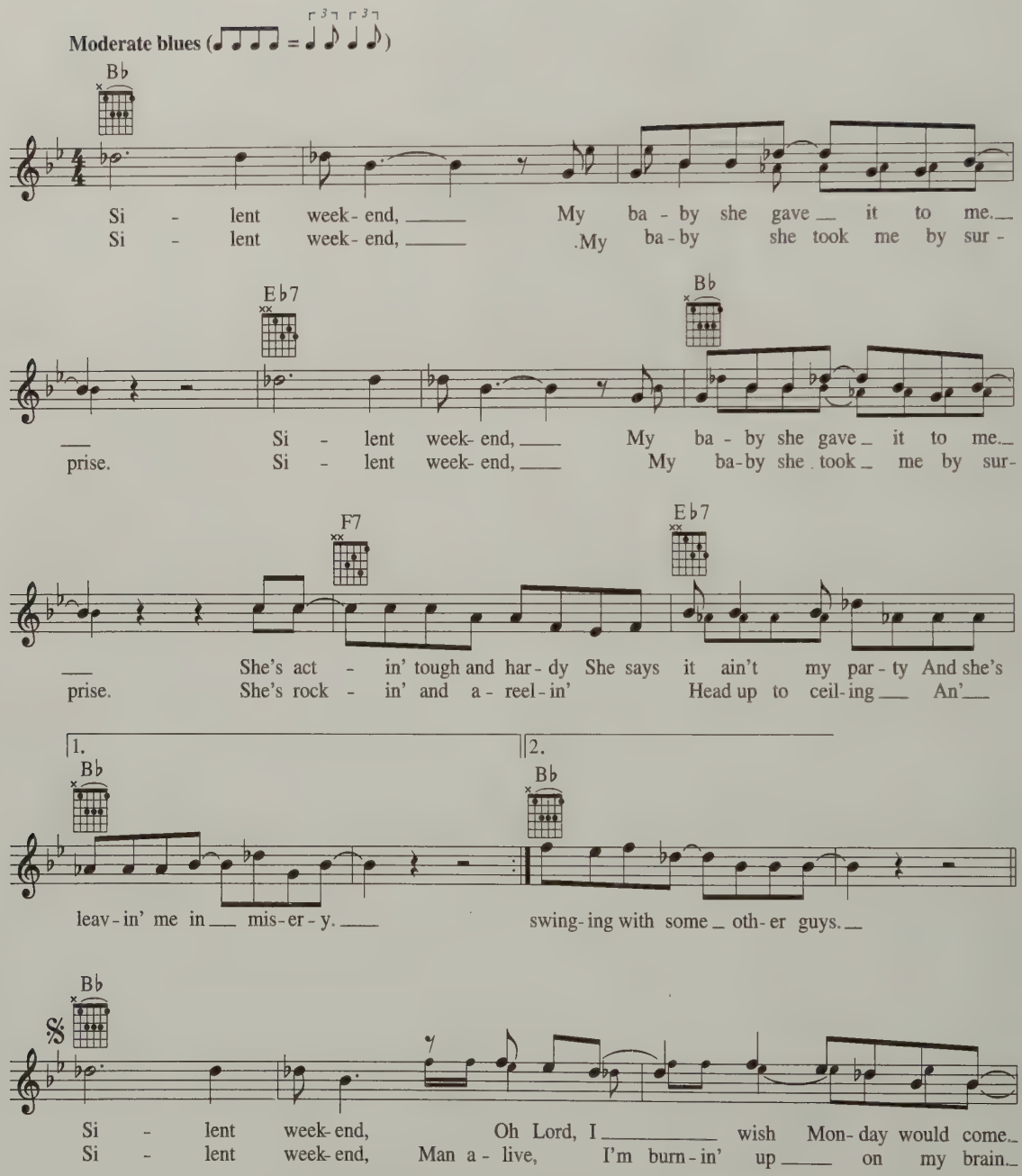
He woke up, the room was bare
He didn't see her anywhere.
He told himself he didn't care, pushed the window open wide,
Felt an emptiness inside to which he just could not relate
Brought on by a simple twist of fate.

3. He hears the ticking of the clocks
And walks along with a parrot that talks,
Hunts her down by the waterfront docks where the sailers all come in.
Maybe she'll pick him out again, how long must he wait
Once more for a simple twist of fate.

People tell me it's a sin
To know and feel too much within.
I still believe she was my twin, but I lost the ring.
She was born in spring, but I was born too late
Blame it on a simple twist of fate.

Silent Weekend

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate blues
B♭
Si - lent week-end, My ba - by she gave it to me.
Si - lent week-end, My ba - by she took me by sur -
E♭7
B♭
prise. Si - lent week-end, My ba - by she gave it to me.
prise. Si - lent week-end, My ba - by she took me by sur -
F7
E♭7
She's act - in' tough and har - dy She says it ain't my par - ty And she's
She's rock - in' and a - reel - in' Head up to ceil - ing An'
1.
2.
B♭
B♭
leav - in' me in mis - er - y.
swing - ing with some oth - er guys.
B♭
Si - lent week-end, Oh Lord, I wish Mon - day would come.
Si - lent week-end, Man a - live, I'm burn - in' up on my brain.

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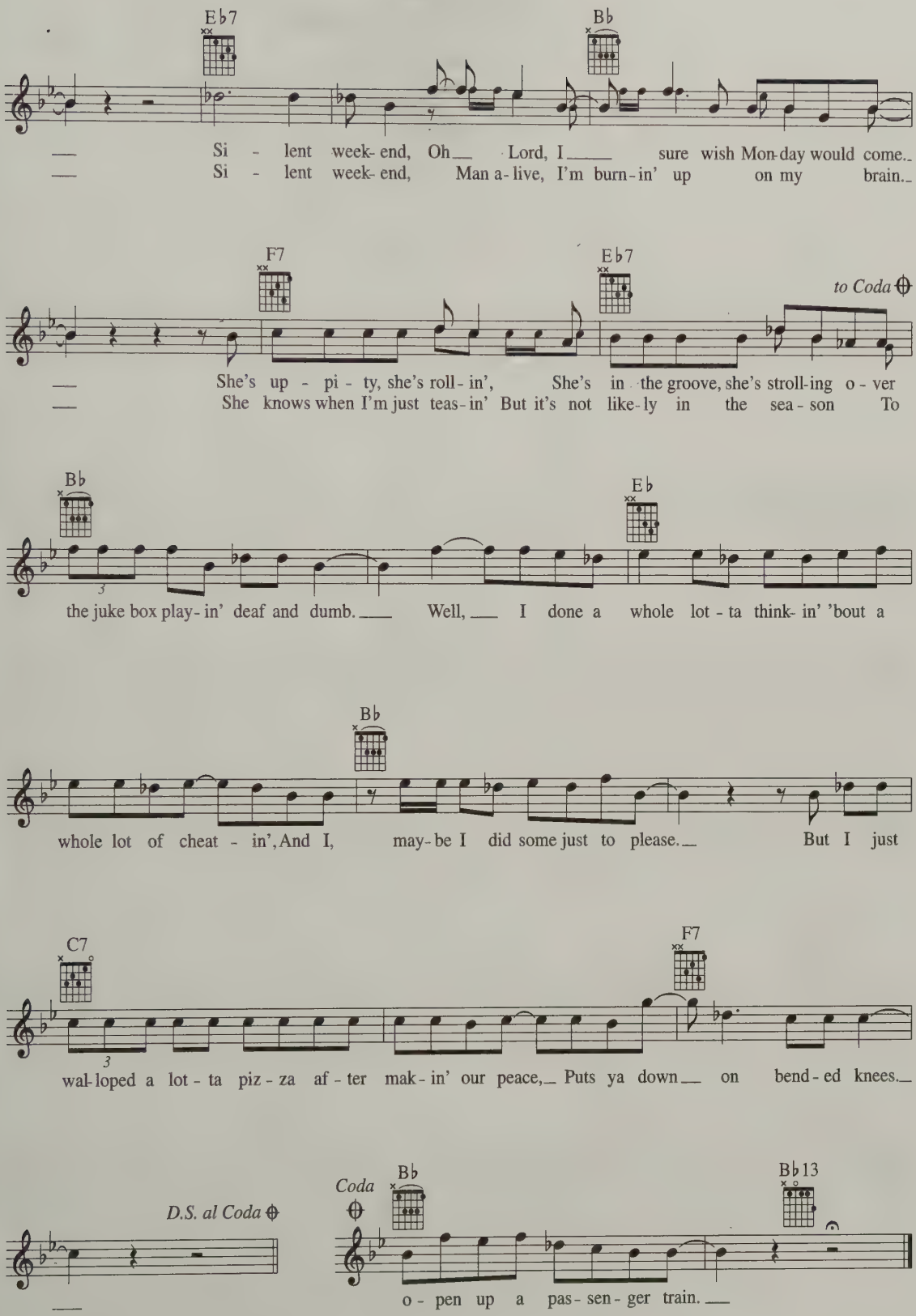
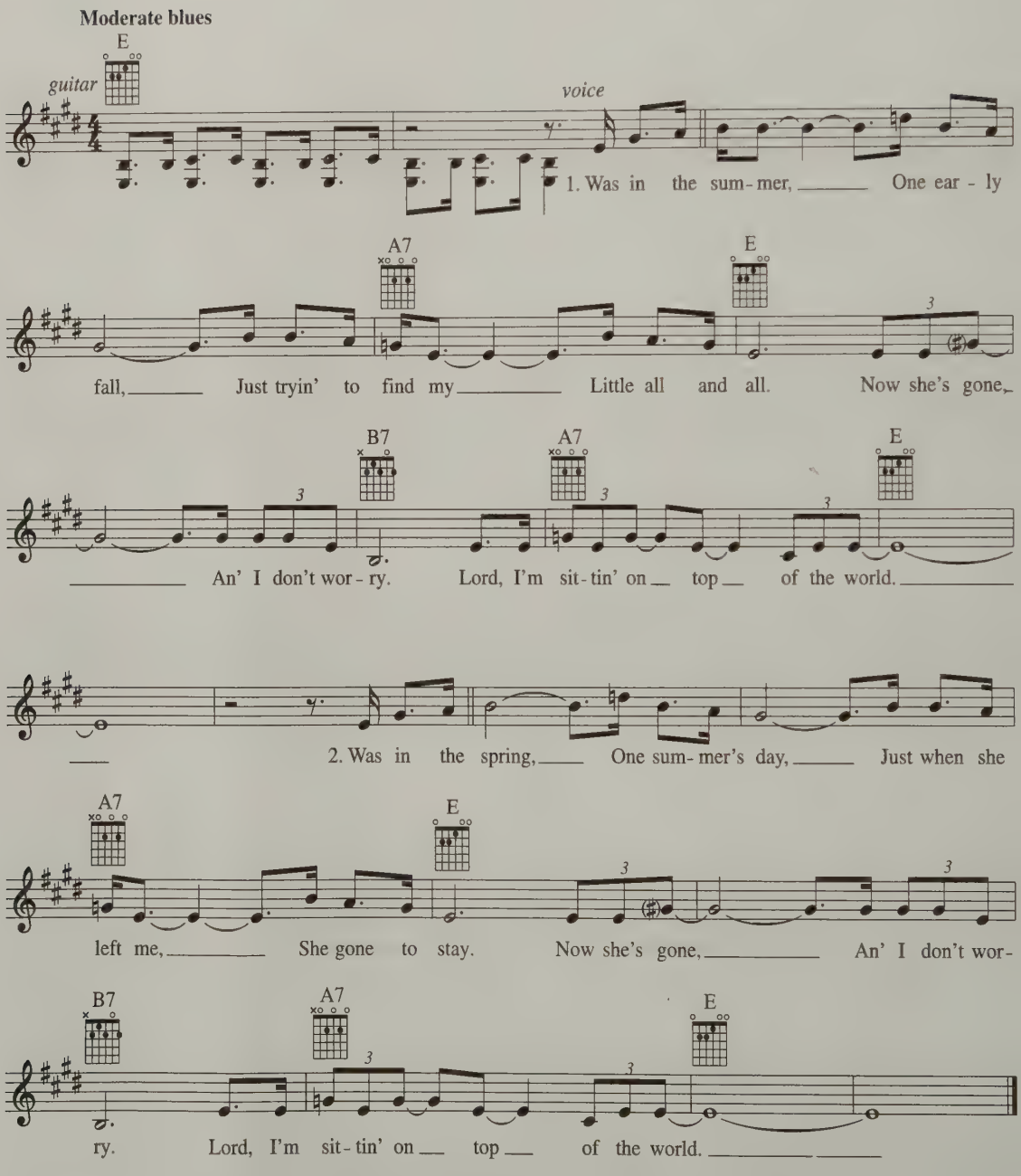

E♭7
B♭
Si - lent week-end, Oh Lord, I sure wish Mon-day would come..
Si - lent week-end, Man a-live, I'm burn-in' up on my brain.
F7
E♭7
to Coda
She's up - pi - ty, she's roll-in', She's in the groove, she's stroll-ing o - ver
She knows when I'm just teas-in' But it's not like-ly in the sea - son To
B♭
E♭
the juke box play-in' deaf and dumb. Well, I done a whole lot - ta think-in' 'bout a
B♭
whole lot of cheat - in', And I, may-be I did some just to please. But I just
C7
F7
wal-loped a lot - ta piz - za af - ter mak-in' our peace, Puts ya down on bend-ed knees.
D.S. al Coda
Coda
B♭
B♭13
o - pen up a pas-sen-ger train.

Sittin' on Top of the World

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderate blues
E
guitar
voice
1. Was in the sum-mer, One ear-ly
A7
E
fall, Just tryin' to find my Little all and all. Now she's gone,
B7
A7
E
An' I don't wor-ry. Lord, I'm sit-tin' on top of the world.
2. Was in the spring, One sum-mer's day, Just when she
A7
E
left me, She gone to stay. Now she's gone, An' I don't wor-
B7
A7
E
ry. Lord, I'm sit-tin' on top of the world.

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Additional lyrics

3. Now don't come runnin'
Holdin' up your hand,
Can get me a woman
Quick as you can get a man.
Now she's gone,
An' I don't worry.
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.

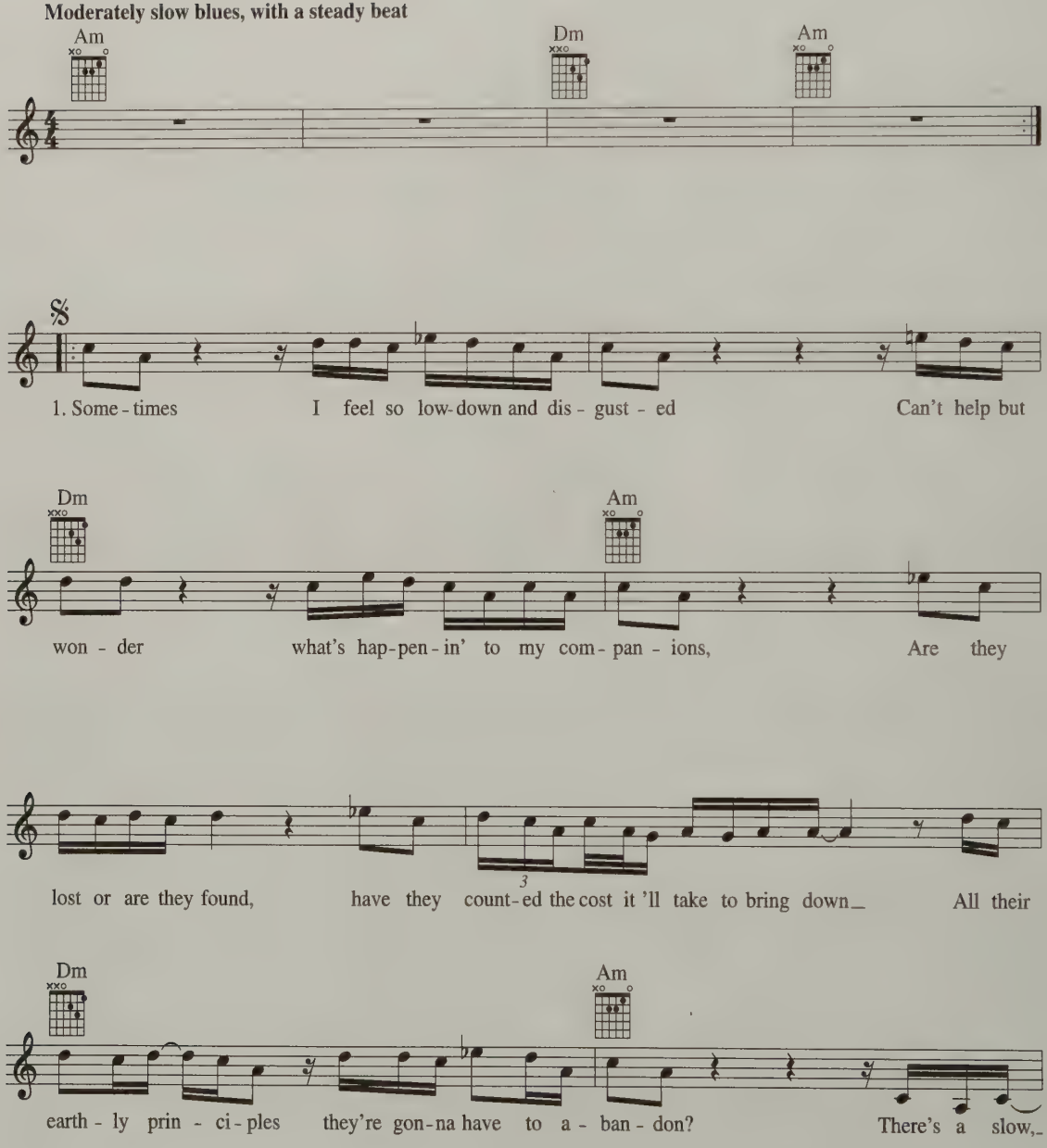
4. Happen for days,
Didn't know your name,
Oh, why should I worry
Or crave you in vain?
Now she's gone,
An' I don't worry.
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.

5. Went to the station,
Down in the yard,
Gonna get me a freight train,
Work's done got hard.
Now she's gone,
An' I don't worry.
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.

6. The lonesome days,
They have gone by,
Why should I beg you?
You said good-bye.
Now she's gone,
An' I don't worry.
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.

Slow Train

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow blues, with a steady beat
Am
Dm
Am
1. Some - times I feel so low-down and dis - gust - ed Can't help but
Dm
Am
won - der what's hap-pen - in' to my com - pan - ions, Are they
3
lost or are they found, have they count-ed the cost it 'll take to bring down All their
Dm
Am
earth - ly prin - ci - ples they're gon-na have to a - ban - don? There's a slow,

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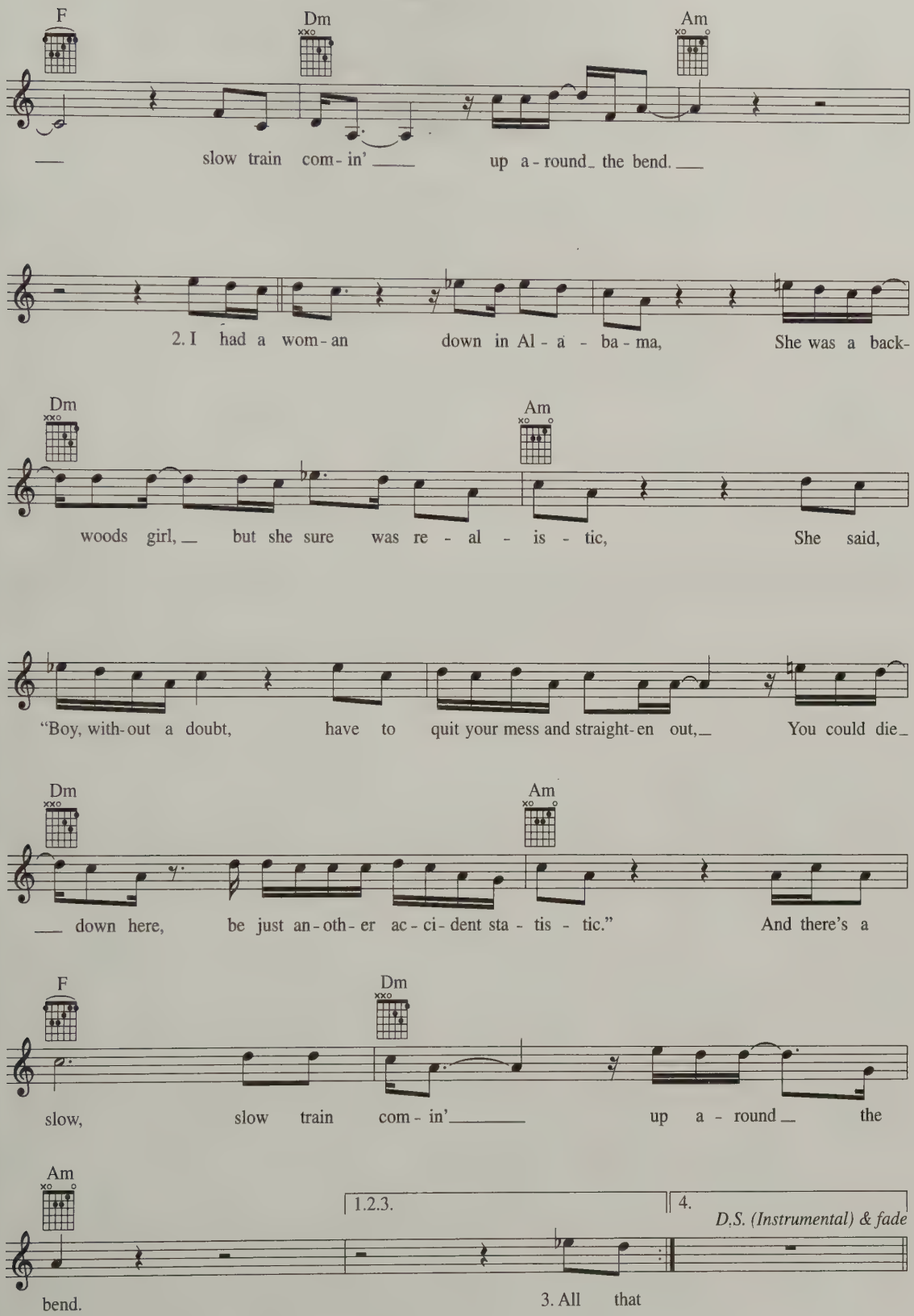

F
Dm
Am
slow train com-in' up a-round the bend.
2. I had a wom-an down in Al-a-ba-ma, She was a back-
Dm
Am
woods girl, but she sure was re-al-is-tic, She said,
"Boy, with-out a doubt, have to quit your mess and straight-en out, You could die
Dm
Am
down here, be just an-oth-er ac-ci-dent sta-tis-tic." And there's a
F
Dm
slow, slow train com-in' up a-round the
Am
1.2.3.
4.
D.S. (Instrumental) & fade
bend.
3. All that

Additional lyrics

3. All that foreign oil controlling American soil,
   Look around you, it's just bound to make you embarrassed.
   Sheiks walkin' around like kings, wearing fancy jewels and nose rings,
   Deciding America's future from Amsterdam and to Paris
   And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

4. Man's ego is inflated, his laws are outdated, they don't apply no more,
   You can't rely no more to be standin' around waitin'
   In the home of the brave, Jefferson turnin' over in his grave,
   Fools glorifying themselves, trying to manipulate Satan
   And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

5. Big-time negotiators, false healers and woman haters,
   Masters of the bluff and masters of the proposition
   But the enemy I see wears a cloak of decency,
   All non-believers and men stealers talkin' in the name of religion
   And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

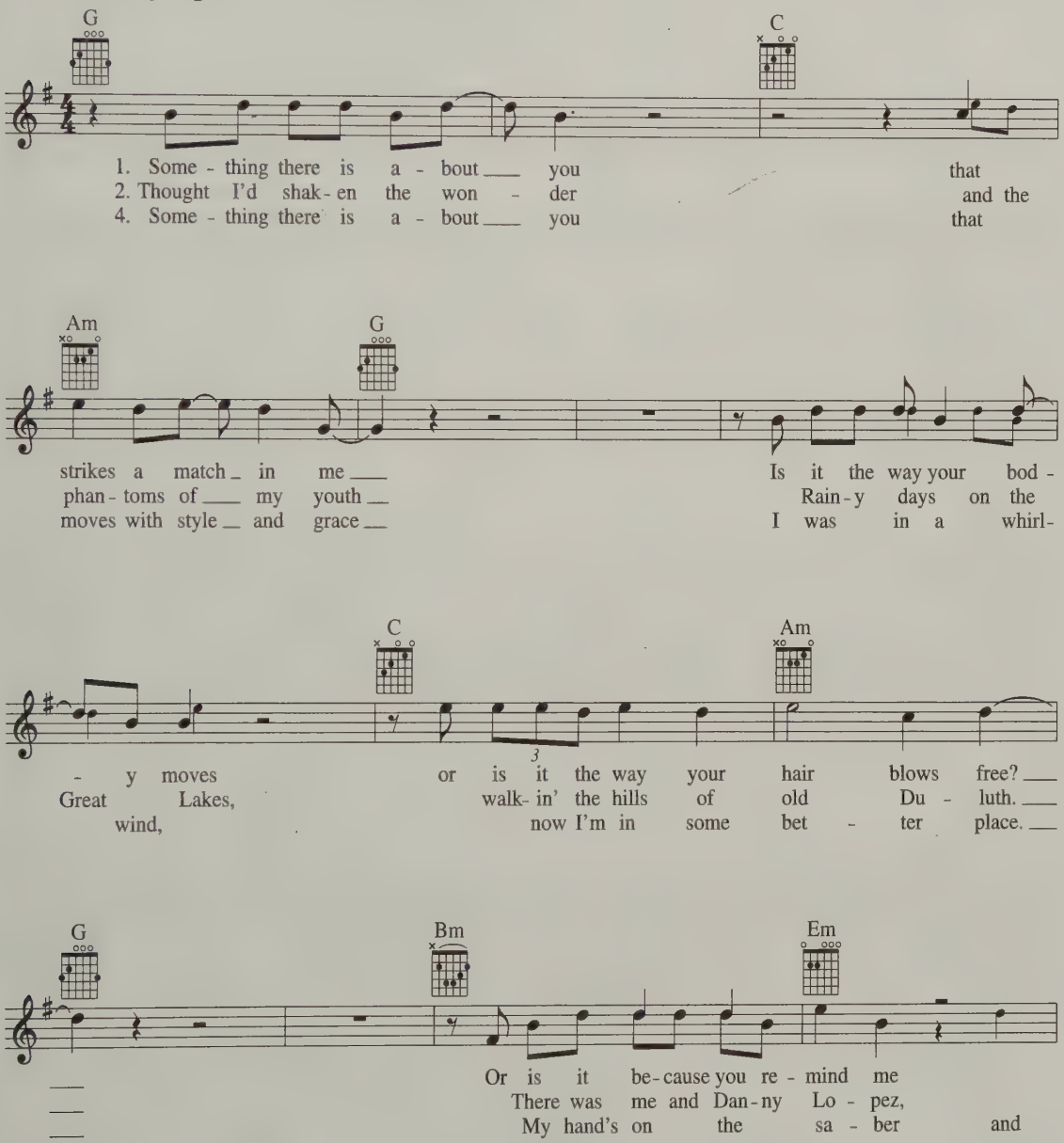
6. People starving and thirsting, grain elevators are bursting
   Oh, you know it costs more to store the food than it do to give it.
   They say lose your inhibitions, follow your own ambitions,
   They talk about a life of brotherly love, show me someone who knows how to live it.
   There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

7. Well, my baby went to Illinois with some bad-talkin' boy she could destroy
   A real suicide case, but there was nothin' I could do to stop it,
   I don't care about economy, I don't care about astronomy
   But it sure do bother me to see my loved ones turning into puppets,
   There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

Something There Is About You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately bright


G
C
1. Some - thing there is a - bout ___ you that
2. Thought I'd shak - en the won - der and the
4. Some - thing there is a - bout ___ you that
Am
G
strikes a match _ in me ___
phan - toms of ___ my youth _
moves with style _ and grace _
Is it the way your bod -
Rain - y days on the
I was in a whirl -
C
Am
- y moves or is it the way your hair blows free? ___
Great Lakes, walk - in' the hills of old Du - luth. ___
wind, now I'm in some bet - ter place. ___
G
Bm
Em
___
___
___
Or is it be - cause you re - mind me
There was me and Dan - ny Lo - pez,
My hand's on the sa - ber and

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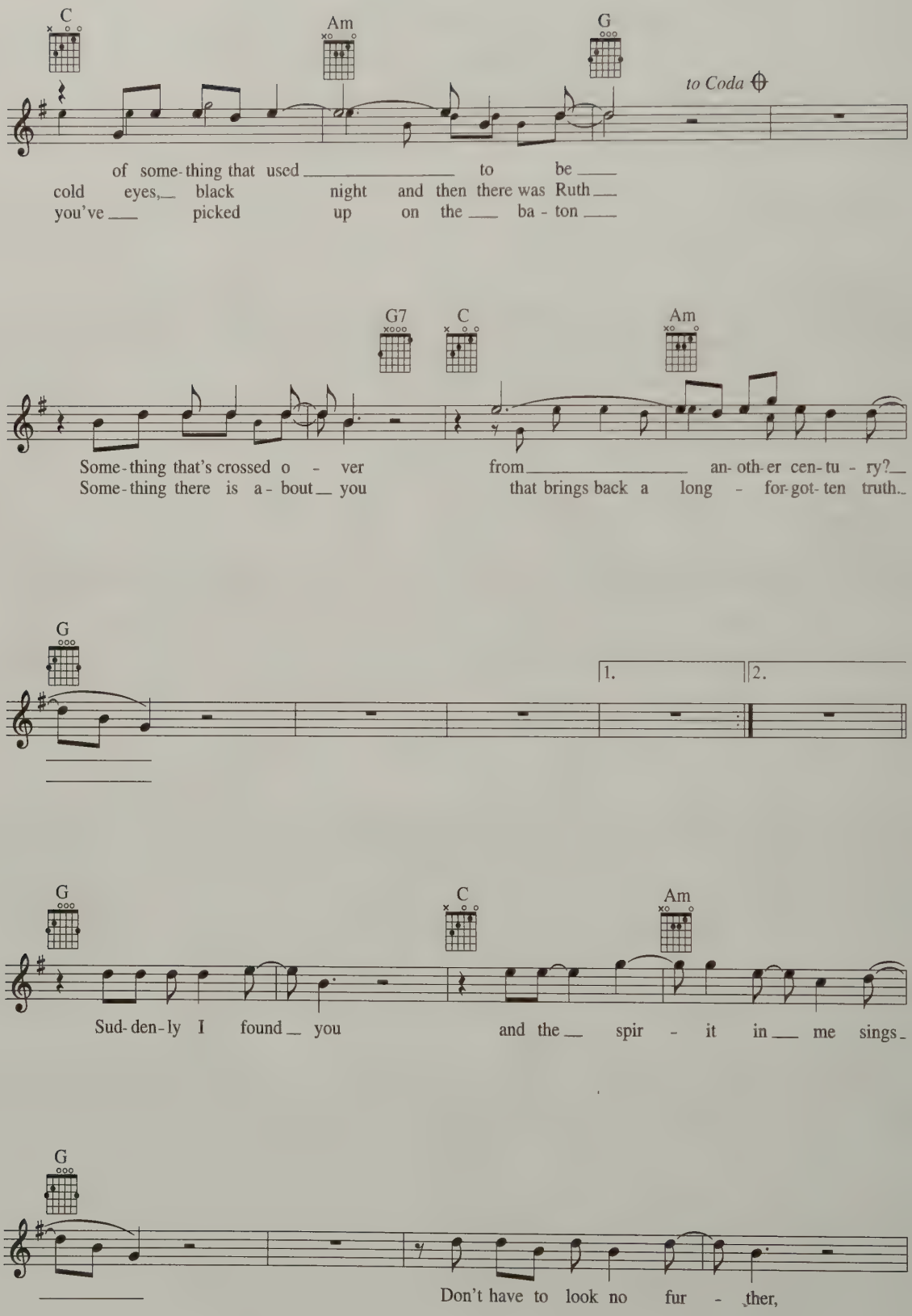
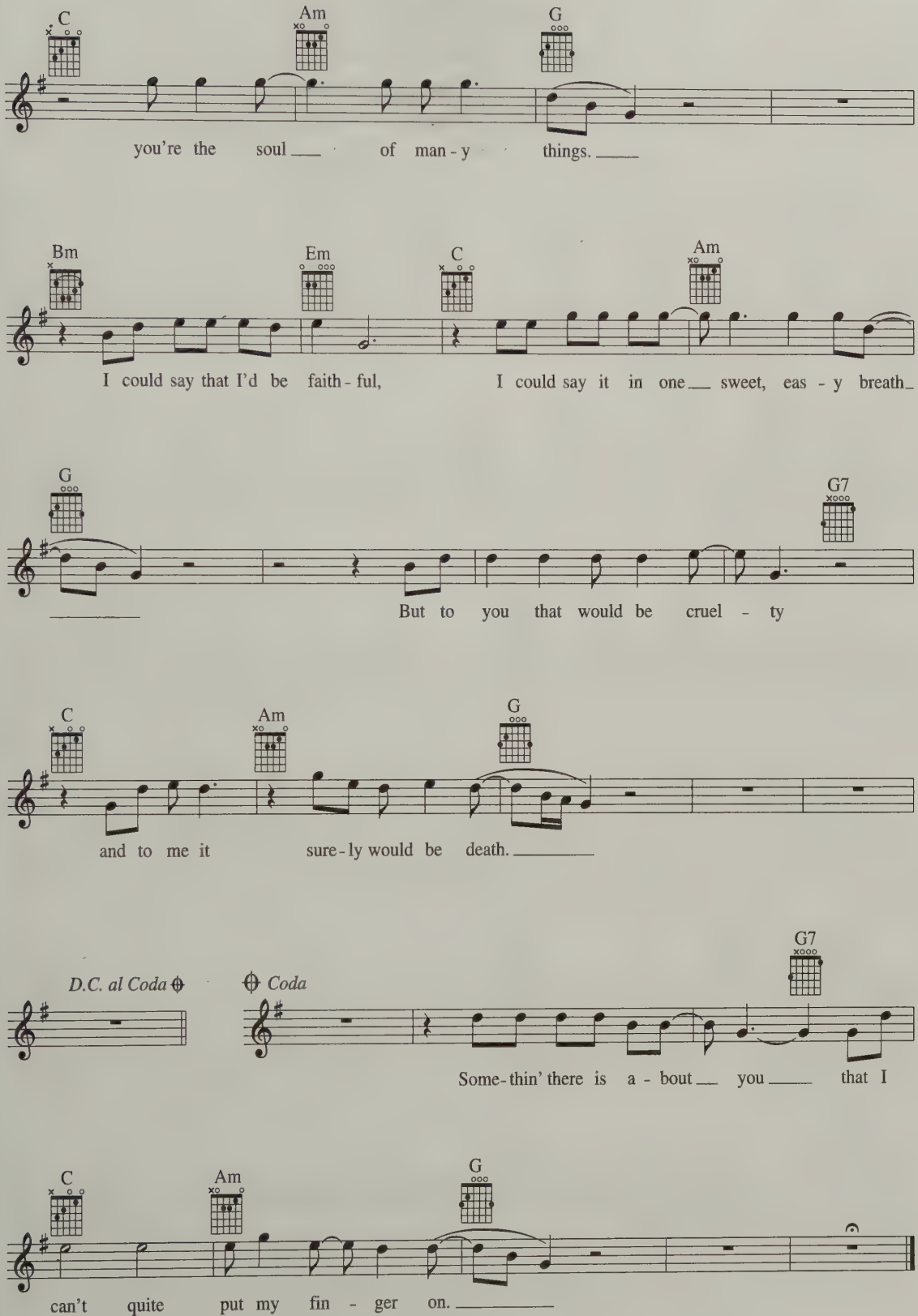
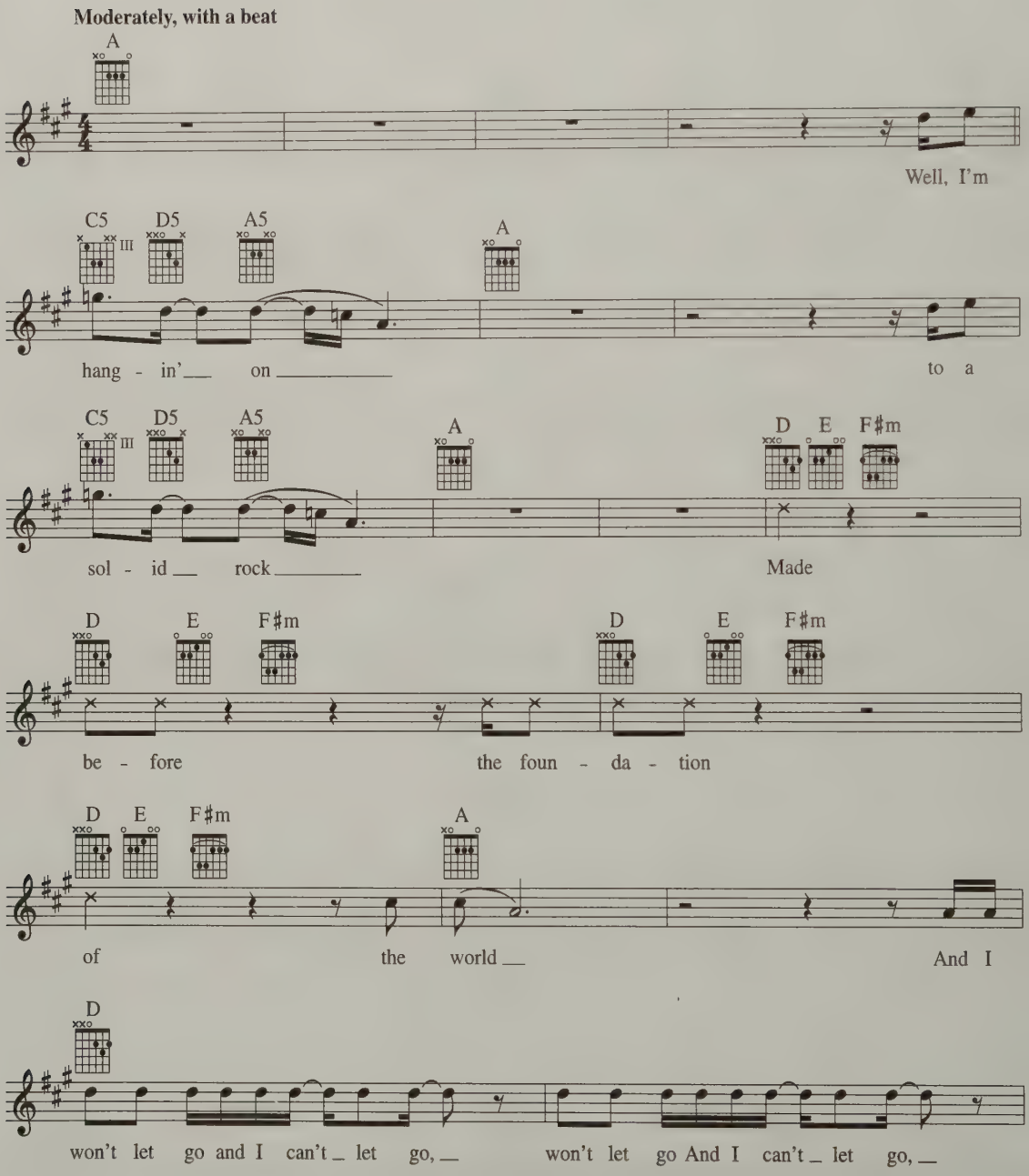

C
Am
G
to Coda
of some-thing that used to be
cold eyes, black night and then there was Ruth
you've picked up on the ba-ton
G7
C
Am
Some-thing that's crossed o-ver from an-oth-er cen-tu-ry?
Some-thing there is a-bout you that brings back a long-for-got-ten truth.
G
1.
2.
G
C
Am
Sud-den-ly I found you and the spir-it in me sings
G
Don't have to look no fur-ther,


C
Am
G
you're the soul of man-y things.
Bm
Em
C
Am
I could say that I'd be faith-ful, I could say it in one sweet, eas-y breath
G
G7
But to you that would be cruel-ty
C
Am
G
and to me it sure-ly would be death.
D.C. al Coda
Coda
G7
Some-thin' there is a-bout you that I
C
Am
G
can't quite put my fin-ger on.

Solid Rock

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately, with a beat
A
Well, I'm
C5 D5 A5
A
hang - in'__ on _____ to a
C5 D5 A5
A
D E F♯m
sol - id __ rock _____ Made
D E F♯m
D E F♯m
be - fore the foun - da - tion
D E F♯m
A
of the world __ And I
D
won't let go and I can't _ let go, __ won't let go And I can't _ let go, __

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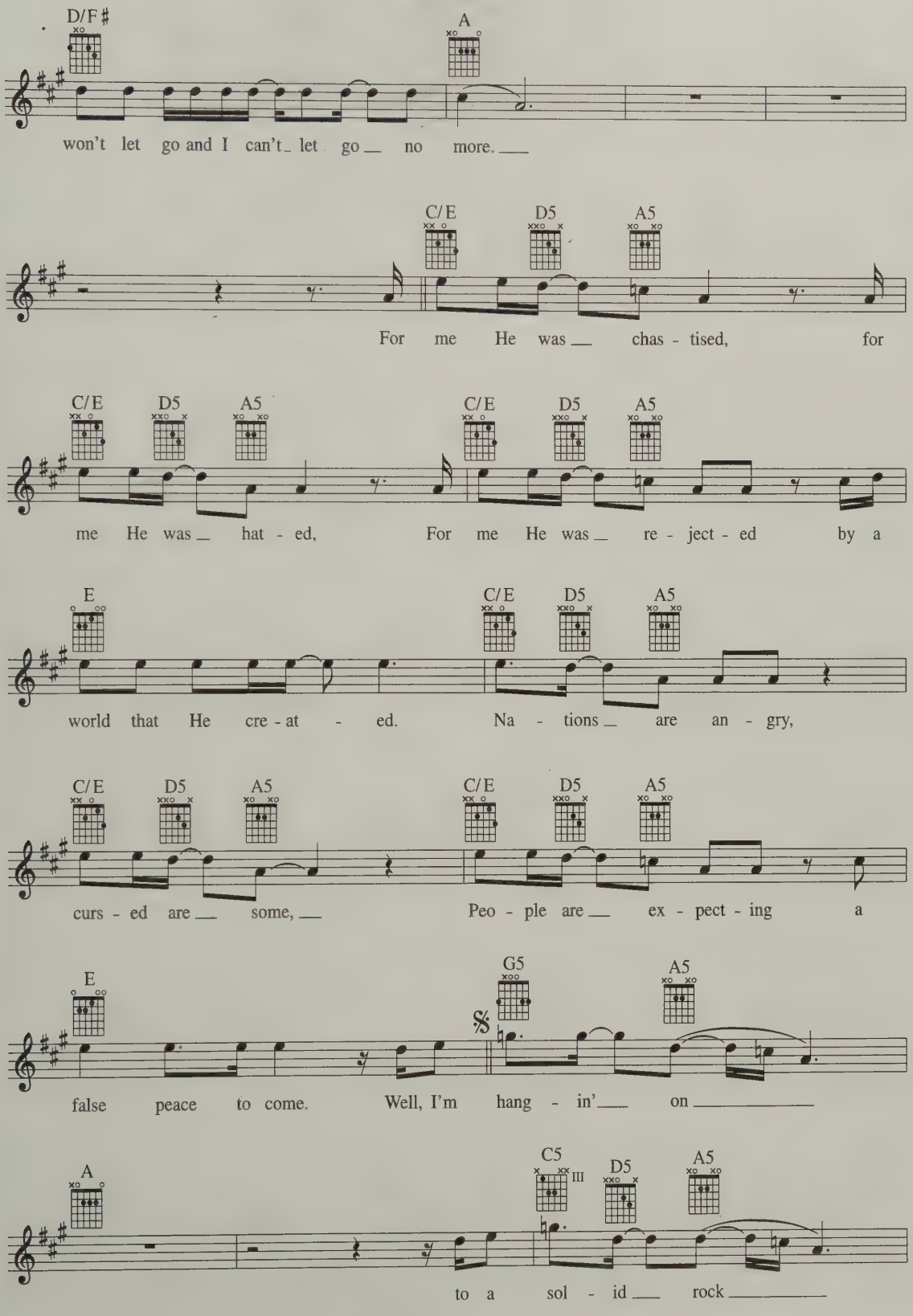
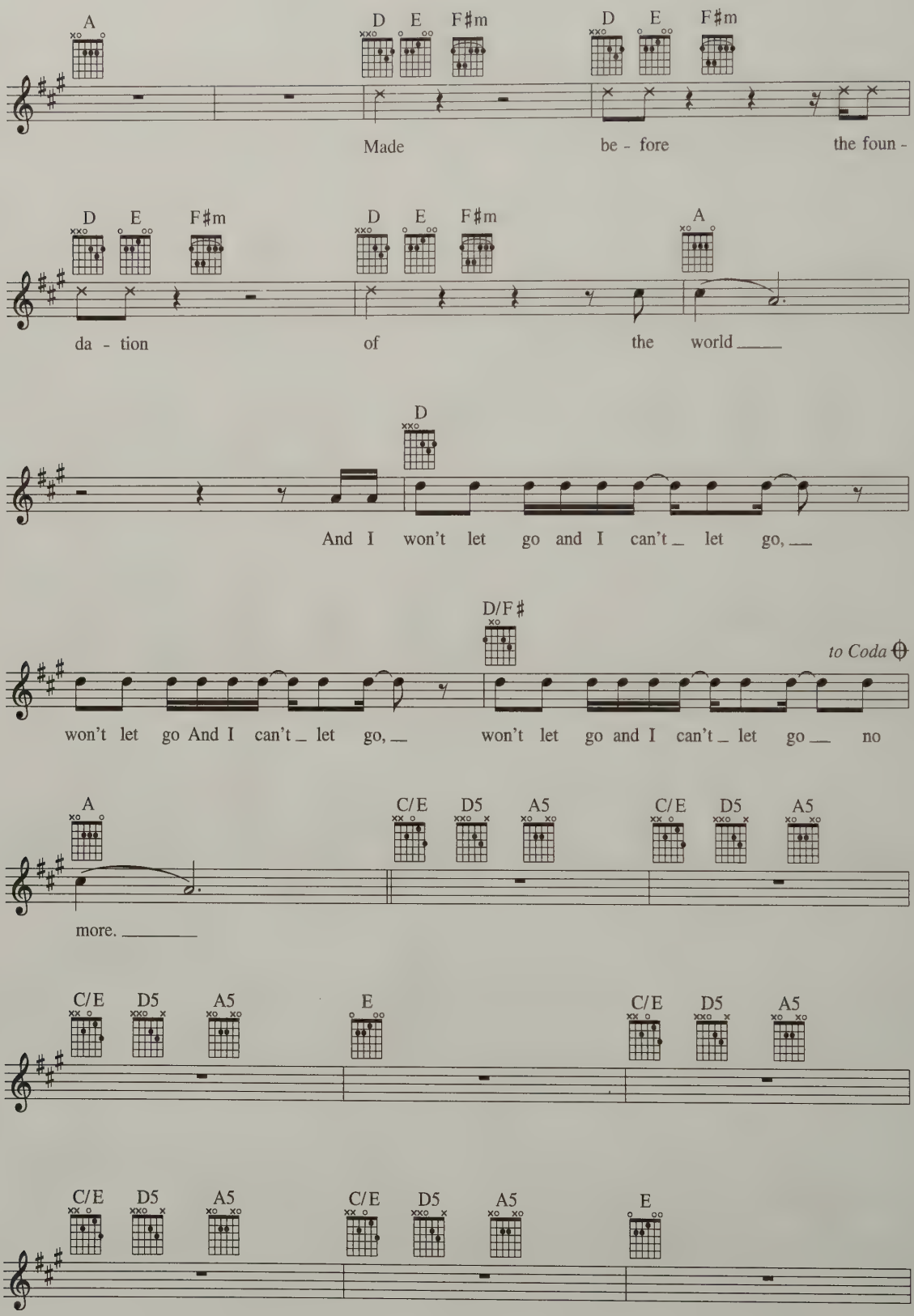
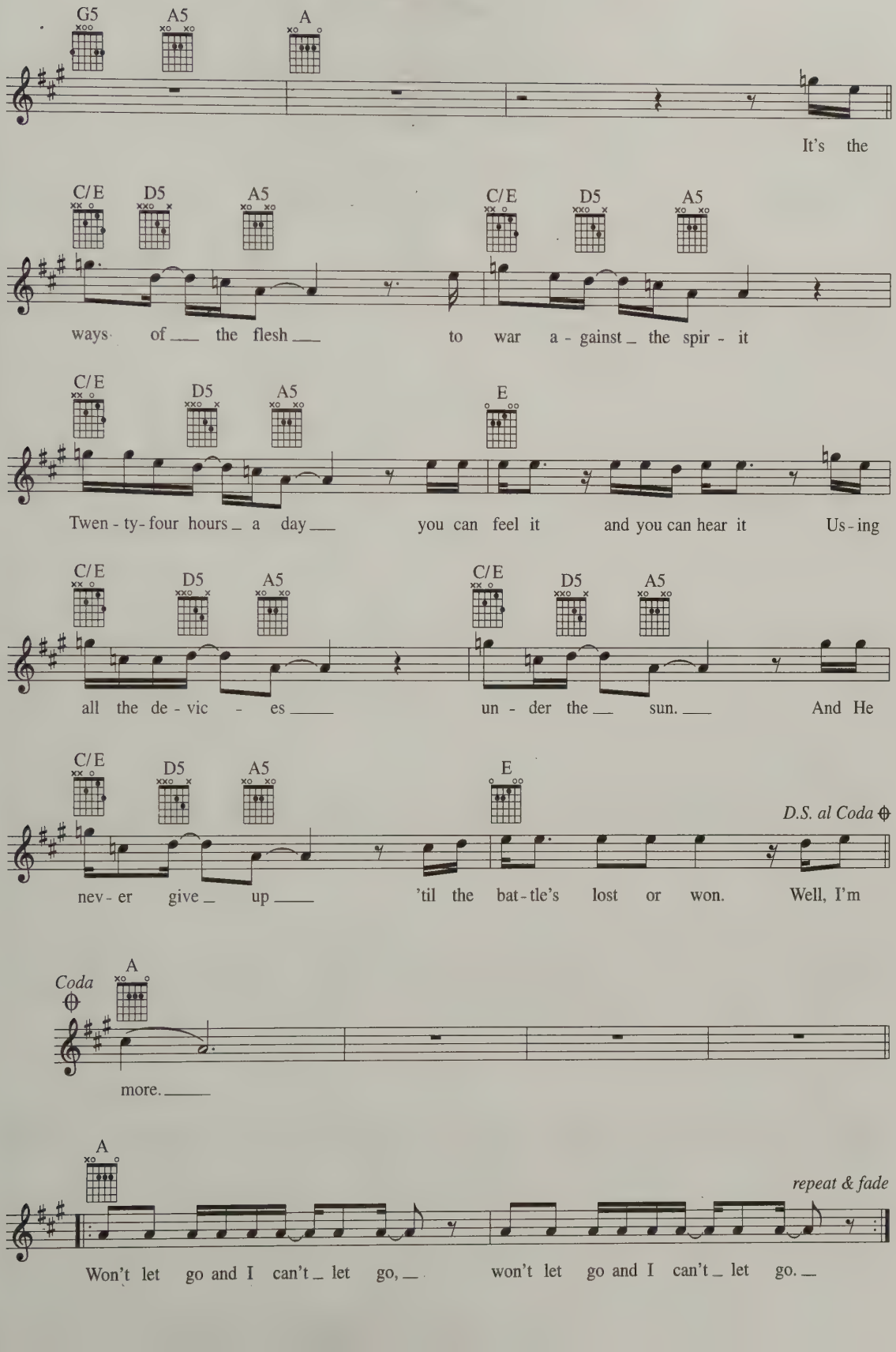
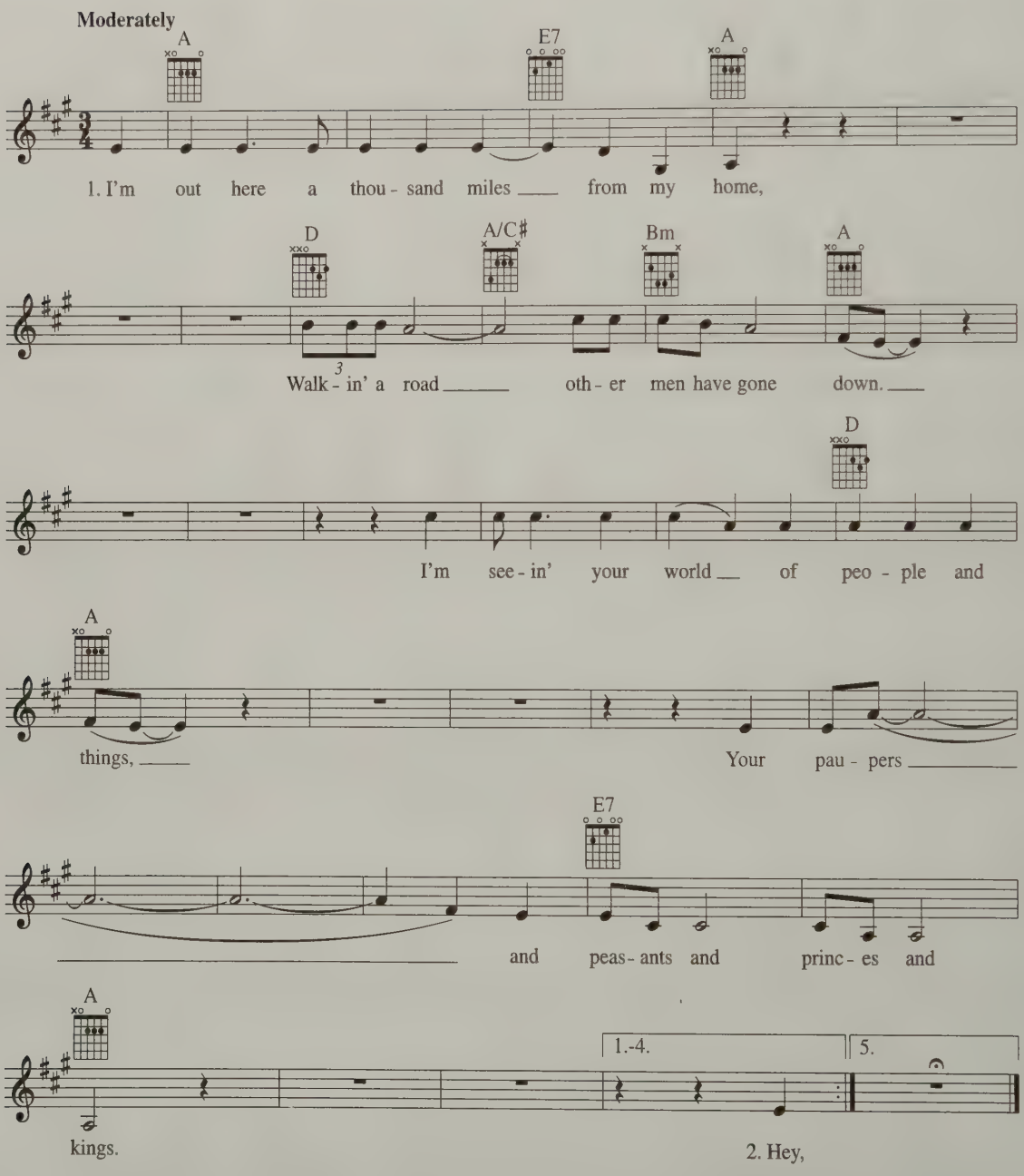

D/F♯
A
won't let go and I can't_ let go__ no more.___
C/E
D5
A5
For me He was__ chas - tised, for
C/E
D5
A5
C/E
D5
A5
me He was_ hat - ed, For me He was_ re - ject - ed by a
E
C/E
D5
A5
world that He cre - at - ed. Na - tions_ are an - gry,
C/E
D5
A5
C/E
D5
A5
curs - ed are__ some,__ Peo - ple are__ ex - pect - ing a
E
G5
A5
false peace to come. Well, I'm hang - in'___ on _____
A
C5
III
D5
A5
to a sol - id___ rock _____


A
D E F♯m
D E F♯m
Made be - fore the foun -
D E F♯m
D E F♯m
A
da - tion of the world
D
And I won't let go and I can't _ let go, __
D/F♯
to Coda
won't let go And I can't _ let go, __ won't let go and I can't _ let go __ no
A
C/E D5 A5
C/E D5 A5
more. _____
C/E D5 A5
E
C/E D5 A5
C/E D5 A5
C/E D5 A5
E


G5
A5
A
It's the
C/E
D5
A5
C/E
D5
A5
ways of the flesh to war a - gainst the spir - it
C/E
D5
A5
E
Twen - ty - four hours a day you can feel it and you can hear it Us - ing
C/E
D5
A5
C/E
D5
A5
all the de - vic - es un - der the sun. And He
C/E
D5
A5
E
D.S. al Coda
nev - er give up 'til the bat - tle's lost or won. Well, I'm
Coda
A
more.
A
repeat & fade
Won't let go and I can't let go, won't let go and I can't let go.

Song to Woody

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Hey, hey Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along.
Seems sick an' it's hungry, it's tired an' it's torn,
It looks like it's a-dyin' an' it's hardly been born.

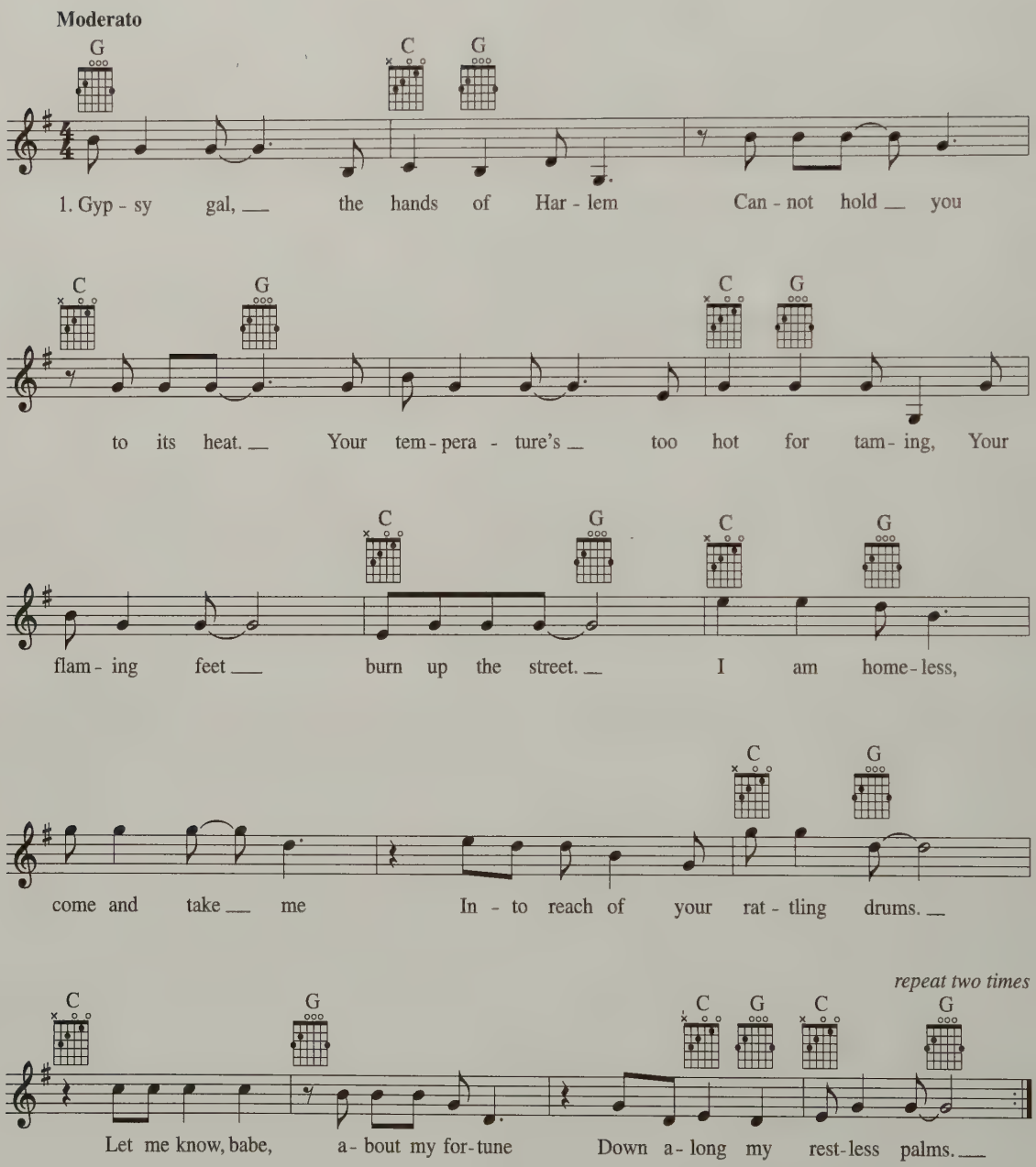
3. Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know
All the things that I'm a-sayin' an' a-many times more.
I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough,
'Cause there's not many men that done the things that you've done.

4. Here's to Cisco an' Sonny an' Leadbelly too,
An' to all the good people that traveled with you.
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind.

5. I'm a-leavin' tomorrow, but I could leave today,
Somewhere down the road someday.
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I've been hittin' some hard travelin' too.

Spanish Harlem Incident

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato
G C G
1. Gyp - sy gal, the hands of Har - lem Can - not hold you
C G C G
to its heat. Your tem - pera - ture's too hot for tam - ing, Your
C G C G
flam - ing feet burn up the street. I am home - less,
C G
come and take me In - to reach of your rat - tling drums.
repeat two times
C G C G C G
Let me know, babe, a - bout my for - tune Down a - long my rest - less palms.

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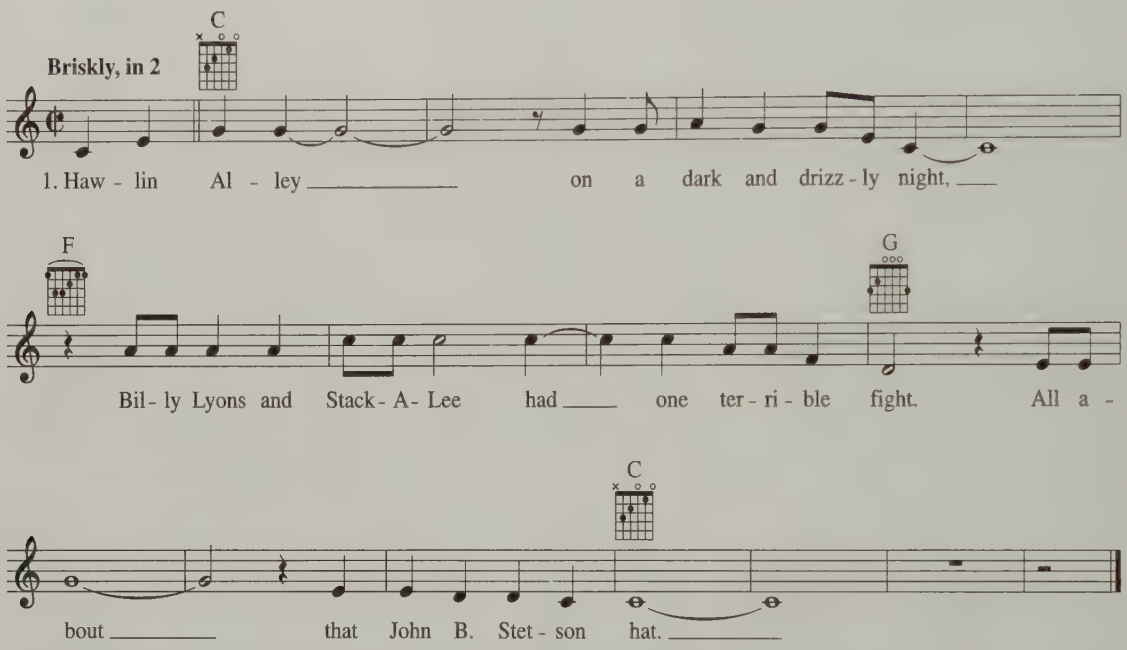
Additional lyrics

2. Gypsy gal, you got me swallowed.
I have fallen far beneath
Your pearly eyes, so fast an' slashing,
An' your flashing diamond teeth.
The night is pitch black, come an' make my
Pale face fit into place, ah, please!
Let me know, babe, I got to know, babe,
If it's you my lifelines trace.

3. I been wond'rin' all about me
Ever since I seen you there.
On the cliffs of your wildcat charms I'm riding,
I know I'm 'round you but I don't know where.
You have slayed me, you have made me,
I got to laugh halfways off my heels.
I got to know, babe, will I be touching you
So I can tell if I'm really real.

Stack A Lee

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


C
Briskly, in 2
1. Haw - lin Al - ley on a dark and drizz - ly night,
F
G
Bil - ly Lyons and Stack - A - Lee had one ter - ri - ble fight. All a -
C
bout that John B. Stet - son hat.

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Additional lyrics

2. Stack-A-Lee walked to the bar-room, and he called for a glass of beer,
   Turned around to Billy Lyons, said, "What are you doin' here?"
   "Waitin' for a train, please bring my woman home."

3. "Stack-A-Lee, oh Stack-A-Lee, please don't take my life.
   Got three little children and a-weepin', lovin' wife.
   You're a bad man, bad man, Stack-A-Lee."

4. "God bless your children and I'll take care of your wife.
   You stole my John B., now I'm bound to take your life."
   All about that John B. Stetson hat.

5. Stack-A-Lee turned to Billy Lyons and he shot him right through the head,
   Only taking one shot to kill Billy Lyons dead.
   All about that John B. Stetson hat.

6. Sent for the doctor, well the doctor he did come,
   Just pointed out Stack-A-Lee, said, "Now what have you done?
   You're a bad man, bad man, Stack-A-Lee."

7. Six big horses and a rubber-tired hack,
   Taking him to the cemetery, but they failed to bring him back.
   All about that John B. Stetson hat.

8. Hawlin Alley, thought I heard the bulldogs bark.
   It must have been old Stack-A-Lee stumbling in the dark.
   He's a bad man, gonna land him right back in jail.

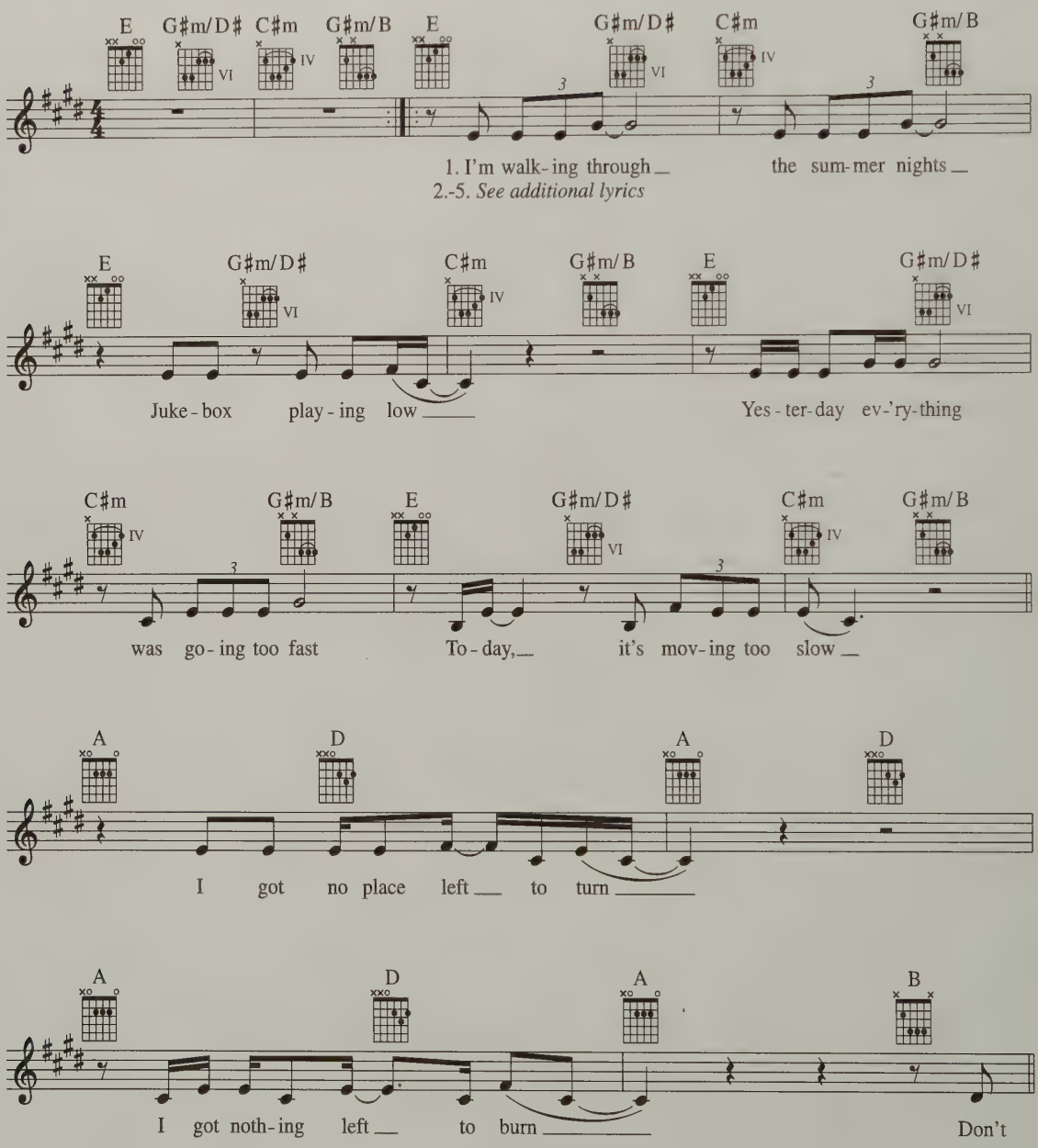
9. High police walked on to Stack-A-Lee, he was lying fast asleep.
   High police walked on to Stack-A-Lee, and he jumped forty feet.
   He's a bad man, gonna land him right back in jail.

10. Well they got old Stack-A-Lee and they laid him right back in jail.
    Couldn't get a man around to go Stack-A Lee's bail.
    All about that John B. Stetson hat.

11. Stack-A-Lee turned to the jailer, he said, "Jailer, I can't sleep.
    'Round my bedside Billy Lyons began to creep."
    All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Standing in the Doorway

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


E G♯m/D♯ C♯m G♯m/B E G♯m/D♯ C♯m G♯m/B
VI IV VI IV
1. I'm walk-ing through the sum-mer nights
2.-5. See additional lyrics
E G♯m/D♯ C♯m G♯m/B E G♯m/D♯
VI IV VI
Juke-box play-ing low Yes-ter-day ev-'ry-thing
C♯m G♯m/B E G♯m/D♯ C♯m G♯m/B
IV VI IV
was go-ing too fast To-day, it's mov-ing too slow
A D A D
I got no place left to turn
A D A B
I got noth-ing left to burn Don't

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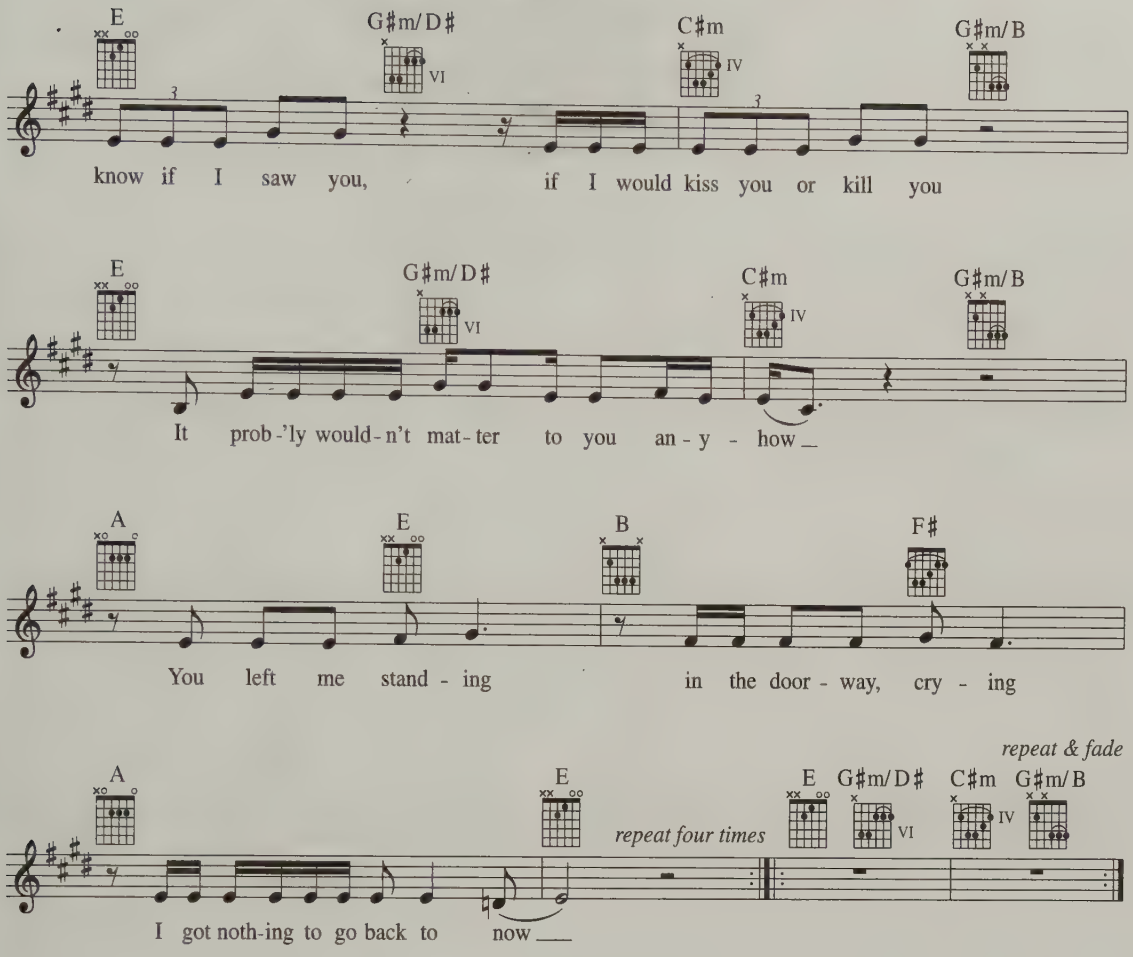


Additional lyrics

2. The light in this place is so bad
Making me sick in the head
All the laughter is just making me sad
The stars have turned cherry red
I'm strumming on my gay guitar
Smoking a cheap cigar
The ghost of our old love has not gone away
Don't look like it will anytime soon
You left me standing in the doorway crying
Under the midnight moon

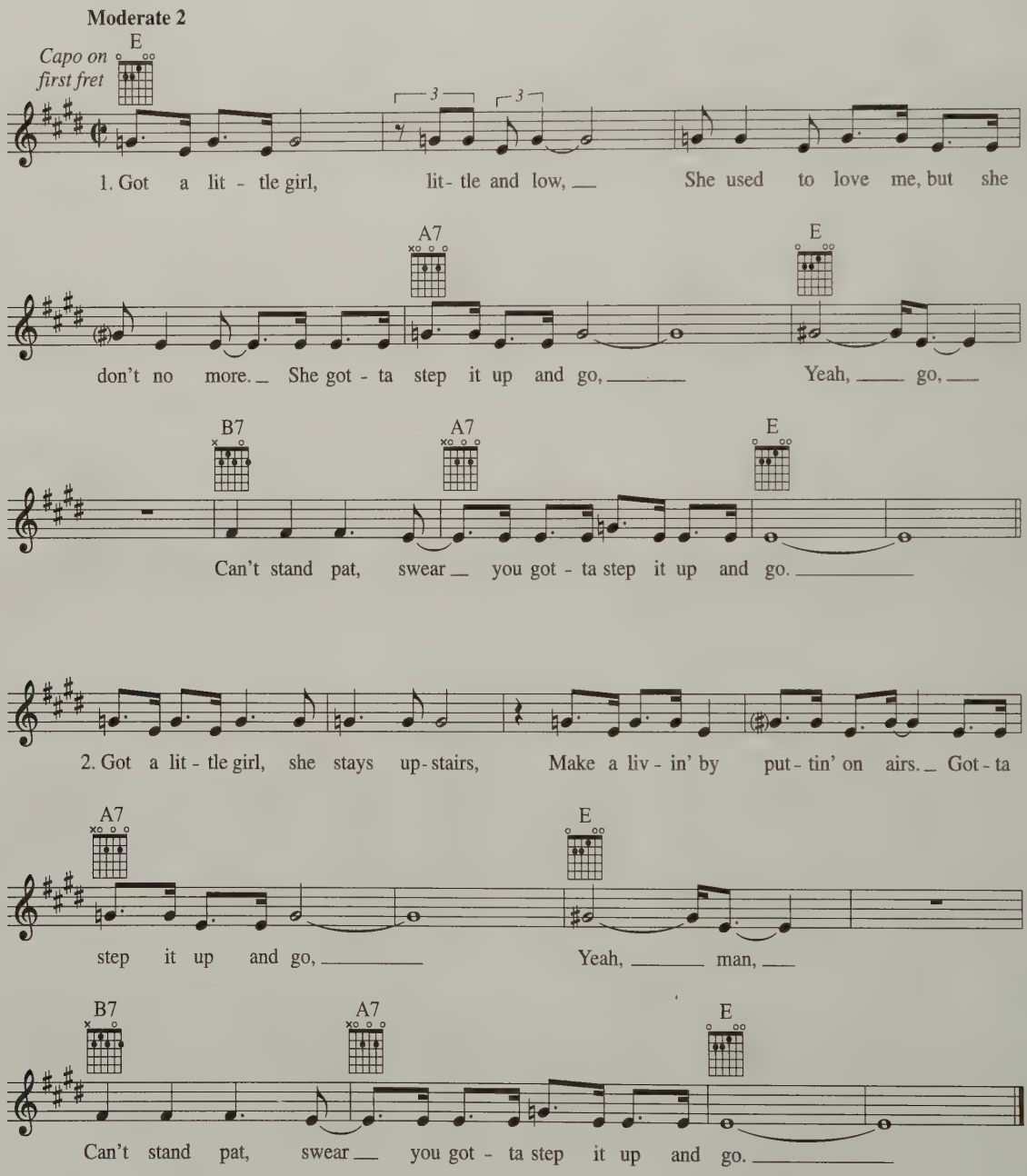
3. Maybe they'll get me and maybe they won't
But not tonight and it won't be here
There are things I could say but I don't
I know the mercy of God must be near
I've been riding the midnight train
Got ice water in my veins
I would be crazy if I took you back
It would go up against every rule
You left me standing in the doorway, crying
Suffering like a fool

4. When the last rays of daylight go down
Buddy, you'll roll no more
I can hear the church bells ringing in the yard
I wonder who they're ringing for
I know I can't win
But my heart just won't give in
Last night I danced with a stranger
But she just reminded me you were the one
You left me standing in the doorway crying
In the dark land of the sun

5. I'll eat when I'm hungry, drink when I'm dry
And live my life on the square
And even if the flesh falls off of my face
I know someone will be there to care
It always means so much
Even the softest touch
I see nothing to be gained by any explanation
There are no words that need to be said
You left me standing in the doorway crying
Blues wrapped around my head

Step It Up and Go

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderate 2
E
Capo on first fret
1. Got a lit - tle girl, lit - tle and low, She used to love me, but she
A7
E
don't no more. She got - ta step it up and go, Yeah, go,
B7
A7
E
Can't stand pat, swear you got - ta step it up and go.
2. Got a lit - tle girl, she stays up - stairs, Make a liv - in' by put - tin' on airs. Got - ta
A7
E
step it up and go, Yeah, man,
B7
A7
E
Can't stand pat, swear you got - ta step it up and go.

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Additional lyrics

3. Front door shut, back door too,
   Blinds pulled down, what' cha gonna do?
   Gotta step it up and go-Yeah, go,
   Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and gó.

4. Got a little girl, her name is Ball,
   Give a little bit, she took it all.
   I said step it up and go-Yeah, man,
   Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

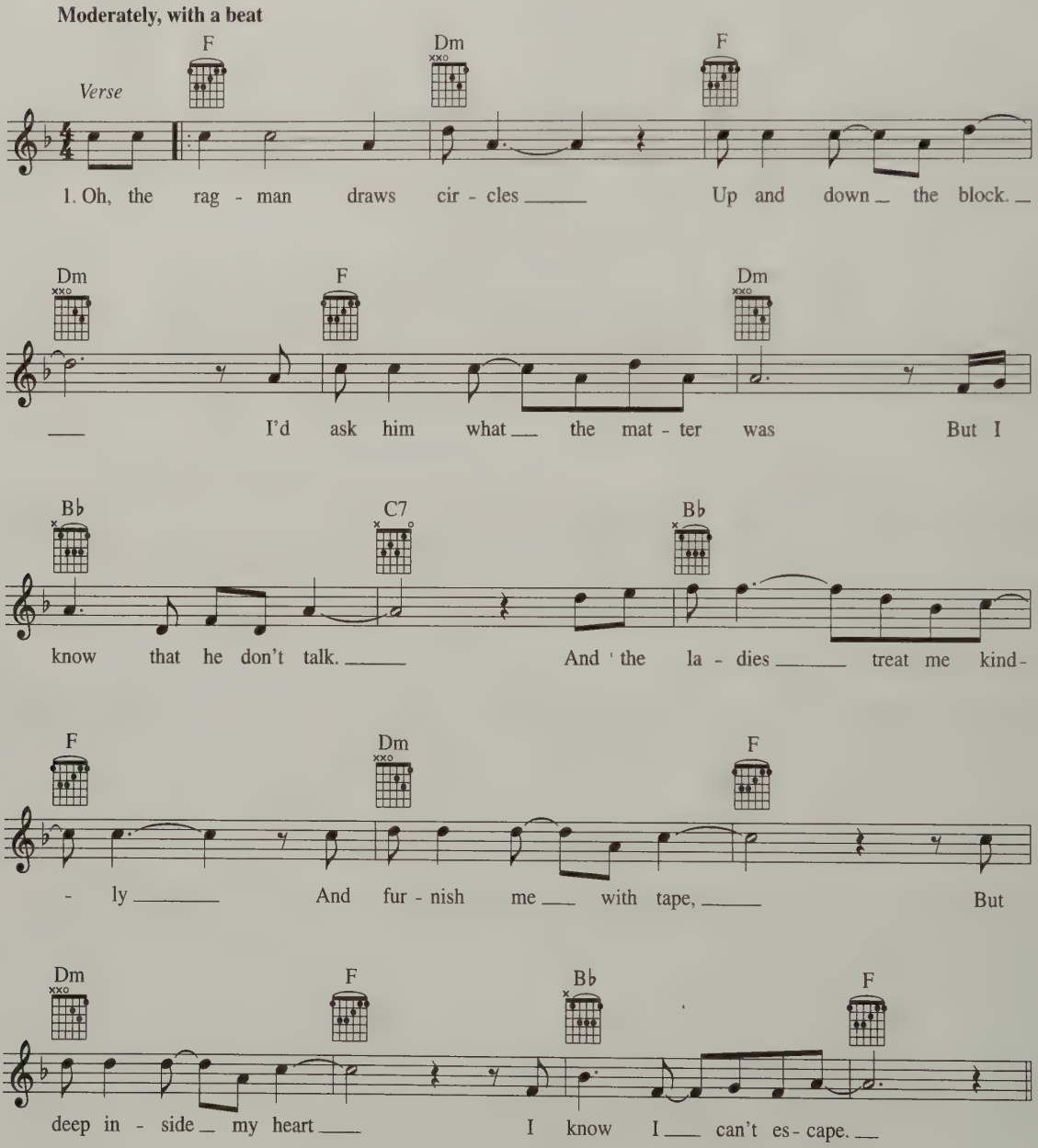
5. Me an' my baby walkin' down the street,
   Tellin' everybody 'bout the chief of police.
   Gotta step it up and go-Yeah, go,
   Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

6. Tell my woman I'll see her at home,
   Ain't no lovin' since she been gone.
   Gotta step it up and go-Yeah, go,
   Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

7. Well, I'll sing this verse, ain't gonna sing no more,
   Hear my gal call me and I got to go.
   Step it up and go-Yeah, man,
   Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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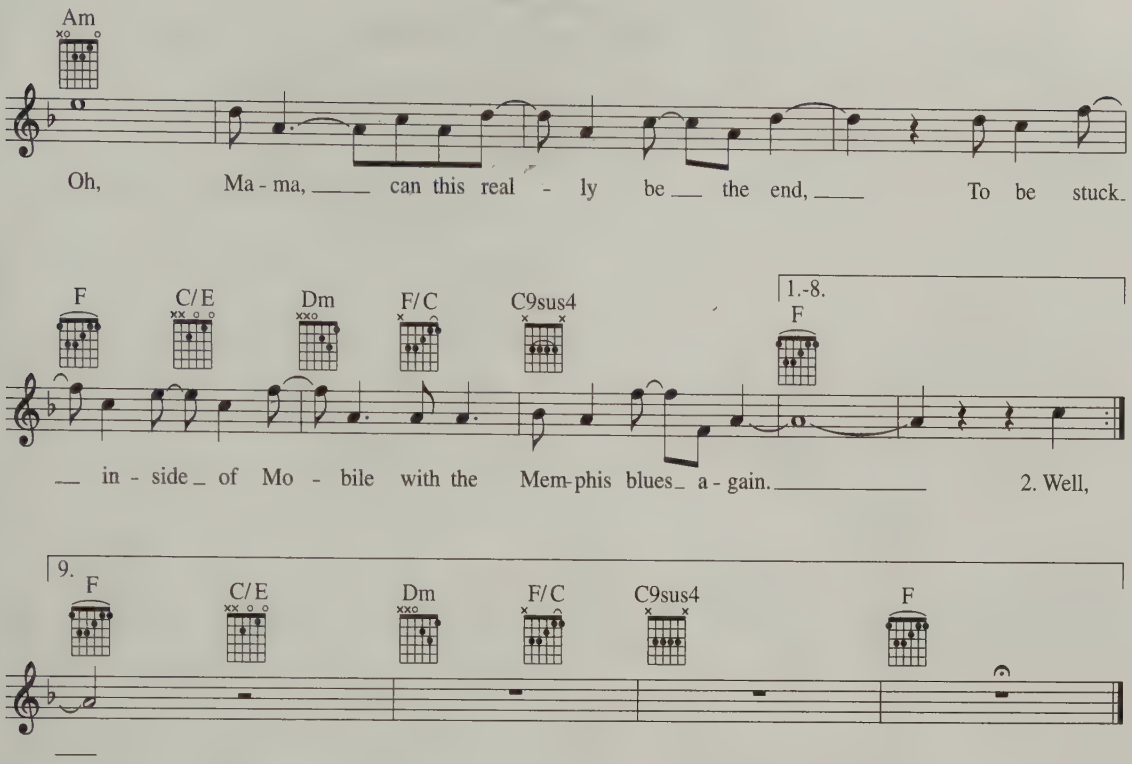
Chorus


Am
Oh, Ma - ma, ____ can this real - ly be ___ the end, ____ To be stuck_
F C/E Dm F/C C9sus4 1.-8. F
___ in - side _ of Mo - bile with the Mem-phis blues_ a - gain. _____ 2. Well,
9. F C/E Dm F/C C9sus4 F

Additional lyrics

2. Well, Shakespeare, he's in the alley
With his pointed shoes and his bells,
Speaking to some French girl,
Who says she knows me well.
And I would send a message
To find out if she's talked,
But the post office has been stolen
And the mailbox is locked.

Chorus

3. Mona tried to tell me
To stay away from the train line.
She said that all the railroad men
Just drink up your blood like wine.
An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that,
But then again, there's only one I've met
An' he just smoked my eyelids
An' punched my cigarette."

Chorus

4. Grandpa died last week
And now he's buried in the rocks,
But everybody still talks about
How badly they were shocked.
But me, I expected it to happen,
I knew he'd lost control
When he built a fire on Main Street
And shot it full of holes.

Chorus

5. Now the senator came down here
Showing ev'ryone his gun,
Handing out free tickets
To the wedding of his son.
An' me, I nearly got busted
An' wouldn't it be my luck
To get caught without a ticket
And be discovered beneath a truck.

Chorus

6. Now the preacher looked so baffled
When I asked him why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chest.
But he cursed me when I proved it to him,
Then I whispered, "Not even you can hide.
You see, you're just like me,
I hope you're satisfied."

Chorus

7. Now the rainman gave me two cures,
Then he said, "Jump right in."
The one was Texas medicine,
The other was just railroad gin.
An' like a fool I mixed them
An' it strangled up my mind,
An' now people just get uglier
An' I have no sense of time.

Chorus

8. When Ruthie says come see her
In her honky-tonk lagoon,
Where I can watch her waltz for free
'Neath her Panamanian moon.
An' I say, "Aw come on now,
You must know about my debutante."
An' she says, "Your debutante just knows what you need
But I know what you want."

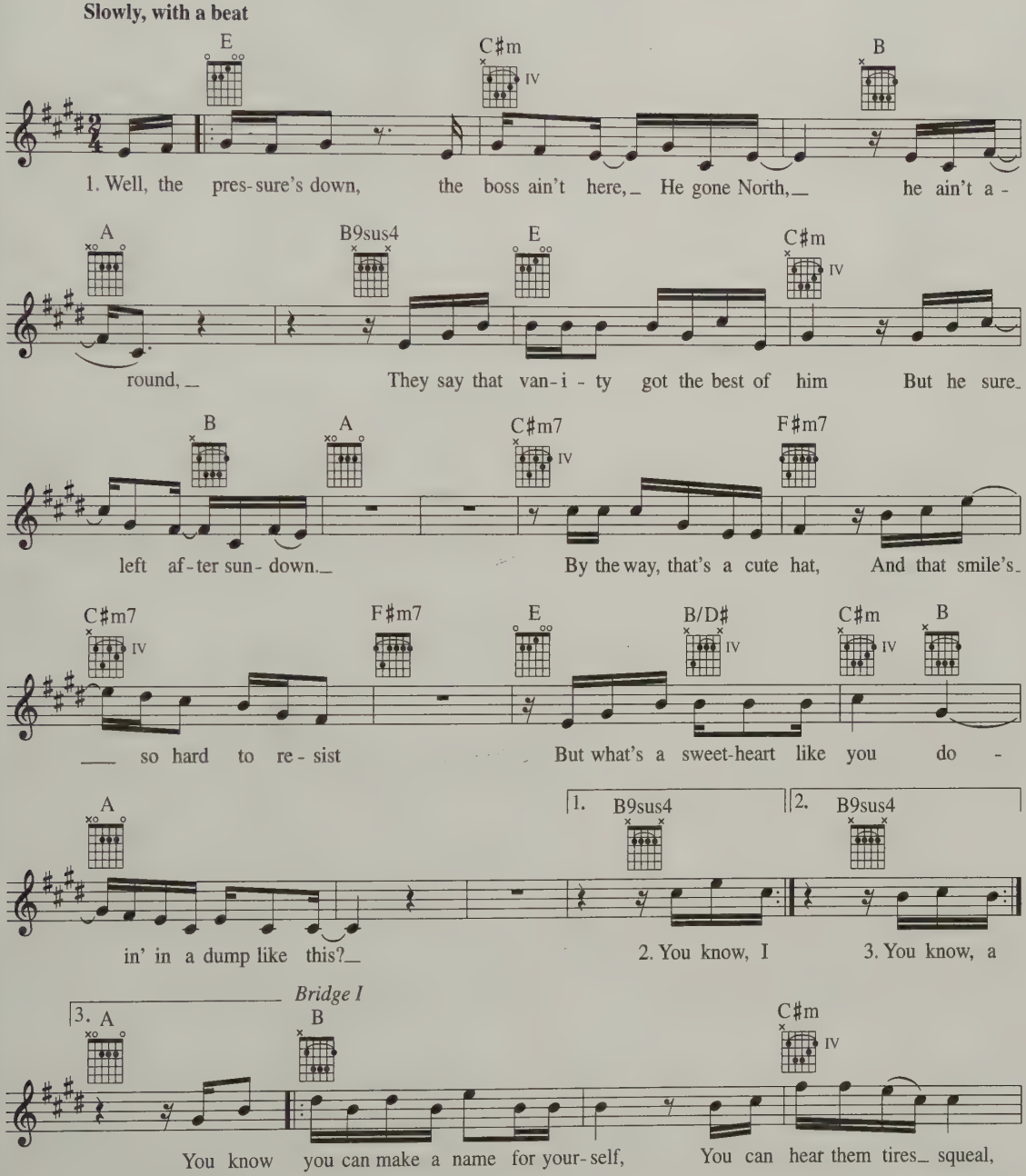
Chorus

9. Now the bricks lay on Grand Street
Where the neon madmen climb.
They all fall there so perfectly,
It all seems so well timed.
An' here I sit so patiently
Waiting to find out what price
You have to pay to get out of
Going through all these things twice.

Chorus

Sweetheart Like You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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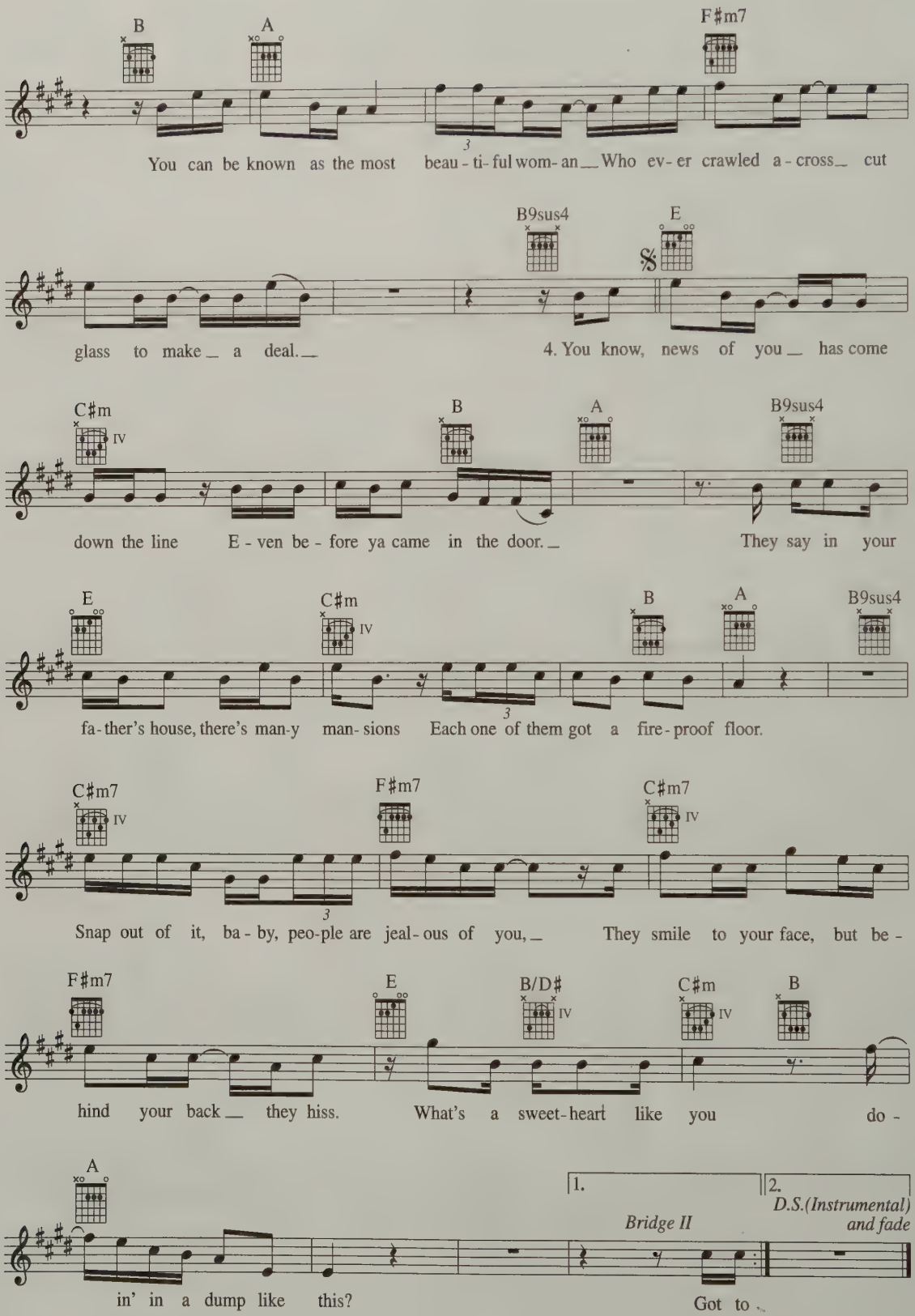

B
A
F♯m7
You can be known as the most beau - ti - ful wom - an__ Who ev - er crawled a - cross__ cut
B9sus4
E
glass to make__ a deal.__
4. You know, news of you__ has come
C♯m
IV
B
A
B9sus4
down the line E - ven be - fore ya came in the door.__ They say in your
E
C♯m
IV
B
A
B9sus4
fa - ther's house, there's man - y man - sions Each one of them got a fire - proof floor.
C♯m7
IV
F♯m7
C♯m7
IV
Snap out of it, ba - by, peo - ple are jeal - ous of you,__ They smile to your face, but be -
F♯m7
E
B/D♯
IV
C♯m
IV
B
hind your back__ they hiss. What's a sweet - heart like you do -
A
1.
2.
Bridge II
D.S.(Instrumental) and fade
in' in a dump like this?
Got to

Additional lyrics

2. You know, I once knew a woman who looked like you,
   She wanted a whole man, not just a half,
   She used to call me sweet daddy when I was only a child,
   You kind of remind me of her when you laugh.
   In order to deal in this game, got to make the queen disappear,
   It's done with a flick of the wrist.
   What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

3. You know, a woman like you should be at home,
   That's where you belong,
   Watching out for someone who loves you true
   Who would never do you wrong.
   Just how much abuse will you be able to take?
   Well, there's no way to tell by that first kiss.
   What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

   Bridge 1:
   You know you can make a name for yourself,
   You can hear them tires squeal,
   You can be known as the most beautiful woman
   Who ever crawled across cut glass to make a deal.

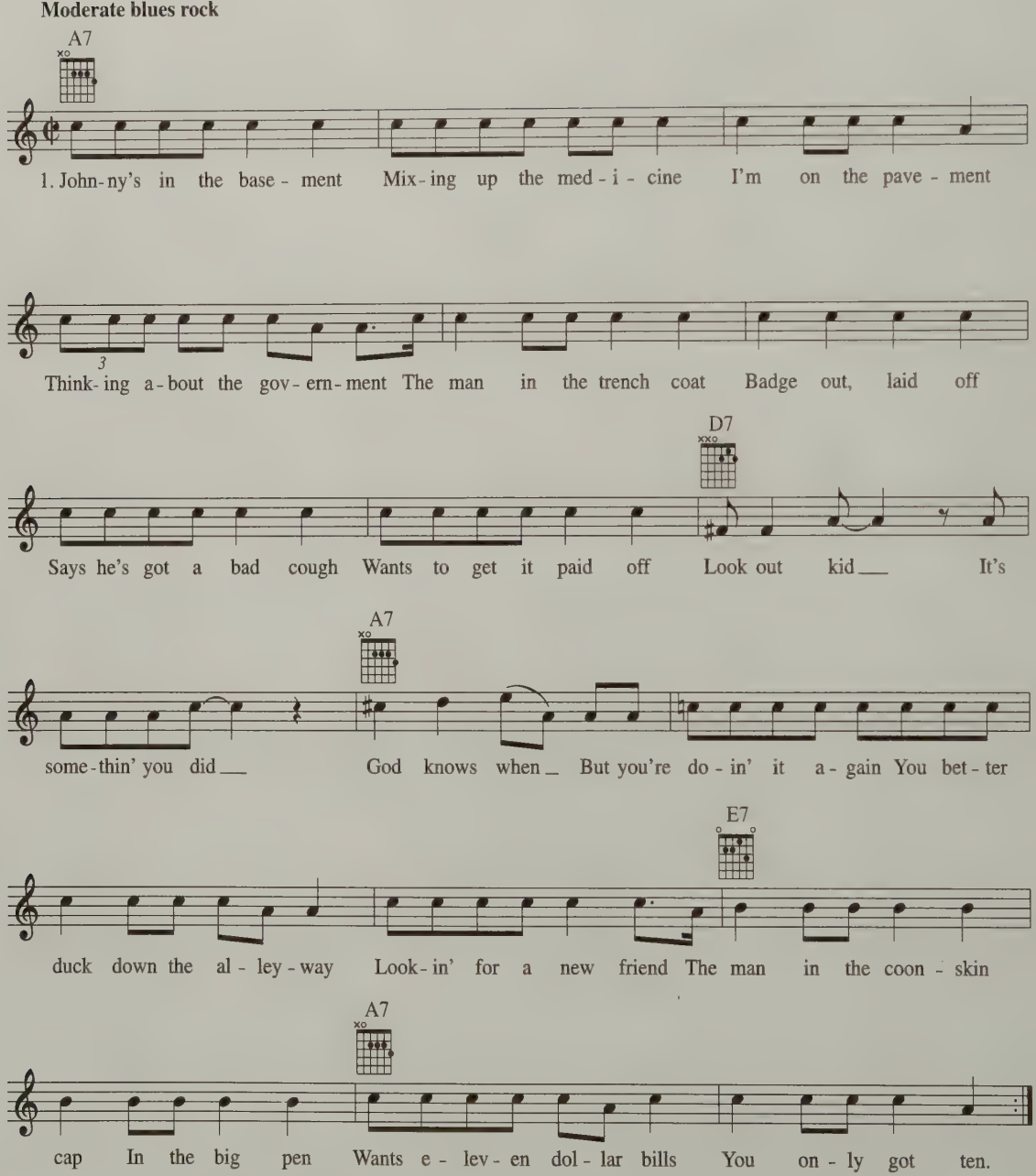
4. You know, news of you has come down the line
   Even before ya came in the door.
   They say in your father's house, there's many mansions
   Each one of them got a fireproof floor.
   Snap out of it, baby, people are jealous of you,
   They smile to your face, but behind your back they hiss.
   What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

   Bridge 2:
   Got to be an important person to be in here, honey,
   Got to have done some evil deed,
   Got to have your own harem when you come in the door,
   Got to play your harp until your lips bleed.

5. They say that patriotism is the last refuge
   To which a scoundrel clings,
   Steal a little and they throw you in jail,
   Steal a lot and they make you king.
   There's only one step down from here, baby,
   It's called the land of permanent bliss.
   What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

Subterranean Homesick Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate blues rock
A7
1. John-ny's in the base-ment Mix-ing up the med-i-cine I'm on the pave-ment
3
Think-ing a-bout the gov-ern-ment The man in the trench coat Badge out, laid off
D7
Says he's got a bad cough Wants to get it paid off Look out kid It's
A7
some-thin' you did God knows when But you're do-in' it a-gain You bet-ter
E7
duck down the al-ley-way Look-in' for a new friend The man in the coon-skin
A7
cap In the big pen Wants e-lev-en dol-lar bills You on-ly got ten.

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Additional lyrics

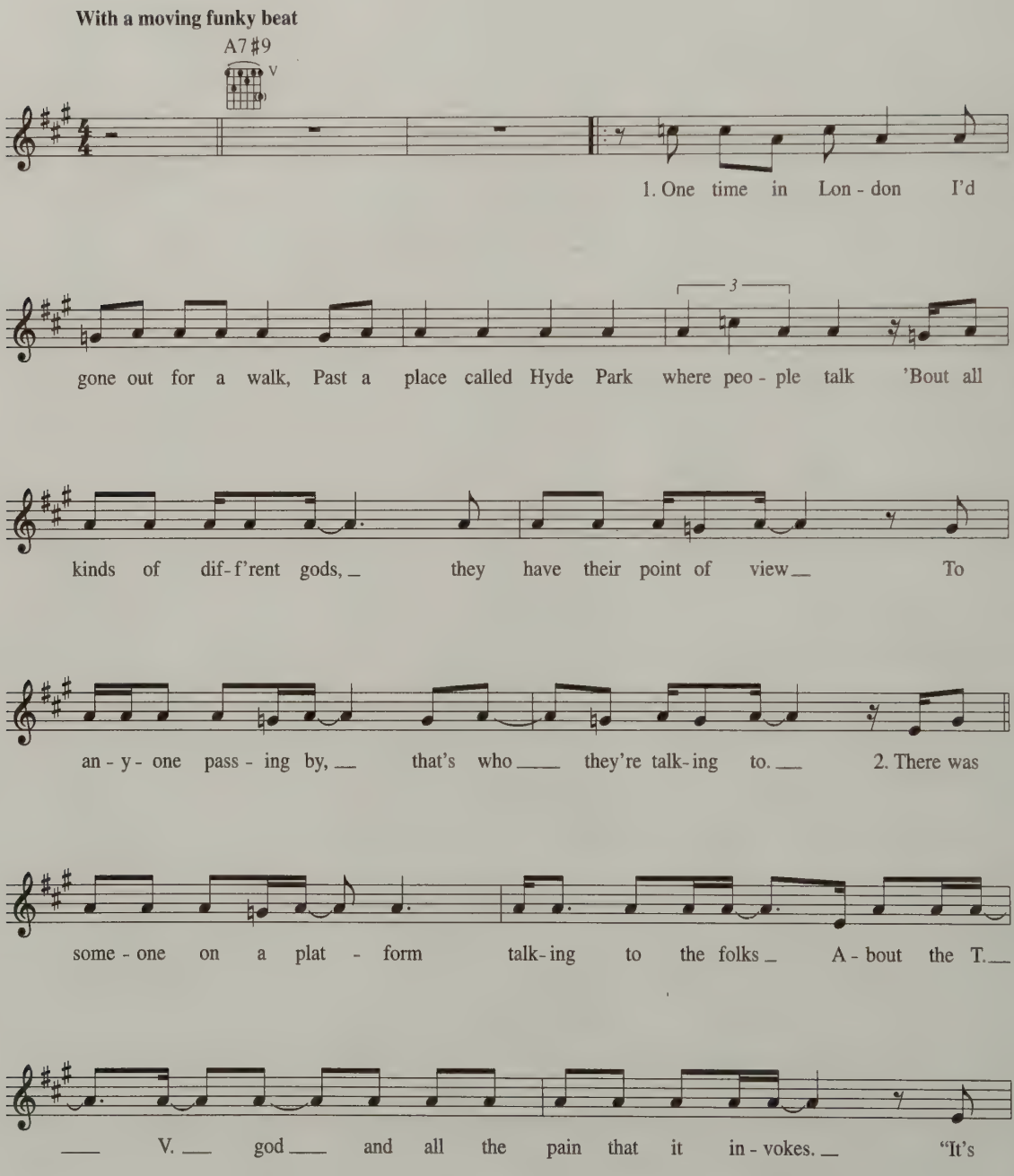
2. Maggie comes fleet foot
Face full of black soot
Talkin' that the heat put
Plants in the bed but
The phone's tapped anyway
Maggie says that many say
They must bust in early May
Orders from the D. A.
Look out kid
Don't matter what you did
Walk on your tip toes
Don't try "No Doz"
Better stay away from those
That carry around a fire hose
Keep a clean nose
Watch the plain clothes
You don't need a weather man
To know which way the wind blows

3. Get sick, get well
Hang around a ink well
Ring bell, hard to tell
If anything is goin' to sell
Try hard, get barred
Get back, write braille
Get jailed, jump bail
Join the army, if you fail
Look out kid
You're gonna get hit
But users, cheaters
Six-time losers
Hang around the theaters
Girl by the whirlpool
Lookin' for a new fool
Don't follow leaders
Watch the parkin' meters

4. Ah get born, keep warm
Short pants, romance, learn to dance
Get dressed, get blessed
Try to be a success
Please her, please him, buy gifts
Don't steal, don't lift
Twenty years of schoolin'
And they put you on the day shift
Look out kid
They keep it all hid
Better jump down a manhole
Light yourself a candle
Don't wear sandals
Try to avoid the scandals
Don't wanna be a bum
You better chew gum
The pump don't work
'Cause the vandals took the handles

T.V. Talkin' Song

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


With a moving funky beat
A7#9
1. One time in Lon - don I'd
3
gone out for a walk, Past a place called Hyde Park where peo - ple talk 'Bout all
kinds of dif-f'rent gods, they have their point of view To
an - y - one pass - ing by, that's who they're talk-ing to. 2. There was
some - one on a plat - form talk-ing to the folks A - bout the T.
V. god and all the pain that it in - vokes. "It's

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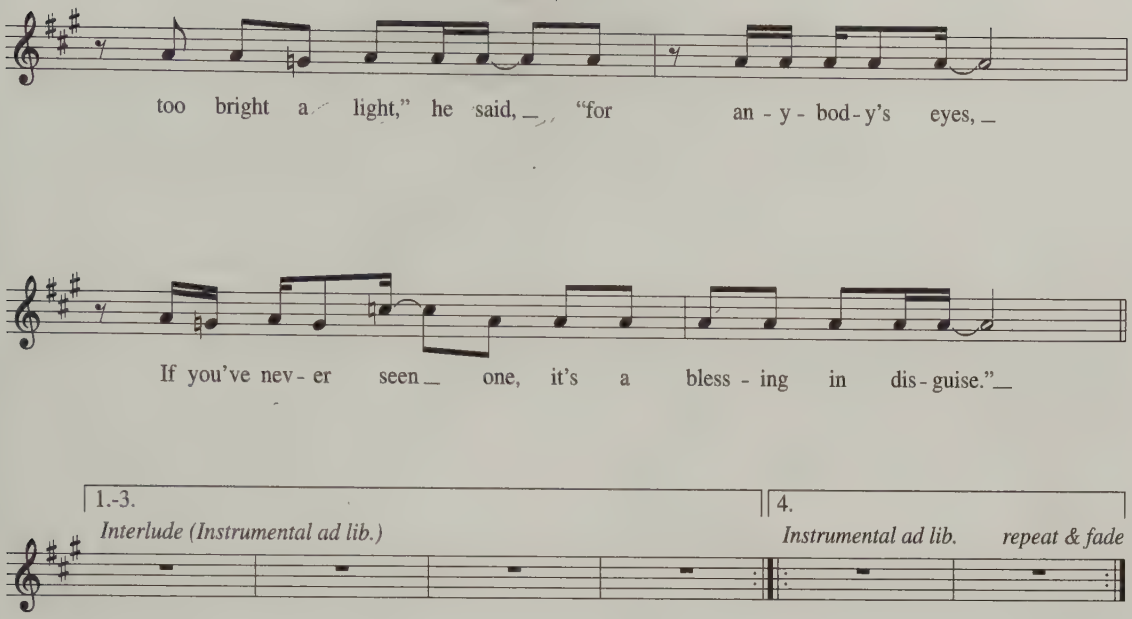

too bright a light," he said, "for an - y - bod - y's eyes,
If you've nev - er seen one, it's a bless - ing in dis - guise."
1.-3.
Interlude (Instrumental ad lib.)
4.
Instrumental ad lib.
repeat & fade

Additional lyrics

3. I moved in closer, got up on my toes,
   Two men in front of me were coming to blows
   The man was saying something 'bout children when they're young
   Being sacrificed to it while lullabies are being sung.

4. "The news of the day is on all the time,
   All the latest gossip, all the latest rhyme,
   Your mind is your temple, keep it beautiful and free,
   Don't let an egg get laid in it by something you can't see."

5. "Pray for peace!" he said, you could feel it in the crowd.
   My thoughts began to wander. His voice was ringing loud,
   "It will destroy your family, your happy home is gone
   No one can protect you from it once you turn it on."

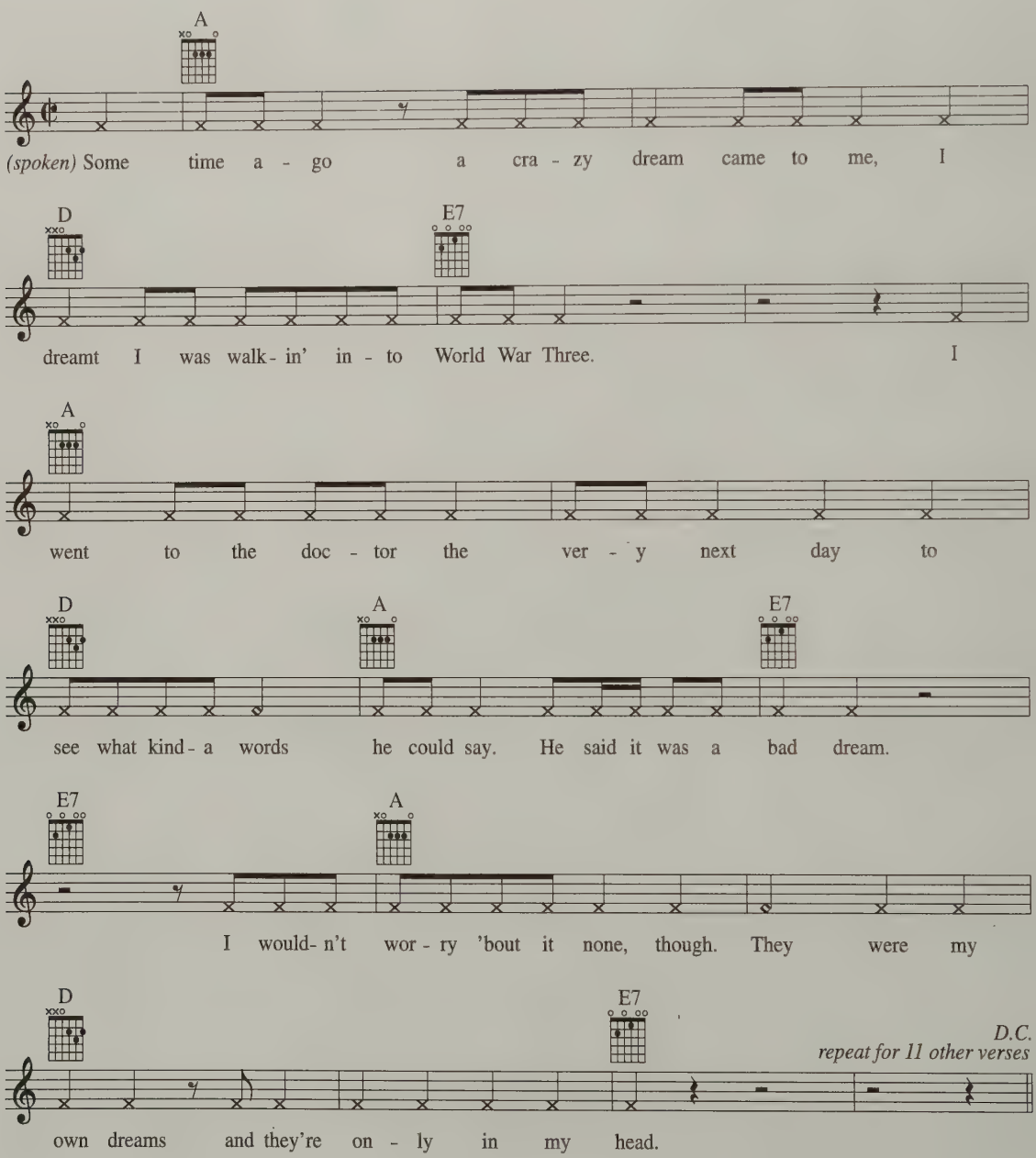
6. "It will led you into some strange pursuits,
   Lead you to the land of forbidden fruits.
   It will scramble up your head and drag your brain about,
   Sometimes you gotta do like Elvis did and shoot the damn thing out."

7. "It's all been designed," he said, "To make you lose your mind,
   And when you go back to find it, there's nothing there to find."
   "Everytime you look at it, your situation's worse,
   If you feel it grabbing out for you, send for the nurse."

8. The crowd began to riot and they grabbed hold of the man,
   There was pushing, there was shoving and everybody ran.
   The T.V. crew was there to film it, they jumped right over me,
   Later on that evening, I watched it on T.V.

Talkin' World War III Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


A
(spoken) Some time a - go a cra - zy dream came to me, I
D
E7
dreamt I was walk - in' in - to World War Three. I
A
went to the doc - tor the ver - y next day to
D
A
E7
see what kind - a words he could say. He said it was a bad dream.
E7
A
I would - n't wor - ry 'bout it none, though. They were my
D
E7
D.C.
repeat for 11 other verses
own dreams and they're on - ly in my head.

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Additional lyrics

2. I said, "Hold it, Doc, a World War passed through my brain."
He said, "Nurse, get your pad, this boy's insane,"
He grabbed my arm, I said "Ouch!"
As I landed on the psychiatric couch,
He said, "Tell me about it."

3. Well, the whole thing started at 3 o'clock fast,
It was all over by quarter past.
I was down in the sewer with some little lover
When I peeked out from a manhole cover
Wondering who turned the lights on.

4. Well, I got up and walked around
And up and down the lonesome town.
I stood a-wondering which way to go,
I lit a cigarette on a parking meter
And walked on down the road.
It was a normal day.

5. Well, I rung the fallout shelter bell
And I leaned my head and I gave a yell,
"Give me a string bean, I'm a hungry man."
A shotgun fired and away I ran.
I don't blame them too much though,
I know I look funny.

6. Down at the corner by a hot-dog stand
I seen a man, I said, "Howdy friend,
I guess there's just us two."
He screamed a bit and away he flew.
Thought I was a Communist.

7. Well, I spied a girl and before she could leave,
"Let's go and play Adam and Eve."
I took her by the hand and my heart it was thumpin'
When she said, "Hey man, you crazy or sumpin',
You see what happened last time they started."

8. Well, I seen a Cadillac window uptown
And there was nobody aroun'
I got into the driver's seat
And I drove 42nd Street
In my Cadillac.
Good car to drive after a war.

9. Well, I remember seein' some ad,
So I turned on my Conelrad.
But I didn't pay my Con Ed bill,
So the radio didn't work so well.
Turned on my record player-
It was Rock-A-Day, Johnny singin',
"Tell Your Ma, Tell Your Pa,
Our Loves Are Gonna Grow Ooh-wah, Ooh-wah."

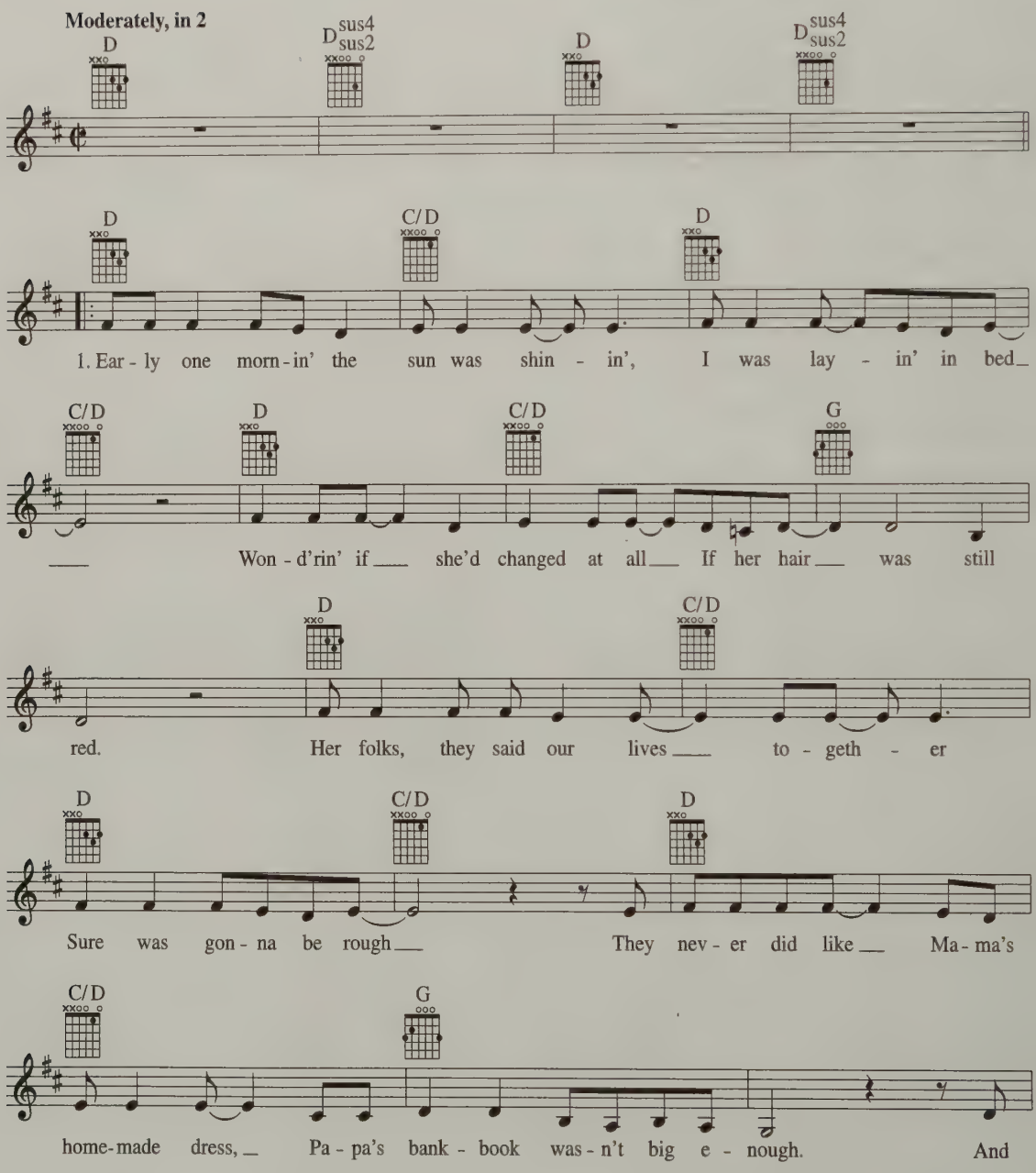
10. I was feelin' kinda lonesome and blue,
I needed somebody to talk to.
So I called up the operator of time
Just to hear a voice of some kind.
"When you hear the beep
It will be three o'clock,"
She said that for over an hour
And I hung it up.

11. Well, the doctor interrupted me just about then,
Sayin, "Hey I've been havin' the same old dreams,
But mine was a little different you see.
I dreamt that the only person left after the war was me.
I didn't see you around."

12. Well, now time passed and now it seems
Everybody's having them dreams.
Everybody sees themselves walkin' around with no one else.
Half of the people can be part right all of the time,
Some of the people can be all right part of the time.
I think Abraham Lincoln said that.
"I'll let you be in my dreams if I can be in yours,"
I said that.

Tangled Up in Blue

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately, in 2
D
Dsus4 sus2
D
Dsus4 sus2
D
C/D
D
1. Ear - ly one morn - in' the sun was shin - in', I was lay - in' in bed
C/D
D
C/D
G
Won - d'rin' if she'd changed at all If her hair was still
D
C/D
red. Her folks, they said our lives to - geth - er
D
C/D
D
Sure was gon - na be rough They nev - er did like Ma - ma's
C/D
G
home-made dress, Pa - pa's bank - book was - n't big e - nough. And

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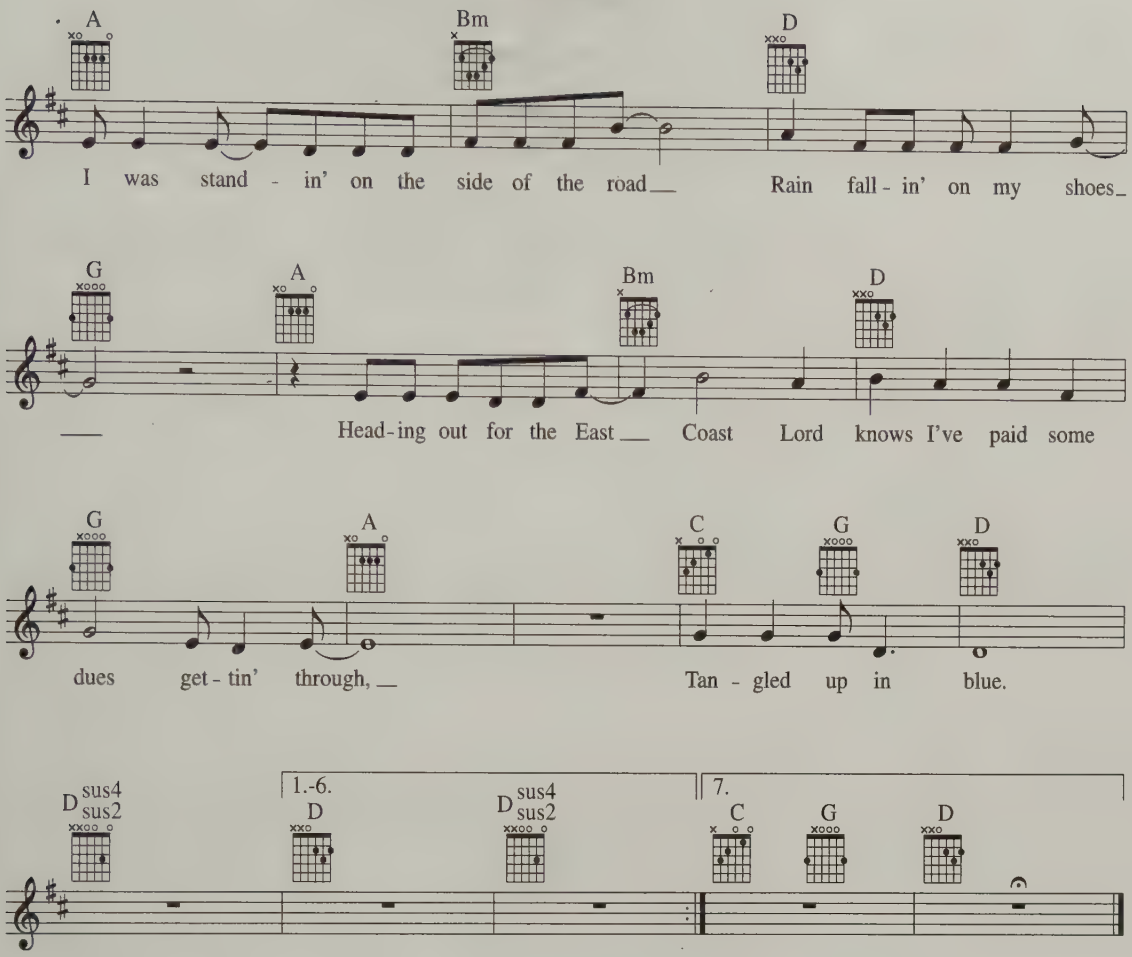


Additional lyrics

2. She was married when we first met
Soon to be divorced
I helped her out of a jam, I guess,
But I used a little too much force.
We drove that car as far as we could
Abandoned it out West
Split up on a dark sad night
Both agreeing it was best.
She turned around to look at me
As I was walkin' away
I heard her say over my shoulder,
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue,"
Tangled up in blue.

3. I had a job in the great north woods
Working as a cook for a spell
But I never did like it all that much
And one day the ax just fell.
So I drifted down to New Orleans
Where I happened to be employed
Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat
Right outside of Delacroix.
But all the while I was alone
The past was close behind,
I seen a lot of women
But she never escaped my mind, and I just grew
Tangled up in blue.

4. She was workin' in a topless place
And I stopped in for a beer,
I just kept lookin' at the side of her face
In the spotlight so clear.
And later on as the crowd thinned out
I's just about to do the same,
She was standing there in back of my chair
Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"
I muttered somethin' underneath my breath,
She studied the lines on my face.
I must admit I felt a little uneasy
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe,
Tangled up in blue.

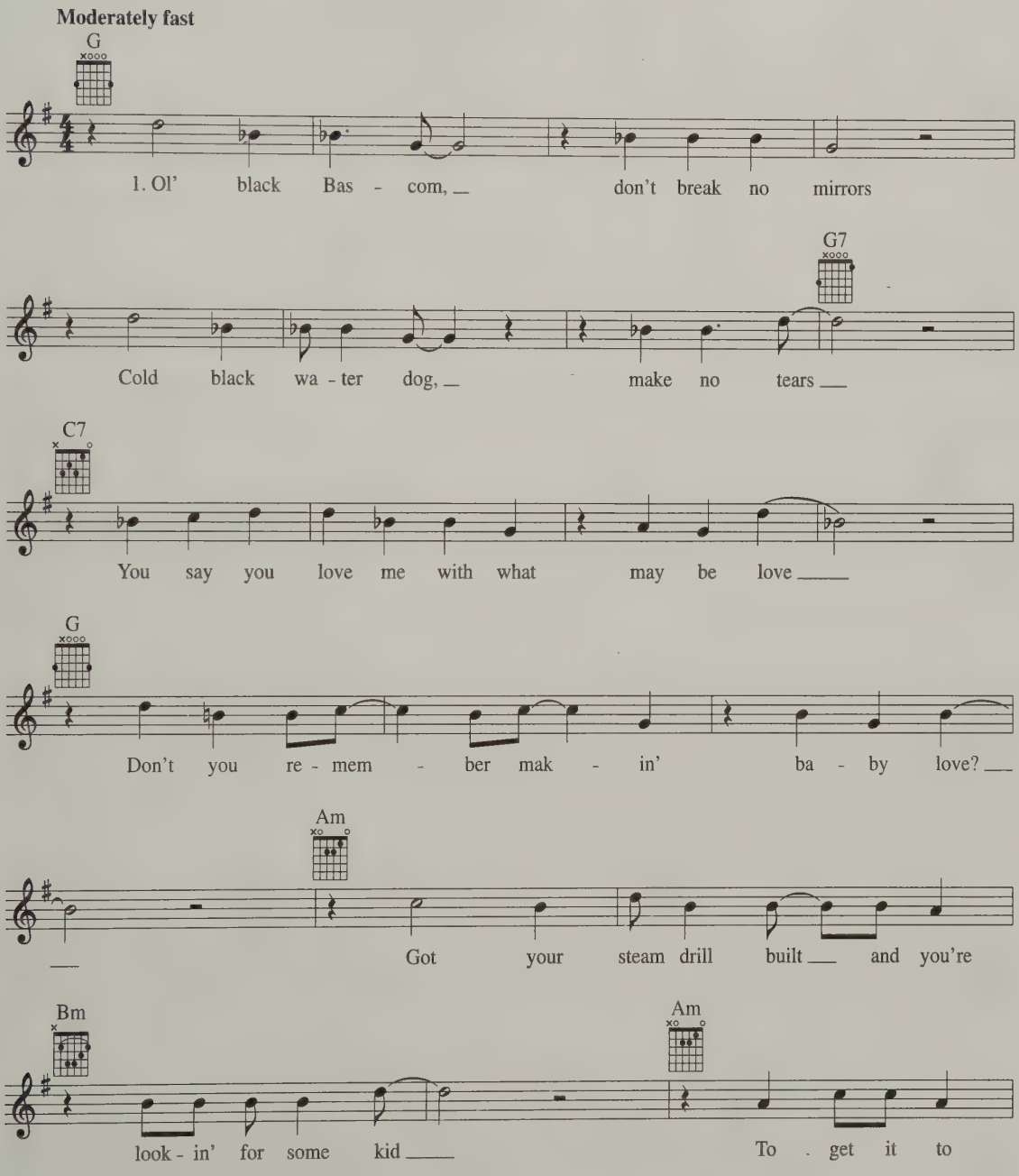
5. She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said
"You look like the silent type."
Then she opened up a book of poems
And handed it to me
Written by an Italian poet
From the thirteenth century.
And every one of them words rang true
And glowed like burnin' coal
Pourin' off of every page
Like it was written in my soul from me to you,
Tangled up in blue.

6. I lived with them on Montague Street
In a basement down the stairs,
There was music in the cafés at night
And revolution in the air.
Then he started into dealing with slaves
And something inside of him died.
She had to sell everything she owned
And froze up inside.
And when finally the bottom fell out
I became withdrawn,
The only thing I knew how to do
Was to keep on keepin' on like a bird that flew,
Tangled up in blue.

7. So now I'm goin' back again,
I got to get to her somehow.
All the people we used to know
They're an illusion to me now.
Some are mathematicians
Some are carpenter's wives.
Don't know how it all got started,
I don't know what they're doin' with their lives.
But me, I'm still on the road
Headin' for another joint
We always did feel the same,
We just saw it from a different point of view,
Tangled up in blue.

Tell Me, Momma

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately fast
G
1. Ol' black Bas - com, don't break no mirrors
G7
Cold black wa - ter dog, make no tears
C7
You say you love me with what may be love
G
Don't you re - mem - ber mak - in' ba - by love?
Am
Got your steam drill built and you're
Bm
look - in' for some kid
Am
To get it to

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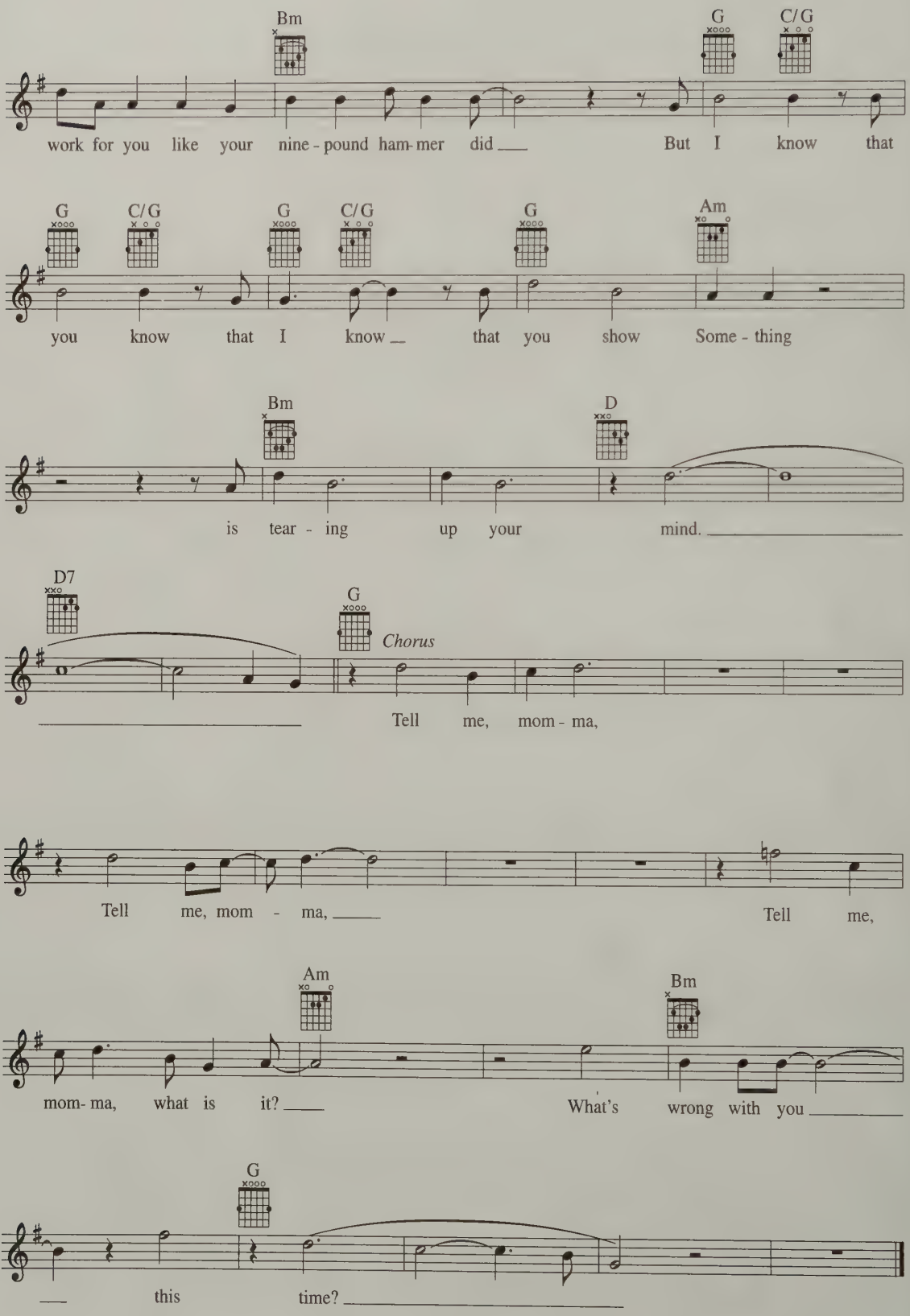

Bm
G
C/G
work for you like your nine - pound ham-mer did ___ But I know that
G
C/G
G
C/G
G
Am
you know that I know _ that you show Some - thing
Bm
D
is tear - ing up your mind. ___
D7
G
Chorus
___ Tell me, mom - ma,
Tell me, mom - ma, ___ Tell me,
Am
Bm
mom- ma, what is it? ___ What's wrong with you ___
G
___ this time? ___

Additional lyrics

2. Hey, John, come and get me some candy goods
Shucks, it sure feels like it's in the woods
Spend some time on your January trips
You got tombstone moose up and your brave-yard whips
If you're anxious to find out when your friendship's gonna end
Come on, baby, I'm your friend!
And I know that you know that I know that you show
Something is tearing up your mind.

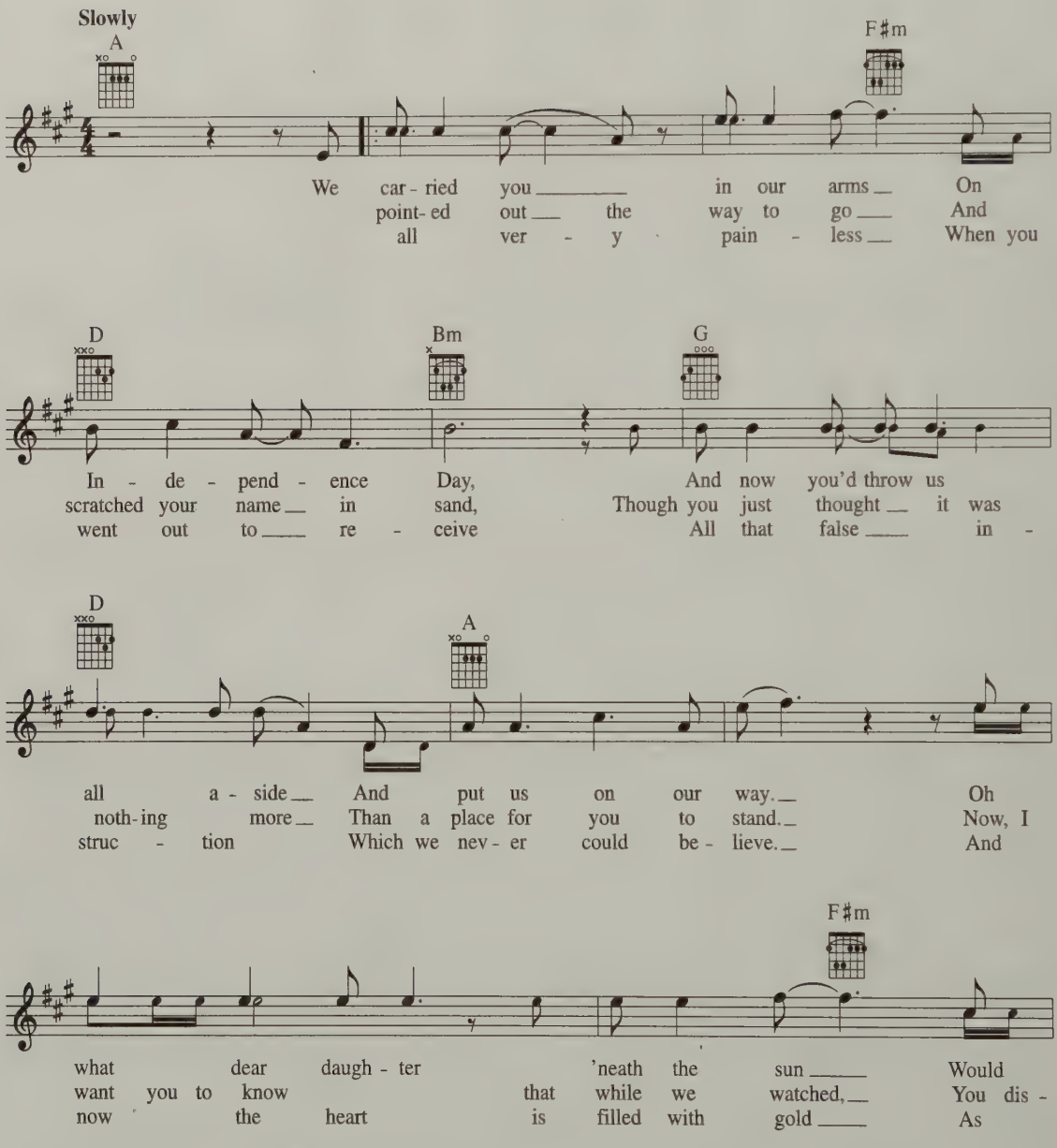
Chorus

3. Ohh, we bone the editor, can't get read
But his painted sled, instead it's a bed
Yes, I see you on your window ledge
But I can't tell just how far away you are from the edge
And, anyway, you're just gonna make people jump and roar
Whatcha wanna go and do that for?
For I know that you know that I know that you know
Something is tearing up your mind.

Chorus

Tears of Rage

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Richard Manuel


Slowly
A
F♯m
We car - ried you in our arms On
point- ed out the way to go And
all ver - y pain - less When you
D
Bm
G
In - de - pend - ence Day, And now you'd throw us
scratched your name in sand, Though you just thought it was
went out to re - ceive All that false in -
D
A
all a - side And put us on our way. Oh
noth- ing more Than a place for you to stand. Now, I
struc - tion Which we nev - er could be - lieve. And
F♯m
what dear daugh - ter 'neath the sun Would
want you to know that while we watched, You dis -
now the heart is filled with gold As

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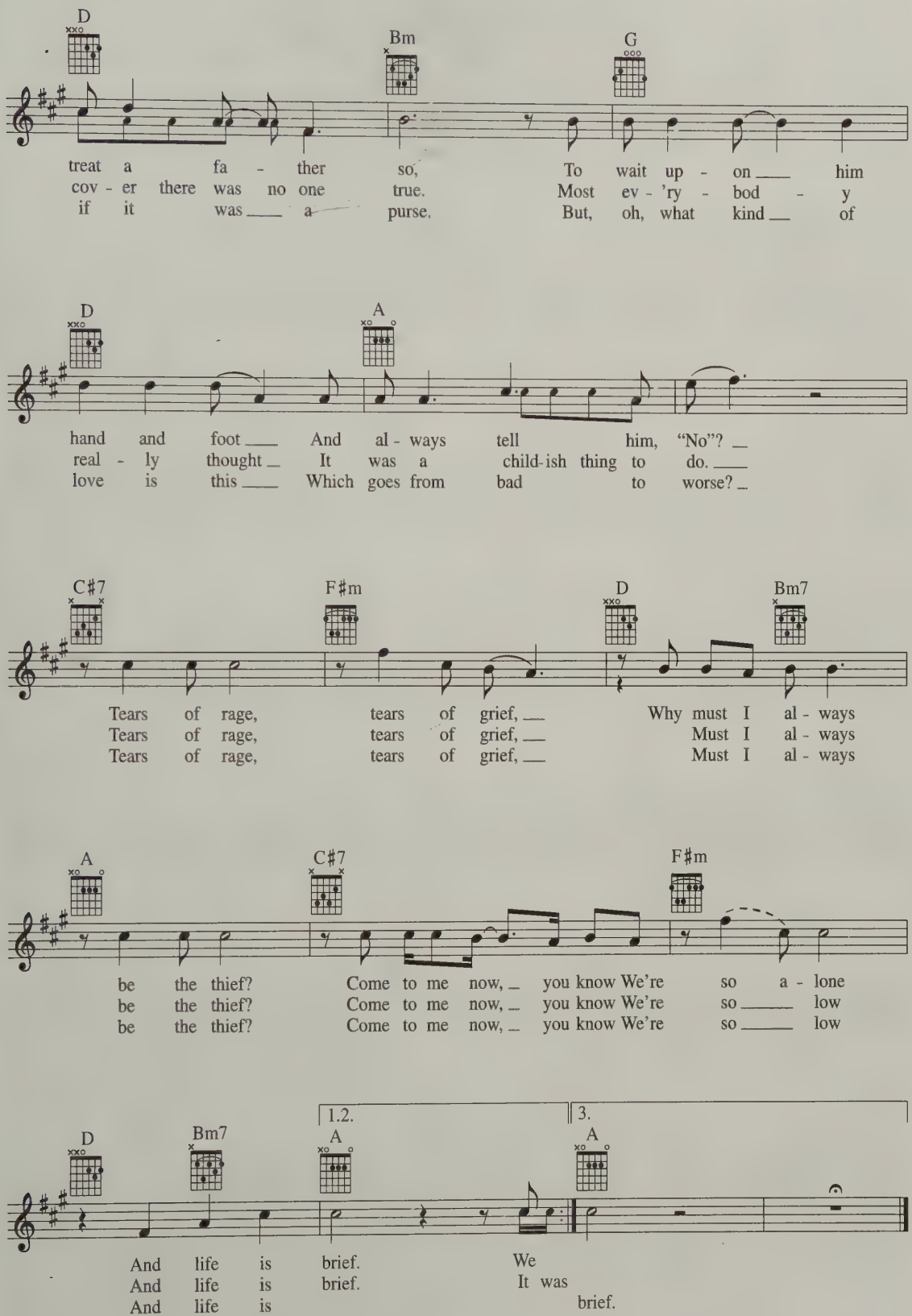
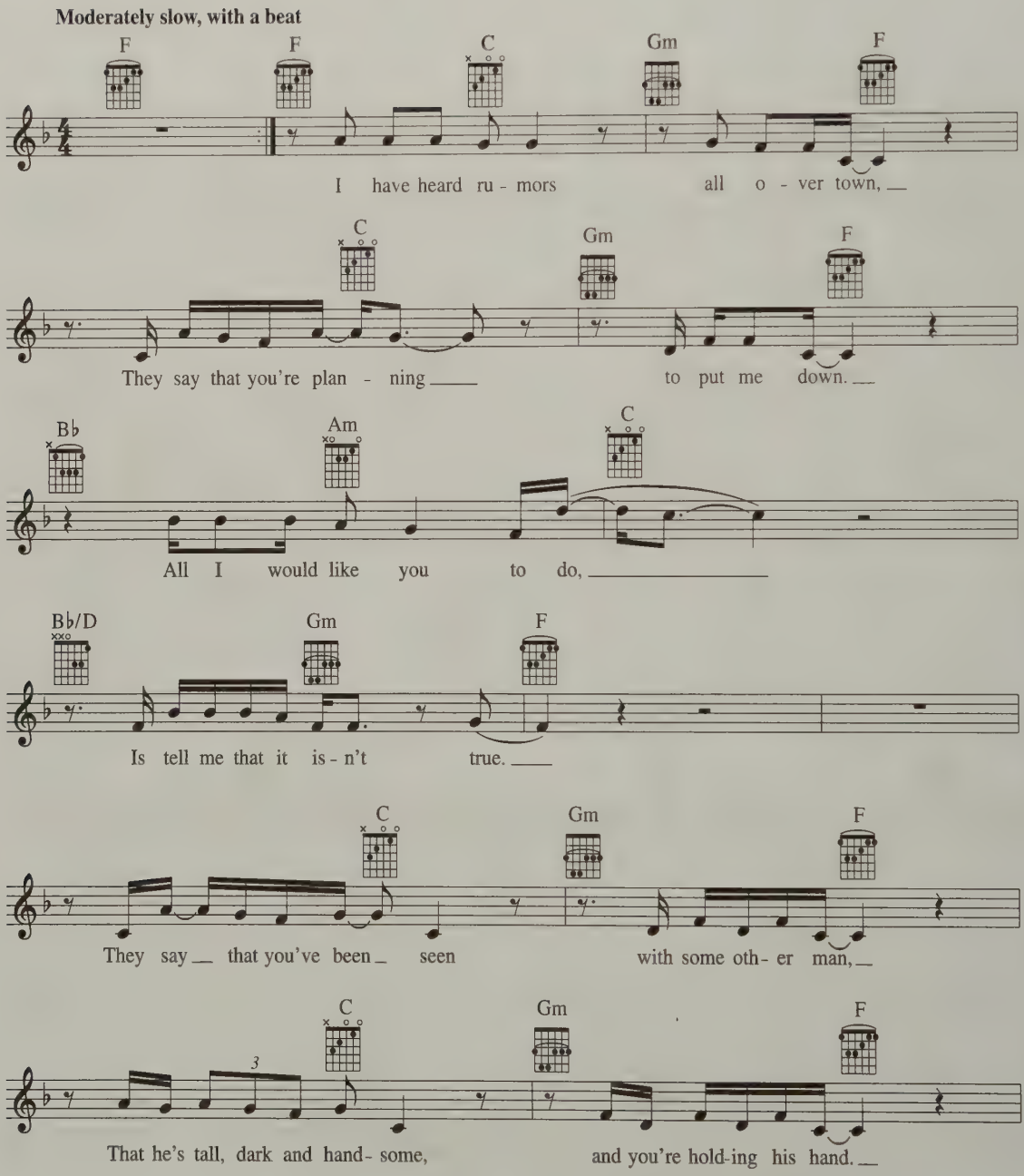

D
Bm
G
treat a fa - ther so, To wait up - on ___ him
cov - er there was no one true. Most ev - 'ry - bod - y
if it was ___ a purse. But, oh, what kind ___ of
D
A
hand and foot ___ And al - ways tell him, "No"? _
real - ly thought _ It was a child-ish thing to do. ___
love is this ___ Which goes from bad to worse? _
C♯7
F♯m
D
Bm7
Tears of rage, tears of grief, ___ Why must I al - ways
Tears of rage, tears of grief, ___ Must I al - ways
Tears of rage, tears of grief, ___ Must I al - ways
A
C♯7
F♯m
be the thief? Come to me now, _ you know We're so a - lone
be the thief? Come to me now, _ you know We're so ___ low
be the thief? Come to me now, _ you know We're so ___ low
1.2.
3.
D
Bm7
A
A
And life is brief. We
And life is brief. It was
And life is brief.

Tell Me That It Isn't True

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow, with a beat
F F C Gm F
I have heard ru - mors all o - ver town,
C Gm F
They say that you're plan - ning to put me down.
B♭ Am C
All I would like you to do,
B♭/D Gm F
Is tell me that it is - n't true.
C Gm F
They say that you've been seen with some oth - er man,
C Gm F
3
That he's tall, dark and hand - some, and you're hold-ing his hand.

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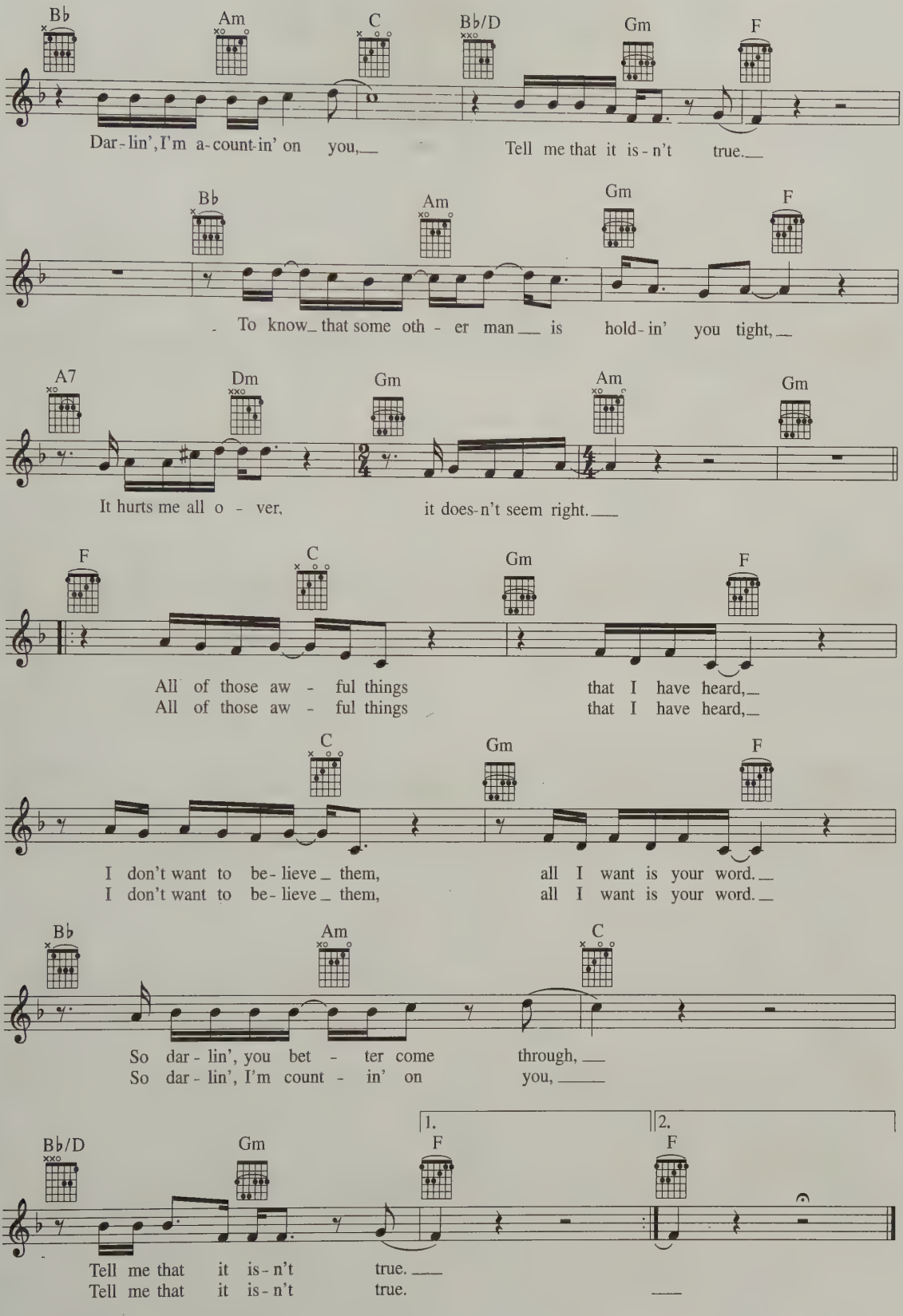
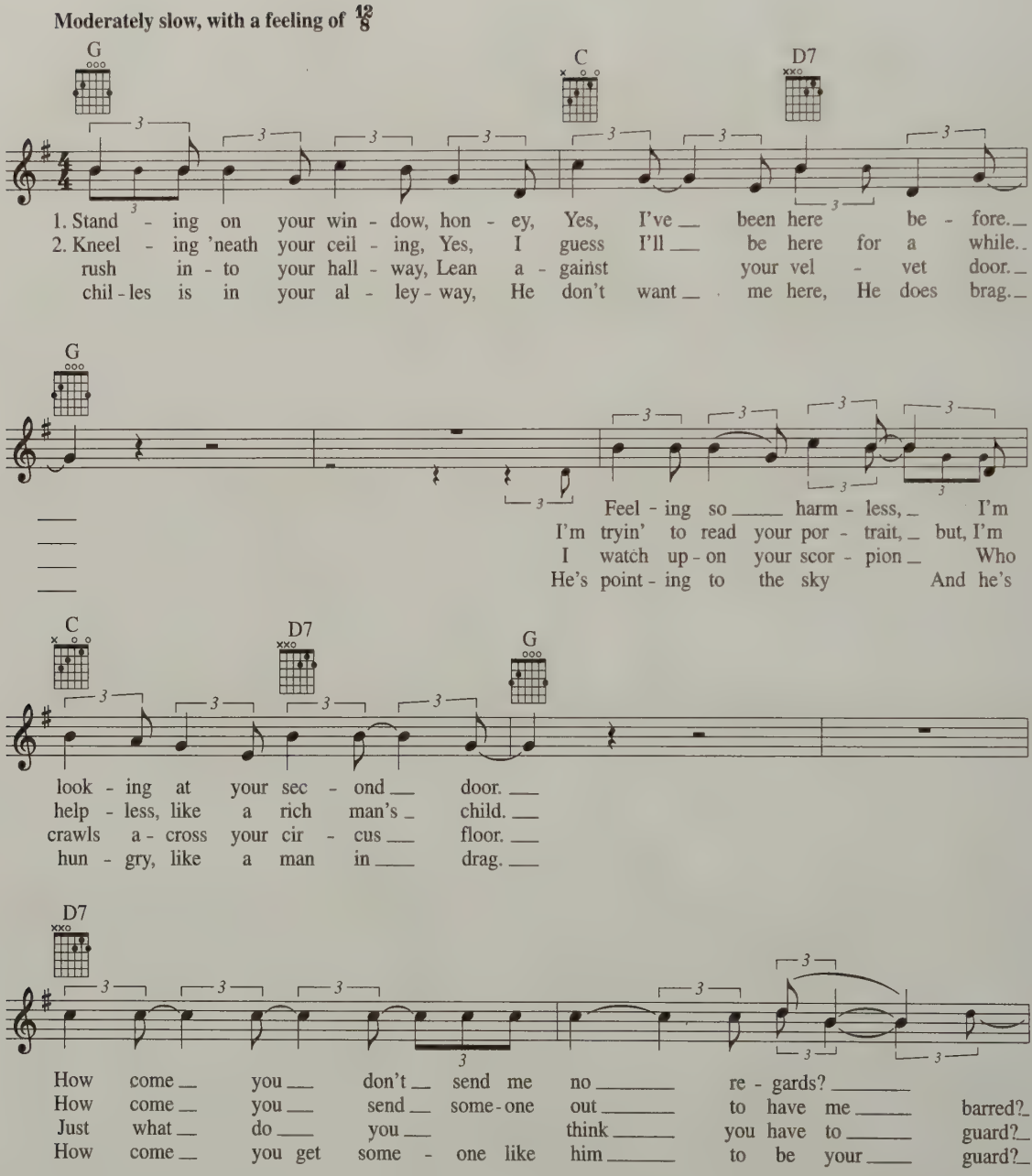

B♭ Am C B♭/D Gm F
Dar-lin', I'm a-count-in' on you, Tell me that it is-n't true.
B♭ Am Gm F
To know that some oth-er man is hold-in' you tight,
A7 Dm Gm Am Gm
It hurts me all o-ver, it does-n't seem right.
F C Gm F
All of those aw-ful things that I have heard,
All of those aw-ful things that I have heard,
C Gm F
I don't want to be-lieve them, all I want is your word.
I don't want to be-lieve them, all I want is your word.
B♭ Am C
So dar-lin', you bet-ter come through,
So dar-lin', I'm count-in' on you,
B♭/D Gm 1. F 2. F
Tell me that it is-n't true.
Tell me that it is-n't true.

Temporary Like Achilles

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow, with a feeling of 12/8
G
C
D7
1. Stand - ing on your win - dow, hon - ey, Yes, I've been here be - fore.
2. Kneel - ing 'neath your ceil - ing, Yes, I guess I'll be here for a while.
rush in - to your hall - way, Lean a - gainst your vel - vet door.
chil - les is in your al - ley - way, He don't want me here, He does brag.
G
Feel - ing so harm - less, I'm
I'm tryin' to read your por - trait, but, I'm
I watch up - on your scor - pion Who
He's point - ing to the sky And he's
C
D7
G
look - ing at your sec - ond door.
help - less, like a rich man's child.
crawls a - cross your cir - cus floor.
hun - gry, like a man in drag.
D7
How come you don't send me no re - gards?
How come you send some - one out to have me barred?
Just what do you think you have to guard?
How come you get some - one like him to be your guard?

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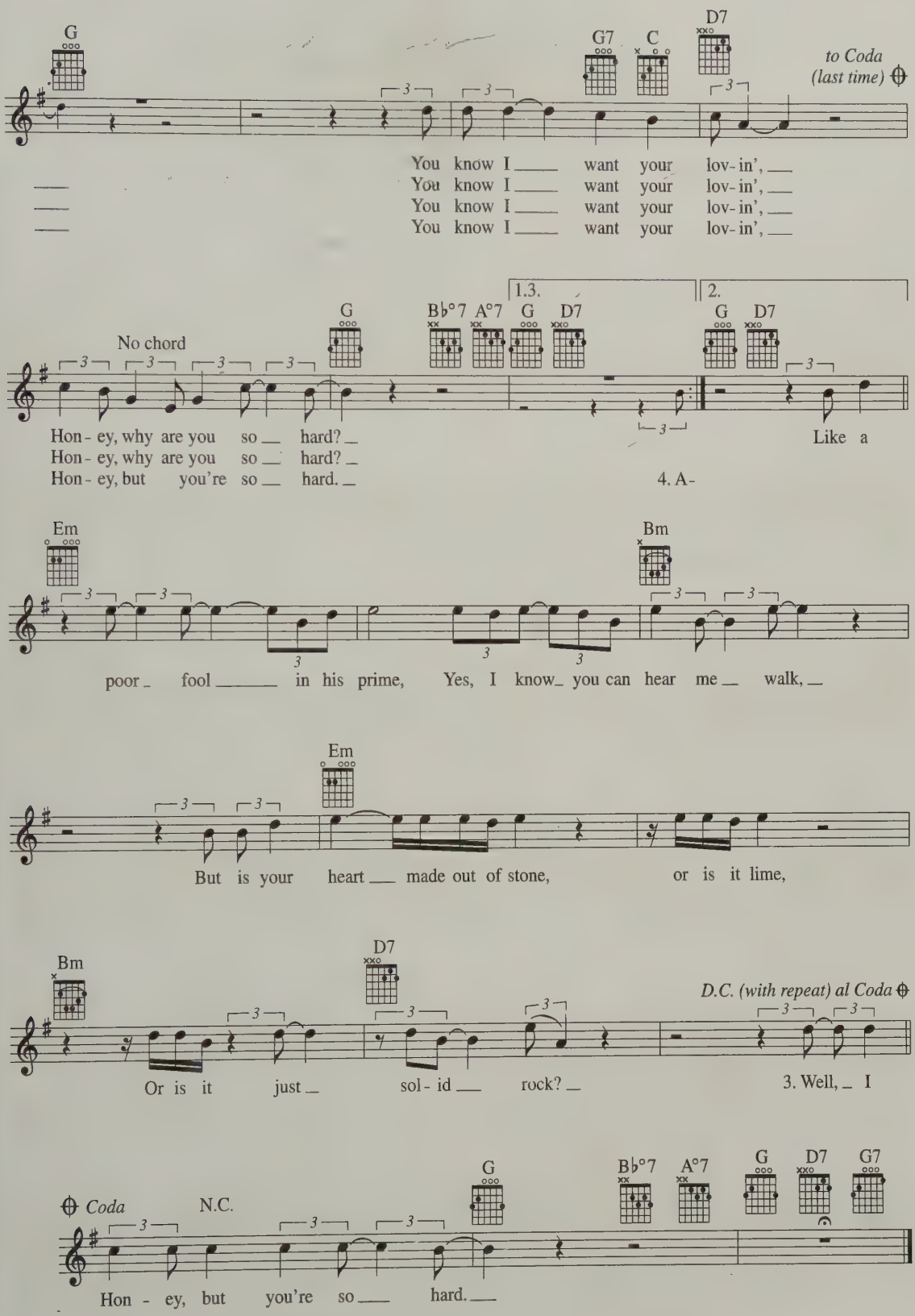
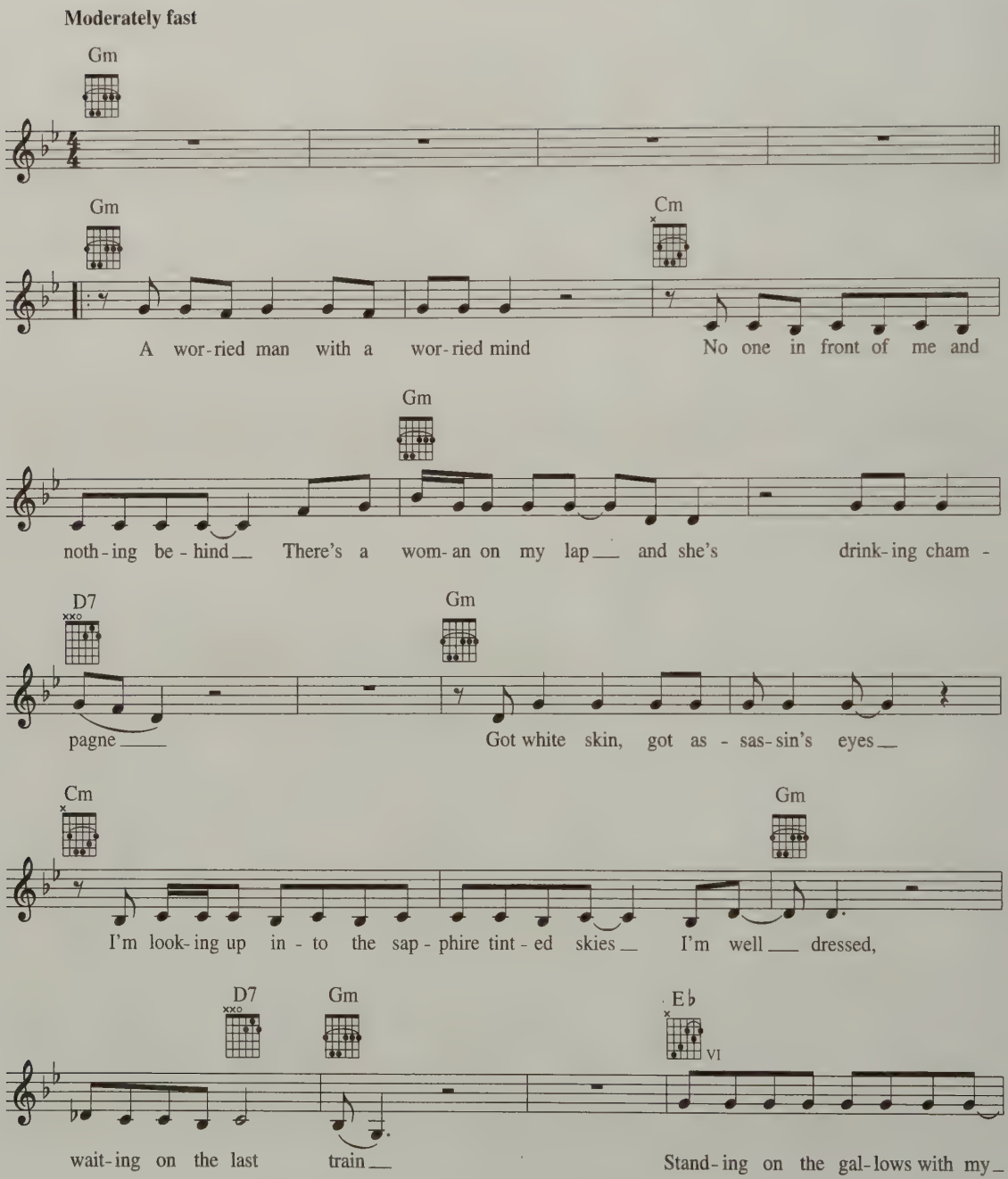

G
G7
C
D7
to Coda
(last time)
You know I ___ want your lov-in', ___
You know I ___ want your lov-in', ___
You know I ___ want your lov-in', ___
You know I ___ want your lov-in', ___
1.3.
2.
No chord
G
B♭°7
A°7
G
D7
G
D7
Hon-ey, why are you so ___ hard? _
Hon-ey, why are you so ___ hard? _
Hon-ey, but you're so ___ hard. _
Like a
4. A-
Em
Bm
poor _ fool ___ in his prime, Yes, I know _ you can hear me ___ walk, ___
Em
But is your heart ___ made out of stone, or is it lime,
Bm
D7
D.C. (with repeat) al Coda
Or is it just _ sol-id ___ rock? _
3. Well, _ I
Coda
N.C.
G
B♭°7
A°7
G
D7
G7
Hon-ey, but you're so ___ hard. ___

Things Have Changed

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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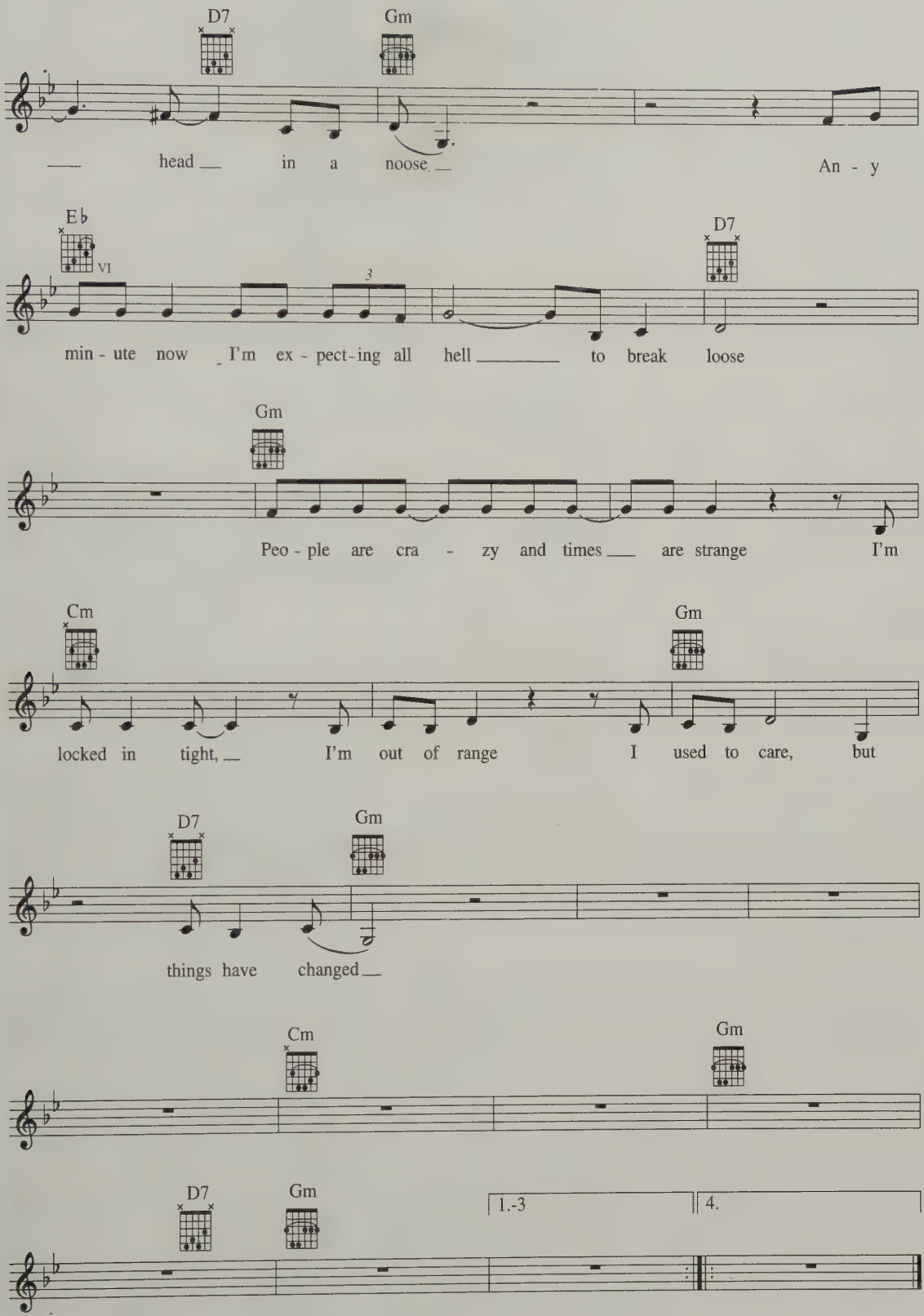

D7
Gm
head in a noose
An - y
E♭
VI
3
D7
min - ute now I'm ex - pect - ing all hell to break loose
Gm
Peo - ple are cra - zy and times are strange I'm
Cm
Gm
locked in tight, I'm out of range I used to care, but
D7
Gm
things have changed
Cm
Gm
D7
Gm
1.-3
4.

Additional lyrics

2. This place ain't doing me any good
   I'm in the wrong town, I should be in Hollywood
   Just for a second there I thought I saw something move
   Gonna take dancing lessons do the jitterbug rag
   Ain't no shortcuts, gonna dress in drag
   Only a fool in here would think he's got anything to prove

   Bridge #2:
   Lot of water under the bridge, Lot of other stuff too
   Don't get up gentlemen, I'm only passing through

   Chorus

3. I've been walking forty miles of bad road
   If the bible is right, the world will explode
   I've been trying to get as far away from myself as I can
   Some things are too hot to touch
   The human mind can only stand so much
   You can't win with a losing hand

   Bridge #3:
   Feel like falling in love with the first woman I meet
   Putting her in a wheel barrow and wheeling her down the street

   Chorus

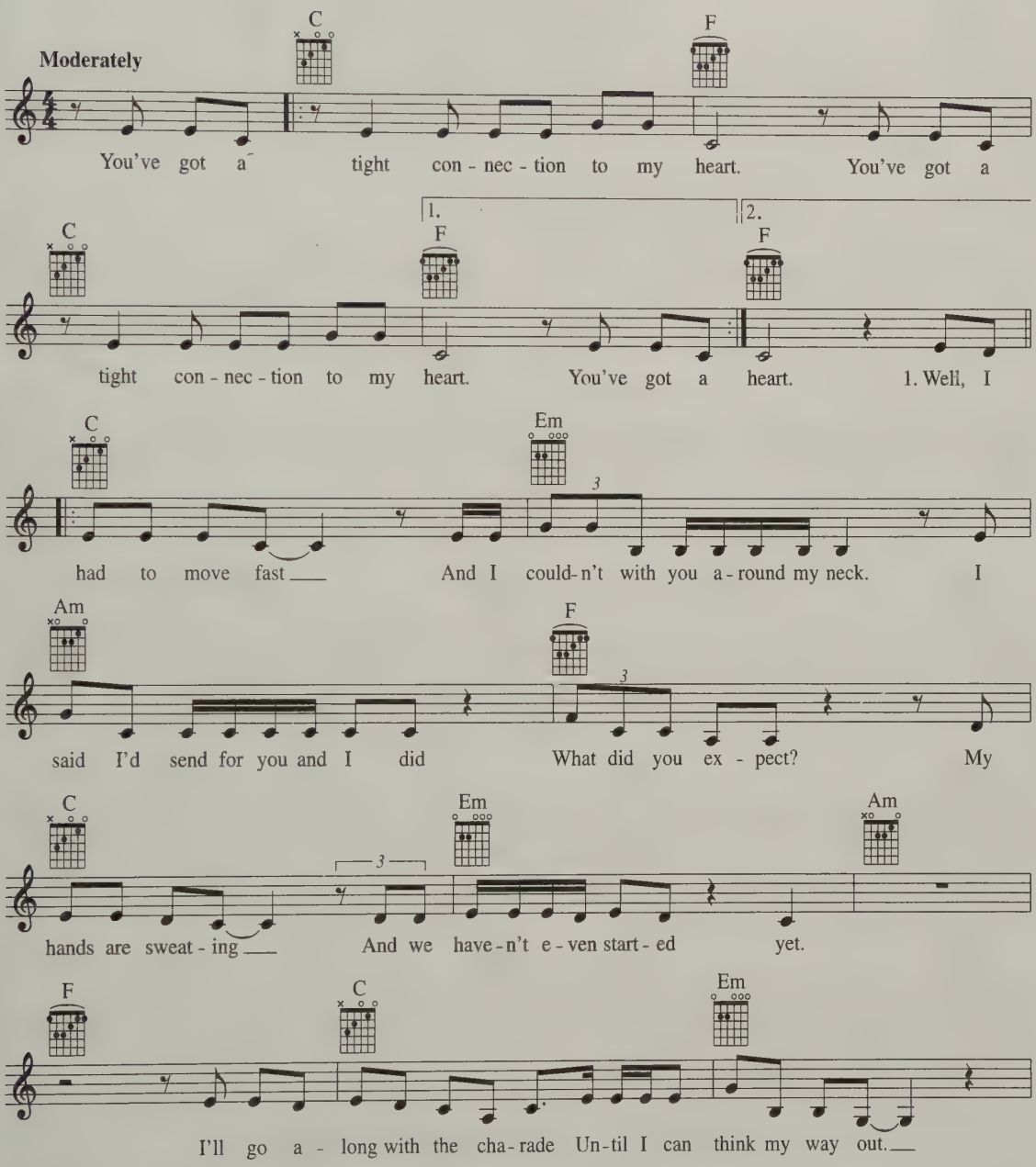
4. I hurt easy, I just don't show it
   You can hurt someone and not even know it
   The next sixty seconds could be like an eternity
   Gonna get low down, gonna fly high
   All the truth in the world adds up to one big lie
   I'm in love with a woman who don't even appeal to me

   Bridge #4:
   Mr. Jinx and Miss Lucy, they jumped in the lake
   I'm not that eager to make a mistake

   Chorus

Tight Connection to My Heart
(Has Anybody Seen My Love?)

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
C
F
You've got a tight con - nec - tion to my heart. You've got a
1.
2.
tight con - nec - tion to my heart. You've got a heart. 1. Well, I
Em
had to move fast And I could-n't with you a-round my neck. I
Am
said I'd send for you and I did What did you ex - pect? My
hands are sweat - ing And we have-n't e - ven start - ed yet.
I'll go a - long with the cha-rade Un-til I can think my way out.

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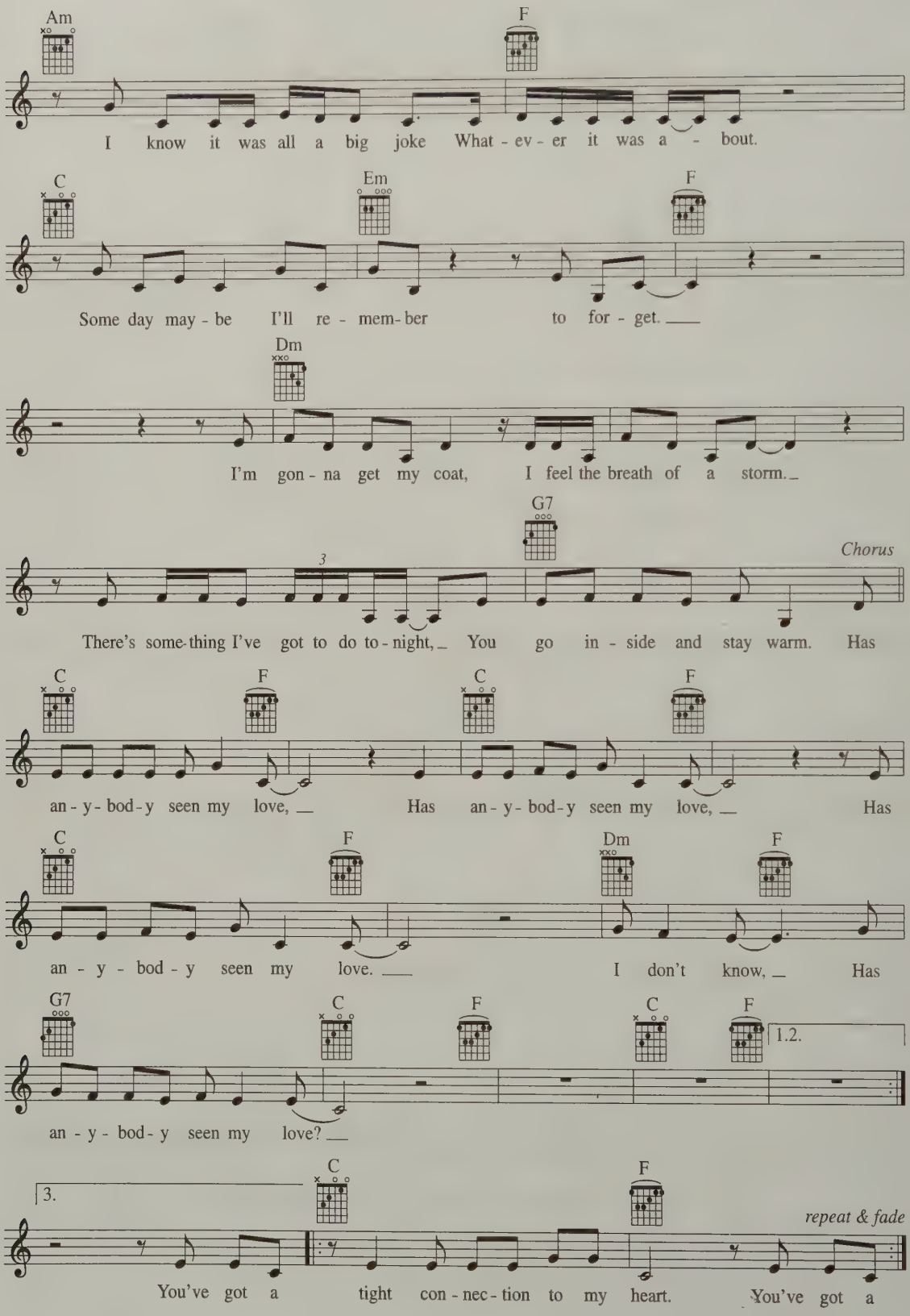

Am
F
I know it was all a big joke What - ev - er it was a - bout.
C
Em
F
Some day may - be I'll re - mem - ber to for - get.
Dm
I'm gon - na get my coat, I feel the breath of a storm.
G7
Chorus
There's some - thing I've got to do to - night, You go in - side and stay warm. Has
C
F
C
F
an - y - bod - y seen my love, Has an - y - bod - y seen my love, Has
C
F
Dm
F
an - y - bod - y seen my love. I don't know, Has
G7
C
F
C
F
1.2.
an - y - bod - y seen my love?
3.
C
F
repeat & fade
You've got a tight con - nec - tion to my heart. You've got a

Additional lyrics

2. You want to talk to me,
Go ahead and talk.
Whatever you got to say to me
Won't come as any shock.
I must be guilty of something,
You just whisper it into my ear.
Madame Butterfly
She lulled me to sleep,
In a town without pity
Where the water runs deep.
She said, "Be easy, baby,
There ain't nothin' worth stealin' in here."

You're the one I've been looking for,
You're the one that's got the key.
But I can't figure out whether I'm too good for you
Or you're too good for me.

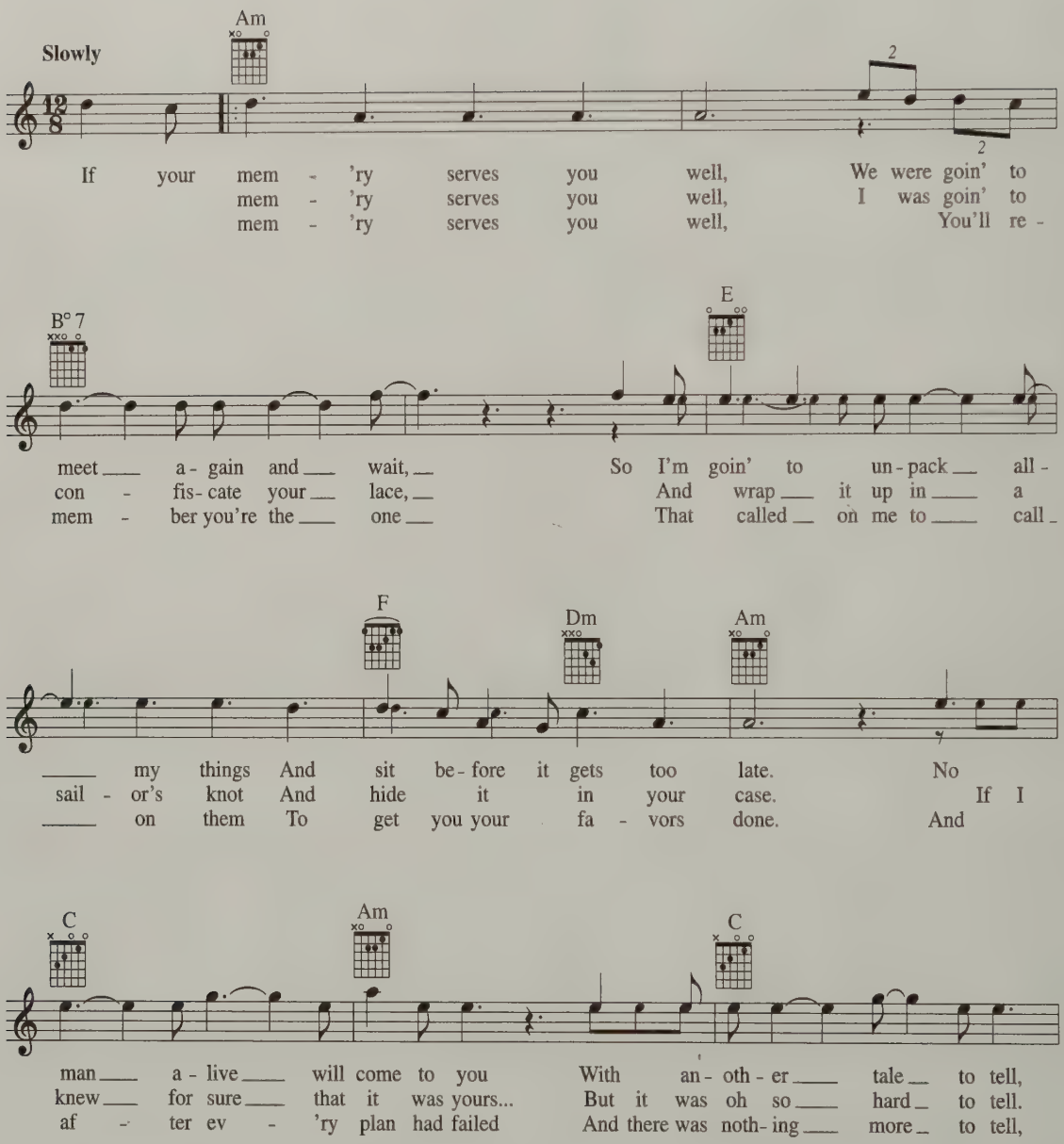
Chorus

3. Well, they're not showing any lights tonight
And there's no moon.
There's just a hot-blooded singer
Singing "Memphis in June,"
While they're beatin' the devil out of a guy
Who's wearing a powder-blue wig.
Later he'll be shot
For resisting arrest,
I can still hear his voice crying
In the wilderness.
What looks large from a distance,
Close up ain't never that big.

Never could learn to drink that blood
And call it wine,
Never could learn to hold you, love,
And call you mine.

This Wheel's on Fire

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Rick Danko


Slowly
Am
If your mem - 'ry serves you well, We were goin' to
mem - 'ry serves you well, I was goin' to
mem - 'ry serves you well, You'll re -
B° 7
E
meet a - gain and wait, So I'm goin' to un - pack all -
con - fis - cate your lace, And wrap it up in a
mem - ber you're the one That called on me to call
F
Dm
Am
my things And sit be - fore it gets too late. No
sail - or's knot And hide it in your case. If I
on them To get you your fa - vors done. And
C
Am
C
man a - live will come to you With an - oth - er tale to tell,
knew for sure that it was yours... But it was oh so hard to tell.
af - ter ev - 'ry plan had failed And there was noth - ing more to tell,

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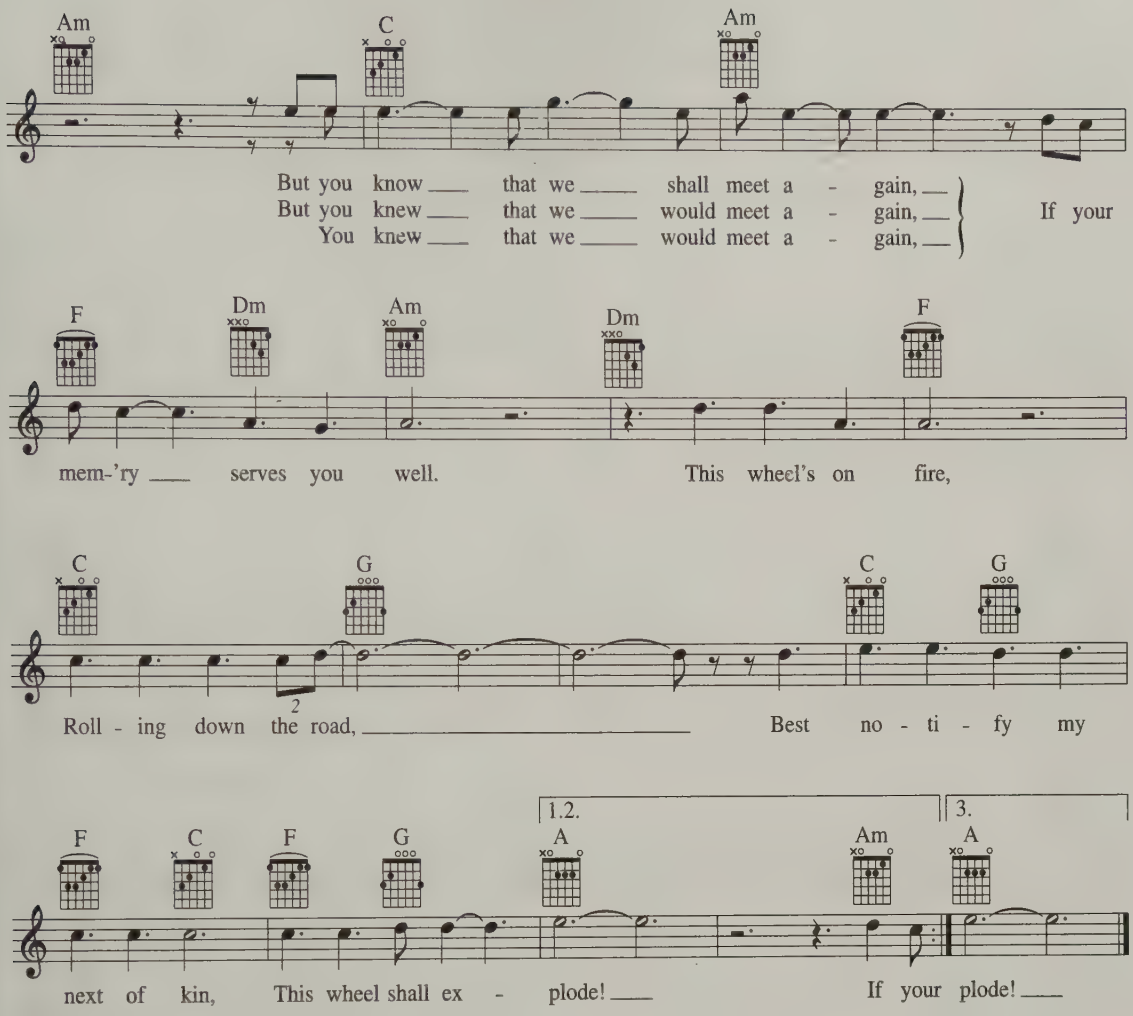
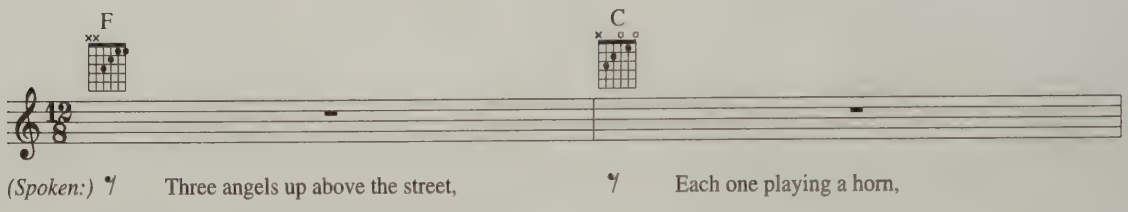
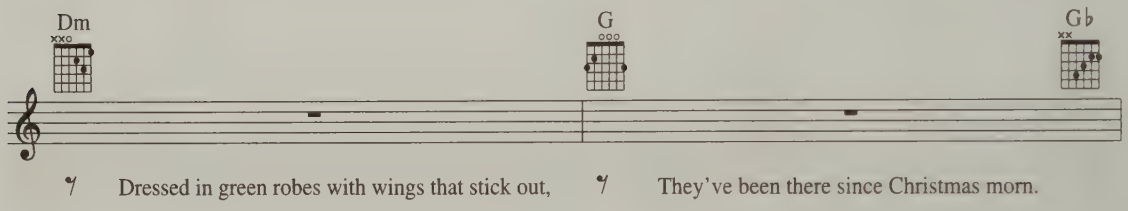
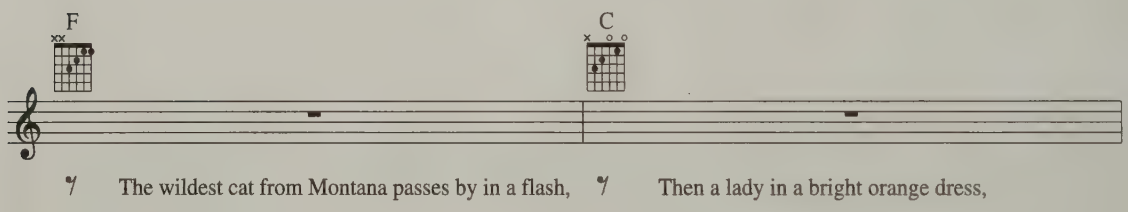

Am
C
Am
But you know ___ that we ___ shall meet a - gain, ___
But you knew ___ that we ___ would meet a - gain, ___
You knew ___ that we ___ would meet a - gain, ___
If your
F
Dm
Am
Dm
F
mem-'ry ___ serves you well.
This wheel's on fire,
C
G
C
G
2
Roll - ing down the road, ___
Best no - ti - fy my
1.2.
3.
F
C
F
G
A
Am
A
next of kin,
This wheel shall ex - plode! ___
If your plode! ___

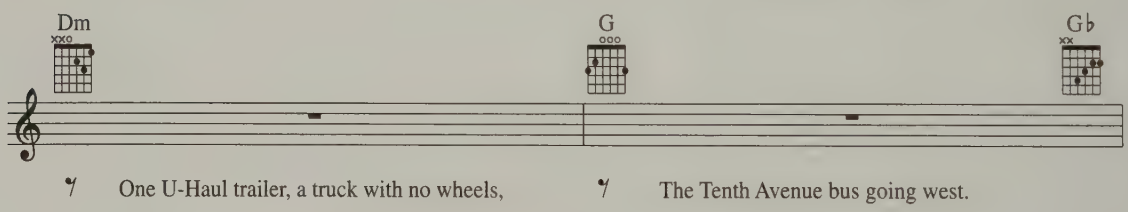
Three Angels

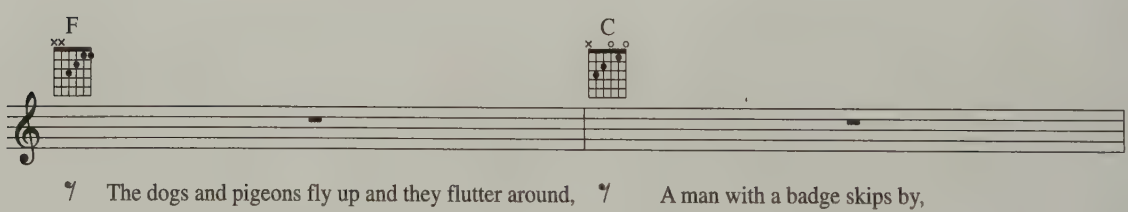
Words and Music by Bob Dylan











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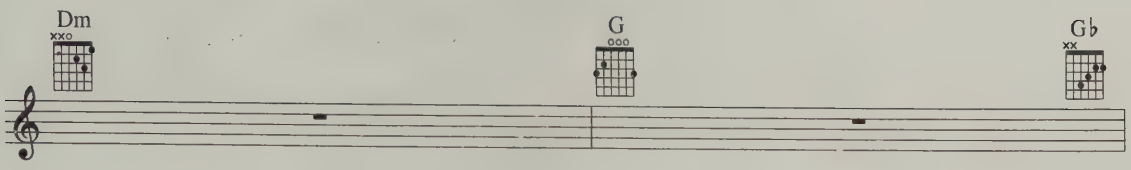
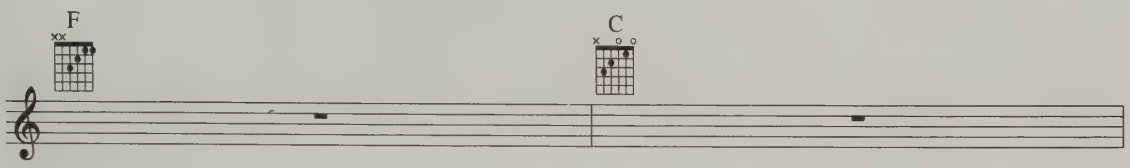
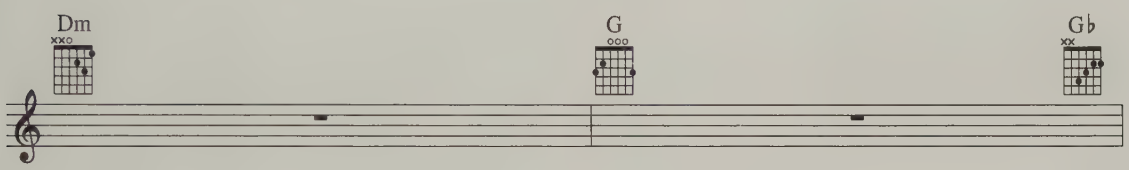
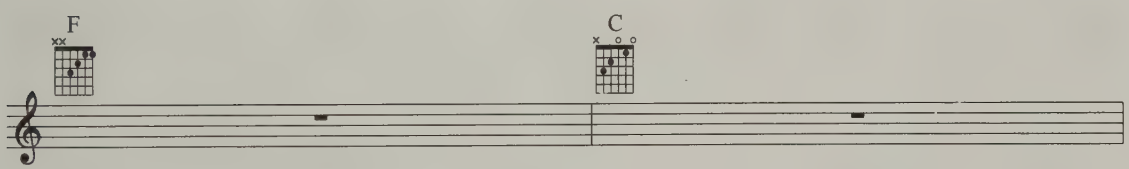

Three fellas crawlin' on their way back to work, Nobody stops to ask why.



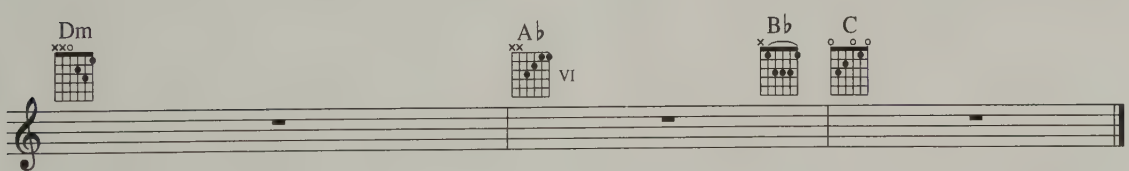
The bakery truck stops outside of that fence Where the angels stand high on their poles,



The driver peeks out, trying to find one face In this concrete world full of souls.



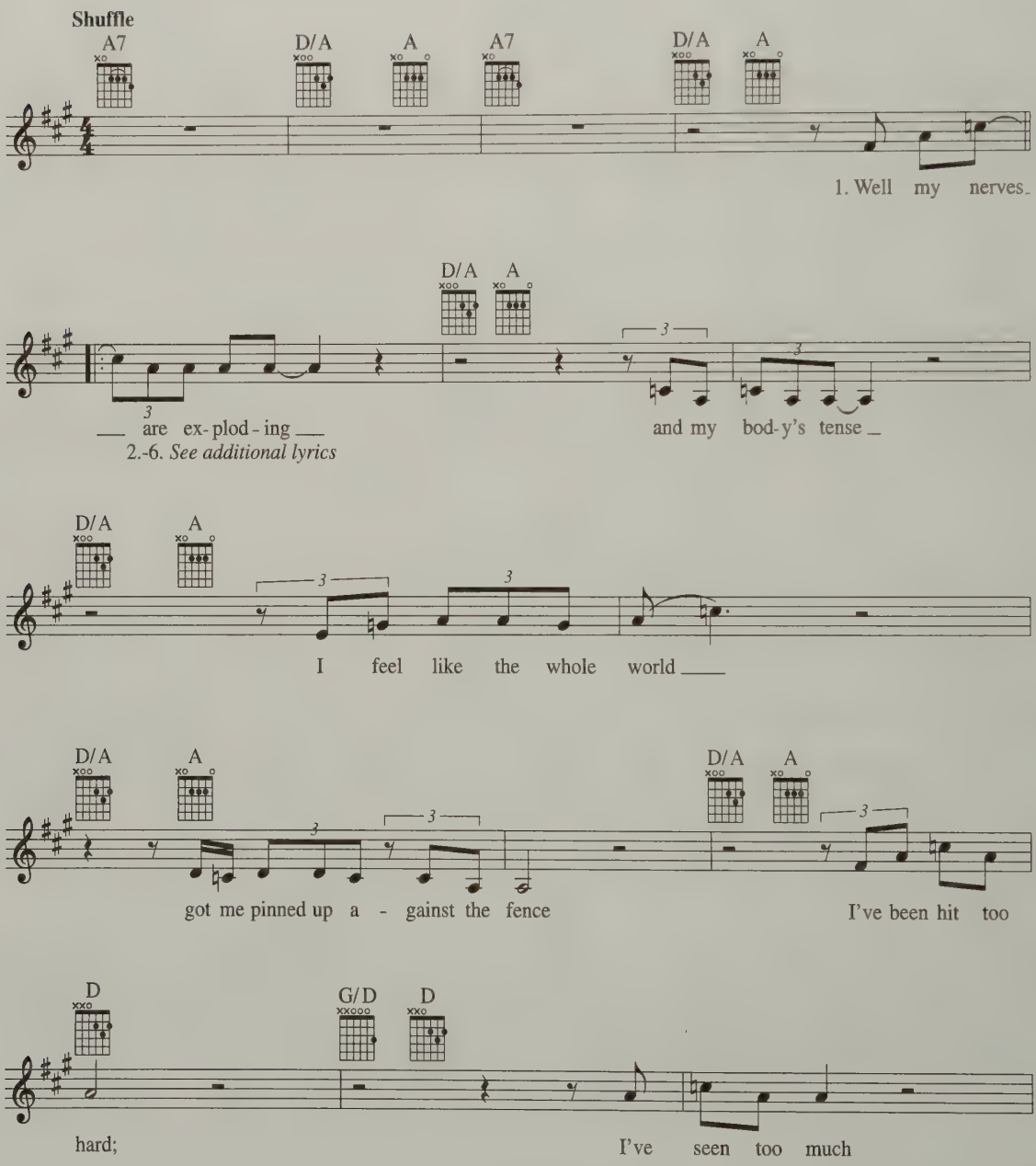
The angels play on their horns all day, The whole earth in progression seems to pass by.



But does anyone hear the music they play, Does anyone even try?

'Til I Fell in Love with You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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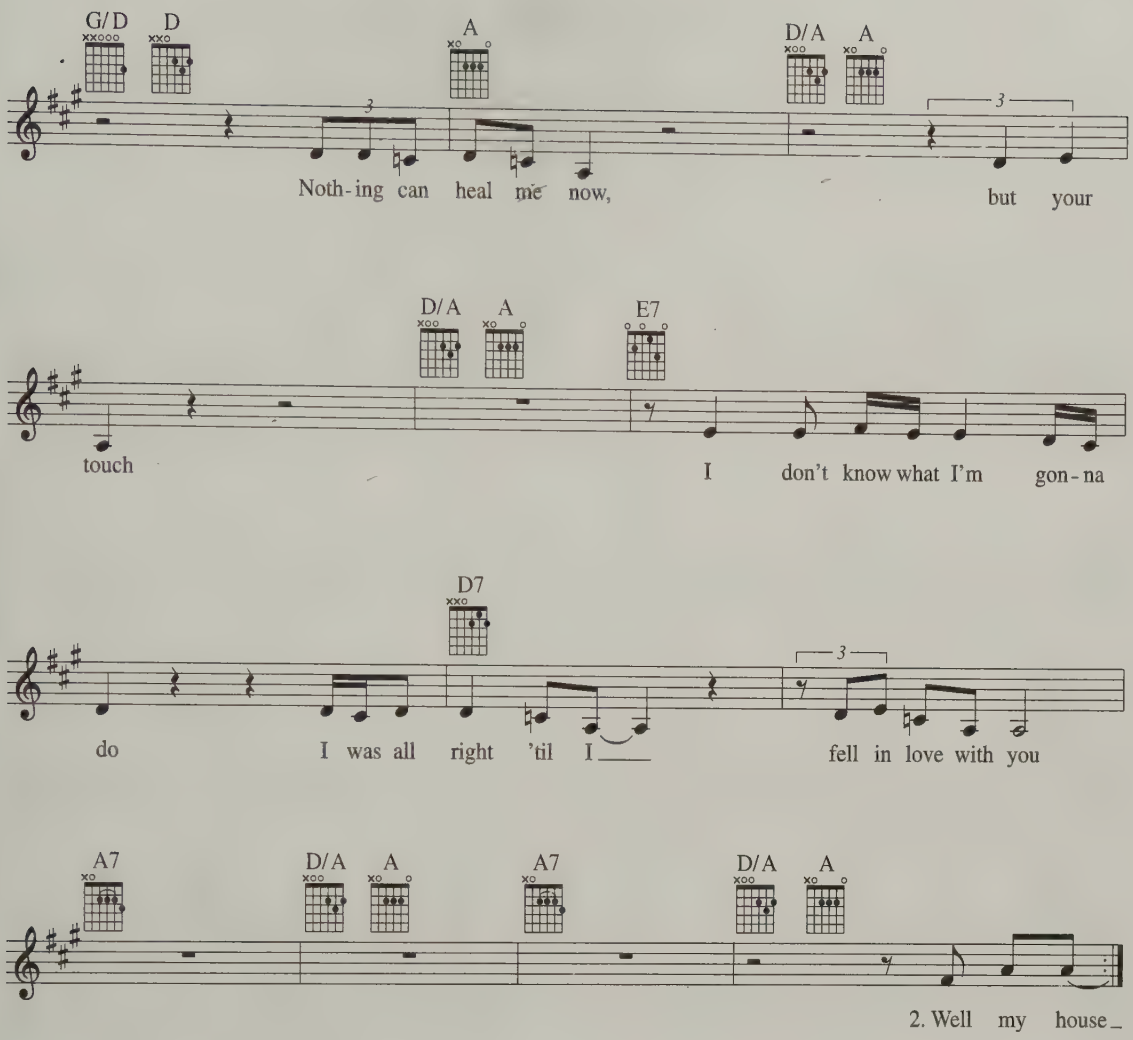


Additional lyrics

2. Well my house is on fire; burning to the sky
I thought it would rain but the clouds passed by
Now I feel like I'm coming to the end of my way
But I know God is my shield and he won't lead me astray
Still I don't know what I'm gonna do
I was all right 'til I fell in love with you

3. Boys in the street beginning to play
Girls like birds flying away
When I'm gone you will remember my name
I'm gonna win my way to wealth and fame
I don't know what I'm gonna do
I was all right 'til I fell in love with you

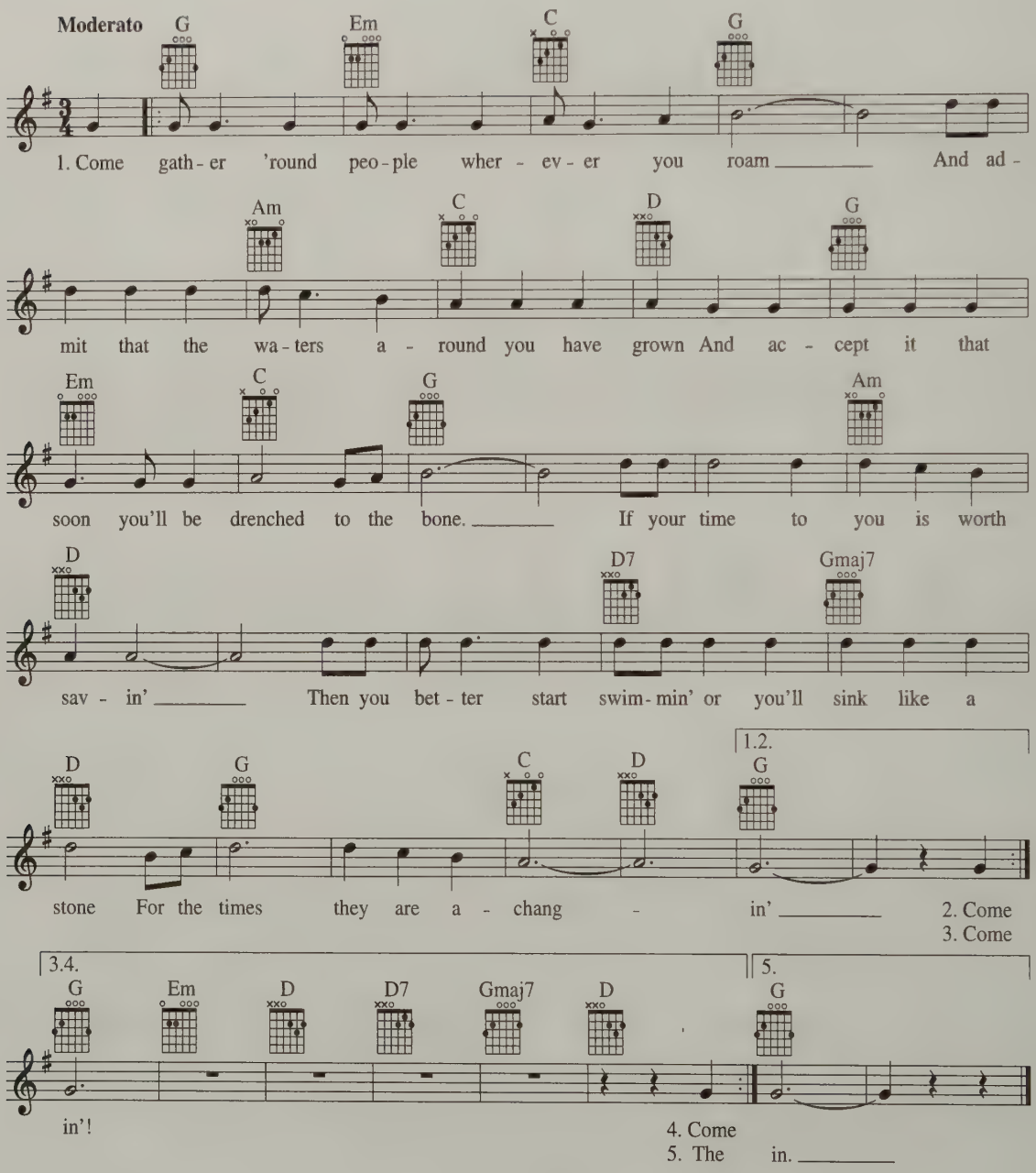
4. Junk is piling up; taking up space
My eyes feel like they're falling off my face
Sweat falling down, I'm staring at the floor
I'm thinking about that girl who won't be back no more
I don't know what I'm gonna do
I was all right 'til I fell in love with you

5. Well I'm tired of talking; I'm tired of trying to explain
My attempts to please you were all in vain
Tomorrow night before the sun goes down
If I'm still among the living, I'll be Dixie bound
I just don't know what I'm gonna do
I was all right 'til I fell in love with you.

6. *Instrumental*

The Times They Are A-Changin'

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato
G Em C G
1. Come gath - er 'round peo - ple wher - ev - er you roam _____ And ad -
Am C D G
mit that the wa - ters a - round you have grown And ac - cept it that
Em C G Am
soon you'll be drenched to the bone. _____ If your time to you is worth
D D7 Gmaj7
sav - in' _____ Then you bet - ter start swim - min' or you'll sink like a
1.2.
D G C D G
stone For the times they are a - chang - in' _____
2. Come
3. Come
3.4. 5.
G Em D D7 Gmaj7 D G
in'!
4. Come
5. The in. _____

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Additional lyrics

2. Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who
That it's namin'.
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.

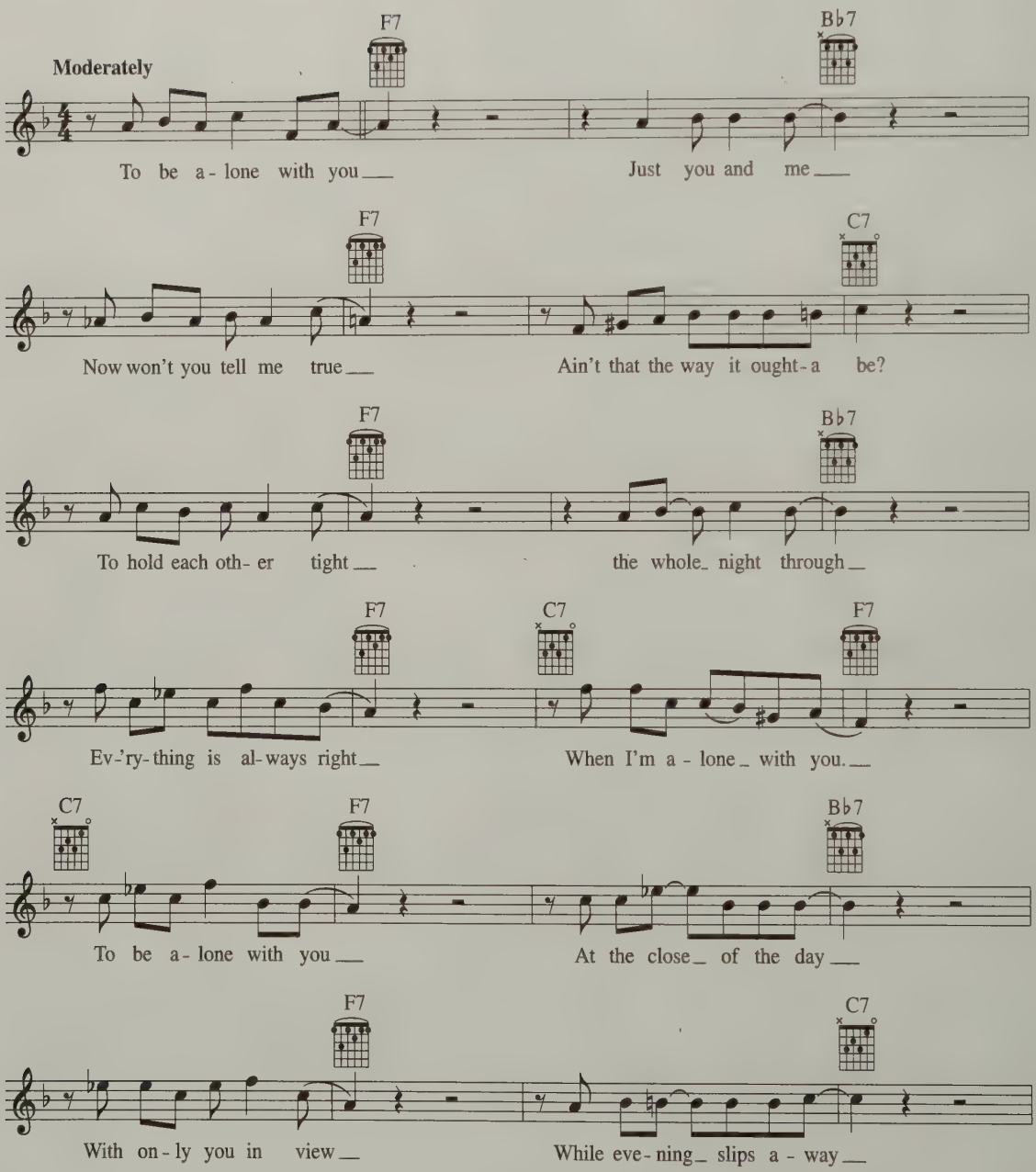
3. Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside
And it is ragin'.
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

4. Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is
Rapidly agin'.
Please get out of the new one
If you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'.

5. The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is
Rapidly fadin'.
And the first one now
Will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'.

To Be Alone with You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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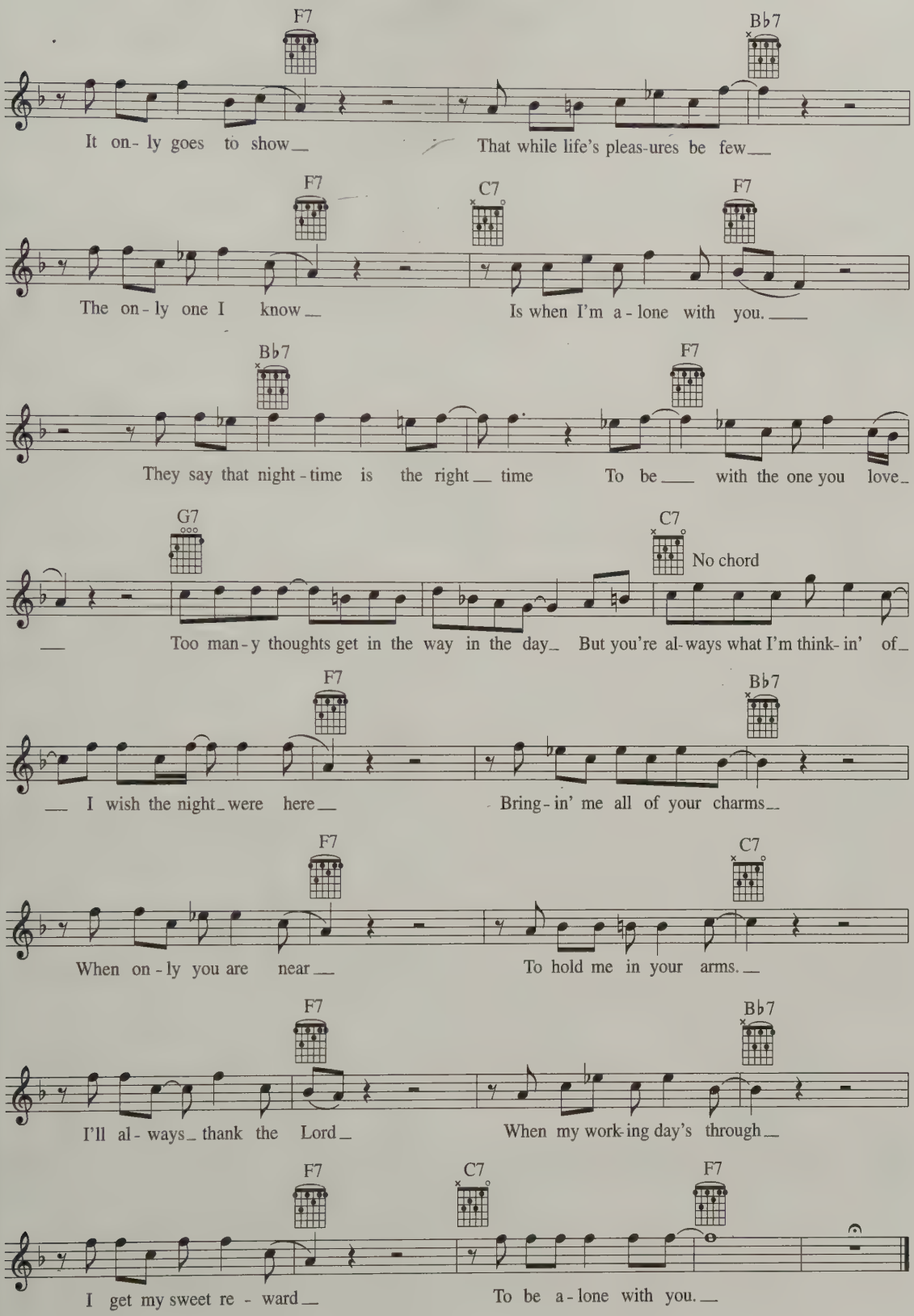
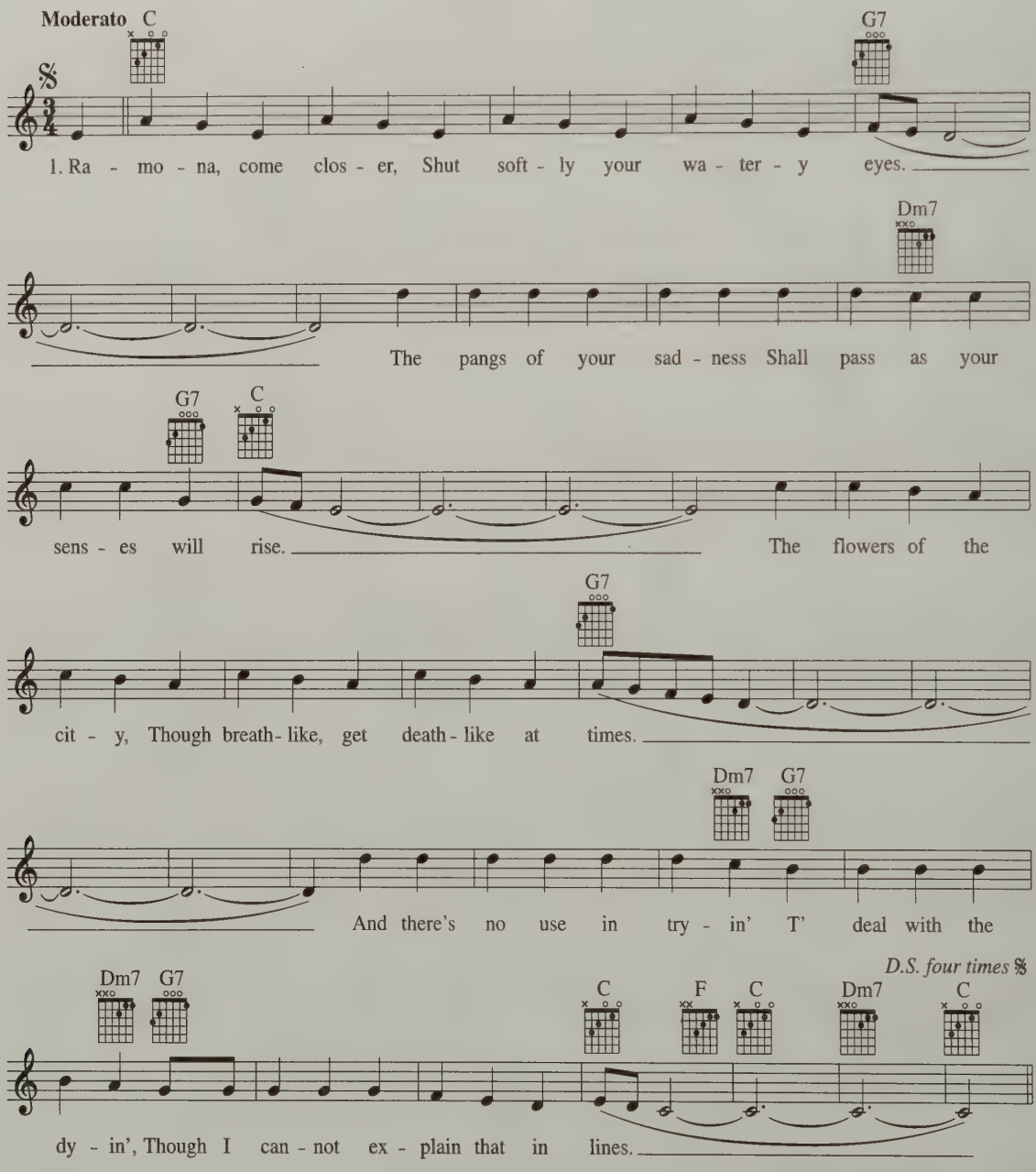

F7
B♭7
It on- ly goes to show
That while life's pleas-ures be few
F7
C7
F7
The on- ly one I know
Is when I'm a- lone with you.
B♭7
F7
They say that night- time is the right time To be with the one you love
G7
C7
No chord
Too man- y thoughts get in the way in the day But you're al- ways what I'm think- in' of
F7
B♭7
I wish the night were here
Bring- in' me all of your charms
F7
C7
When on- ly you are near
To hold me in your arms.
F7
B♭7
I'll al- ways thank the Lord
When my work- ing day's through
F7
C7
F7
I get my sweet re- ward
To be a- lone with you.

To Ramona

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderato
C
G7
1. Ra - mo - na, come clos - er, Shut soft - ly your wa - ter - y eyes.
Dm7
The pangs of your sad - ness Shall pass as your
G7
C
sens - es will rise. The flowers of the
G7
cit - y, Though breath - like, get death - like at times.
Dm7
G7
And there's no use in try - in' T' deal with the
D.S. four times
Dm7
G7
C
F
C
Dm7
C
dy - in', Though I can - not ex - plain that in lines.

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Additional lyrics

2. Your cracked country lips,
I still wish to kiss,
As to be under the strength of your skin.
Your magnetic movements
Still capture the minutes I'm in.
But it grieves my heart, love,
To see you tryin' to be a part of
A world that just don't exist.
It's all just a dream, babe,
A vacuum, a scheme, babe,
That sucks you into feelin' like this.

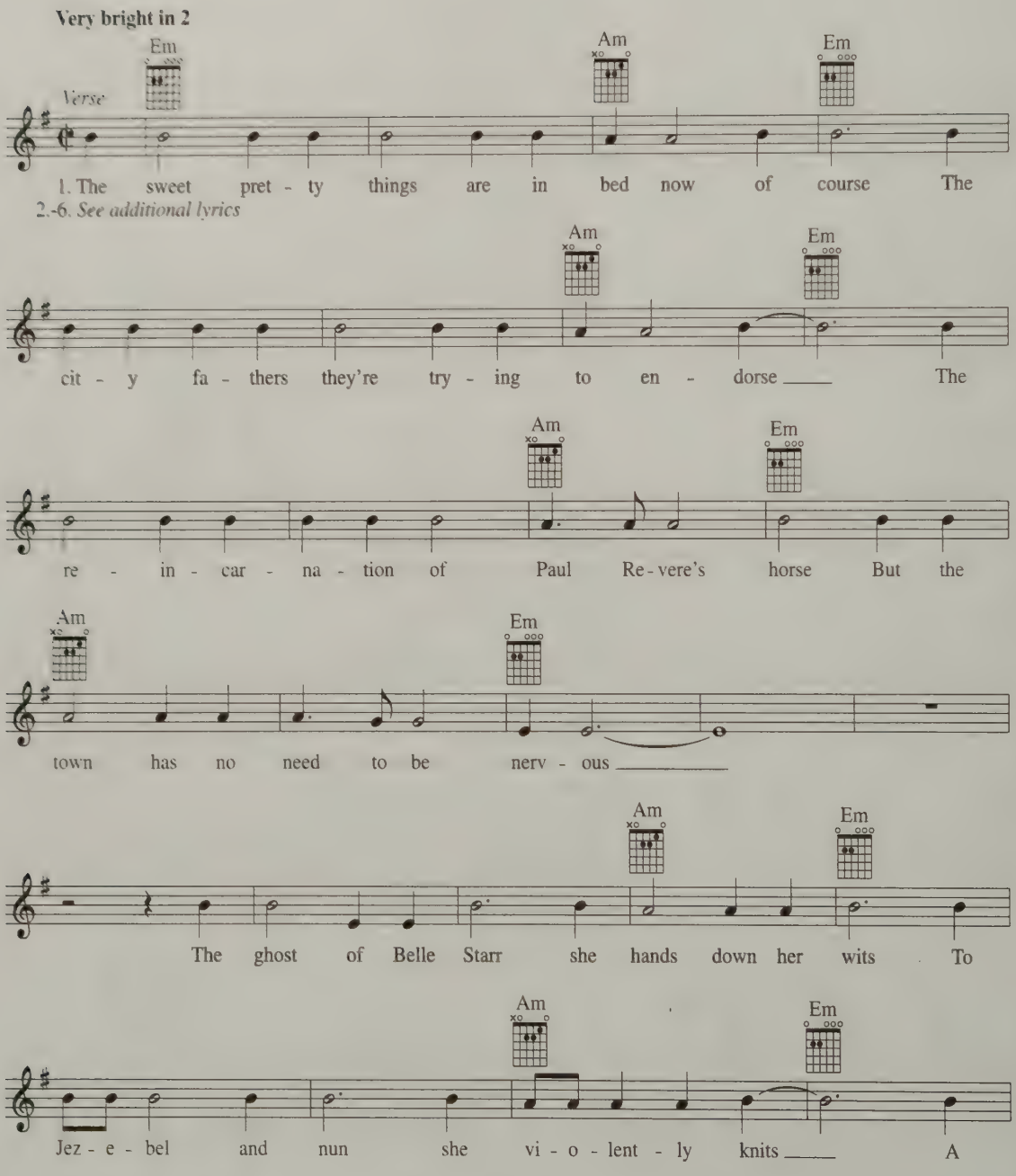
3. I can see that your head
Has been twisted and fed
By worthless foam from the mouth.
I can tell you are torn
Between stayin' and returnin'
On back to the South.
You've been fooled into thinking
That the finishin' end is at hand.
Yet there's no one to beat you,
No one t' defeat you,
'Cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad.

4. I've heard you say many times
That you're better 'n no one
And no one is better 'n you.
If you really believe that,
You know you got
Nothing to win and nothing to lose.
From fixtures and forces and friends,
Your sorrow does stem,
That hype you and type you,
Making you feel
That you must be exactly like them.

5. I'd forever talk to you,
But soon my words,
They would turn into a meaningless ring.
For deep in my heart
I know there is no help I can bring.
Everything passes,
Everything changes,
Just do what you think you should do.
And someday maybe,
Who knows, baby,
I'll come and be cryin' to you.

Tombstone Blues

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Very bright in 2
Em
Am
Em
Verse
1. The sweet pret - ty things are in bed now of course The
2.-6. See additional lyrics
Am
Em
cit - y fa - thers they're try - ing to en - dorse The
Am
Em
re - in - car - na - tion of Paul Re - vere's horse But the
Am
Em
town has no need to be nerv - ous
Am
Em
The ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits To
Am
Em
Jez - e - bel and nun she vi - o - lent - ly knits A

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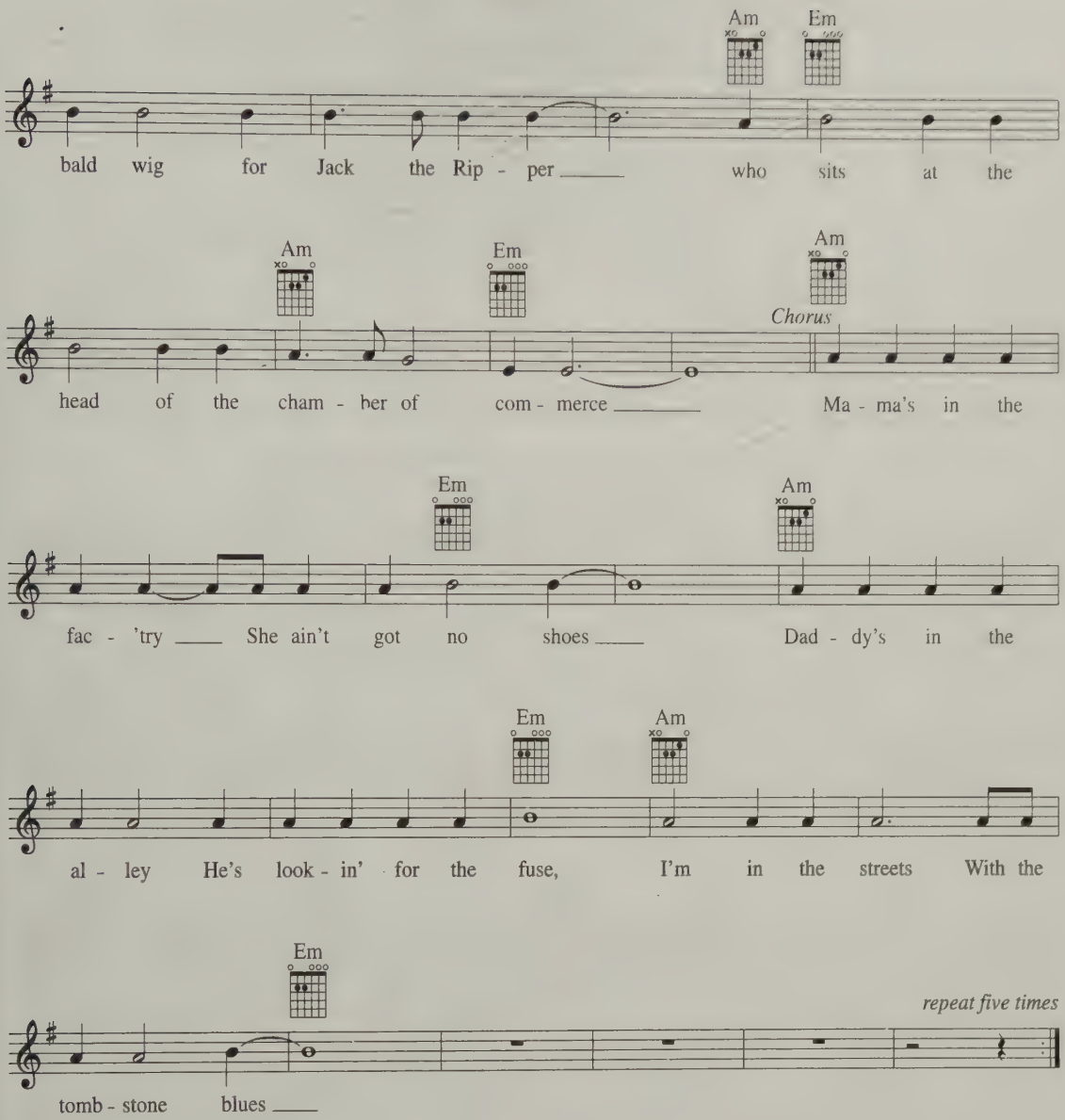

Am
Em
bald wig for Jack the Rip - per who sits at the
Am
Em
Am
Chorus
head of the cham - ber of com - merce Ma - ma's in the
Em
Am
fac - 'try She ain't got no shoes Dad - dy's in the
Em
Am
al - ley He's look - in' for the fuse, I'm in the streets With the
Em
repeat five times
tomb - stone blues

Additional lyrics

2. The hysterical bride in the penny arcade
Screaming she moans, "I've just been made"
Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade
Says, "My advice is to not let the boys in"

Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride
"Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride
You will not die, it's not poison"

Chorus

3. Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief
Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief
Saying, "Tell me great hero, but please make it brief
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?"

The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"
And dropping a bar bell he points to the sky
Saving, "The sun's not yellow it's chicken"

Chorus

4. The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save
Put jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their graves
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves
Then sends them out to the jungle

Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch he burns out their camps
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps
With a fantastic collection of stamps
To win friends and influence his uncle

Chorus

5. The geometry of innocence flesh on the bone
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown
At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone
But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter

Now I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill
I would set him in chains at the top of the hill
Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille
He could die happily ever after

Chorus

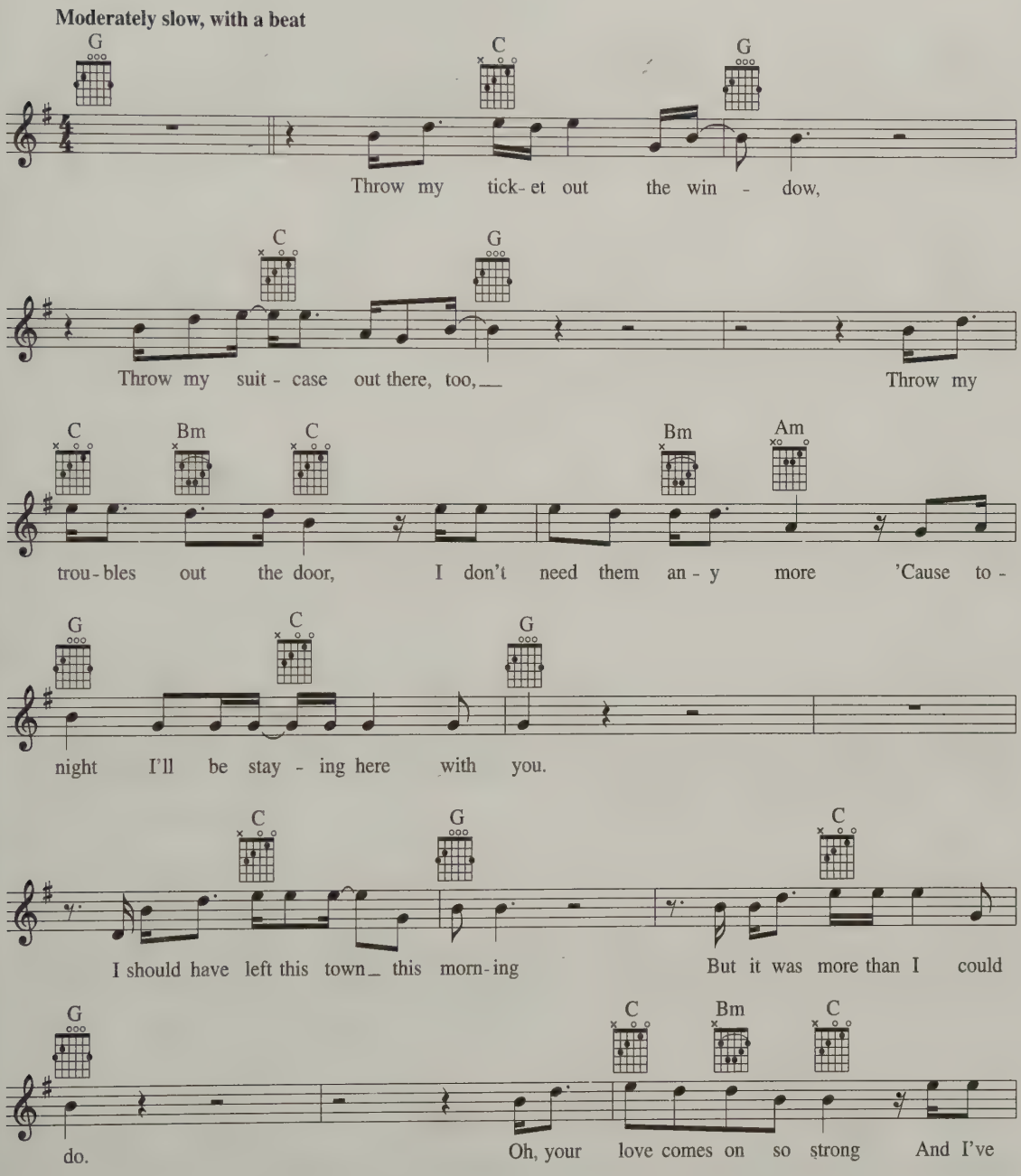
6. Where Ma Raney and Beethoven once unwrapped their bed roll
Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole
And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for the soul
To the old folks home and the college

Now I wish I could write you a melody so plain
That could hold you dear lady from going insane
That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain
Of your useless and pointless knowledge

Chorus

Tonight I'll Be Staying Here with You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow, with a beat
G C G
Throw my tick- et out the win - dow,
C G
Throw my suit - case out there, too, Throw my
C Bm C Bm Am
trou- bles out the door, I don't need them an - y more 'Cause to -
G C G
night I'll be stay - ing here with you.
C G C
I should have left this town this morn- ing But it was more than I could
G C Bm C
do. Oh, your love comes on so strong And I've

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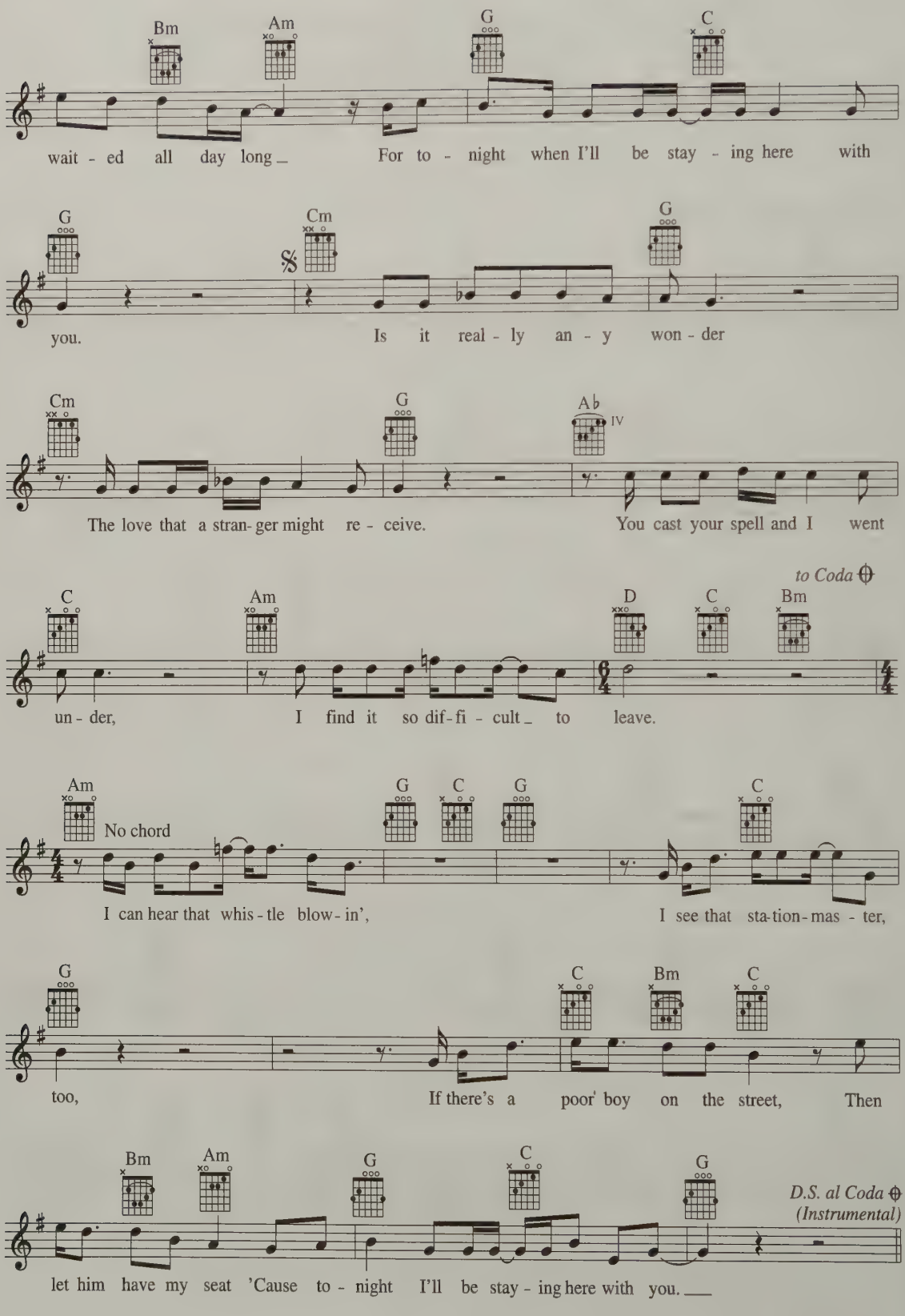
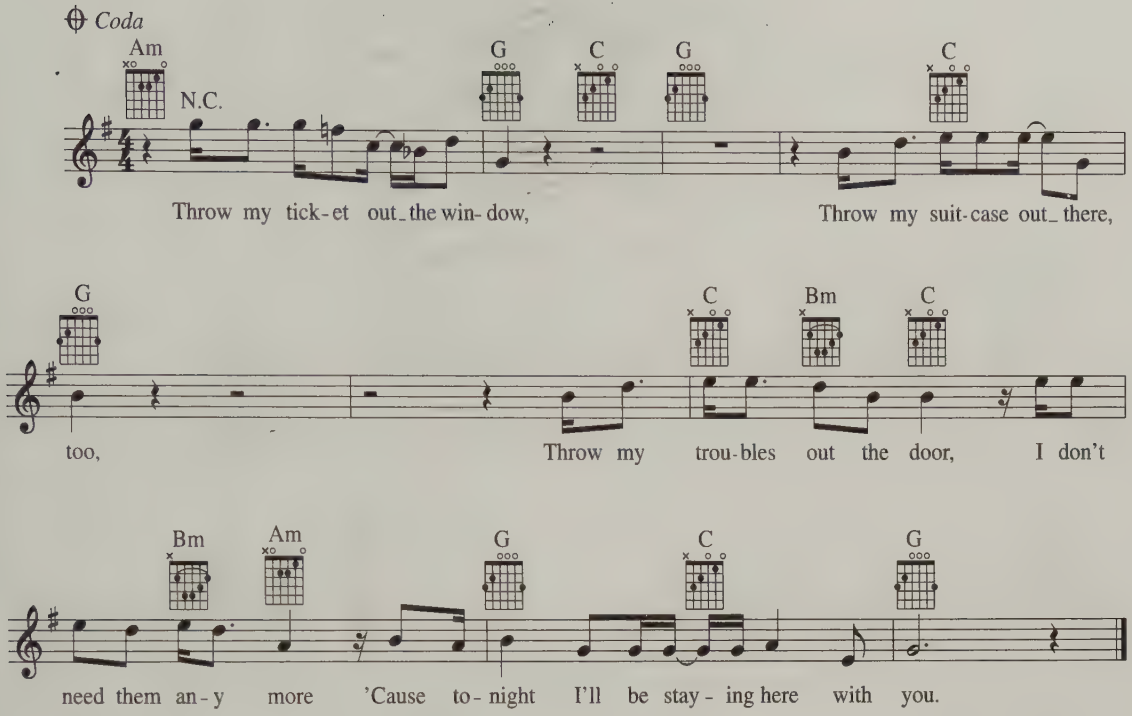
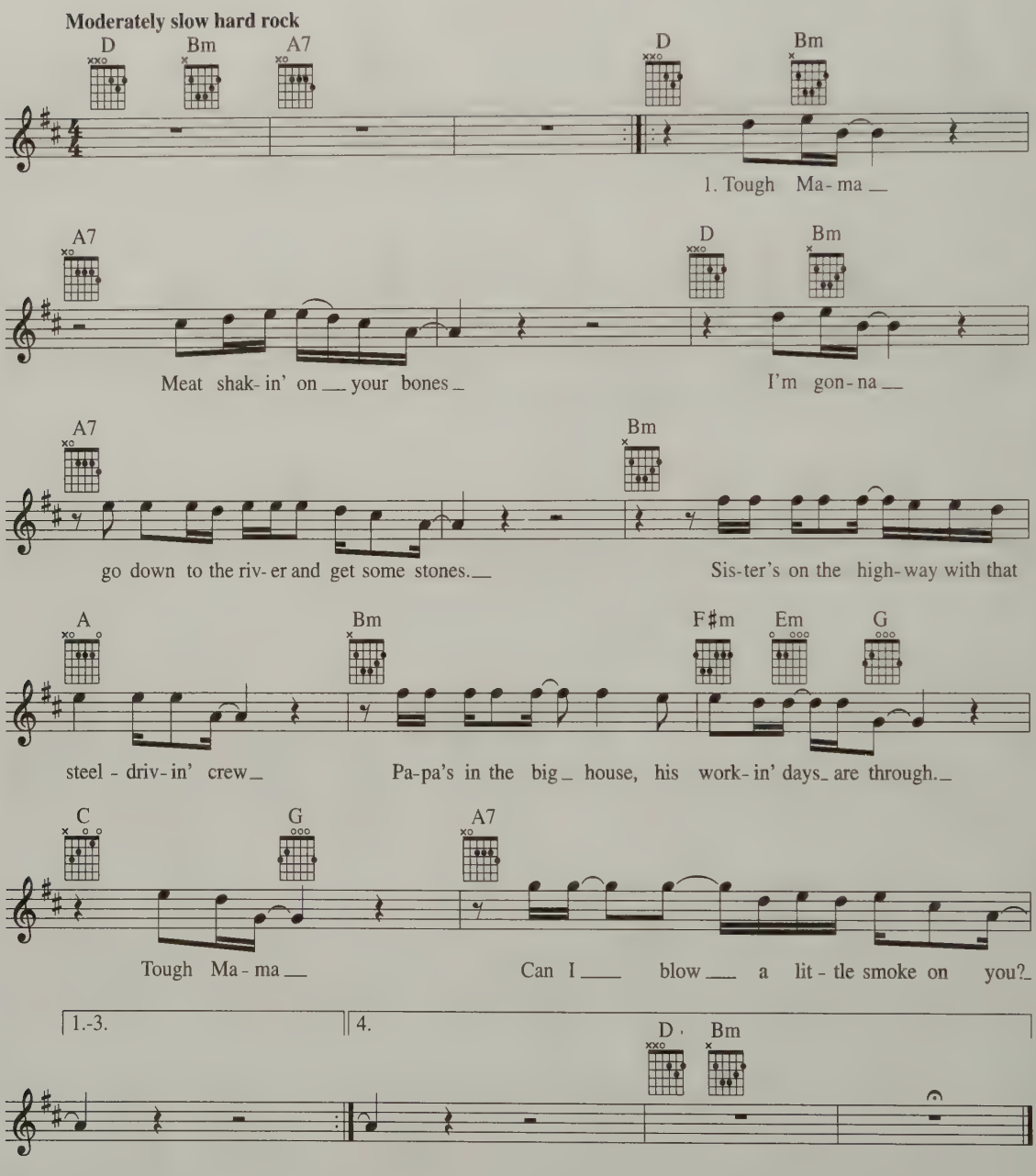

Bm
Am
G
C
wait - ed all day long_ For to - night when I'll be stay - ing here with
G
Cm
G
you. Is it real - ly an - y won - der
Cm
G
A♭
IV
The love that a stran- ger might re - ceive. You cast your spell and I went
to Coda
C
Am
D
C
Bm
un - der, I find it so dif - fi - cult_ to leave.
Am
No chord
G
C
G
C
I can hear that whis - tle blow - in', I see that sta-tion-mas - ter,
G
C
Bm
C
too, If there's a poor boy on the street, Then
Bm
Am
G
C
G
D.S. al Coda
(Instrumental)
let him have my seat 'Cause to - night I'll be stay - ing here with you.


Coda
Am
N.C.
G
C
G
C
Throw my tick-et out_the win-dow,
Throw my suit-case out_there,
too,
G
C
Bm
C
Throw my trou-bles out the door,
I don't
need them an-y more
Bm
Am
'Cause to-night I'll be stay-ing here with you.
G
C
G

Tough Mama

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Dark Beauty
   Won't you move it on over and make some room?
   It's my duty to bring you down to the field where the flowers bloom.
   Ashes in the furnace, dust on the rise,
   You came through it all the way, flyin' through the skies.
   Dark Beauty
   With that long night's journey in your eyes.

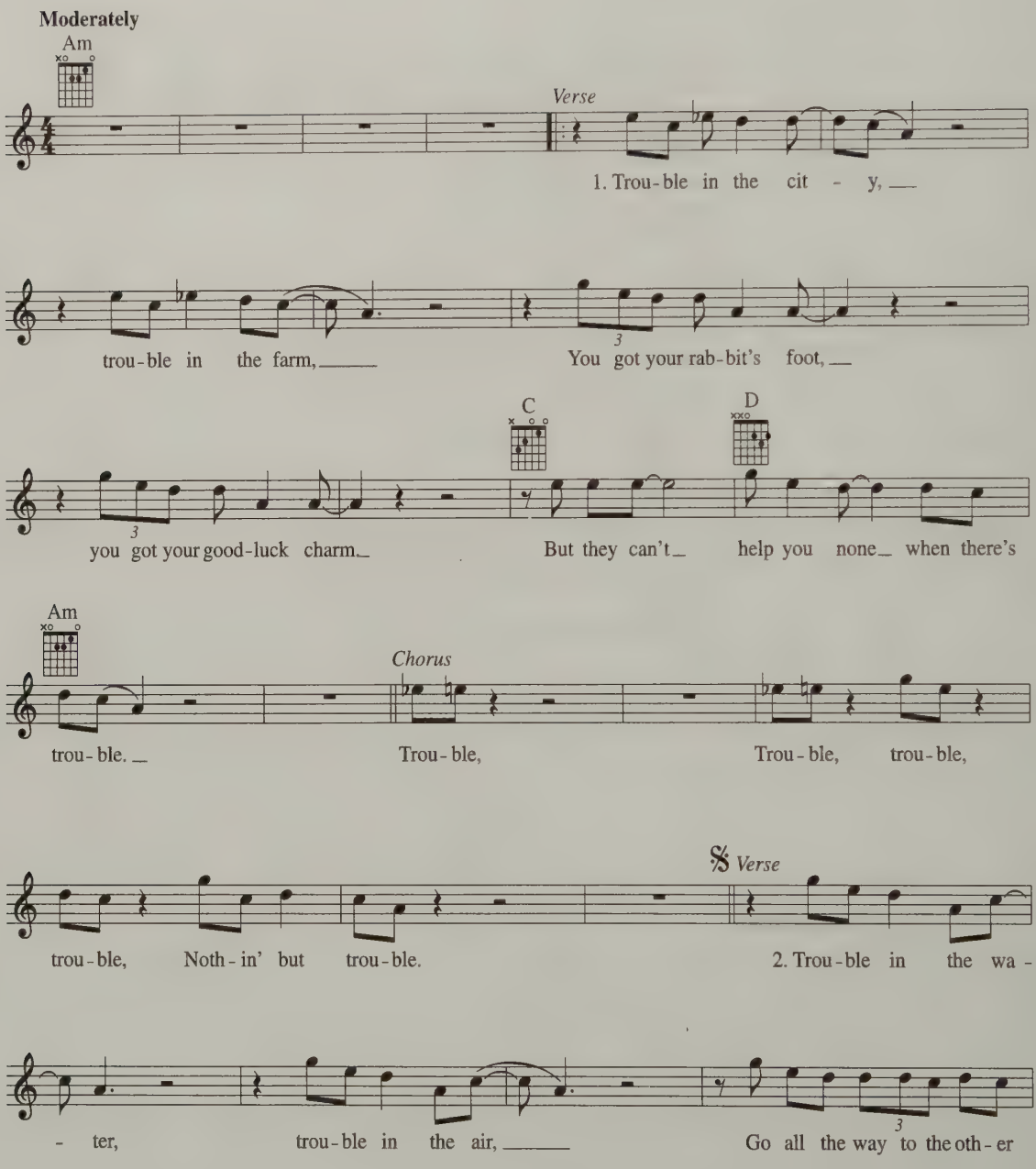
3. Sweet Goddess
   Born of a blinding light and a changing wind,
   Now, don't be modest, you know who you are and where you've been.
   Jack the Cowboy went up north
   He's buried in your past.
   The Lone Wolf went out drinking
   That was over pretty fast.
   Sweet Goddess
   Your perfect stranger's comin' in at last.

4. Silver Angel
   With the badge of the lonesome road sewed in your sleeve,
   I'd be grateful if this golden ring you would receive.
   Today on the countryside it was a-hotter than a crotch,
   I stood alone upon the ridge and all I did was watch.
   Sweet Goddess
   It must be time to carve another notch.

5. I'm crestfallen
   The world of illusion is at my door,
   I ain't a-haulin' any of my lambs to the marketplace anymore.
   The prison walls are crumblin', there is no end in sight,
   I've gained some recognition but I lost my appetite.
   Dark Beauty
   Meet me at the border late tonight.

Trouble

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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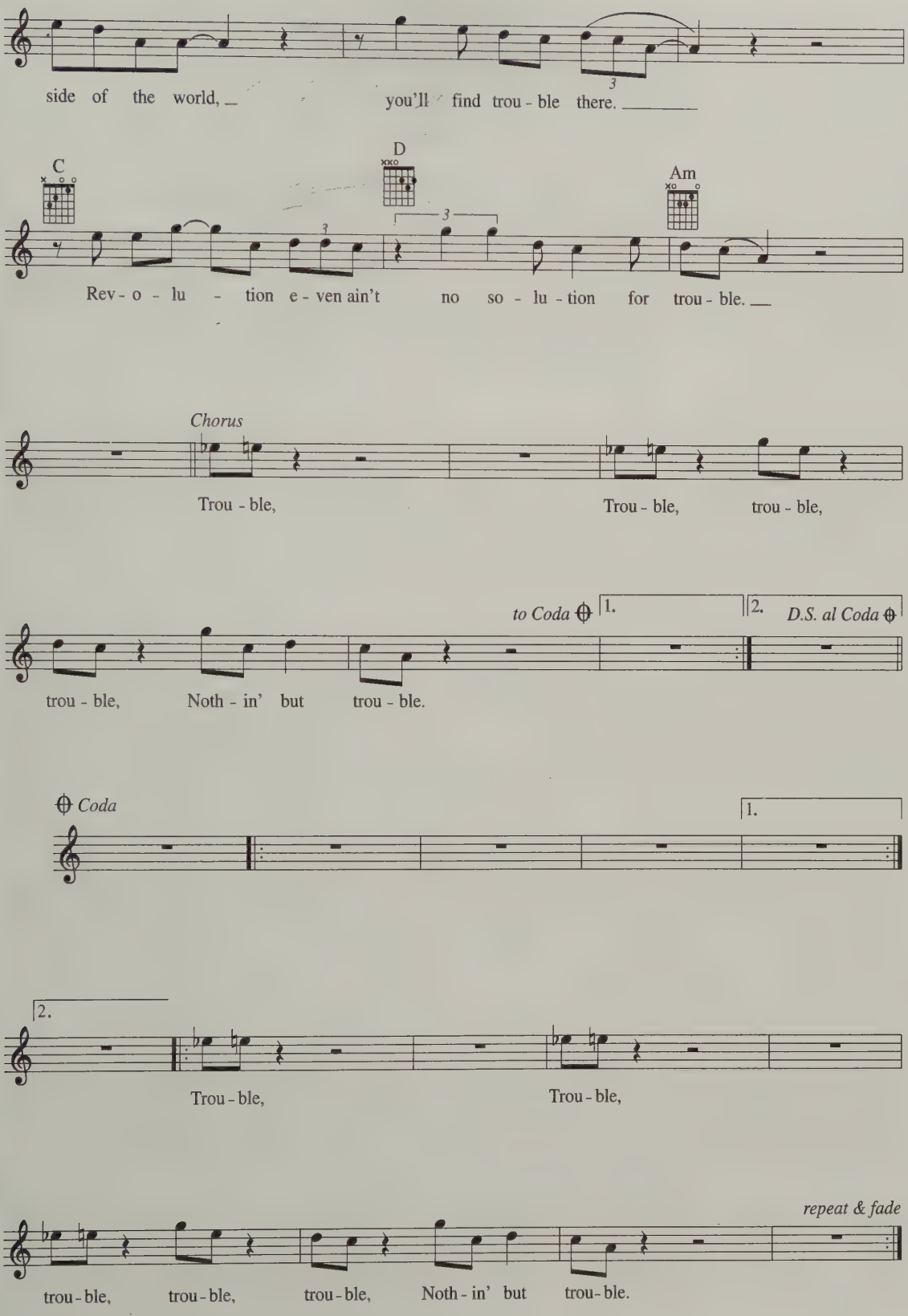

side of the world, you'll find trou - ble there.
C
D
Am
Rev - o - lu - tion e - ven ain't no so - lu - tion for trou - ble.
Chorus
Trou - ble, Trou - ble, trou - ble,
to Coda
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda
trou - ble, Noth - in' but trou - ble.
Coda
1.
2.
Trou - ble, Trou - ble,
repeat & fade
trou - ble, trou - ble, trou - ble, Noth - in' but trou - ble.

Additional lyrics

3. Drought and starvation, packaging of the soul,
   Persecution, execution, governments out of control.
   You can see the writing on the wall inviting trouble.

   Chorus

4. Put your ear to the train tracks, put your ear to the ground,
   You ever feel like you're never alone even when there's nobody else around?
   Since the beginning of the universe man's been cursed by trouble.

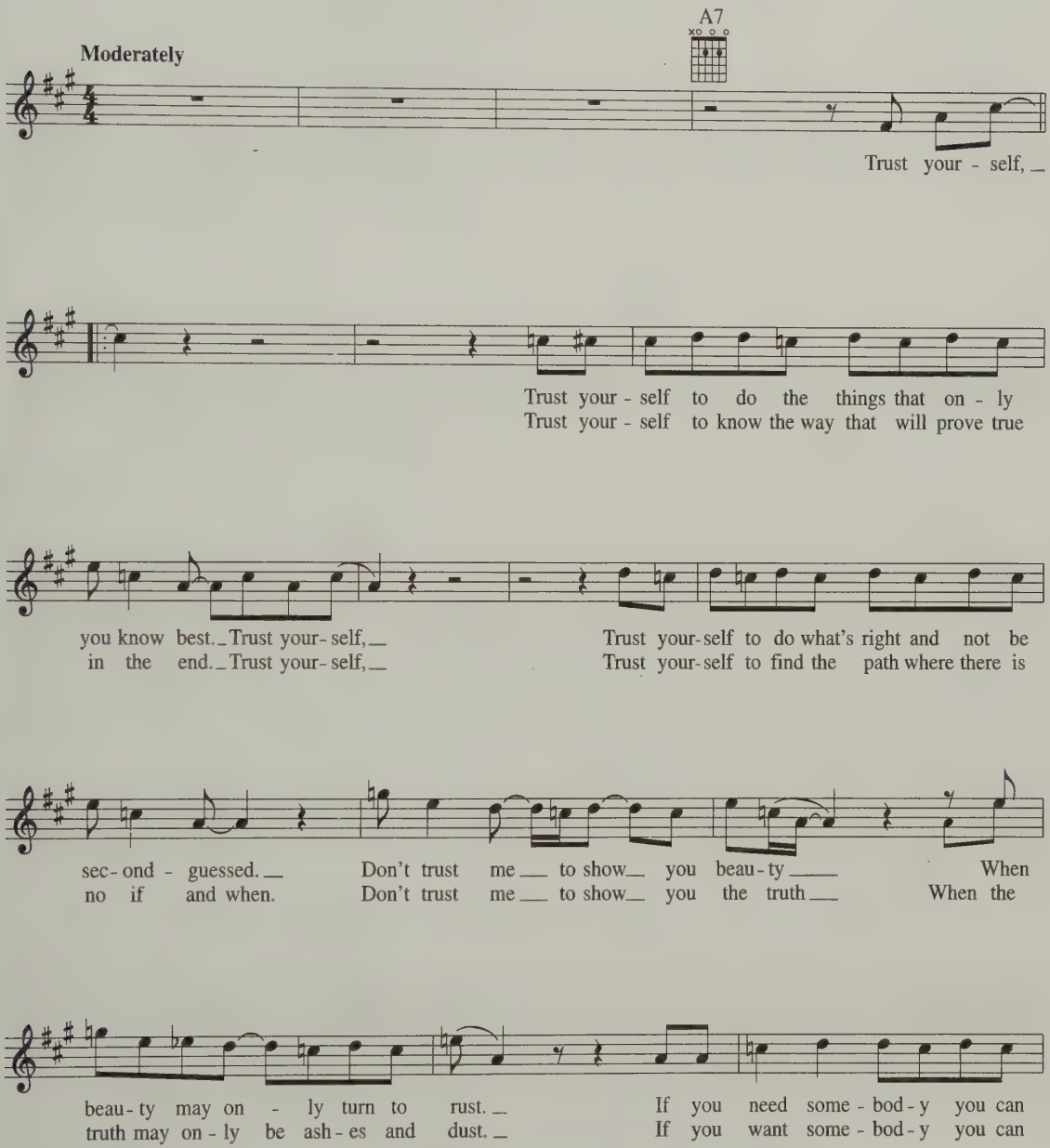
   Chorus

5. Nightclubs of the broken-hearted, stadiums of the damned,
   Legislature, perverted nature, doors that are rudely slammed.
   Look into infinity, all you see is trouble.

   Chorus

Trust Yourself

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


A7
Moderately
Trust your - self, _
Trust your - self to do the things that on - ly
Trust your - self to know the way that will prove true
you know best. _ Trust your - self, _
in the end. _ Trust your - self, _
Trust your - self to do what's right and not be
Trust your - self to find the path where there is
sec - ond - guessed. _
no if and when.
Don't trust me _ to show _ you beau - ty _
Don't trust me _ to show _ you the truth _
When
When the
beau - ty may on - ly turn to rust. _
truth may on - ly be ash - es and dust. _
If you need some - bod - y you can
If you want some - bod - y you can

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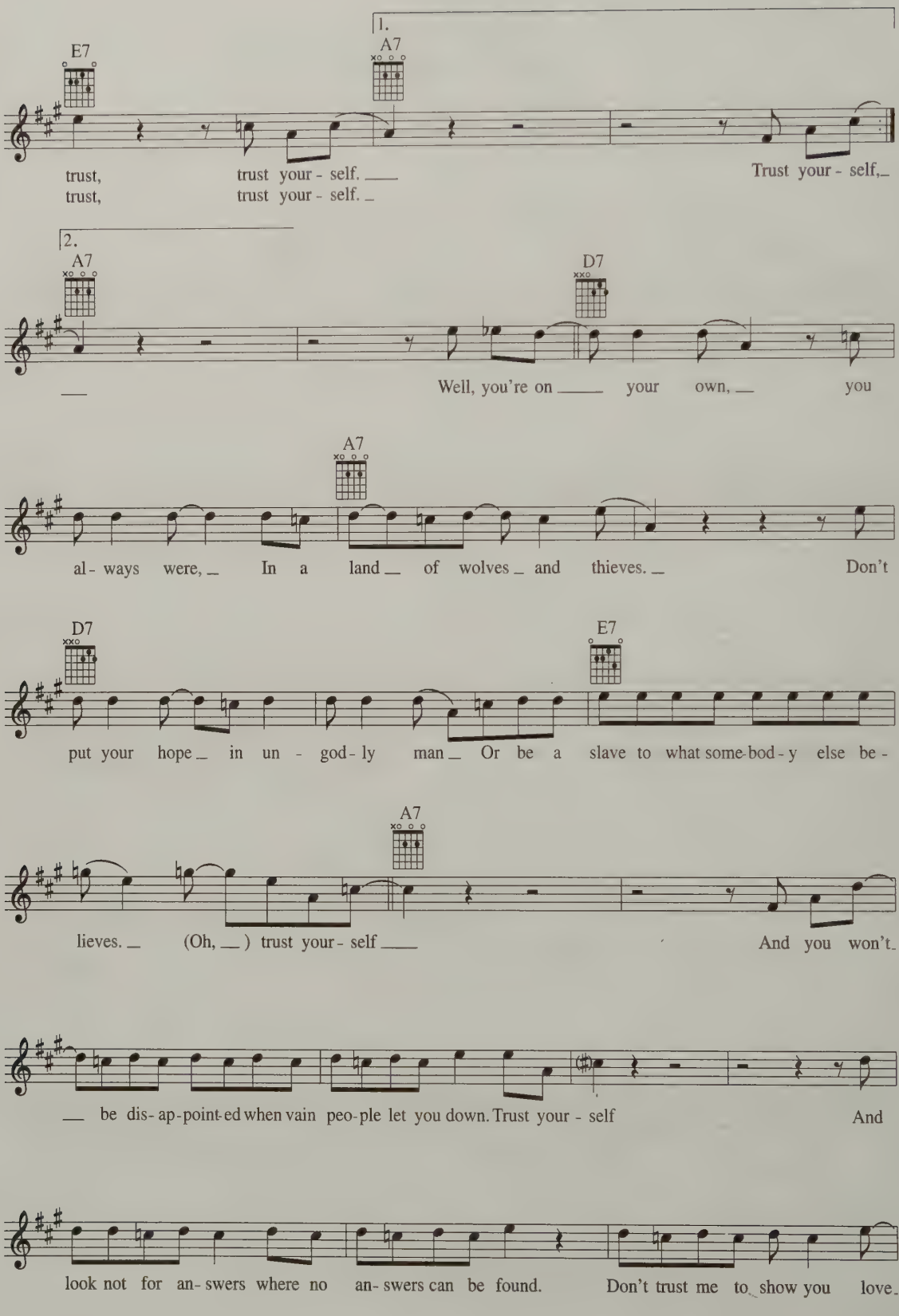
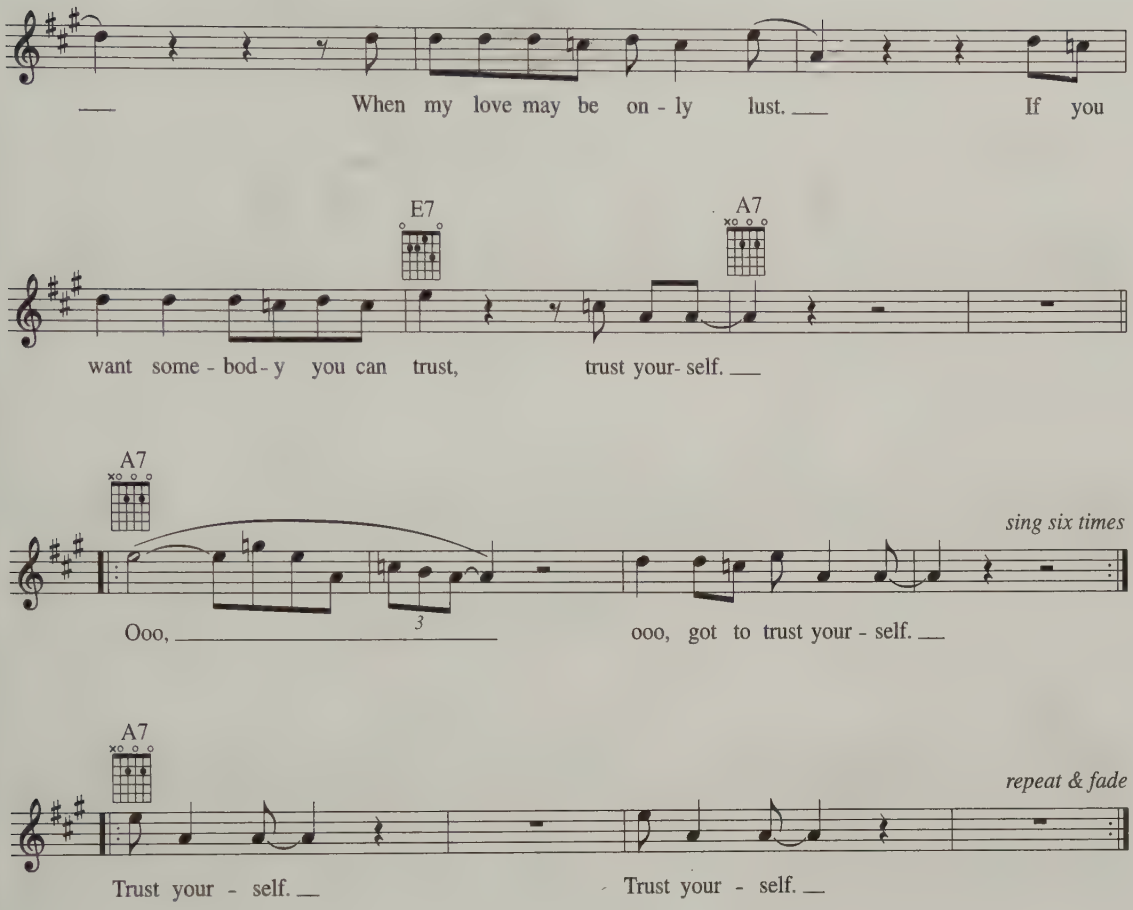
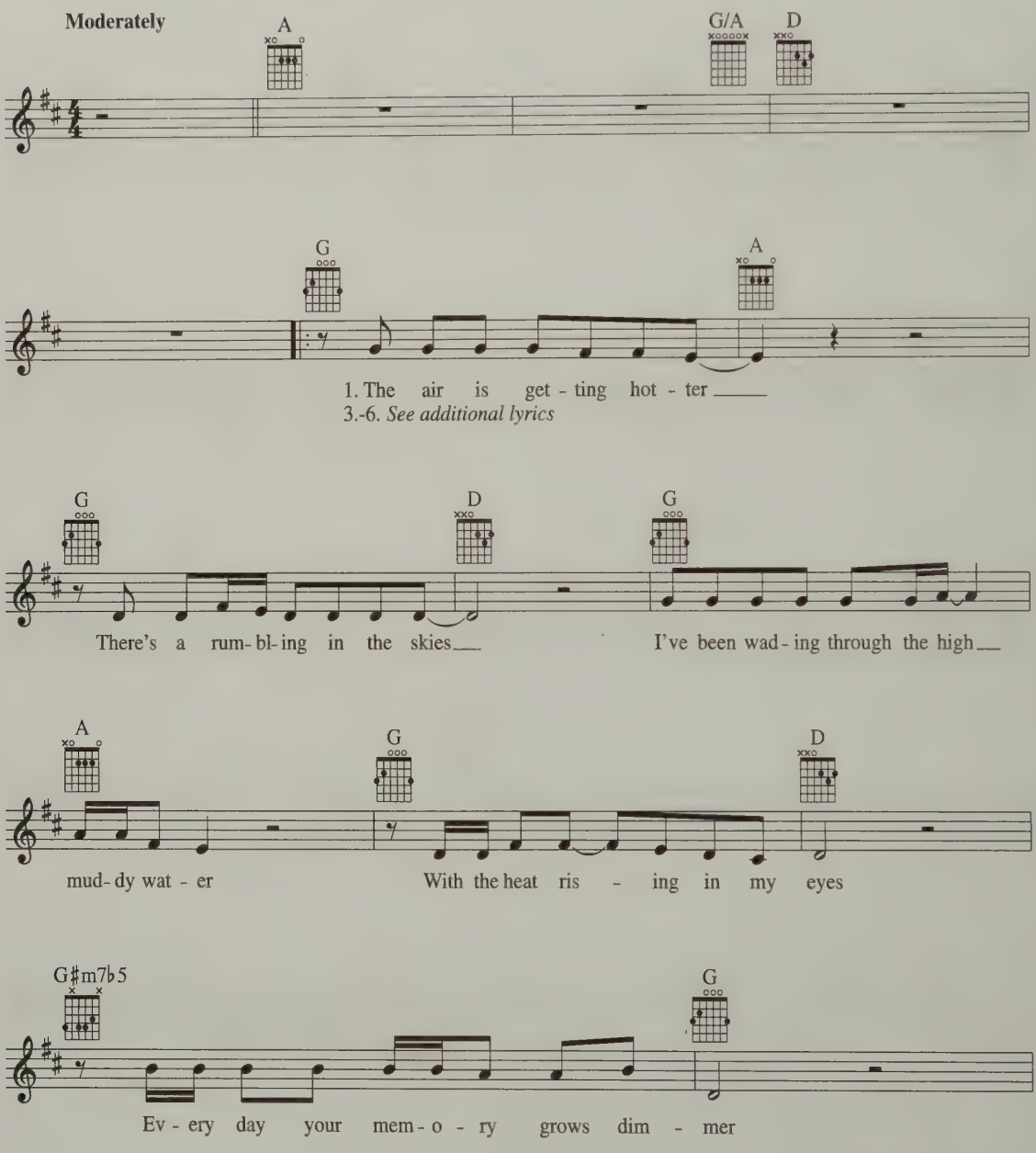

1.
E7
A7
trust, trust your - self. Trust your - self,
trust, trust your - self.
2.
A7
D7
Well, you're on your own, you
A7
al - ways were, In a land of wolves and thieves. Don't
D7
E7
put your hope in un - god - ly man Or be a slave to what some-bod - y else be -
A7
lieves. (Oh,) trust your - self And you won't
be dis - ap - point - ed when vain peo - ple let you down. Trust your - self And
look not for an - swers where no an - swers can be found. Don't trust me to show you love

When my love may be on - ly lust. If you
E7
A7
want some - bod - y you can trust, trust your- self.
A7
sing six times
Ooo, 3 ooo, got to trust your - self.
A7
repeat & fade
Trust your - self. Trust your - self.

Tryin' to Get to Heaven

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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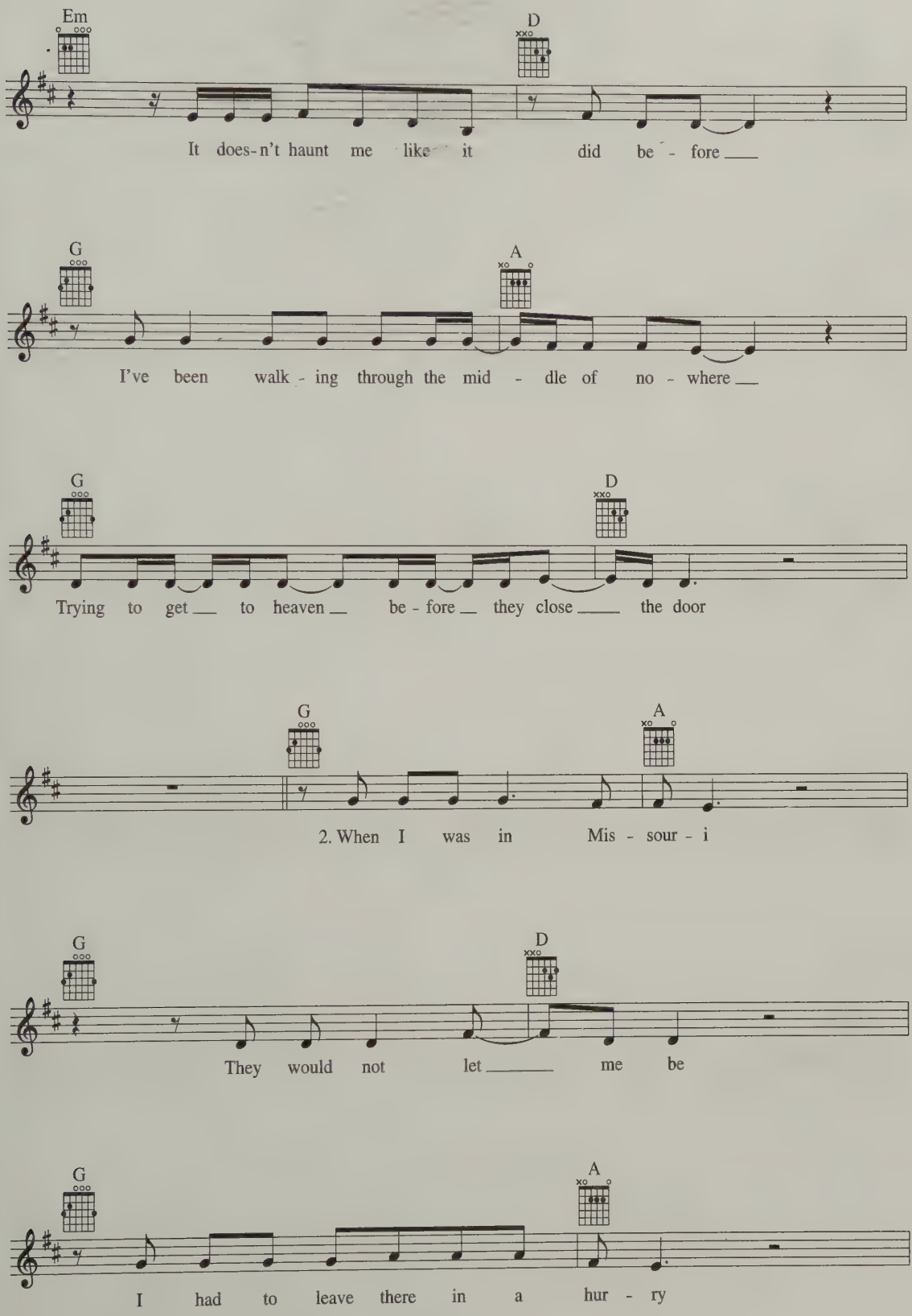
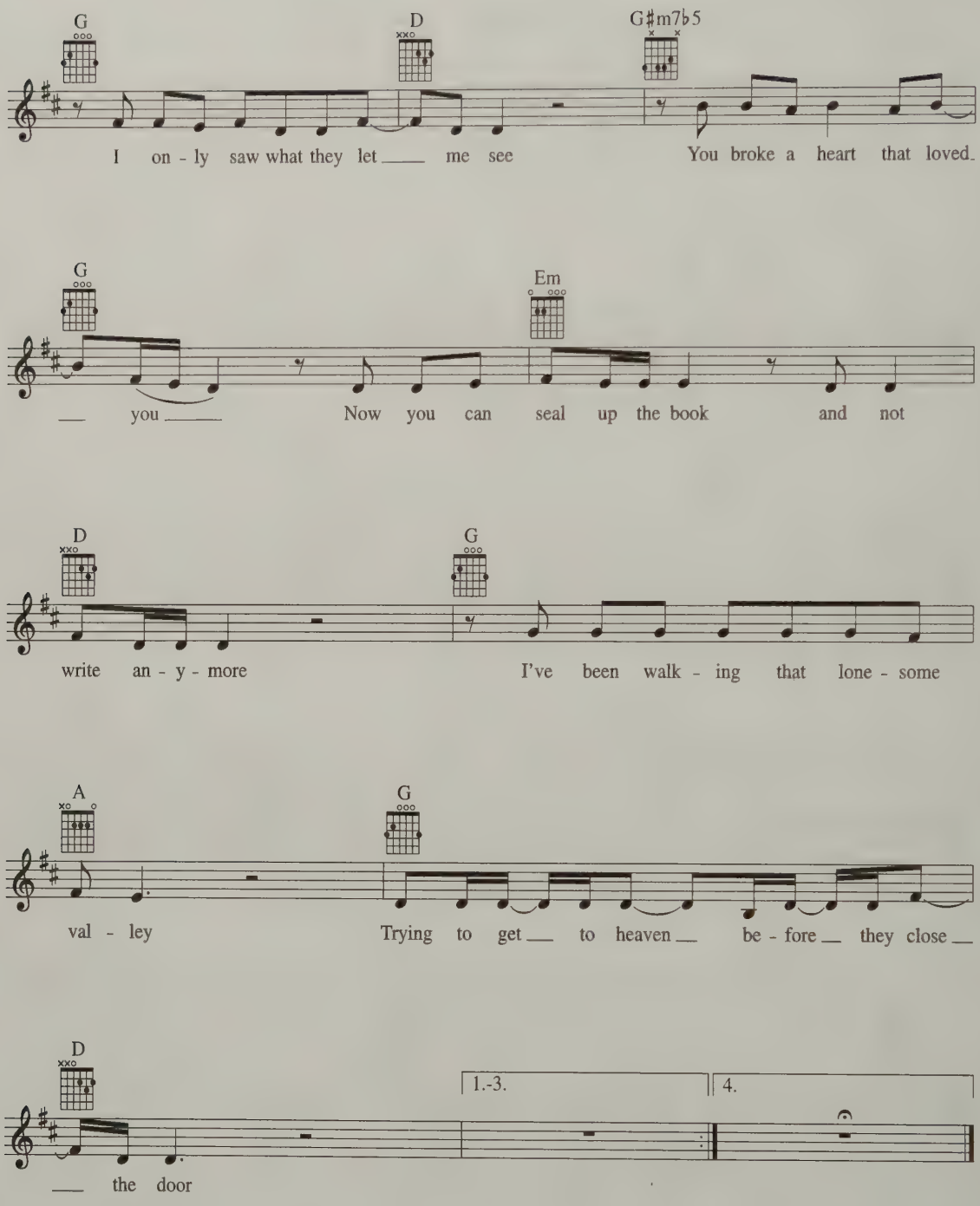

Em
D
It does-n't haunt me like it did be - fore
G
A
I've been walk - ing through the mid - dle of no - where
G
D
Trying to get to heaven be - fore they close the door
G
A
2. When I was in Mis - sour - i
G
D
They would not let me be
G
A
I had to leave there in a hur - ry


G
D
G♯m7♭5
I on - ly saw what they let ___ me see
You broke a heart that loved
G
Em
___ you ___
Now you can seal up the book and not
D
G
write an - y - more
I've been walk - ing that lone - some
A
G
val - ley
Trying to get ___ to heaven ___ be - fore ___ they close ___
D
1.-3.
4.
___ the door

Additional lyrics

3. People on the platforms
   Waiting for the trains
   I can hear their hearts a-beatin'
   Like pendulums swinging on chains
   When you think that you lost everything
   You find out you can always lose a little more
   I'm just going down the road feeling bad
   Trying to get to heaven before they close the door

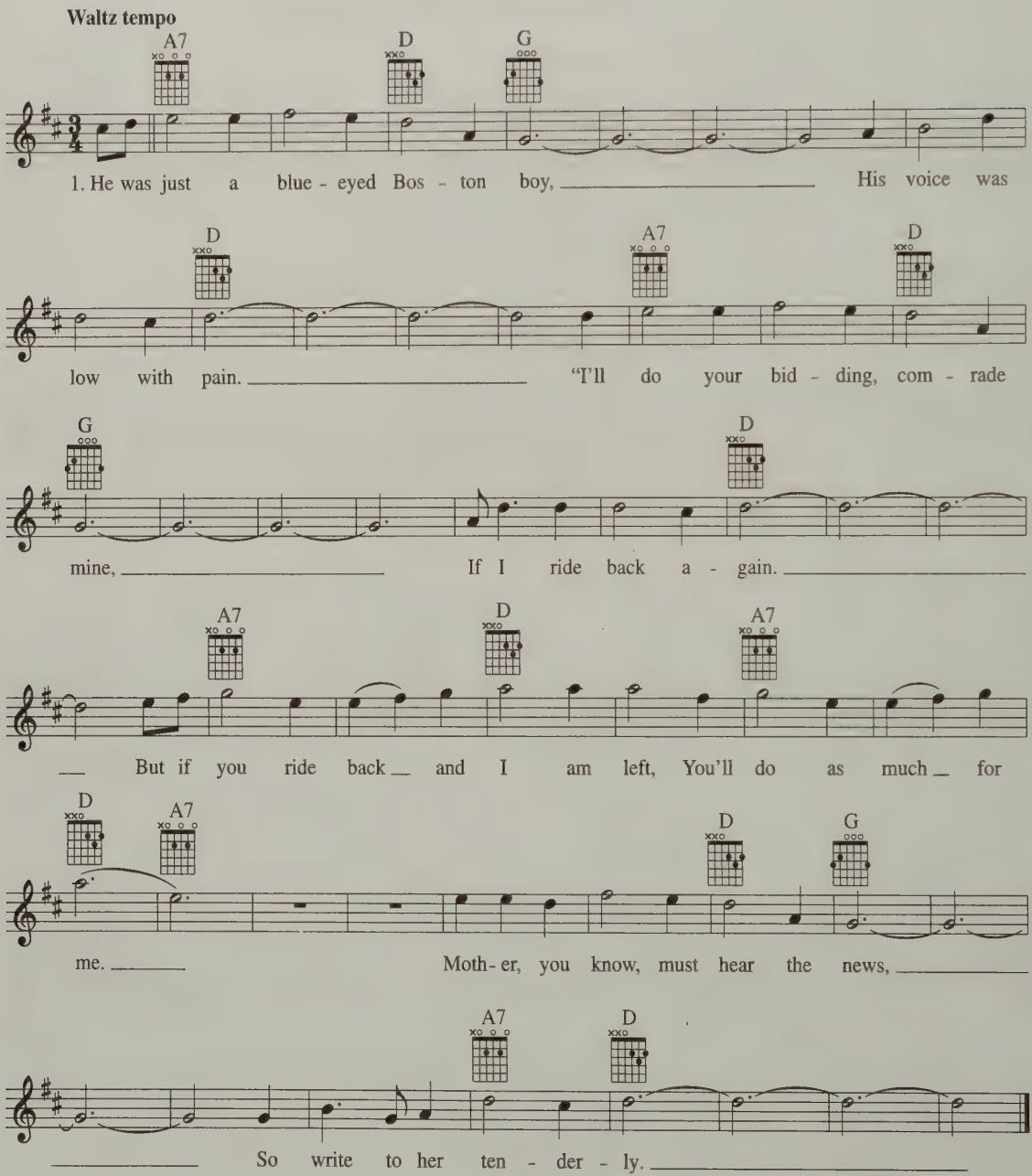
4. *Instrumental*

5. I'm going down the river
   Down to New Orleans
   They tell me everything is gonna be all right
   But I don't know what "all right" even means
   I was riding in a buggy with Miss Mary-Jane
   Miss Mary-Jane got a house in Baltimore
   I been all around the world, boys
   Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door

6. Gonna sleep down in the parlor
   And relive my dreams
   I'll close my eyes and I wonder
   If everything is as hollow as it seems
   Some trains don't pull no gamblers
   No midnight ramblers, like they did before
   I been to Sugar Town, I shook the sugar down
   Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door

Two Soldiers

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Waltz tempo
A7 D G
1. He was just a blue - eyed Bos - ton boy, His voice was
D A7 D
low with pain. "I'll do your bid - ding, com - rade
G D
mine, If I ride back a - gain.
A7 D A7
But if you ride back and I am left, You'll do as much for
D A7 D G
me. Moth - er, you know, must hear the news,
A7 D
So write to her ten - der - ly.

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Additional lyrics

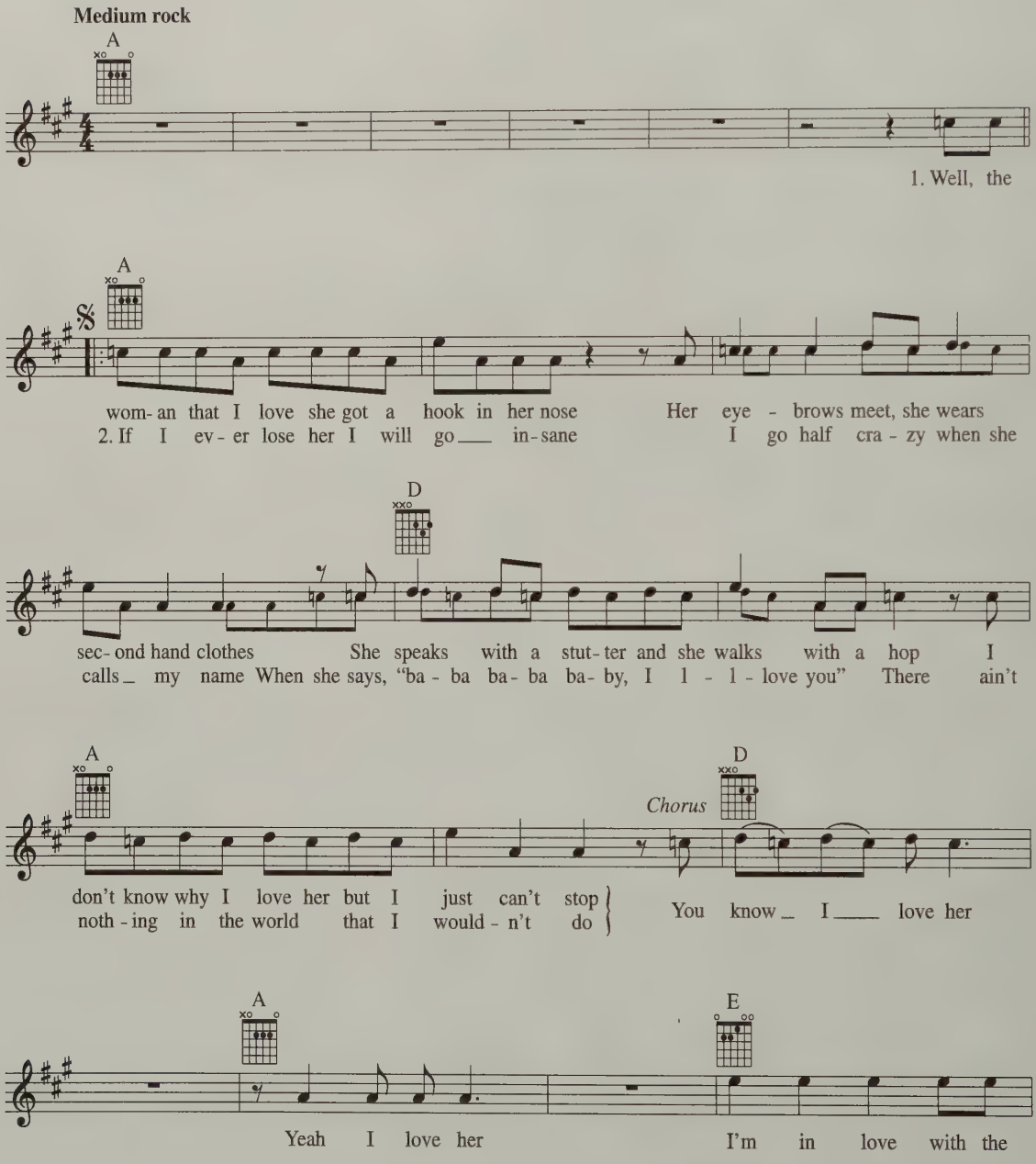
2. "She's waiting at home like a patient saint,
Her fond face pale with woe.
Her heart will be broken when I am gone,
I'll see her soon, I know."
Just then the order came to charge,
For an instance hand touched hand.
They said, "Aye," and away they rode,
That brave and devoted band.

3. Straight was the track to the top of the hill,
The rebels they shot and shelled,
Plowed furrows of death through the toiling ranks,
And guarded them as they fell.
There soon came a horrible dying yell
From heights that they could not gain,
And those whom doom and death had spared
Rode slowly back again.

4. But among the dead that were left on the hill
Was the boy with the curly hair.
The tall dark man who rode by his side
Lay dead beside him there.
There's no one to write to the blue-eyed girl
The words that her lover had said.
Momma, you know, awaits the news,
And she'll only know he's dead.

Ugliest Girl in the World

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Robert Hunter


Medium rock
A
1. Well, the
A
wom- an that I love she got a hook in her nose Her eye - brows meet, she wears
2. If I ev - er lose her I will go in - sane I go half cra - zy when she
D
sec- ond hand clothes She speaks with a stut - ter and she walks with a hop I
calls my name When she says, "ba - ba ba - ba ba - by, I I - I - love you" There ain't
A
D
Chorus
don't know why I love her but I just can't stop
noth - ing in the world that I would - n't do
You know I love her
A
E
Yeah I love her I'm in love with the

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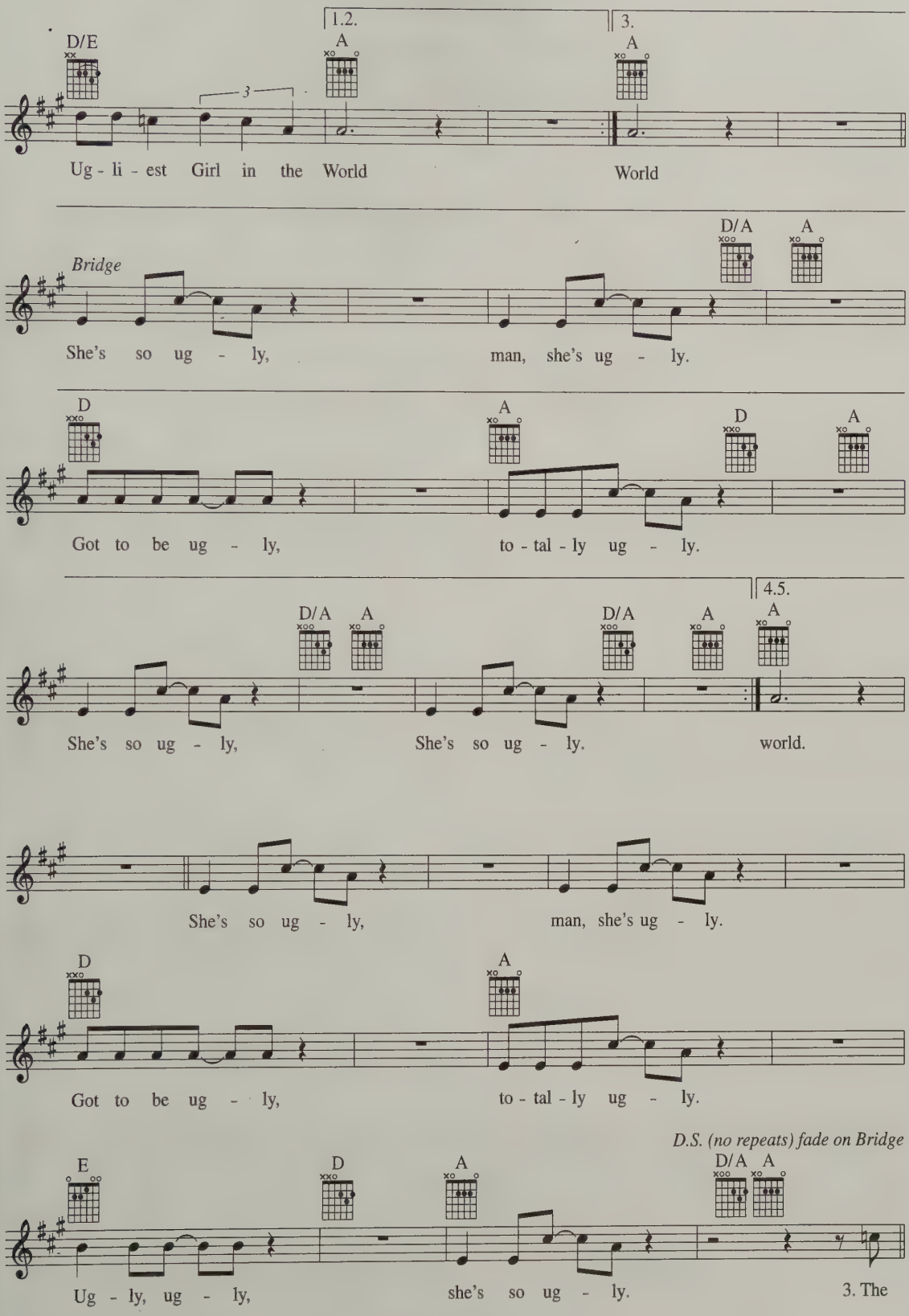

D/E
1.2.
A
3.
A
3
Ug - li - est Girl in the World
World
Bridge
D/A
A
She's so ug - ly,
man, she's ug - ly.
D
A
D
A
Got to be ug - ly,
to - tal - ly ug - ly.
D/A
A
D/A
A
4.5.
A
She's so ug - ly,
She's so ug - ly.
world.
She's so ug - ly,
man, she's ug - ly.
D
A
Got to be ug - ly,
to - tal - ly ug - ly.
D.S. (no repeats) fade on Bridge
E
D
A
D/A
A
Ug - ly, ug - ly,
she's so ug - ly.
3. The

Additional lyrics

3. The woman that I love she got two flat feet
   Her knees knock together walking down the street
   She cracks her knuckles and she snores in bed
   She ain't much to look at but like I said

   Chorus

4. I don't mean to say that she got nothing goin'
   She got a weird sense of humor that's all her own
   When I get low she sets me on my feet
   Got a five inch smile but her breath is sweet

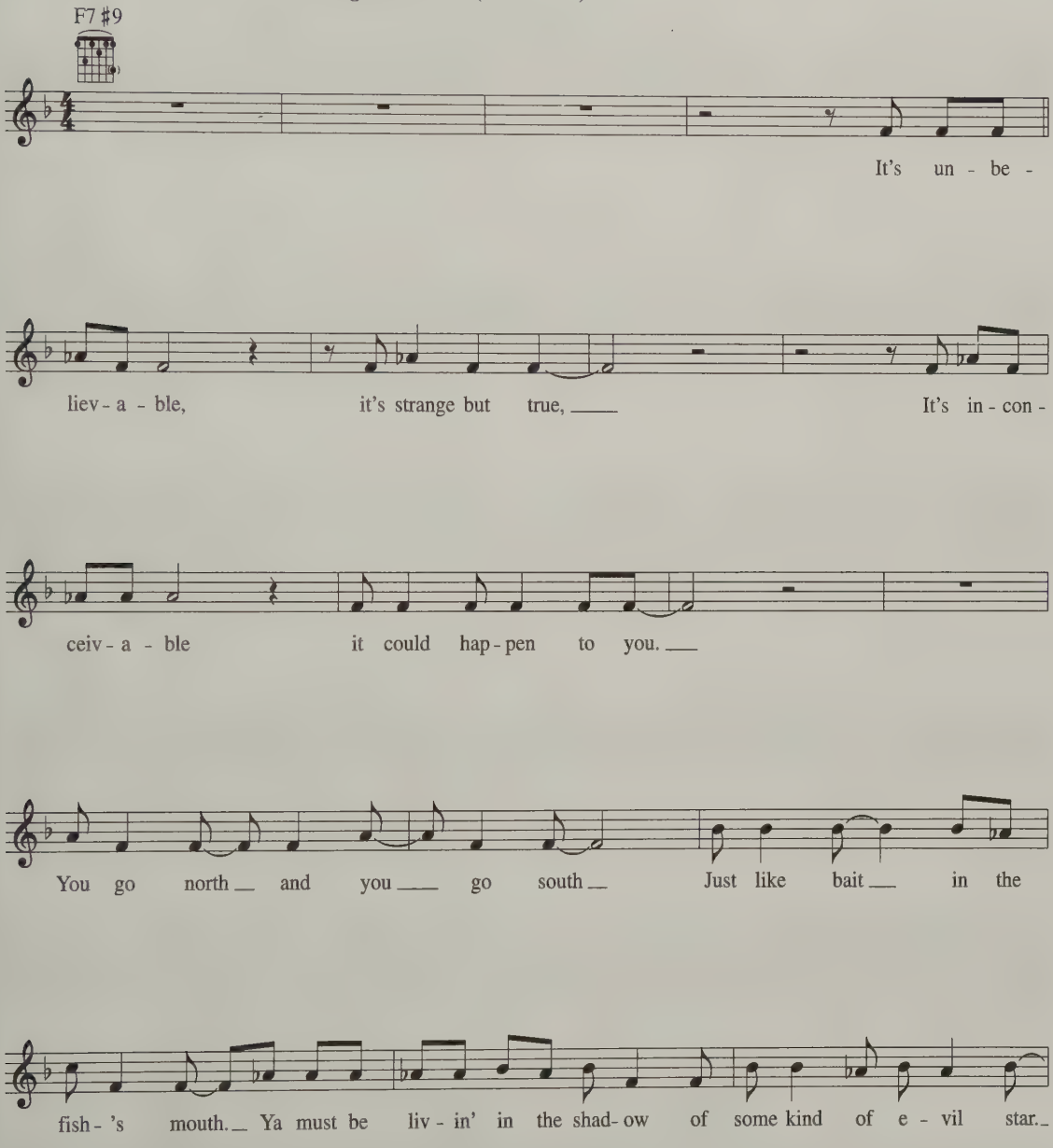
   Chorus

5. The woman that I love she a got a prizefighter nose
   Cauliflower ears and a run in her hose
   She speaks with a stutter and she walks with a hop
   I don't know why I love her but I just can't stop

Unbelievable

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately bright, with a driving shuffle beat (♩♫ = ♩.♫)


F7 ♯9
It's un - be -
liev - a - ble, it's strange but true, It's in - con -
ceiv - a - ble it could hap - pen to you.
You go north and you go south Just like bait in the
fish - 's mouth. Ya must be liv - in' in the shad - ow of some kind of e - vil star.

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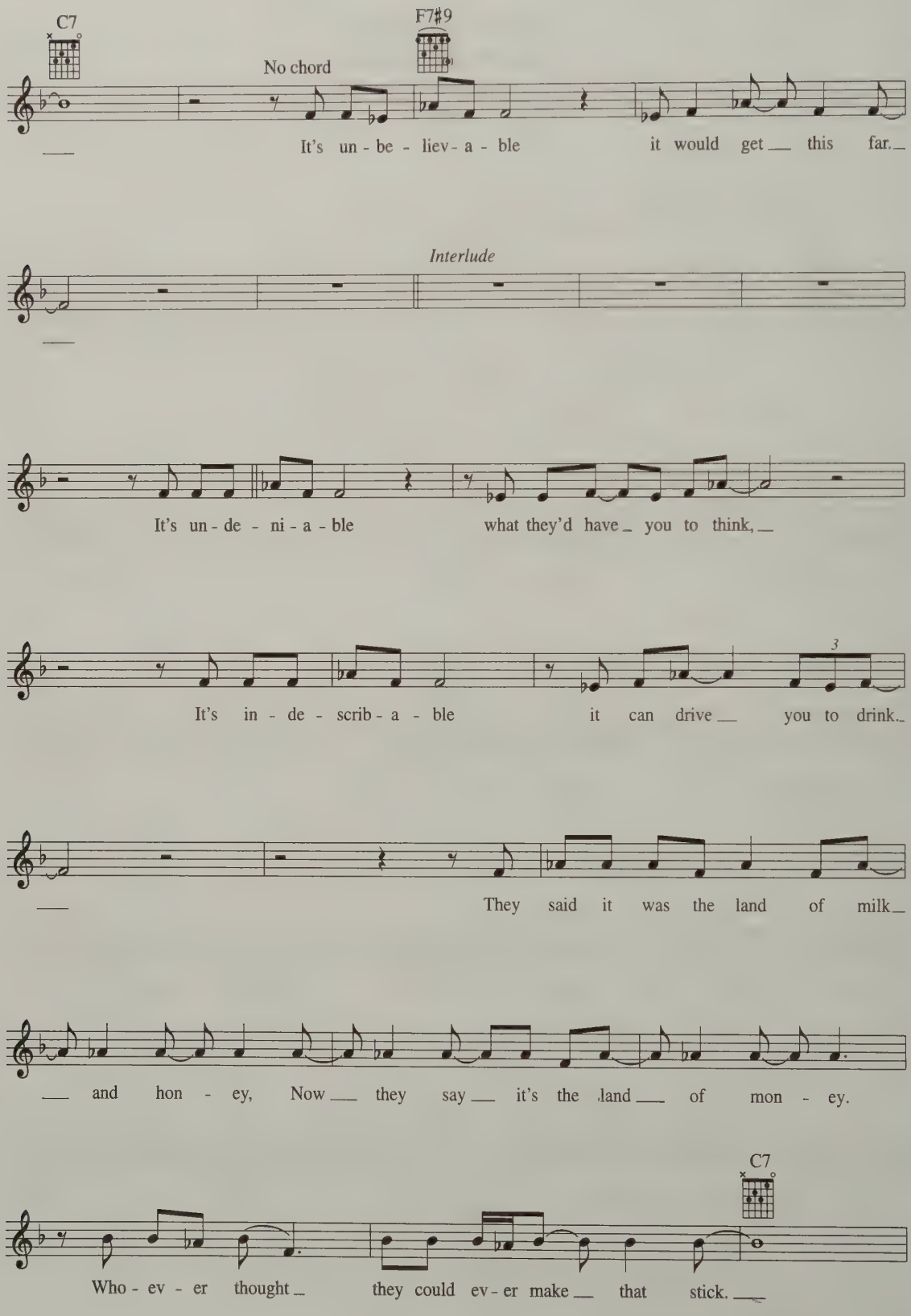
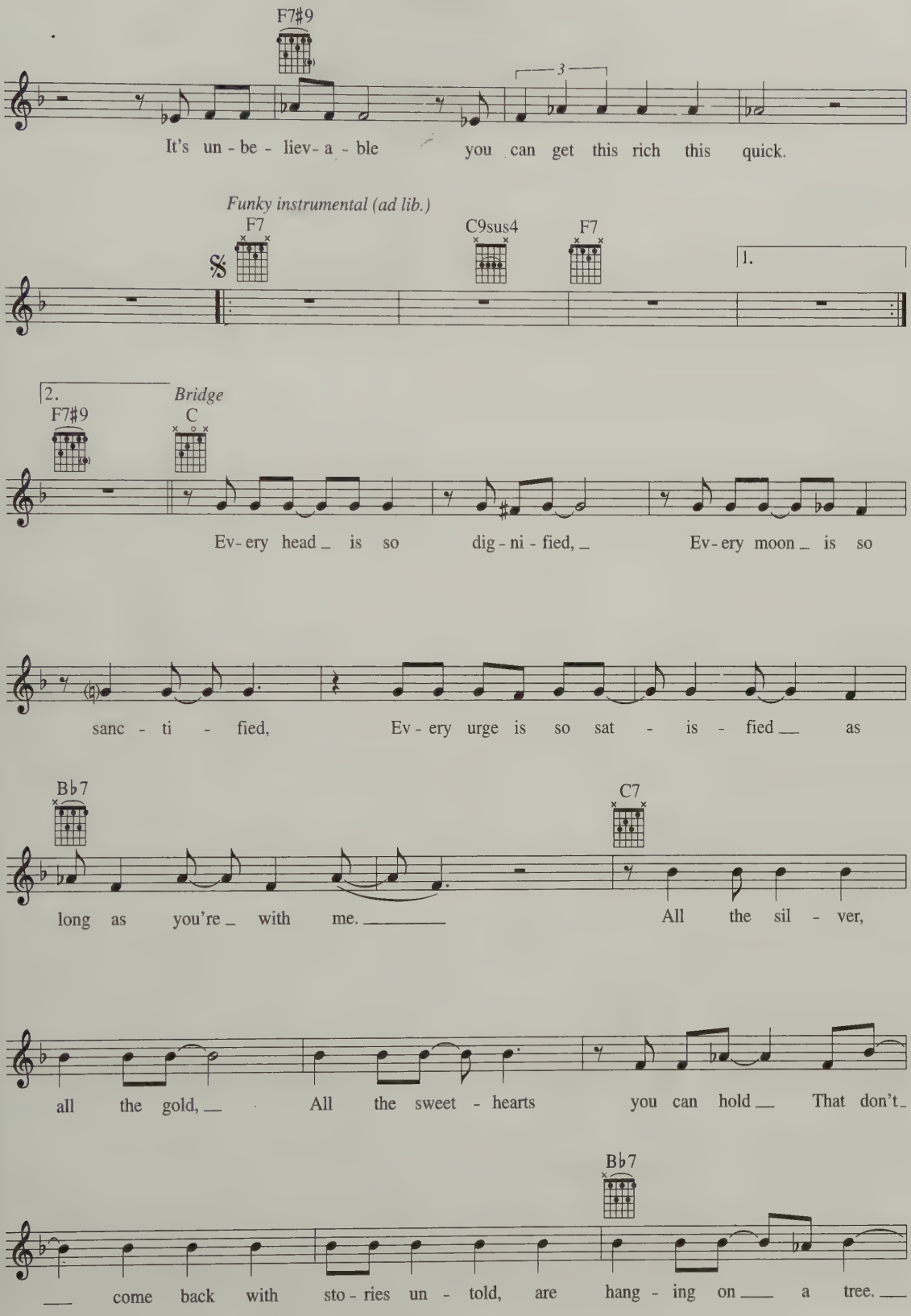
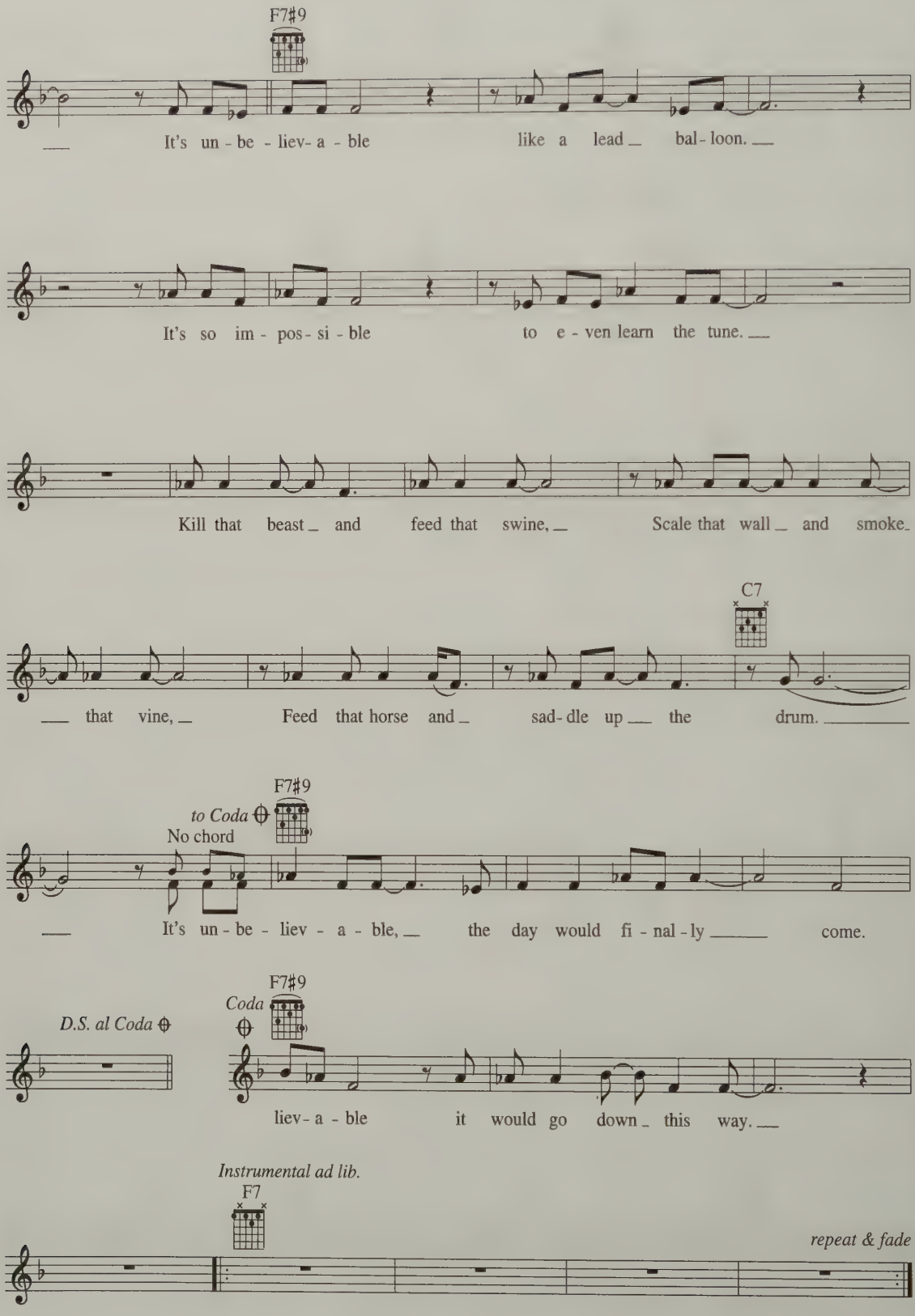

C7
F7♯9
No chord
It's un - be - liev - a - ble it would get this far.
Interlude
It's un - de - ni - a - ble what they'd have you to think,
It's in - de - scrib - a - ble it can drive you to drink.
3
They said it was the land of milk
and hon - ey, Now they say it's the land of mon - ey.
C7
Who - ev - er thought they could ev - er make that stick.


F7#9
It's un - be - liev- a - ble you can get this rich this quick.
Funky instrumental (ad lib.)
F7
C9sus4
F7
1.
2.
F7#9
Bridge
C
Ev- ery head _ is so dig - ni - fied, _ Ev- ery moon _ is so
sanc - ti - fied, Ev - ery urge is so sat - is - fied __ as
B♭7
C7
long as you're _ with me. _____ All the sil - ver,
all the gold, __ All the sweet - hearts you can hold __ That don't_
B♭7
___ come back with sto - ries un - told, are hang - ing on ___ a tree. ___

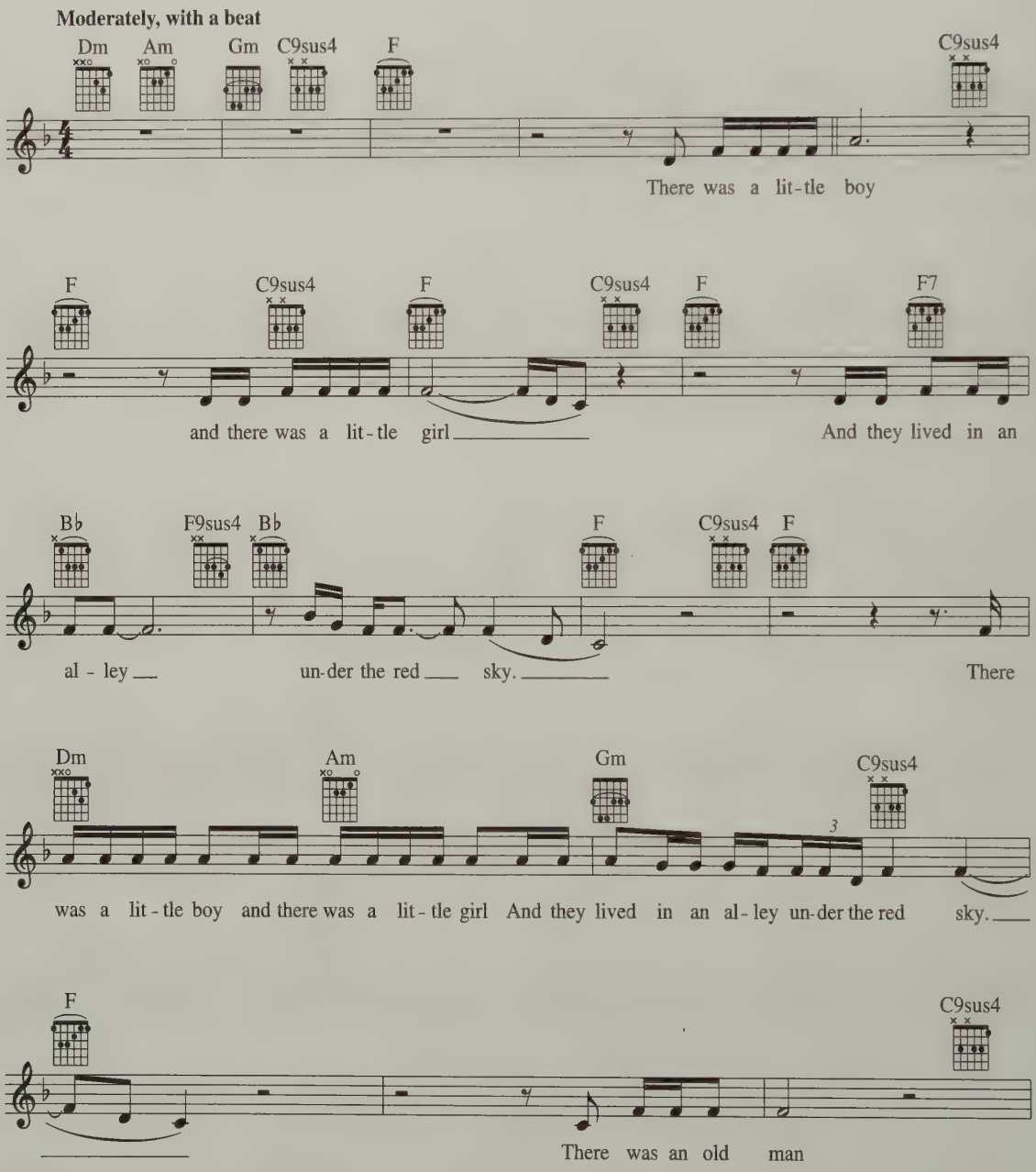

F7#9
It's un - be - liev- a - ble like a lead bal- loon.
It's so im - pos- si - ble to e - ven learn the tune.
Kill that beast and feed that swine, Scale that wall and smoke
C7
that vine, Feed that horse and sad- dle up the drum.
F7#9
to Coda
No chord
It's un - be - liev - a - ble, the day would fi - nal - ly come.
F7#9
Coda
D.S. al Coda
liev- a - ble it would go down this way.
Instrumental ad lib.
F7
repeat & fade

Additional lyrics

Bridge #2:
Once there was a man who had no eyes,
Every lady in the land told him lies,
He stood beneath the silver skies and his heart began to bleed.
Every brain is civilized,
Every nerve is analyzed,
Everything is criticized when you are in need.

It's unbelievable, it's fancy-free,
So interchangeable, so delightful to see.
Turn your back, wash your hands,
There's always someone who understands
It don't matter no more what you got to say
It's unbelievable it would go down this way.

Under the Red Sky

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately, with a beat
Dm Am Gm C9sus4 F C9sus4
There was a lit-tle boy
F C9sus4 F C9sus4 F F7
and there was a lit-tle girl
And they lived in an
B♭ F9sus4 B♭ F C9sus4 F
al - ley
un-der the red
sky.
There
Dm Am Gm C9sus4
3
was a lit-tle boy and there was a lit-tle girl And they lived in an al-ley un-der the red sky.
F C9sus4
There was an old man

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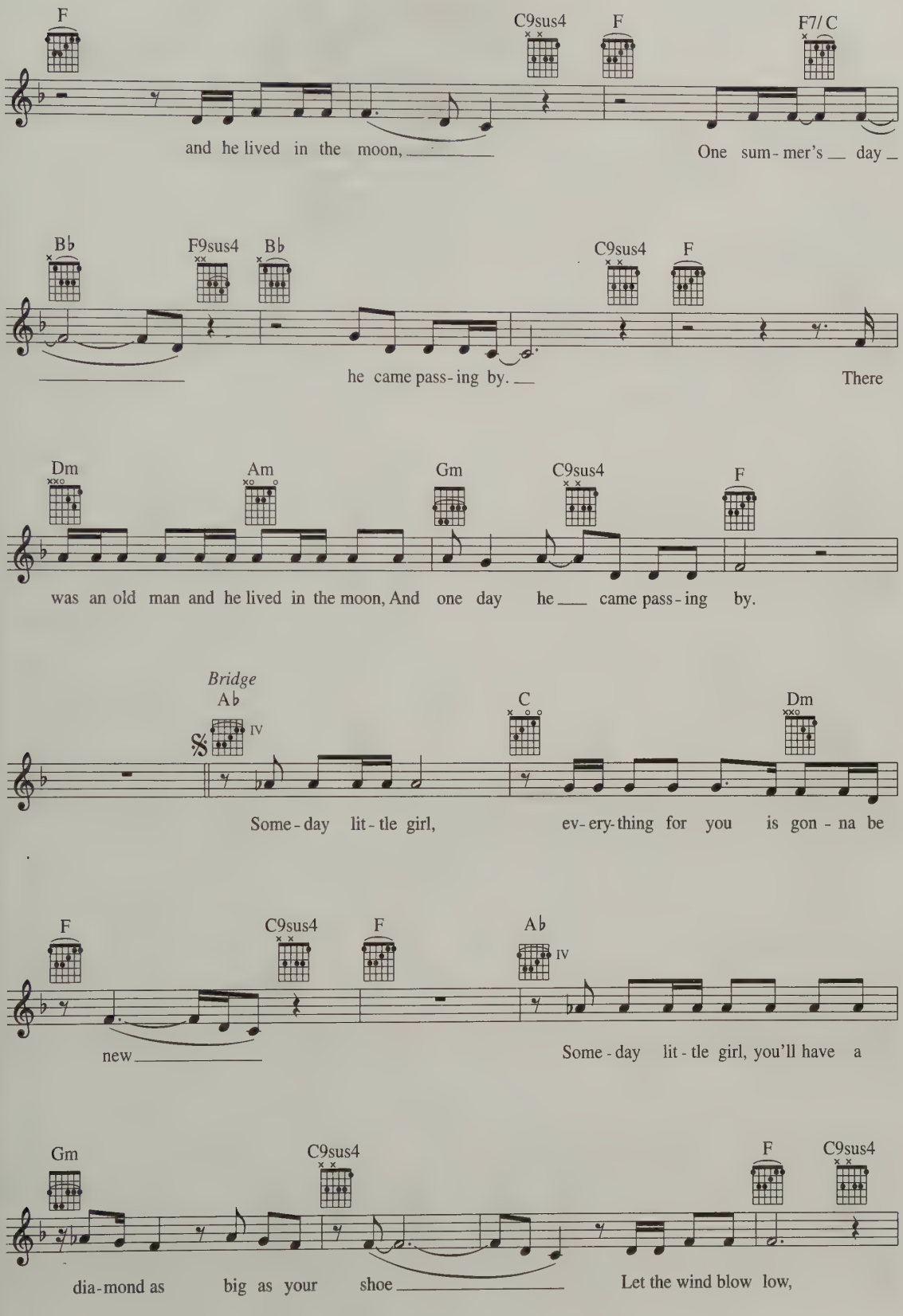
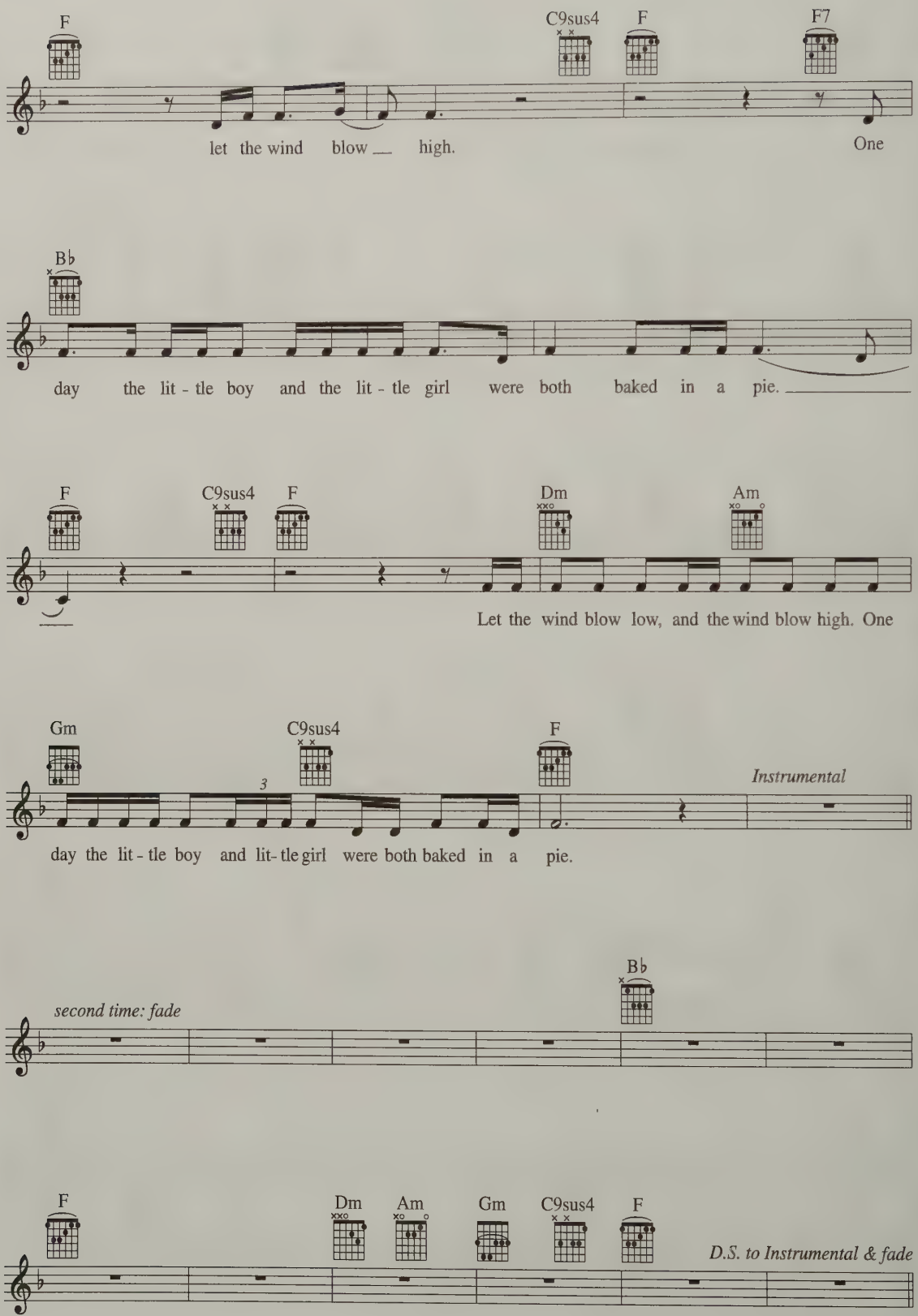

F
C9sus4
F
F7/C
and he lived in the moon,
One sum-mer's day
B♭
F9sus4
B♭
C9sus4
F
he came pass-ing by.
There
Dm
Am
Gm
C9sus4
F
was an old man and he lived in the moon, And one day he came pass-ing by.
Bridge
A♭
IV
C
Dm
Some-day lit-tle girl,
ev-ery-thing for you is gon-na be
F
C9sus4
F
A♭
IV
new
Some-day lit-tle girl, you'll have a
Gm
C9sus4
F
C9sus4
dia-mond as big as your shoe
Let the wind blow low,


F
C9sus4
F
F7
let the wind blow high.
One
B♭
day the lit - tle boy and the lit - tle girl were both baked in a pie.
F
C9sus4
F
Dm
Am
Let the wind blow low, and the wind blow high. One
Gm
C9sus4
F
3
Instrumental
day the lit - tle boy and lit- tle girl were both baked in a pie.
B♭
second time: fade
F
Dm
Am
Gm
C9sus4
F
D.S. to Instrumental & fade

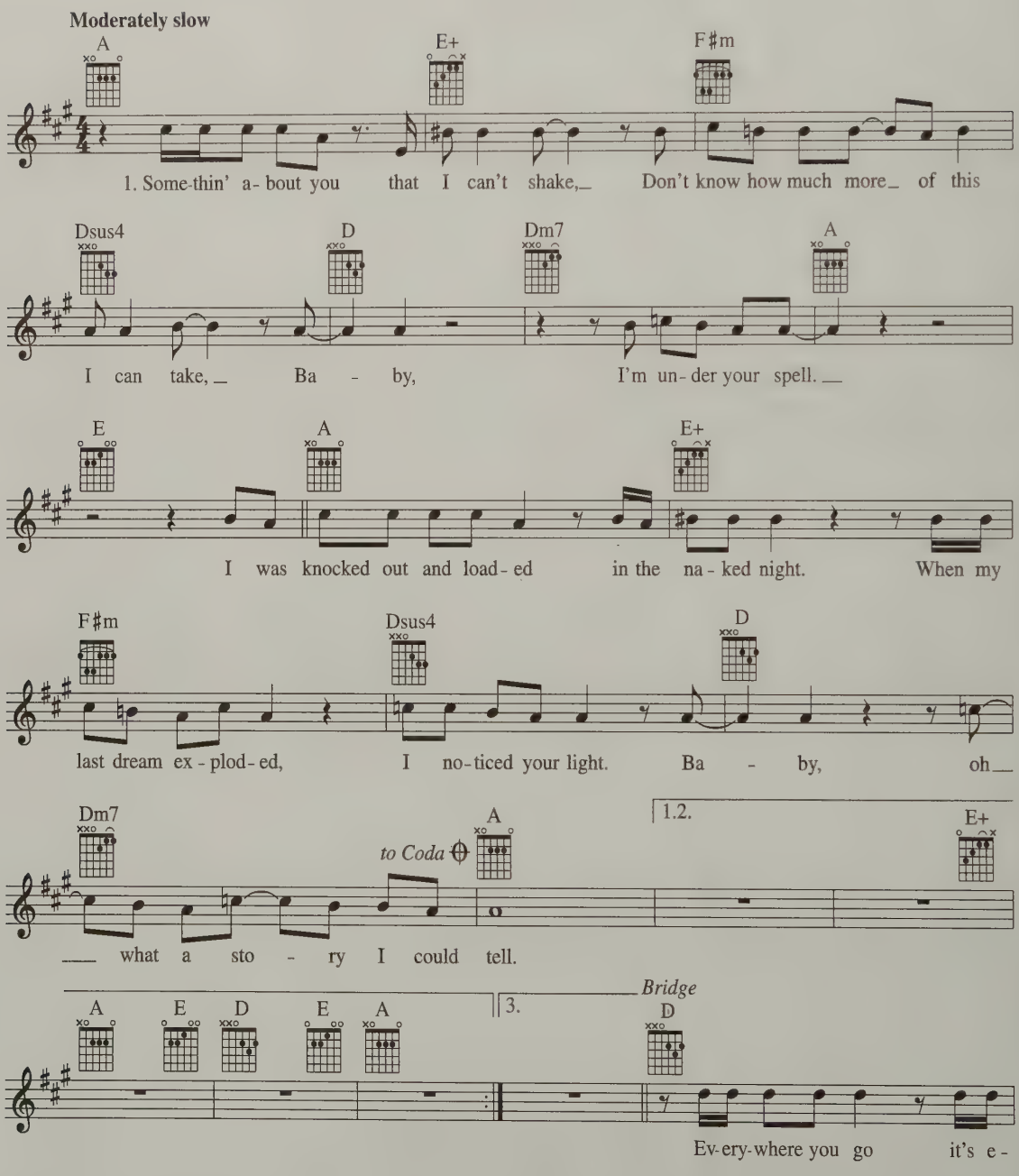
Additional lyrics

Bridge #2:
This is the key to the kingdom and this is the town
This is the blind horse that leads you around

Let the bird sing, let the bird fly,
One day the man in the moon went home and the river went dry.
Let the bird sing, let the bird fly,
The man in the moon went home and the river went dry.

Under Your Spell

Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Carole Bayer Sager



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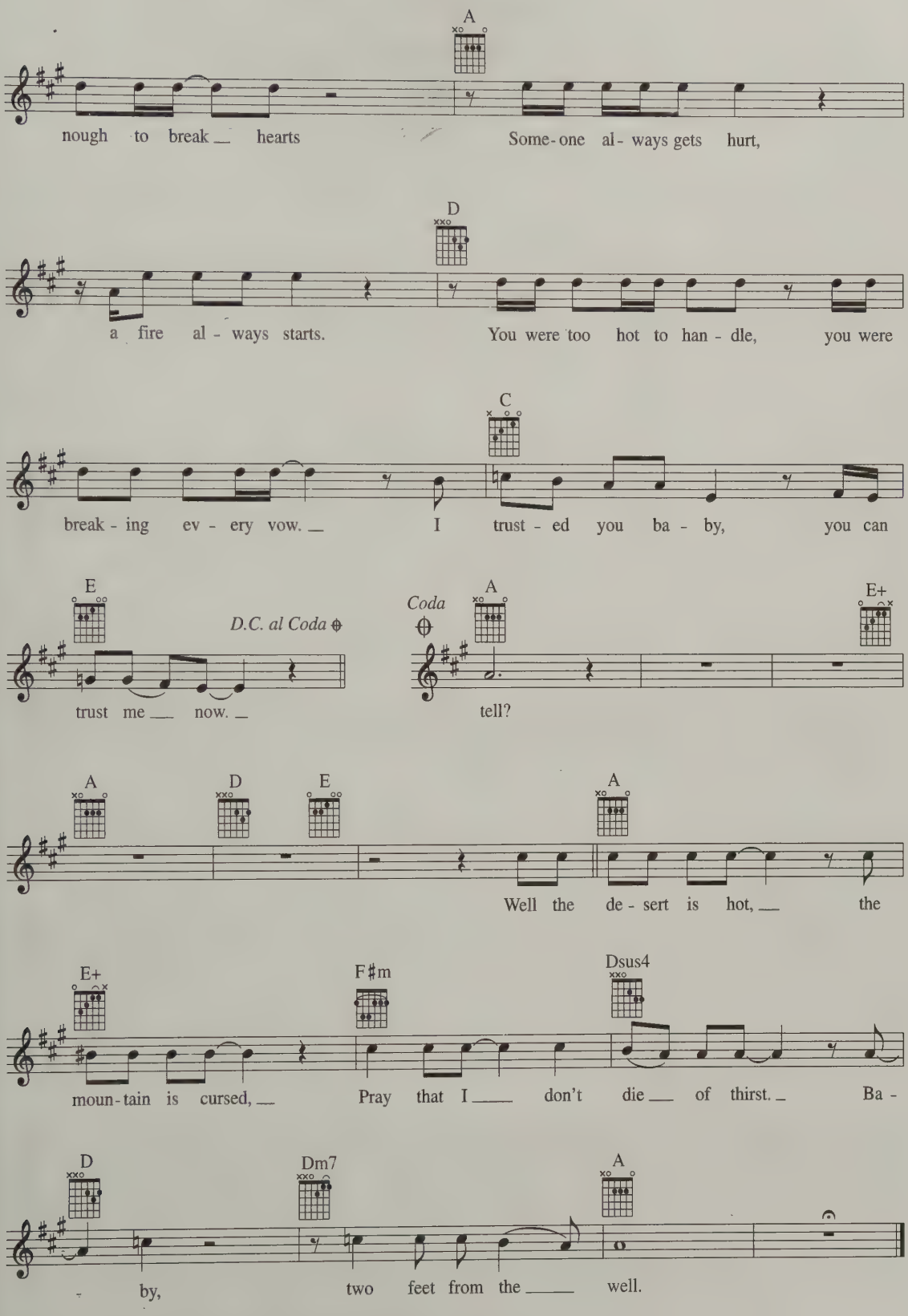

A
nough to break hearts
Some-one al-ways gets hurt,
D
a fire al-ways starts.
You were too hot to han-dle, you were
C
break-ing ev-ery vow.
I trust-ed you ba-by, you can
E
D.C. al Coda
trust me now.
Coda
A
E+
tell?
A
D
E
A
Well the de-sert is hot, the
E+
F♯m
Dsus4
moun-tain is cursed,
Pray that I don't die of thirst.
Ba-
D
Dm7
A
by,
two feet from the well.

Additional lyrics

2. It's been nice seeing you, you read me like a book
   If you ever want to reach me, you know where to look
   Baby, I'll be at the same hotel.

   I'd like to help you but I'm in a bit of a jam,
   I'll call you tomorrow if there's phones where I am.
   Baby, caught between heaven and hell.

3. But I will be back, I will survive,
   You'll never get rid of me as long as you're alive.
   Baby, can't you tell.

   Well it's four in the morning by the sound of the birds,
   I'm starin' at your picture, I'm hearin' your words.
   Baby, they ring in my head like a bell.

   Bridge:
   Everywhere you go it's enough to break hearts
   Someone always gets hurt, a fire always starts.
   You were too hot to handle, you were breaking every vow.
   I trusted you baby, you can trust me now.

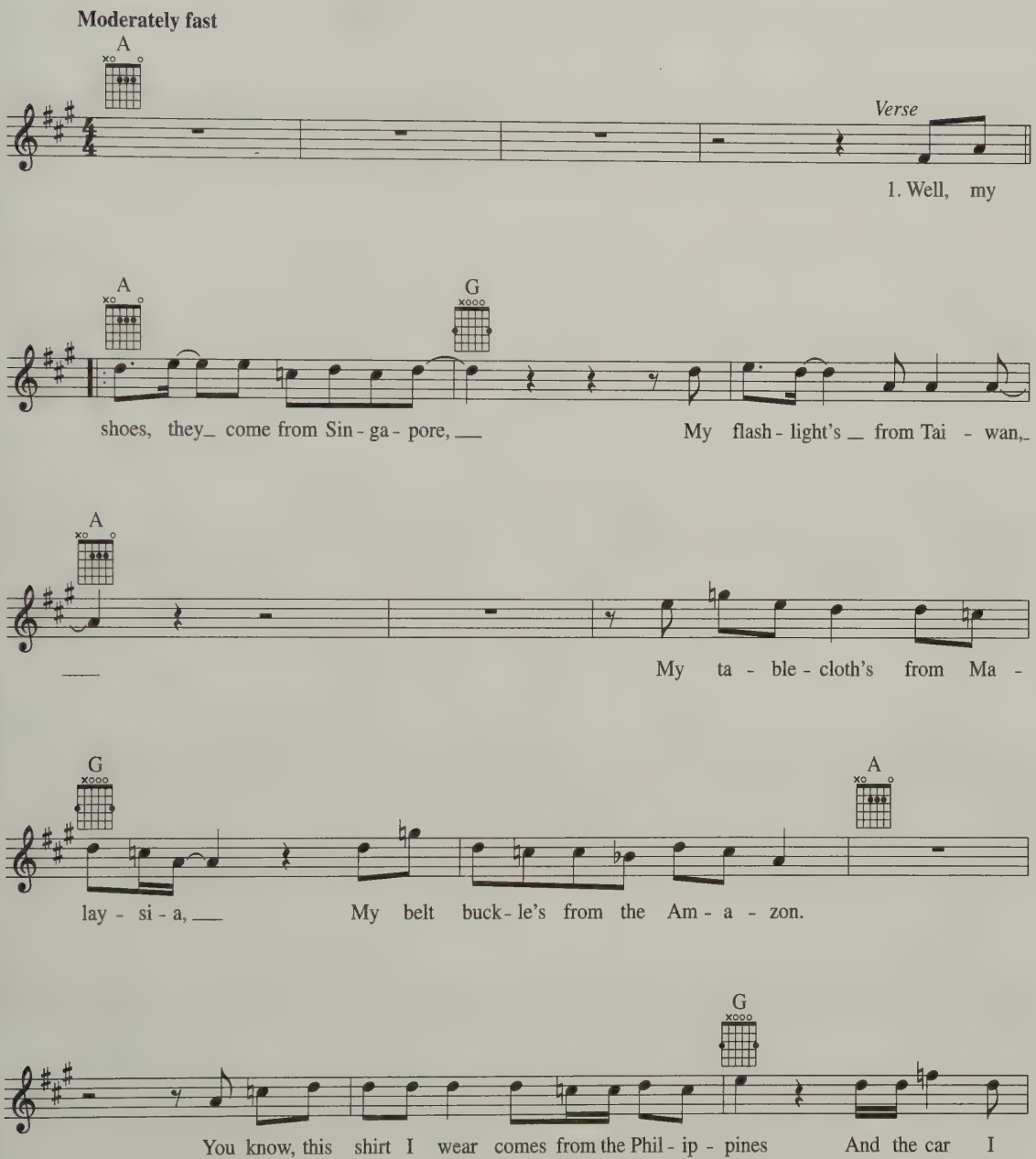
4. Turn back baby, wipe your eye,
   Don't think I 'm leaving you here without a kiss goodbye.
   Baby, is there anything left to tell?

   I'll see you later when I'm not so out of my head,
   Maybe next time I'll let the dead bury the dead.
   Baby, what more can I tell?

   Coda:
   Well the desert is hot, the mountain is cursed,
   Pray that I don't die of thirst.
   Baby, two feet from the well.

Union Sundown

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately fast
A
Verse
1. Well, my
A
G
shoes, they_ come from Sin - ga - pore, ___
My flash - light's _ from Tai - wan,_
A
___
My ta - ble - cloth's from Ma -
G
A
lay - si - a, ___
My belt buck - le's from the Am - a - zon.
G
You know, this shirt I wear comes from the Phil - ip - pines
And the car I

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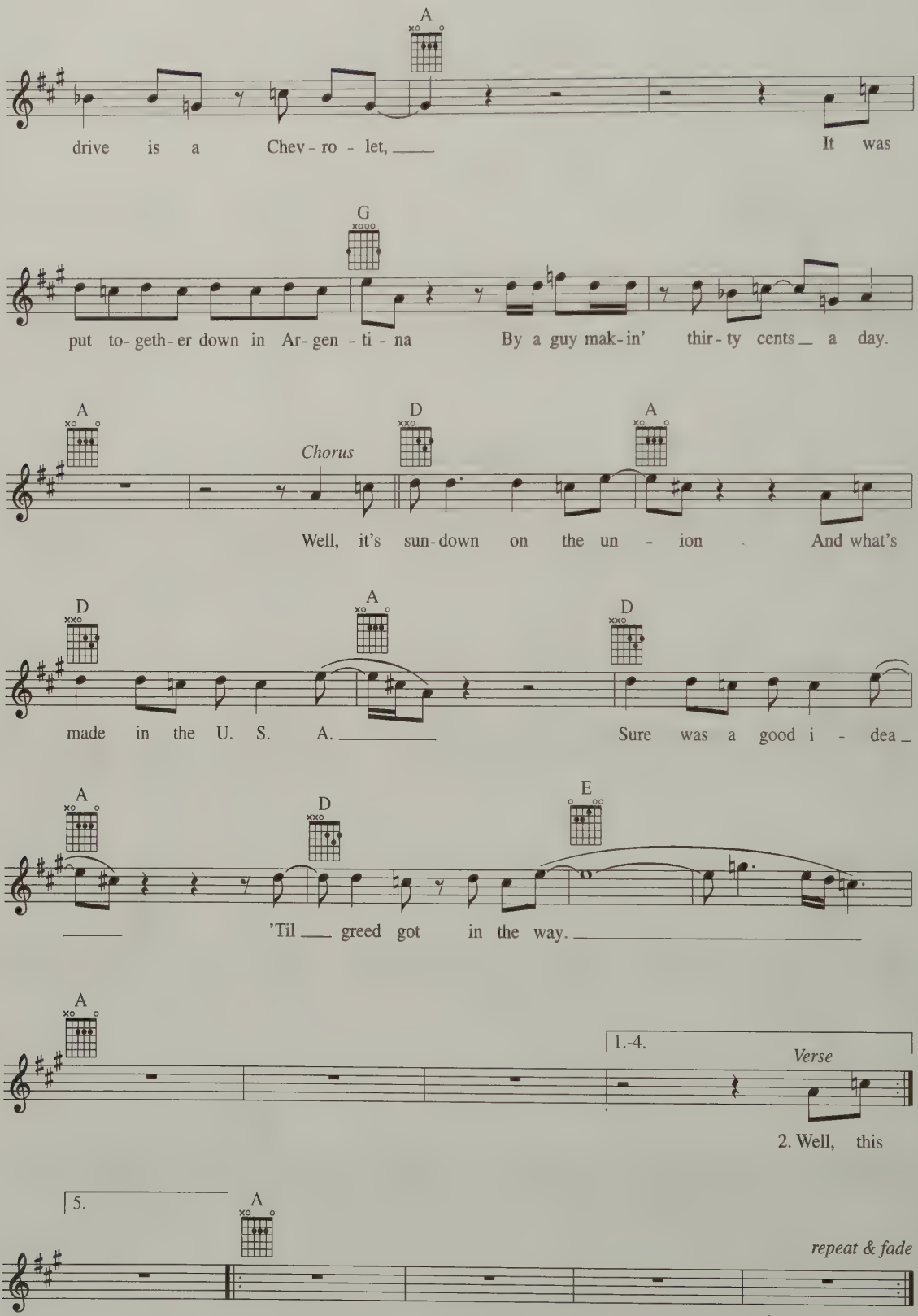

A
drive is a Chev - ro - let, ___
It was
G
put to - geth - er down in Ar - gen - ti - na
By a guy mak - in' thir - ty cents ___ a day.
A
Chorus
D
A
Well, it's sun - down on the un - ion
And what's
D
A
D
made in the U. S. A. ___
Sure was a good i - dea ___
A
D
E
___
'Til ___ greed got in the way. ___
A
1.-4.
Verse
2. Well, this
5.
A
repeat & fade

Additional lyrics

2. Well, this silk dress is from Hong Kong
And the pearls are from Japan.
Well, the dog collar's from India
And the flower pot's from Pakistan.
All the furniture, it says "Made in Brazil"
Where a woman, she slaved for sure
Bringin' home thirty cents a day to a family of twelve,
You know, that's a lot of money to her.

Chorus

3. Well, you know, lots of people complainin' that there is no work.
I say, "Why you say that for
When nothin' you got is U.S.-made?"
They don't make nothin' here no more,
You know, capitalism is above the law.
It say, "It don't count 'less it sells."
When it costs too much to build it at home
You just build it cheaper someplace else.

Chorus

4. Well, the job that you used to have,
They gave it to somebody down in El Salvador.
The unions are big business, friend,
And they're goin' out like a dinosaur.
They used to grow food in Kansas
Now they want to grow it on the moon and eat it raw.
I can see the day coming when even your home garden
Is gonna be against the law.

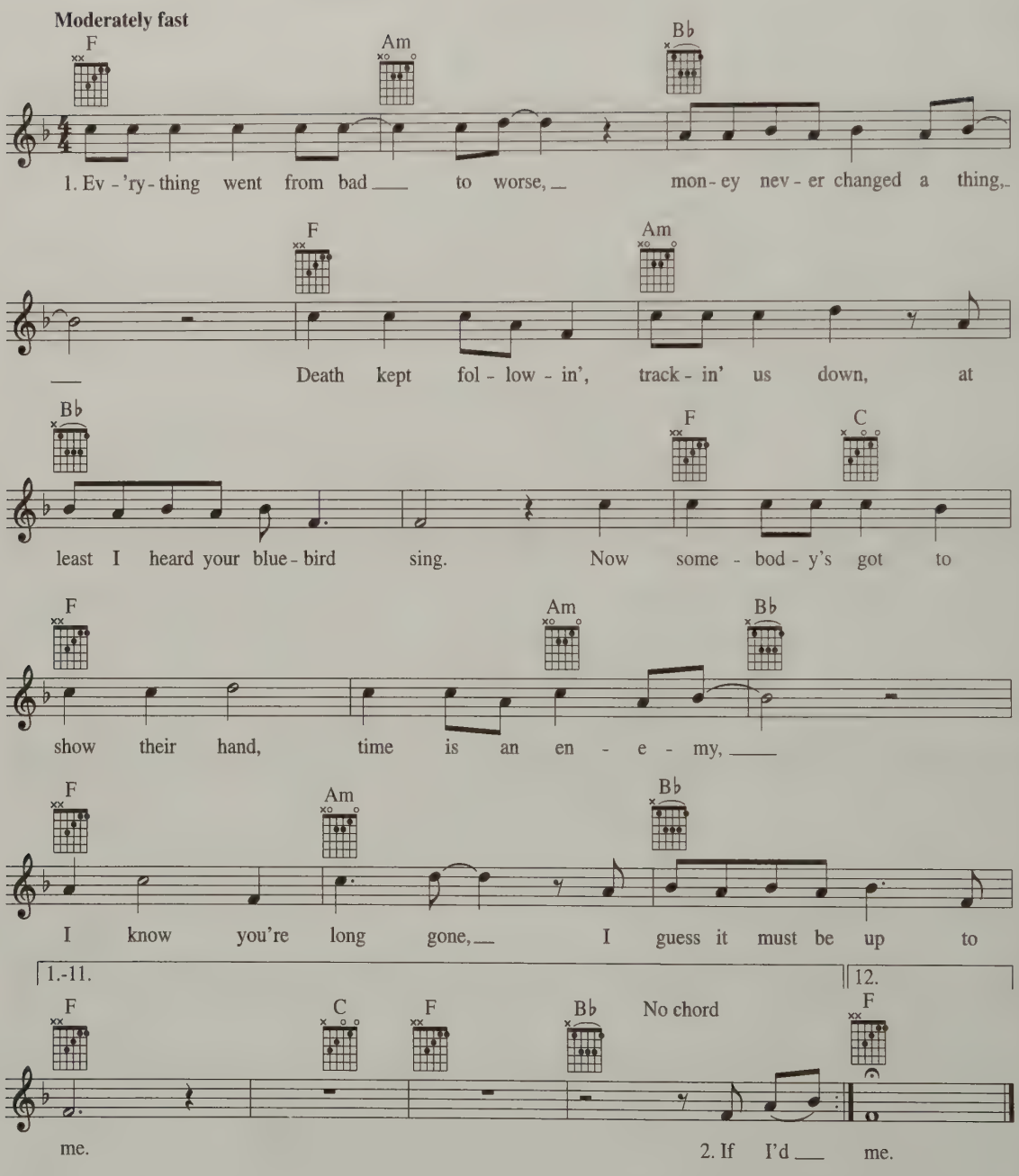
Chorus

5. Democracy don't rule the world,
You'd better get that in your head.
This world is ruled by violence
But I guess that's better left unsaid.
From Broadway to the Milky Way,
That's a lot of territory indeed
And a man's gonna do what he has to do
When he's got a hungry mouth to feed.

Chorus

Up to Me

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately fast
F
Am
B♭
1. Ev - 'ry - thing went from bad ___ to worse, ___ mon - ey nev - er changed a thing, -
___ Death kept fol - low - in', track - in' us down, at
least I heard your blue - bird sing. Now some - bod - y's got to
show their hand, time is an en - e - my, ___
I know you're long gone, ___ I guess it must be up to
1.-11.
12.
C
No chord
me.
2. If I'd ___ me.

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Additional lyrics

2. If I'd thought about it I never would've done it, I guess I would've let it slide,
If I'd lived my life by what others were thinkin', the heart inside me would've died.
I was just too stubborn to ever be governed by enforced insanity,
Someone had to reach for the risin' star,
I guess it was up to me.

3. Oh, the Union Central is pullin' out and the orchids are in bloom,
I've only got me one good shirt left and it smells of stale perfume.
In fourteen months I've only smiled once and I didn't do it consciously,
Somebody's got to find your trail,
I guess it must be up to me.

4. It was like a revelation when you betrayed me with your touch,
I'd just about convinced myself that nothin' had changed that much.
The old Rounder in the iron mask slipped me the master key,
Somebody had to unlock your heart,
He said it was up to me.

5. Well, I watched you slowly disappear down into the officers' club,
I would've followed you in the door but I didn't have a ticket stub.
So I waited all night 'til the break of day, hopin' one of us could get free,
When the dawn came over the river bridge,
I knew it was up to me.

6. Oh, the only decent thing I did when I worked as a postal clerk
Was to haul your picture down off the wall near the cage where I used to work.
Was I a fool or not to try to protect your identity?
You looked a little burned out, my friend,
I thought it might be up to me.

7. Well, I met somebody face to face and I had to remove my hat,
She's everything I need and love but I can't be swayed by that.
It frightens me, the awful truth of how sweet life can be,
But she ain't a-gonna make me move,
I guess it must be up to me.

8. We heard the Sermon on the Mount and I knew it was too complex,
It didn't amount to anything more than what the broken glass reflects.
When you bite off more than you can chew you pay the penalty,
Somebody's got to tell the tale,
I guess it must be up to me.

9. Well, Dupree came in pimpin' tonight to the Thunderbird Cafe,
Crystal wanted to talk to him, I had to look the other way.
Well, I just can't rest without you, love, I need your company,
But you ain't a-gonna cross the line,
I guess it must be up to me.

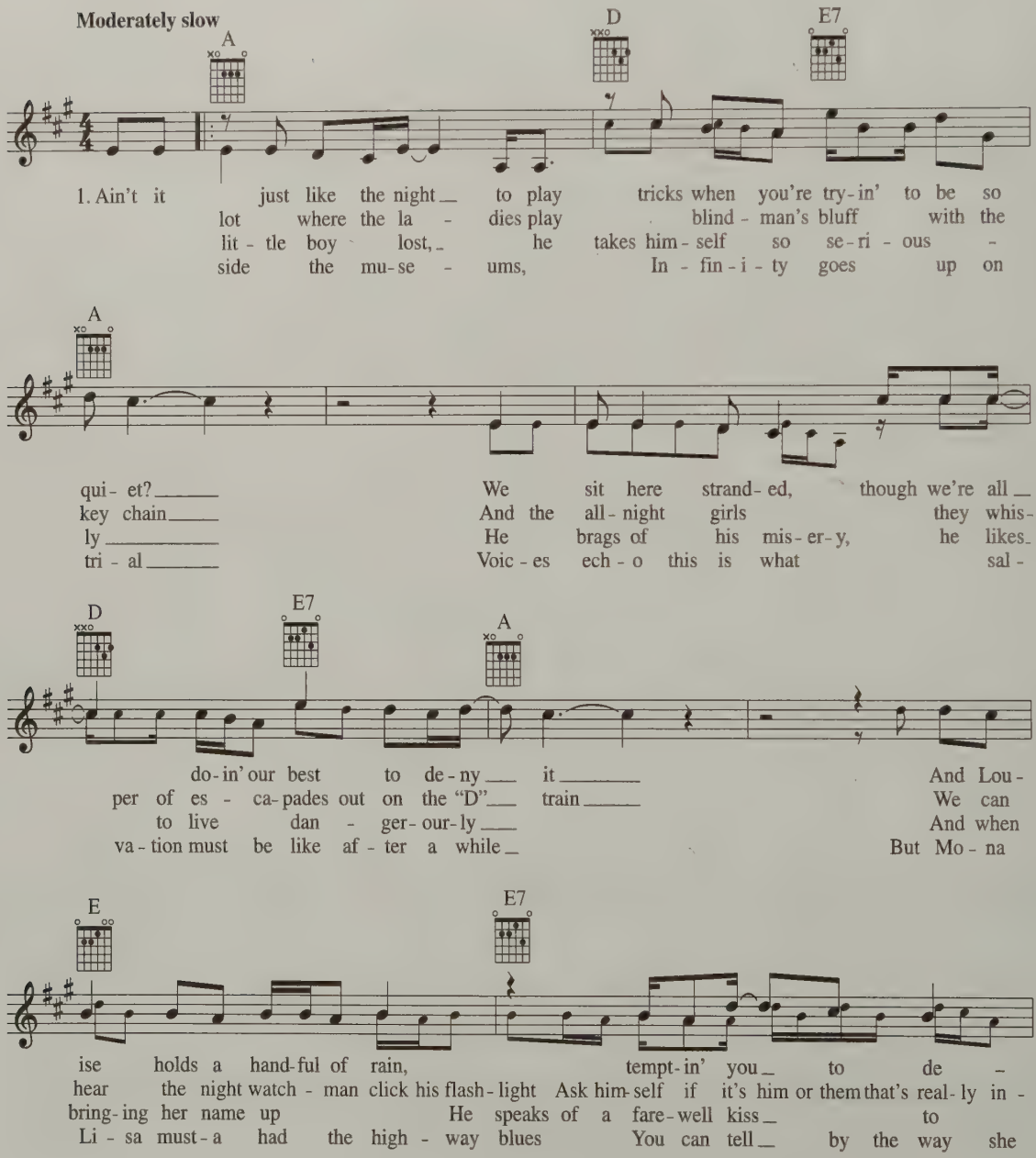
10. There's a note left in the bottle, you can give it to Estelle,
She's the one you been wond'rin' about, but there's really nothin' much to tell.
We both heard voices for a while, now the rest is history,
Somebody's got to cry some tears,
I guess it must be up to me.

11. So go on, boys, and play your hands, life is a pantomime,
The ringleaders from the county seat say you don't have all that much time.
And the girl with me behind the shades, she ain't my property,
One of us has got to hit the road,
I guess it must be up to me.

12. And if we never meet again, baby, remember me,
How my lone guitar played sweet for you that old-time melody.
And the harmonica around my neck, I blew it for you, free,
No one else could play that tune,
You know it was up to me.

Visions of Johanna

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
A
D
E7
1. Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're try-in' to be so
lot where the la - dies play blind - man's bluff with the
lit - tle boy lost, he takes him - self so se - ri - ous -
side the mu - se - ums, In - fin - i - ty goes up on
A
qui - et?
key chain
ly
tri - al
We sit here strand - ed, though we're all
And the all - night girls they whis -
He brags of his mis - er - y, he likes
Voic - es ech - o this is what sal -
D
E7
A
do - in' our best to de - ny it
per of es - ca - pades out on the "D" train
to live dan - ger - our - ly
va - tion must be like af - ter a while
And Lou -
We can
And when
But Mo - na
E
E7
ise holds a hand - ful of rain, tempt - in' you to de -
hear the night watch - man click his flash - light Ask him - self if it's him or them that's real - ly in -
bring - ing her name up He speaks of a fare - well kiss to
Li - sa must - a had the high - way blues You can tell by the way she

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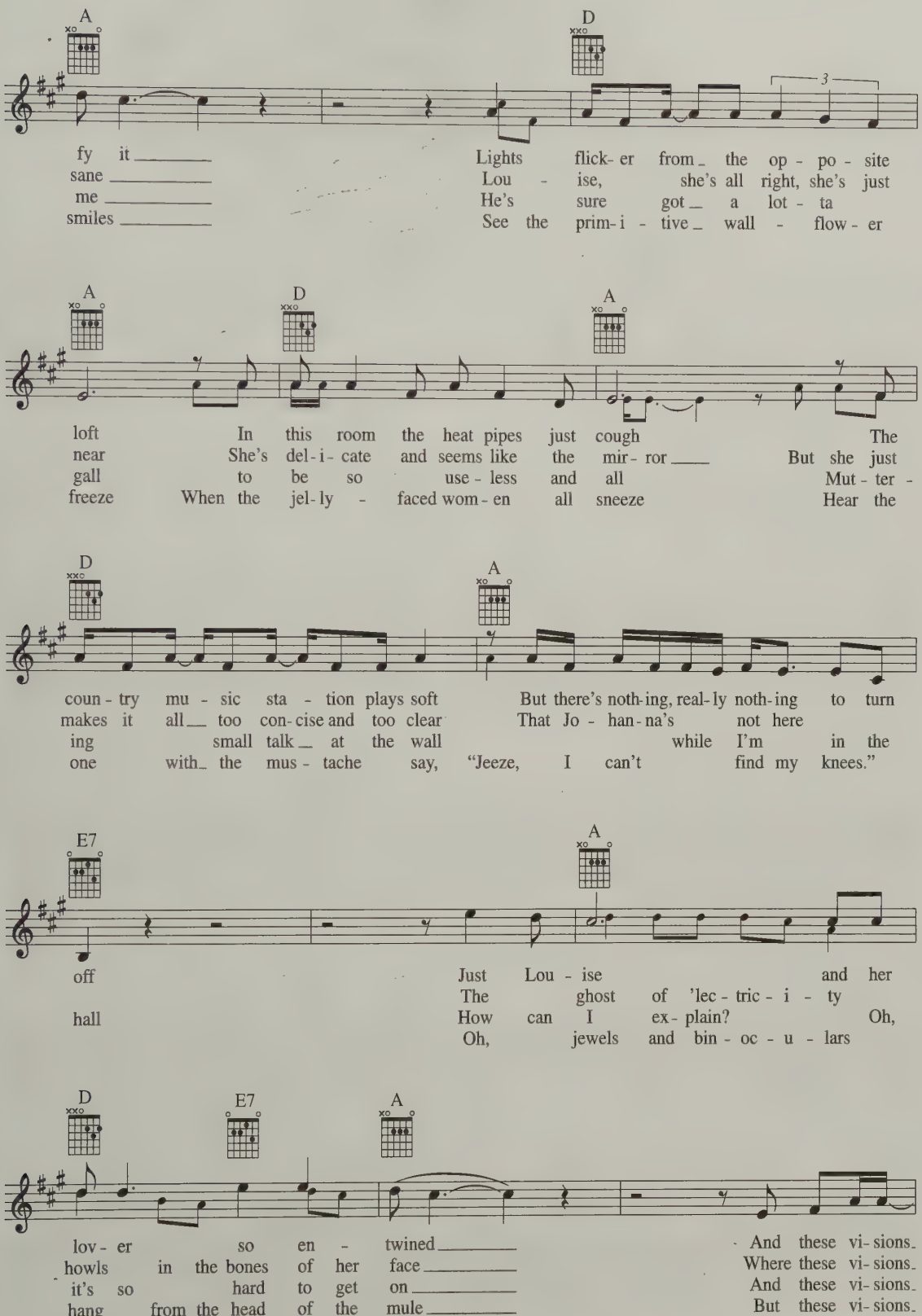
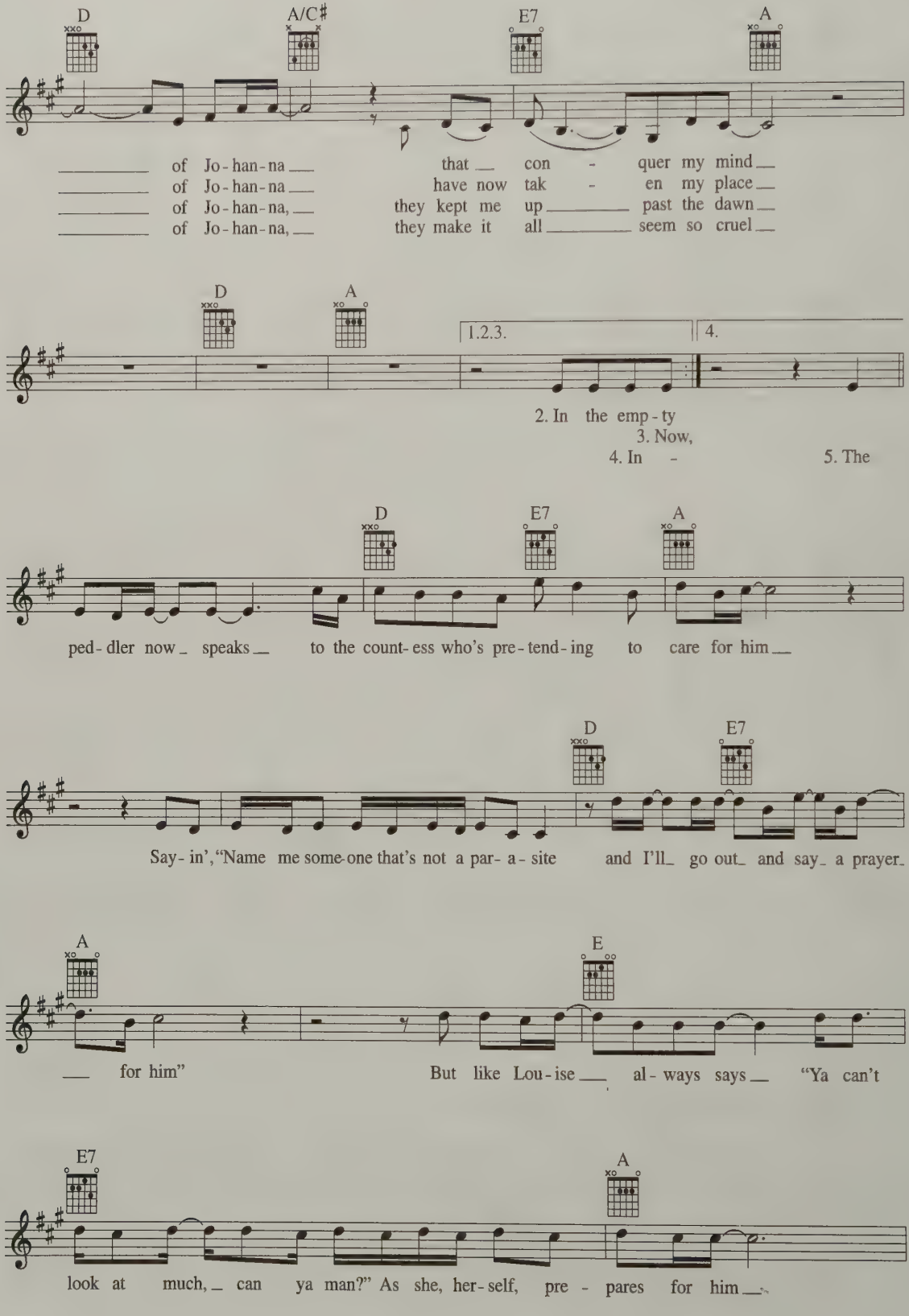
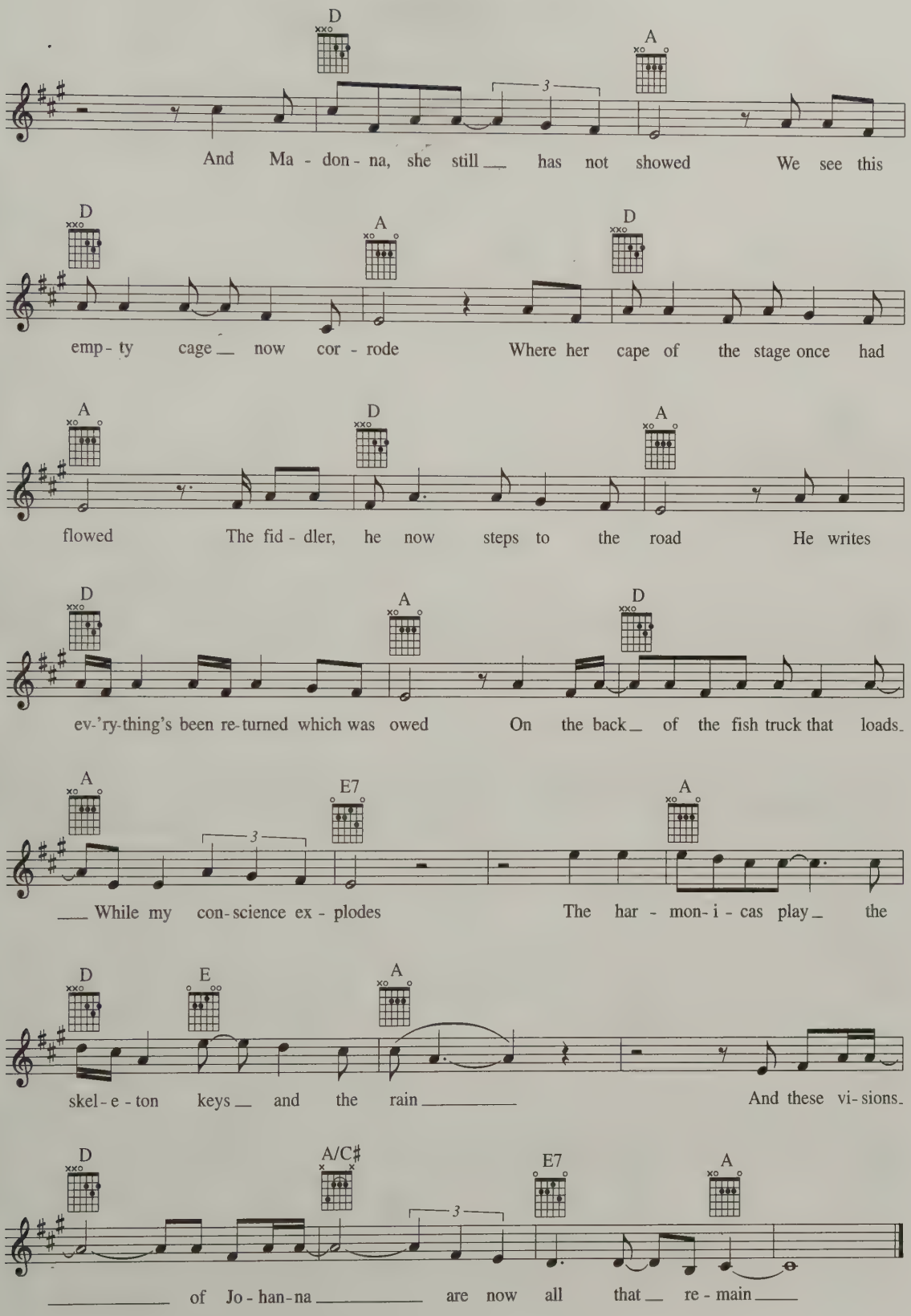
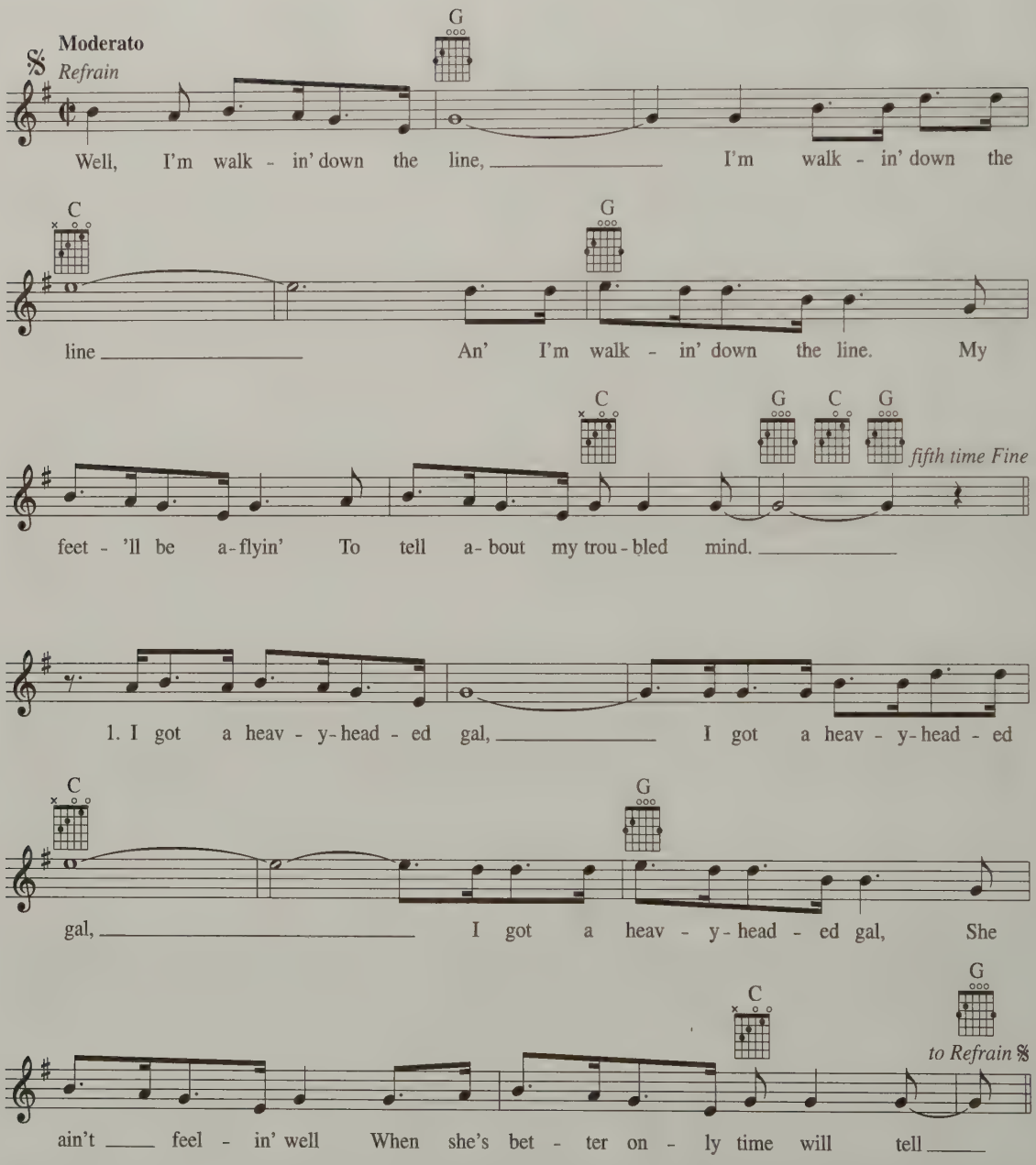

A
D
3
fy it
sane
me
smiles
Lights flick- er from the op - po - site
Lou - ise, she's all right, she's just
He's sure got a lot - ta
See the prim-i - tive wall - flow - er
A
D
A
loft In this room the heat pipes just cough The
near She's del-i- cate and seems like the mir- ror But she just
gall to be so use - less and all Mut - ter -
freeze When the jel-ly - faced wom - en all sneeze Hear the
D
A
coun - try mu - sic sta - tion plays soft But there's noth-ing, real-ly noth-ing to turn
makes it all too con-cise and too clear That Jo - han-na's not here
ing small talk at the wall while I'm in the
one with the mus - tache say, "Jeeze, I can't find my knees."
E7
A
off Just Lou - ise and her
The ghost of 'lec - tric - i - ty
hall How can I ex- plain? Oh,
Oh, jewels and bin - oc - u - lars
D
E7
A
lov - er so en - twined And these vi- sions
howls in the bones of her face Where these vi- sions
it's so hard to get on And these vi- sions
hang from the head of the mule But these vi- sions


D
A/C♯
E7
A
of Jo-han-na that con - quer my mind
of Jo-han-na have now tak - en my place
of Jo-han-na, they kept me up past the dawn
of Jo-han-na, they make it all seem so cruel
D
A
1.2.3.
4.
2. In the emp-ty
3. Now,
4. In -
5. The
D
E7
A
ped-dler now speaks to the count-ess who's pre-tend-ing to care for him
D
E7
Say-in', "Name me some-one that's not a par-a-site and I'll go out and say a prayer
A
E
for him" But like Lou-ise al-ways says "Ya can't
E7
A
look at much, can ya man?" As she, her-self, pre - pares for him


D
A
3
And Ma - don - na, she still ___ has not showed We see this
D
A
D
emp - ty cage ___ now cor - rode Where her cape of the stage once had
A
D
A
flowed The fid - dler, he now steps to the road He writes
D
A
D
ev-'ry-thing's been re-turned which was owed On the back ___ of the fish truck that loads.
A
E7
3
A
___ While my con-science ex - plodes The har - mon - i - cas play ___ the
D
E
A
skel - e - ton keys ___ and the rain _____ And these vi - sions.
D
A/C♯
3
E7
A
_____ of Jo - han - na _____ are now all that ___ re - main ____

Walkin' Down the Line

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato
Refrain
G
Well, I'm walk - in' down the line, I'm walk - in' down the
C
G
line An' I'm walk - in' down the line. My
C
G C G
fifth time Fine
feet - 'll be a-flyin' To tell a-bout my trou-bled mind.
1. I got a heav - y-head - ed gal, I got a heav - y-head - ed
C
G
gal, I got a heav - y-head - ed gal, She
C
G
to Refrain
ain't feel - in' well When she's bet - ter on - ly time will tell

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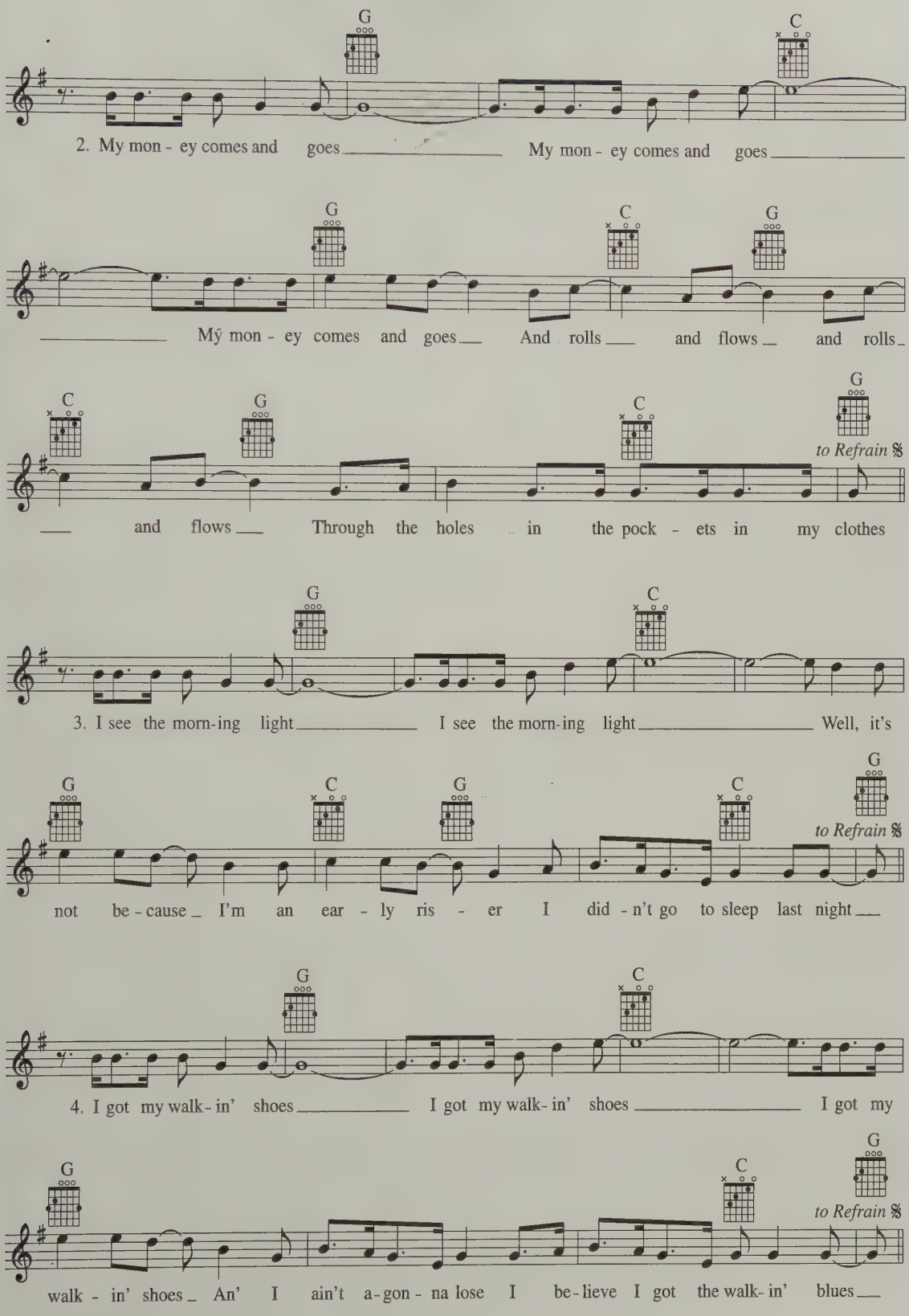
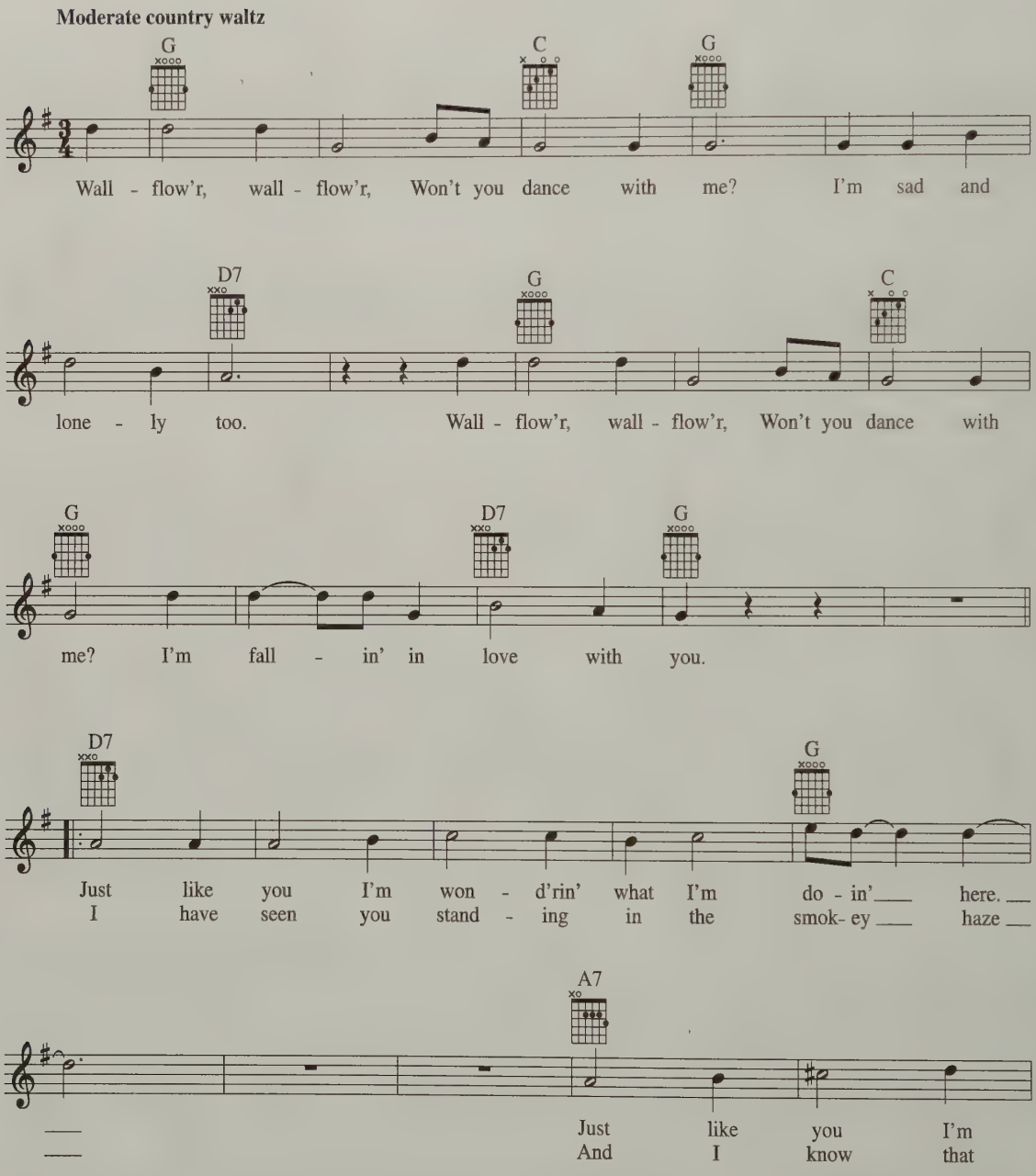

G
C
2. My mon - ey comes and goes My mon - ey comes and goes
G
C
G
My mon - ey comes and goes And rolls and flows and rolls
C
G
C
G
to Refrain
and flows Through the holes in the pock - ets in my clothes
G
C
3. I see the morn-ing light I see the morn-ing light Well, it's
G
C
G
C
G
to Refrain
not be - cause I'm an ear - ly ris - er I did - n't go to sleep last night
G
C
4. I got my walk - in' shoes I got my walk - in' shoes I got my
G
C
G
to Refrain
walk - in' shoes An' I ain't a - gon - na lose I be - lieve I got the walk - in' blues

Wallflower

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate country waltz
G
C
G
Wall - flow'r, wall - flow'r, Won't you dance with me? I'm sad and
D7
G
C
lone - ly too. Wall - flow'r, wall - flow'r, Won't you dance with
G
D7
G
me? I'm fall - in' in love with you.
D7
G
Just like you I'm won - d'rin' what I'm do - in'___ here.___
I have seen you stand - ing in the smok- ey___ haze___
A7
___ Just like you I'm
___ And I know that

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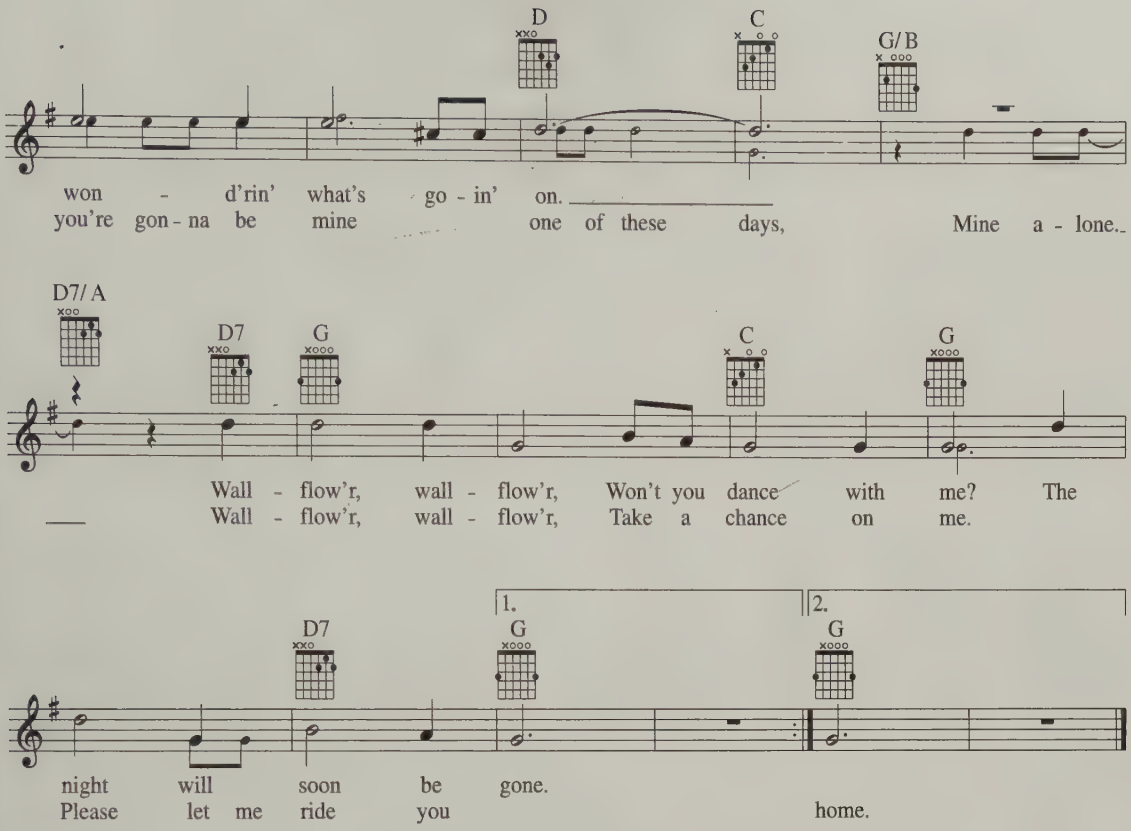
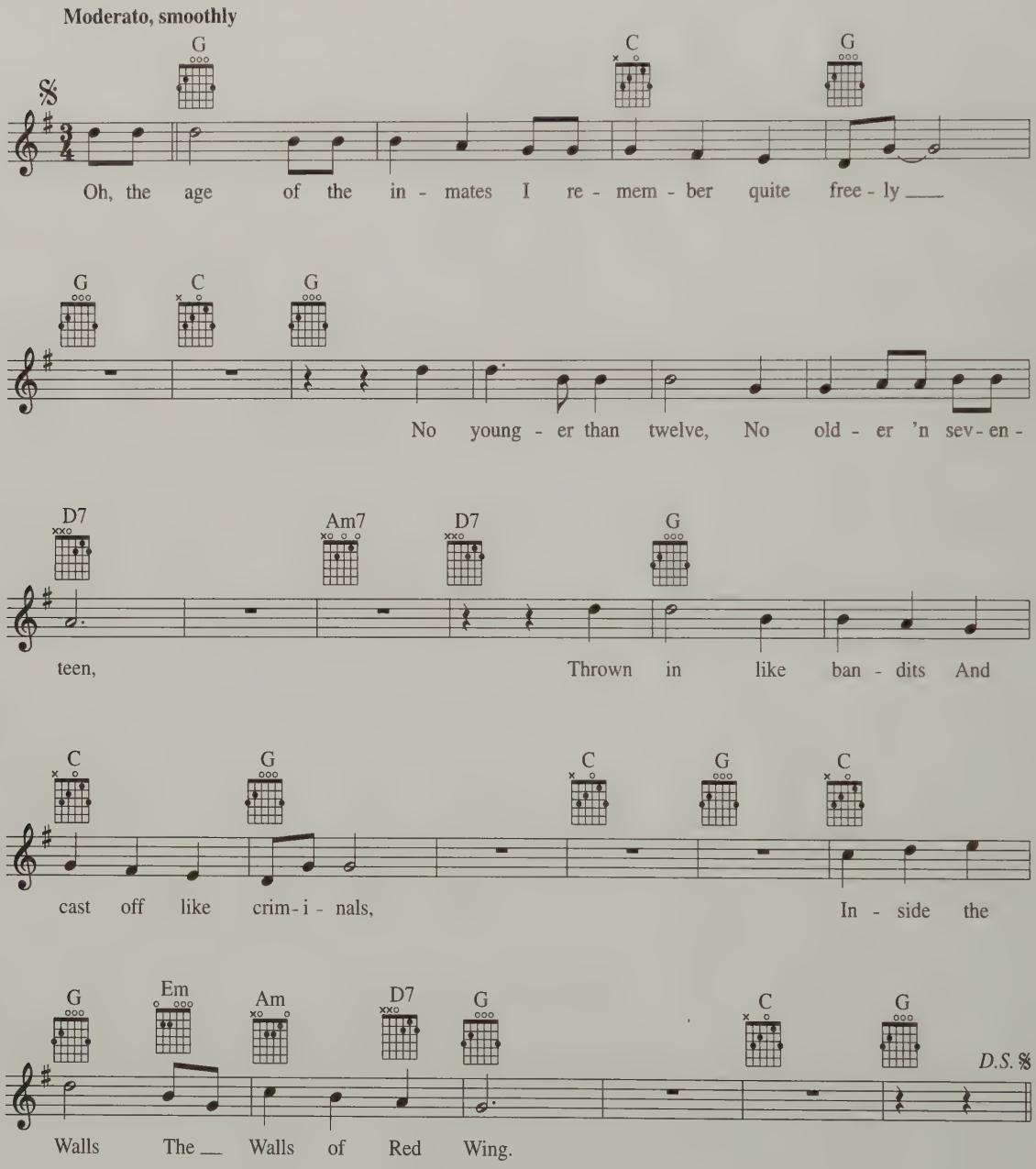

D
C
G/B
won - d'rin' what's go - in' on.
you're gon - na be mine one of these days, Mine a - lone.
D7/A
D7
G
C
G
Wall - flow'r, wall - flow'r, Won't you dance with me? The
Wall - flow'r, wall - flow'r, Take a chance on me.
1.
2.
D7
G
G
night will soon be gone.
Please let me ride you home.

Walls of Red Wing

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. From the dirty old mess hall
You march to the brick wall,
Too weary to talk
And too tired to sing.
Oh, it's all afternoon
You remember your home town,
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

3. Oh, the gates are cast iron
And the walls are barbed wire.
Stay far from the fence
With the 'lectricity sting.
And it's keep down your head
And stay in your number,
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

4. Oh, it's fare thee well
To the deep hollow dungeon,
Farewell to the boardwalk
That takes you to the screen.
And farewell to the minutes
They threaten you with it,
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

5. It's many a guard
That stands around smilin',
Holdin' his club
Like he was a king.
Hopin' to get you
Behind a wood pilin',
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

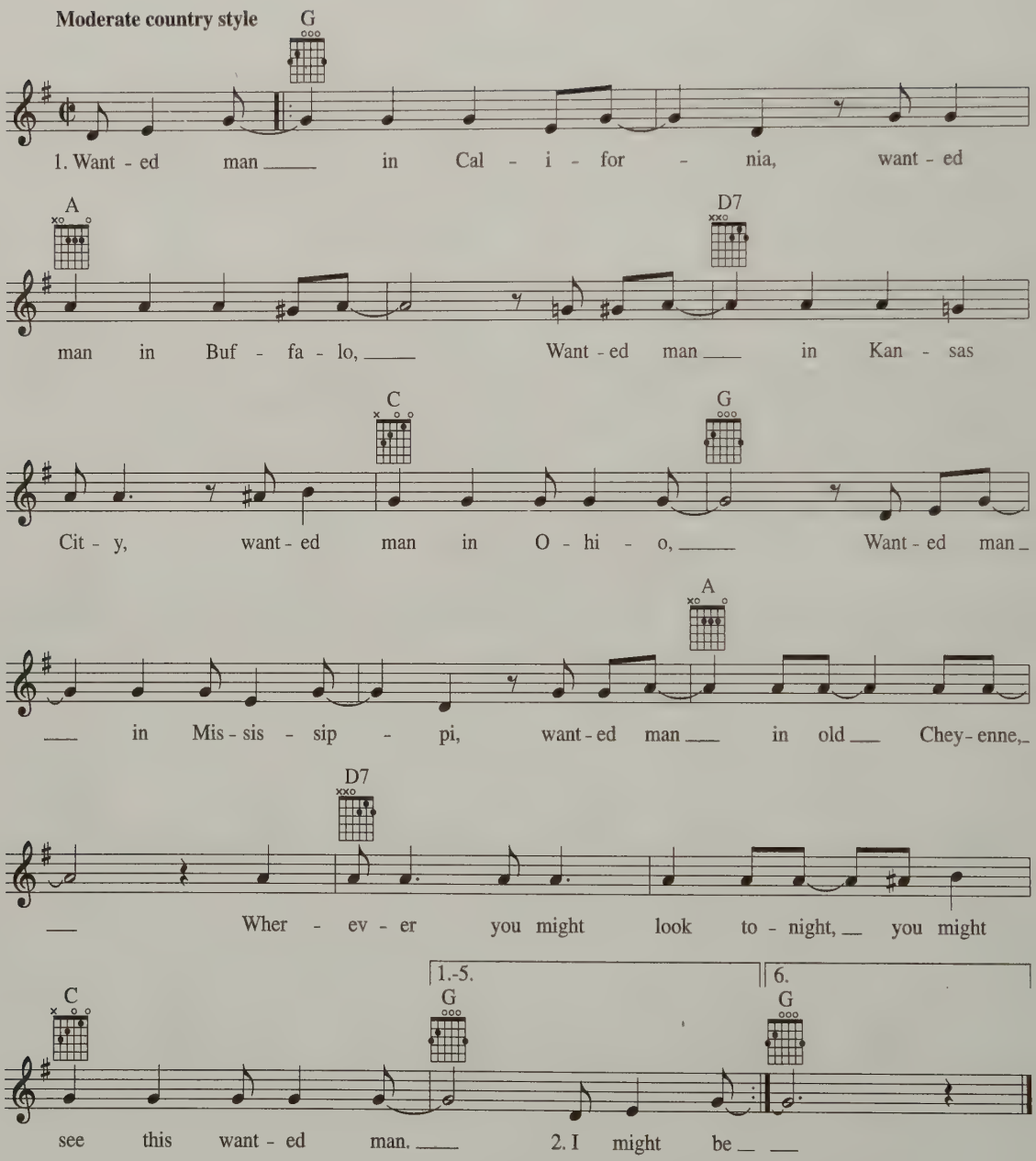
6. The night aimed shadows
Through the crossbar windows,
And the wind punched hard
To make the wall-siding sing.
It's many a night
I pretended to be a-sleepin',
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

7. As the rain rattled heavy
On the bunk-house shingles,
And the sounds in the night,
They made my ears ring.
'Til the keys of the guards
Clicked the tune of the morning,
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

8. Oh, some of us'll end up
In St. Cloud Prison,
And some of us'll wind up
To be lawyers and things,
And some of us'll stand up
To meet you on your crossroads,
From inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

Wanted Man

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderate country style
G
1. Want - ed man ___ in Cal - i - for - nia, want - ed
A
D7
man in Buf - fa - lo, ___ Want - ed man ___ in Kan - sas
C
G
Cit - y, want - ed man in O - hi - o, ___ Want - ed man _
A
___ in Mis - sis - sip - pi, want - ed man ___ in old ___ Chey - enne, _
D7
___ Wher - ev - er you might look to - night, __ you might
1.-5.
6.
C
G
G
see this want - ed man. ___ 2. I might be _ __

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Additional lyrics

2. I might be in Colorado or Georgia by the sea,
   Working for some man who may not know at all who I might be.
   If you ever see me comin' and if you know who I am,
   Don't you breathe it to nobody 'cause you know I'm on the lam.

3. Wanted man by Lucy Watson, wanted man by Jeannie Brown,
   Wanted man by Nellie Johnson, wanted man in this next town.
   But I've had all that I've wanted of a lot of things I had
   And a lot more than I needed of some things that turned out bad.

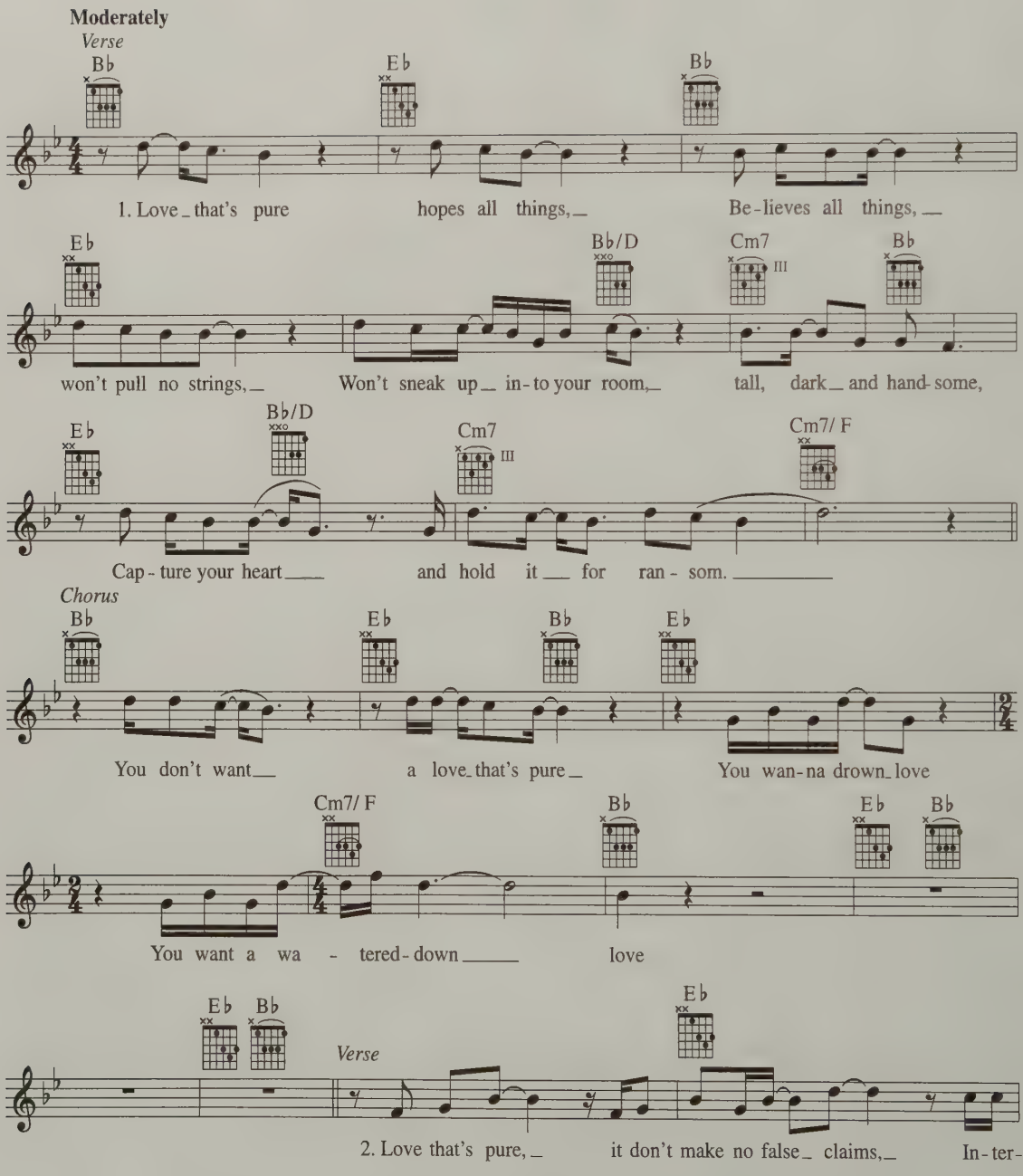
4. I got sidetracked in El Paso, stopped to get myself a map,
   Went the wrong way into Juarez with Juanita on my lap.
   Then I went to sleep in Shreveport, woke up in Abilene
   Wonderin' why the hell I'm wanted at some town halfway between.

5. Wanted man in Albuquerque, wanted man in Syracuse,
   Wanted man in Tallahassee, wanted man in Baton Rouge,
   There's somebody set to grab me anywhere that I might be
   And wherever you might look tonight, you might get a glimpse of me.

6. Wanted man in California, wanted man in Buffalo,
   Wanted man in Kansas City, wanted man in Ohio,
   Wanted man in Mississippi, wanted man in old Cheyenne,
   Wherever you might look tonight, you might see this wanted man.

Watered-Down Love

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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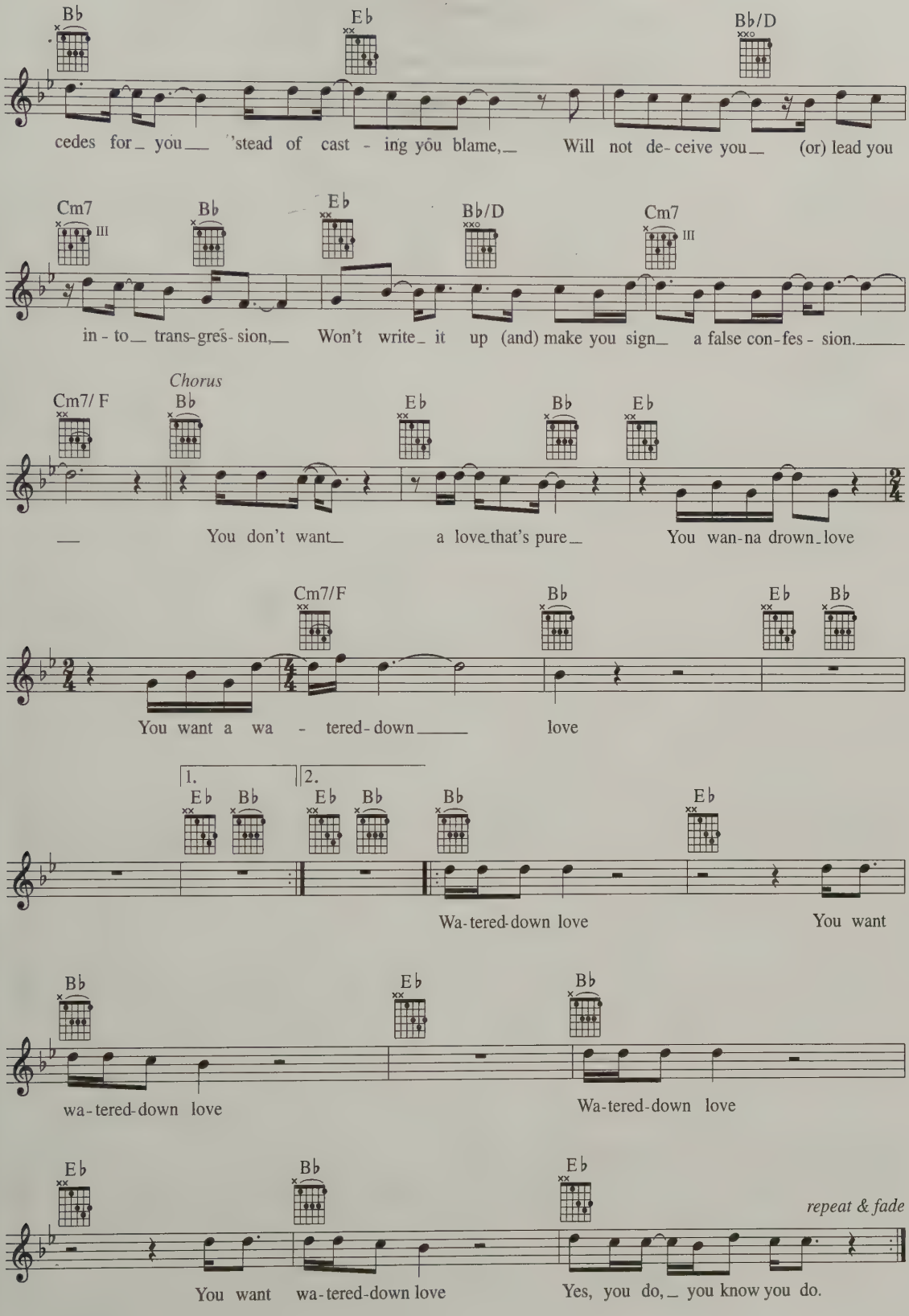

B♭
E♭
B♭/D
cedes for_ you__ 'stead of cast - ing you blame,_ Will not de-ceive you_ (or) lead you
Cm7
III
B♭
E♭
B♭/D
Cm7
III
in - to_ trans-gres-sion,_ Won't write_ it up (and) make you sign_ a false con-fes - sion._____
Chorus
Cm7/ F
B♭
E♭
B♭
E♭
__ You don't want_ a love_that's pure_ You wan-na drown_love
Cm7/F
B♭
E♭
B♭
You want a wa - tered-down_____ love
1.
2.
E♭
B♭
E♭
B♭
B♭
E♭
Wa-tered-down love You want
B♭
E♭
B♭
wa-tered-down love Wa-tered-down love
E♭
B♭
E♭
repeat & fade
You want wa-tered-down love Yes, you do,_ you know you do.

Additional lyrics

3. Love that's pure won't lead you astray,
Won't hold you back, won't mess up your day,
Won't pervert you, corrupt you with stupid wishes,
It don't make you envious, it don't make you suspicious.

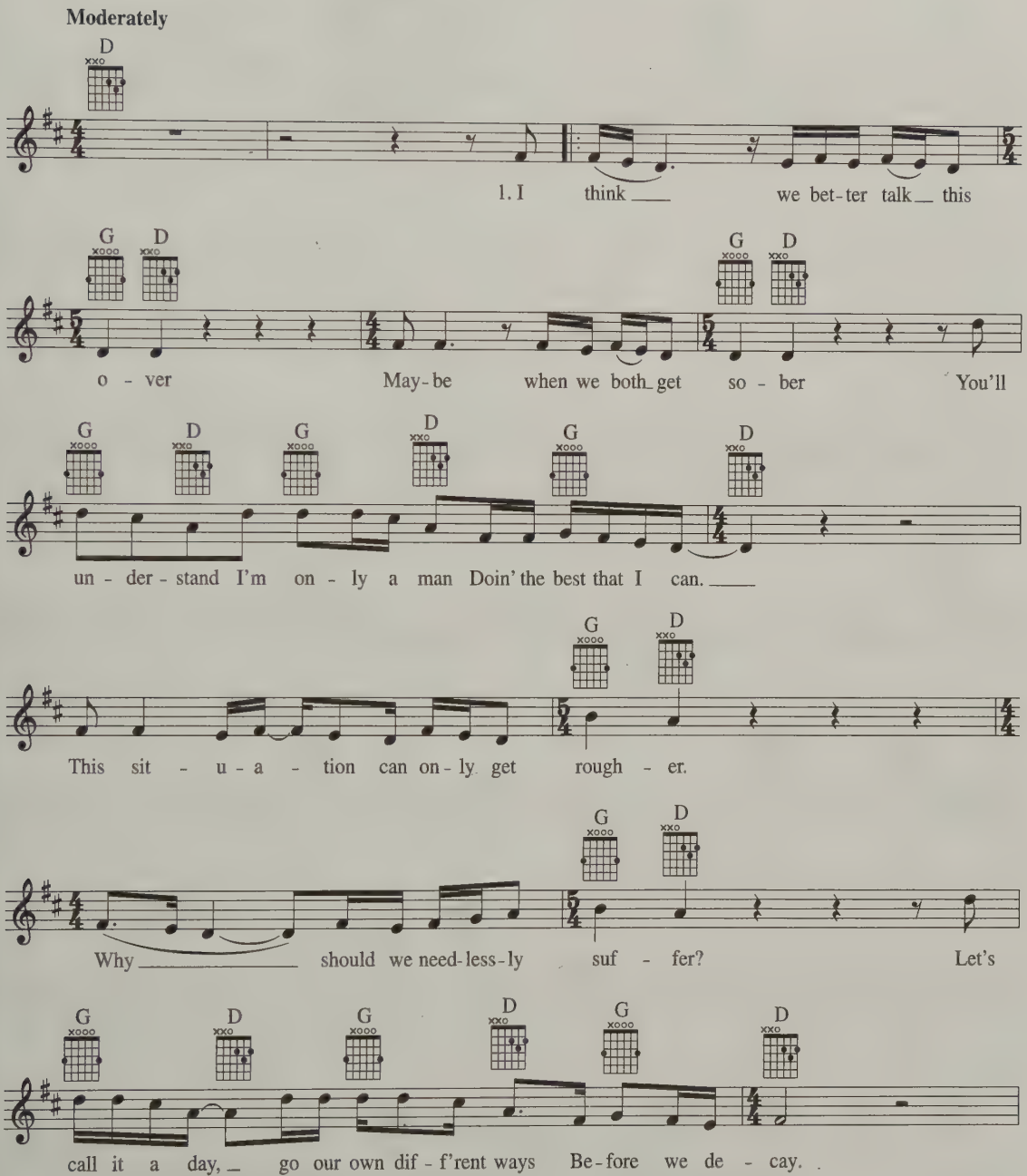
Chorus

4. Love that's pure ain't no accident,
Always on time, is always content,
An eternal flame, quietly burning,
Never needs to be proud, restlessly yearning.

Chorus

We Better Talk This Over

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
D
1. I think we bet-ter talk this
G D G D
o - ver May-be when we both get so - ber You'll
G D G D G D
un - der - stand I'm on - ly a man Doin' the best that I can.
G D
This sit - u - a - tion can on - ly get rough - er.
G D
Why should we need-less-ly suf - fer? Let's
G D G D G D
call it a day, go our own dif - f'rent ways Be-fore we de - cay.

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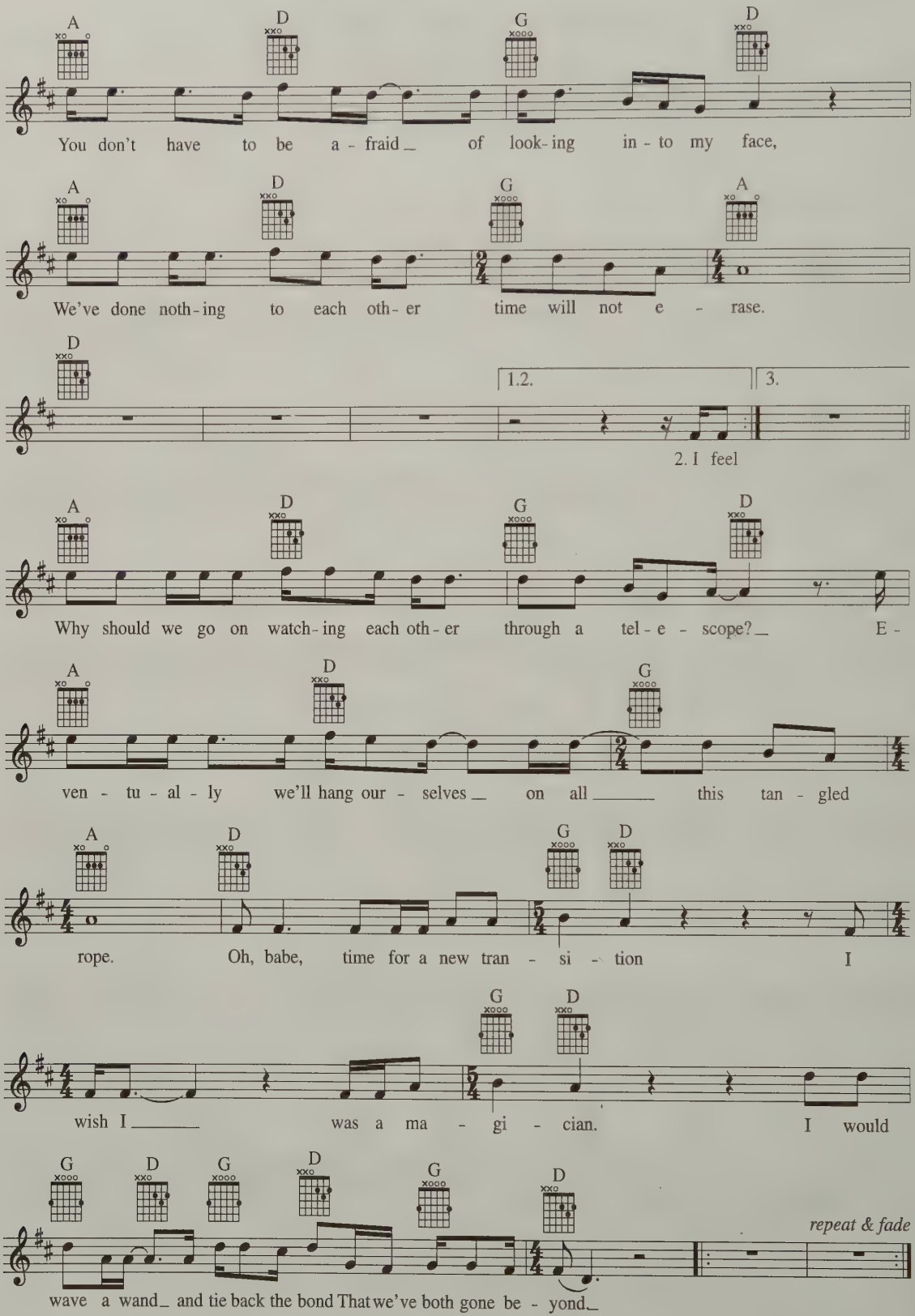

A D G D
You don't have to be a - fraid of look- ing in - to my face,
A D G A
We've done noth- ing to each oth- er time will not e - rase.
D
1.2. 3.
2. I feel
A D G D
Why should we go on watch- ing each oth - er through a tel - e - scope? E -
A D G
ven - tu - al - ly we'll hang our - selves on all this tan - gled
A D G D
rope. Oh, babe, time for a new tran - si - tion I
G D
wish I was a ma - gi - cian. I would
G D G D G D
repeat & fade
wave a wand and tie back the bond That we've both gone be - yond

Additional lyrics

2. I feel displaced, I got a low-down feeling
You been two-faced, you been double-dealing.
I took a chance, got caught in the trance
Of a downhill dance.

Oh, child, why you wanna hurt me?
I'm exiled, you can't convert me.
I'm lost in the haze of your delicate ways
With both eyes glazed.

You don't have to yearn for love, you don't have to be alone,
Somewheres in this universe there's a place that you can call home.

3. I guess I'll be leaving tomorrow
If I have to beg, steal or borrow.
It'd be great to cross paths in a day and a half
Look at each other and laugh.

But I don't think it's liable to happen
Like the sound of one hand clappin'.
The vows that we kept are now broken and swept
'Neath the bed where we slept.

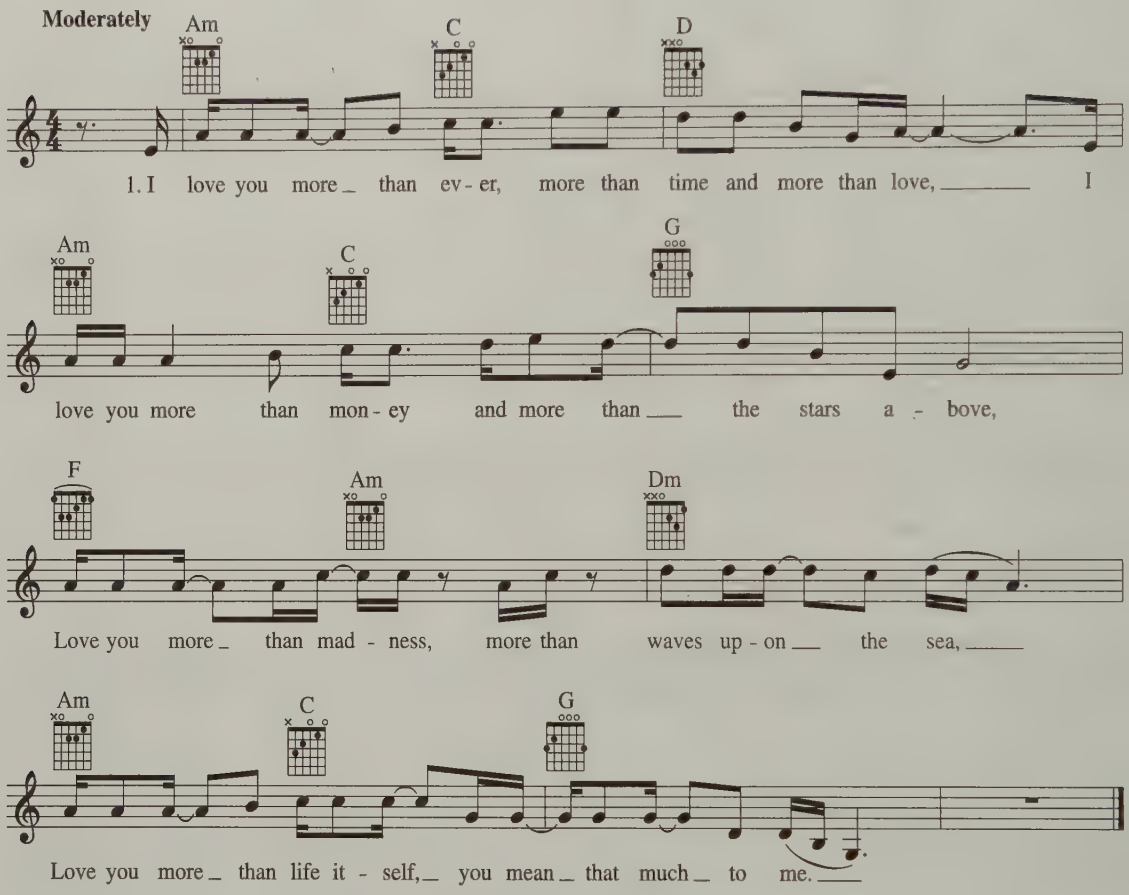
Don't think of me and fantasize on what we never had,
Be grateful for what we've shared together and be glad.

Why should we go on watching each other through a telescope?
Eventually we'll hang ourselves on all this tangled rope.

Oh, babe, time for a new transition
I wish I was a magician.
I would wave a wand and tie back the bond
That we've both gone beyond.

Wedding Song

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
Am
C
D
1. I love you more than ev - er, more than time and more than love, I
Am
C
G
love you more than mon - ey and more than the stars a - bove,
F
Am
Dm
Love you more than mad - ness, more than waves up - on the sea,
Am
C
G
Love you more than life it - self, you mean that much to me.

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Additional lyrics

2. Ever since you walked right in, the circle's been complete,
I've said goodbye to haunted rooms and faces in the street,
To the courtyard of the jester which is hidden from the sun,
I love you more than ever and I haven't yet begun.

3. You breathed on me and made my life a richer one to live,
When I was deep in poverty you taught me how to give,
Dried the tears up from my dreams and pulled me from the hole,
Quenched my thirst and satisfied the burning in my soul.

4. You gave me babies one, two, three, what is more, you saved my life,
Eye for eye and tooth for tooth, your love cuts like a knife,
My thoughts of you don't ever rest, they'd kill me if I lie,
I'd sacrifice the world for you and watch my senses die.

5. The tune that is yours and mine to play upon this earth,
We'll play it out the best we know, whatever it is worth,
What's lost is lost, we can't regain what went down in the flood,
But happiness to me is you and I love you more than blood.

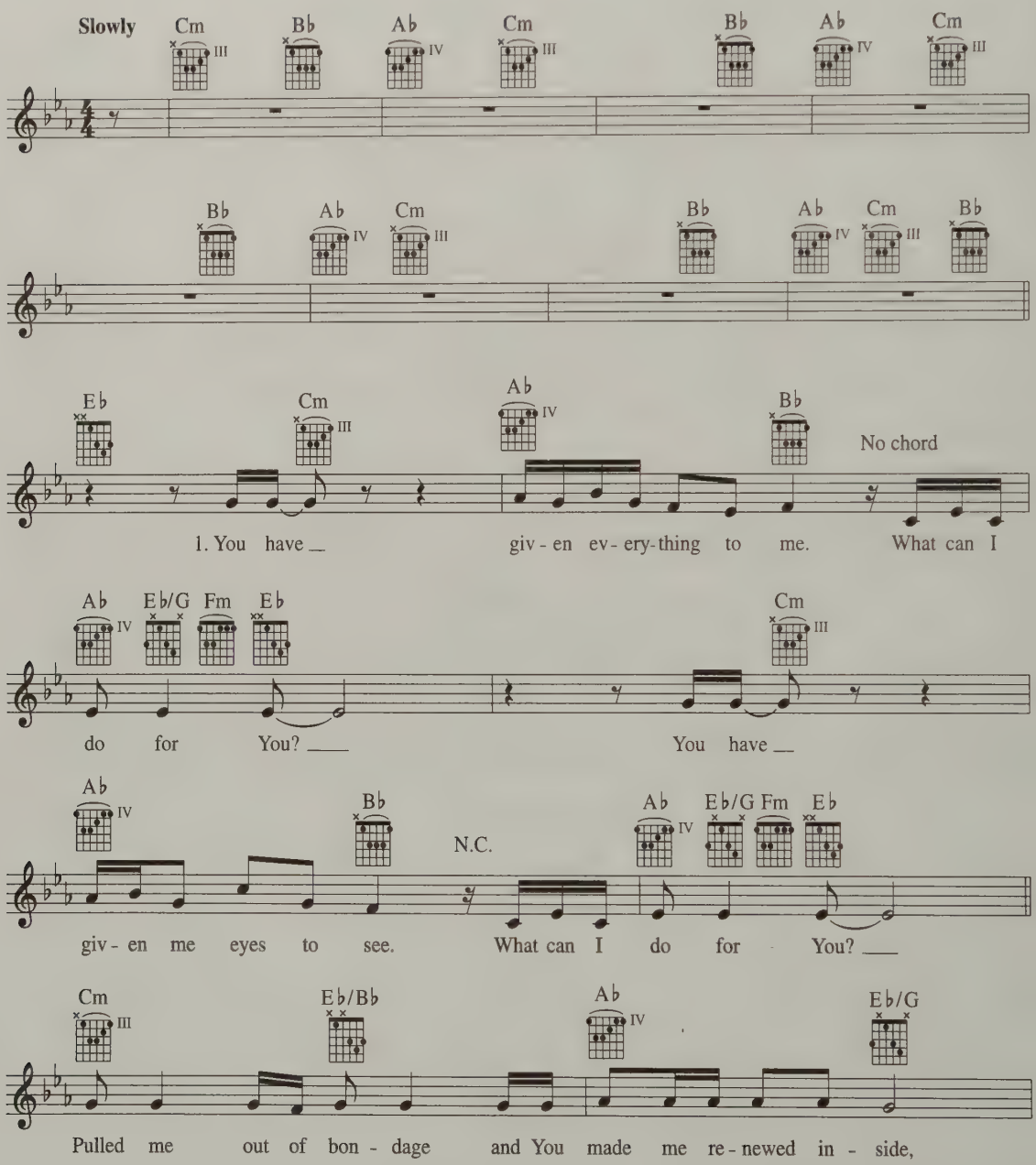
6. It's never been my duty to remake the world at large,
Nor is it my intention to sound a battle charge,
'Cause I love you more than all of that with a love that doesn't bend,
And if there is eternity I'd love you there again.

7. Oh, can't you see that you were born to stand by my side
And I was born to be with you, you were born to be my bride,
You're the other half of what I am, you're the missing piece
And I love you more than ever with that love that doesn't cease.

8. You turn the tide on me each day and teach my eyes to see,
Just bein' next to you is a natural thing for me
And I could never let you go, no matter what goes on,
'Cause I love you more than ever now that the past is gone.

What Can I Do for You?

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly
Cm Bb Ab Cm Bb Ab Cm
Bb Ab Cm Bb Ab Cm Bb
Eb Cm Ab Bb No chord
1. You have _ giv - en ev - ery - thing to me. What can I
Ab Eb/G Fm Eb Cm
do for You? ____ You have __
Ab Bb N.C. Ab Eb/G Fm Eb
giv - en me eyes to see. What can I do for You? ___
Cm Eb/Bb Ab Eb/G
Pulled me out of bon - dage and You made me re - newed in - side,

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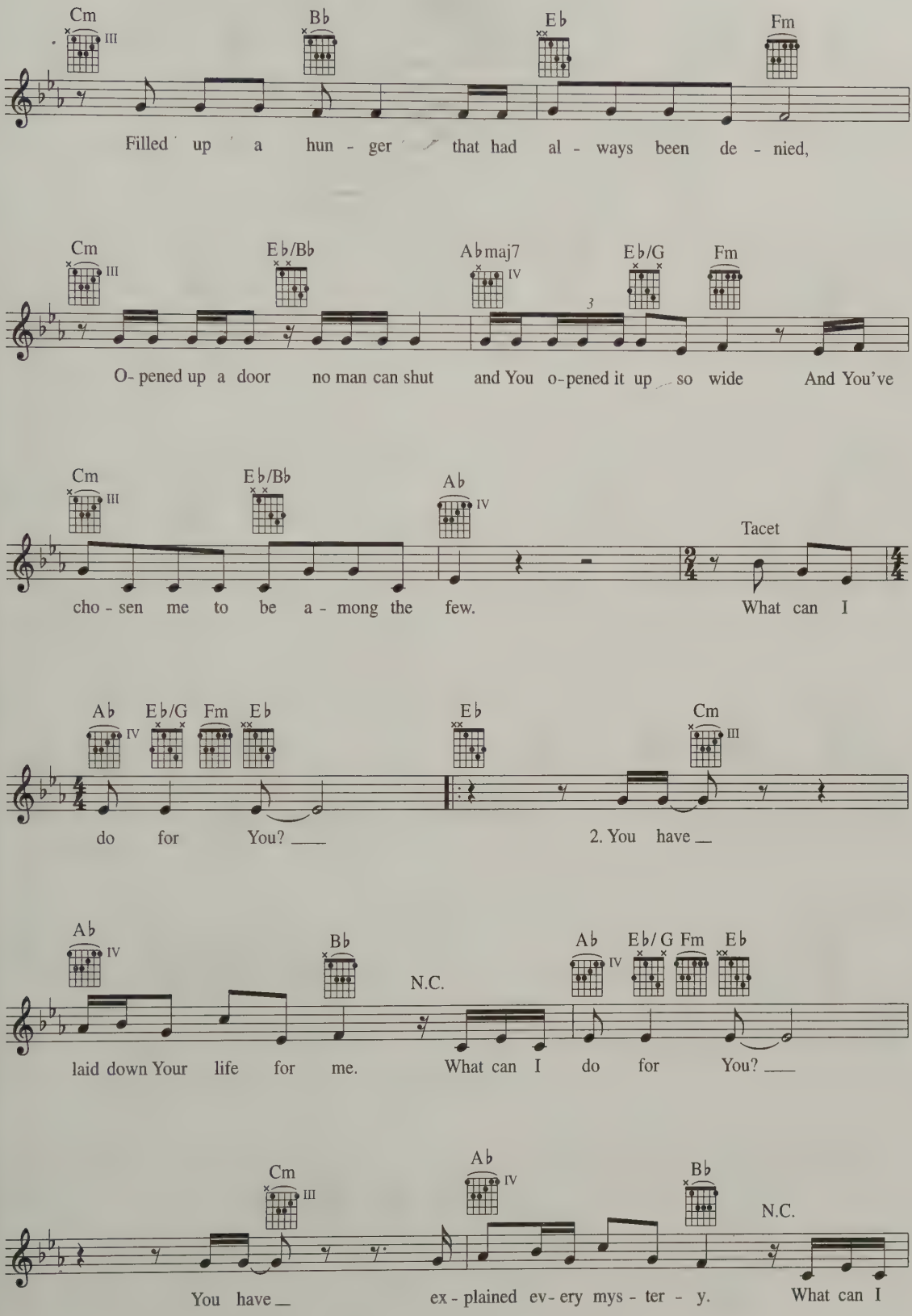
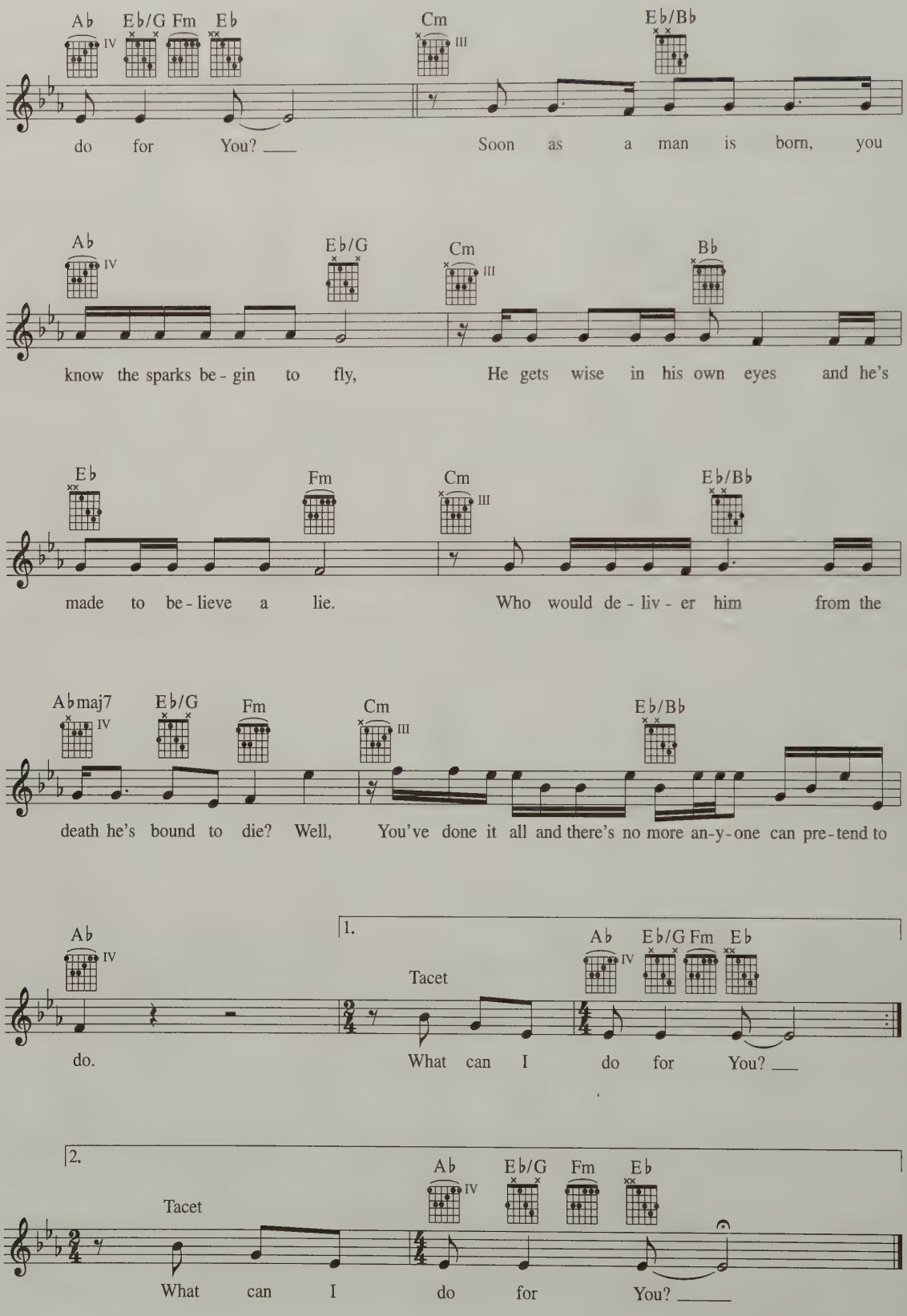

Cm
Bb
Eb
Fm
Filled up a hun - ger that had al - ways been de - nied,
Cm
Eb/Bb
Abmaj7
Eb/G
Fm
O - pened up a door no man can shut and You o - pened it up so wide And You've
Cm
Eb/Bb
Ab
Tacet
cho - sen me to be a - mong the few.
What can I
Ab
Eb/G
Fm
Eb
Eb
Cm
do for You?
2. You have
Ab
Bb
N.C.
Ab
Eb/G
Fm
Eb
laid down Your life for me.
What can I do for You?
Cm
Ab
Bb
N.C.
You have
ex - plained ev - ery mys - ter - y.
What can I

A♭ E♭/G Fm E♭ Cm E♭/B♭
IV III
do for You? ___ Soon as a man is born, you
A♭ E♭/G Cm B♭
IV III
know the sparks be - gin to fly, He gets wise in his own eyes and he's
E♭ Fm Cm E♭/B♭
III
made to be - lieve a lie. Who would de - liv - er him from the
A♭maj7 E♭/G Fm Cm E♭/B♭
IV III
death he's bound to die? Well, You've done it all and there's no more an-y-one can pre-tend to
1.
A♭ E♭/G Fm E♭
IV
Tacet
do. What can I do for You? ___
2.
A♭ E♭/G Fm E♭
IV
Tacet
What can I do for You? ____

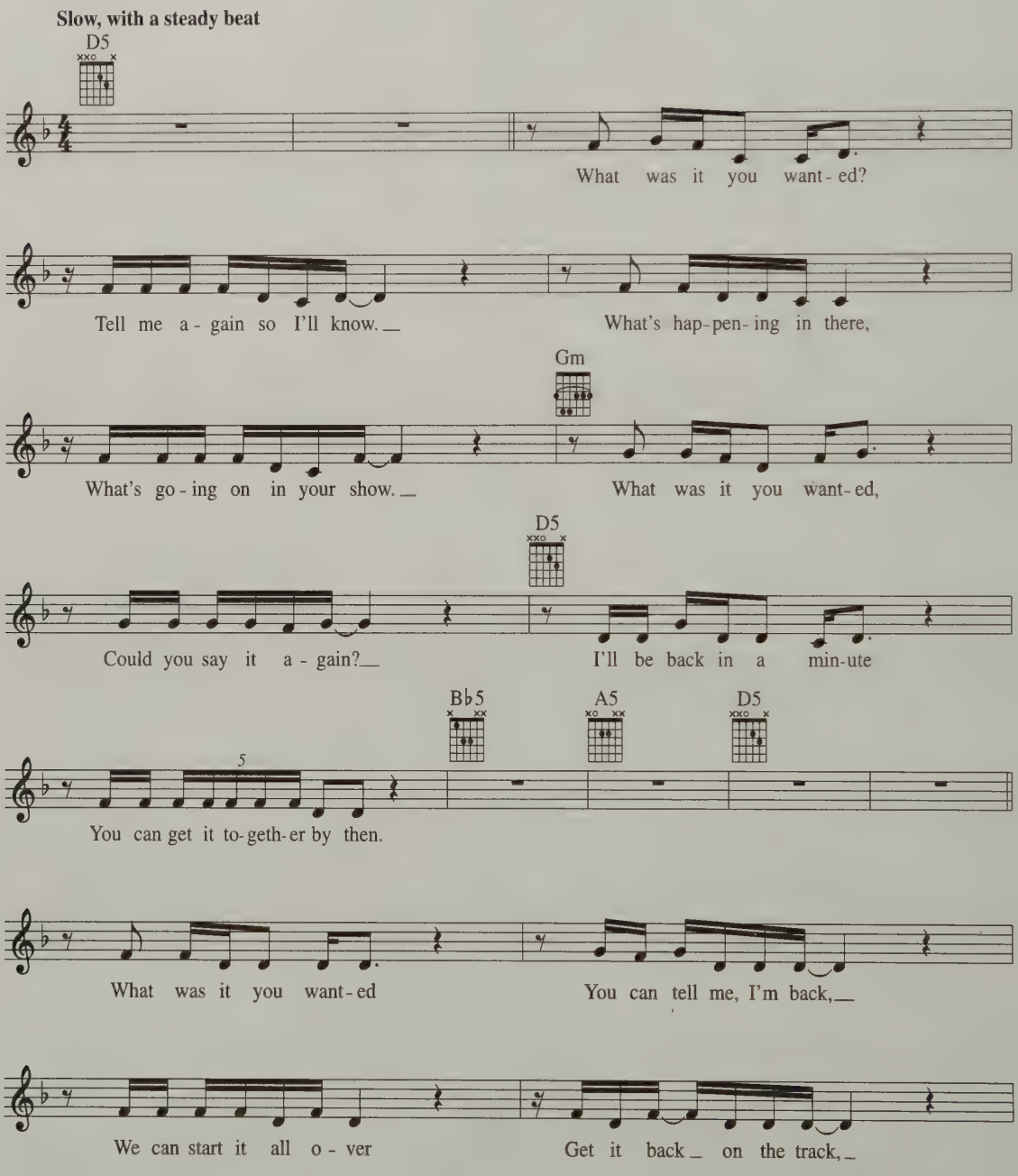
Additional lyrics

3. You have given all there is to give.
What can I do for You?
You have given me life to live.
How can I live for You?

I know all about poison, I know all about fiery darts,
I don't care how rough the road is, show me where it starts,
Whatever pleases You, tell it to my heart.
Well, I don't deserve it but I sure did make it through.
What can I do for You?

What Was It You Wanted?

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slow, with a steady beat
D5
What was it you want-ed?
Tell me a-gain so I'll know.
What's hap-pen-ing in there,
Gm
What's go-ing on in your show.
What was it you want-ed,
D5
Could you say it a-gain?
I'll be back in a min-ute
B♭5
A5
D5
5
You can get it to-geth-er by then.
What was it you want-ed
You can tell me, I'm back,
We can start it all o-ver
Get it back on the track,

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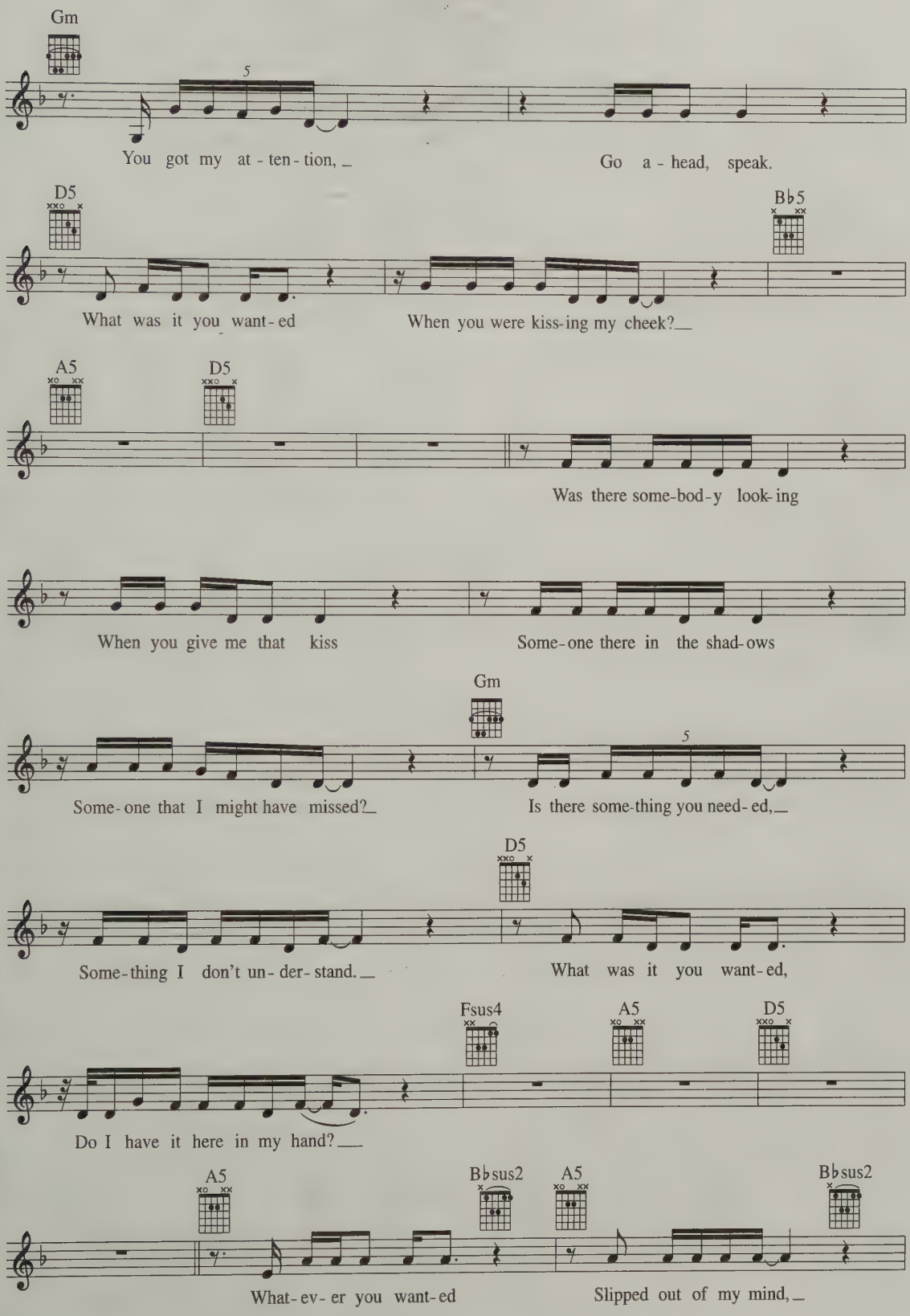
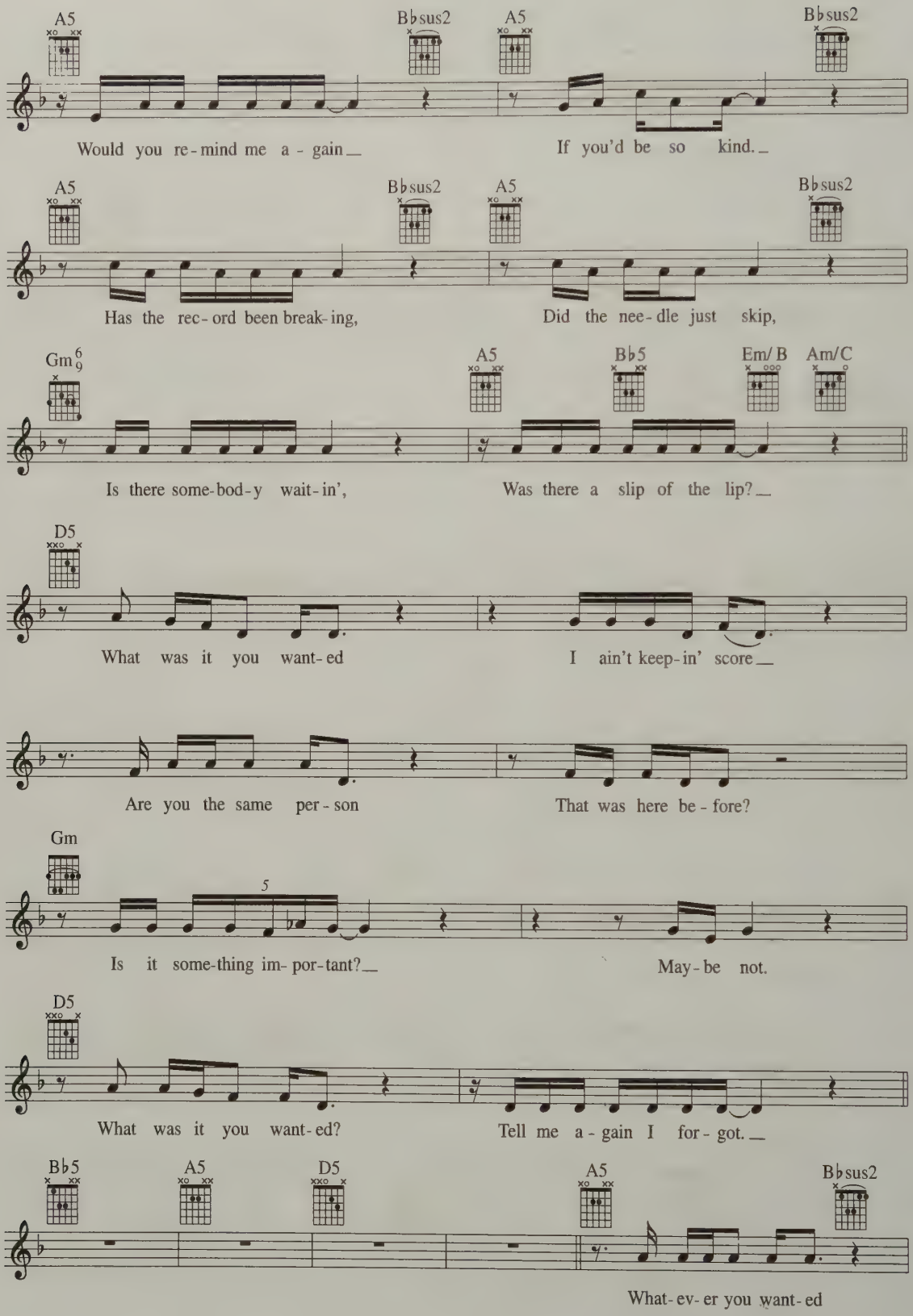
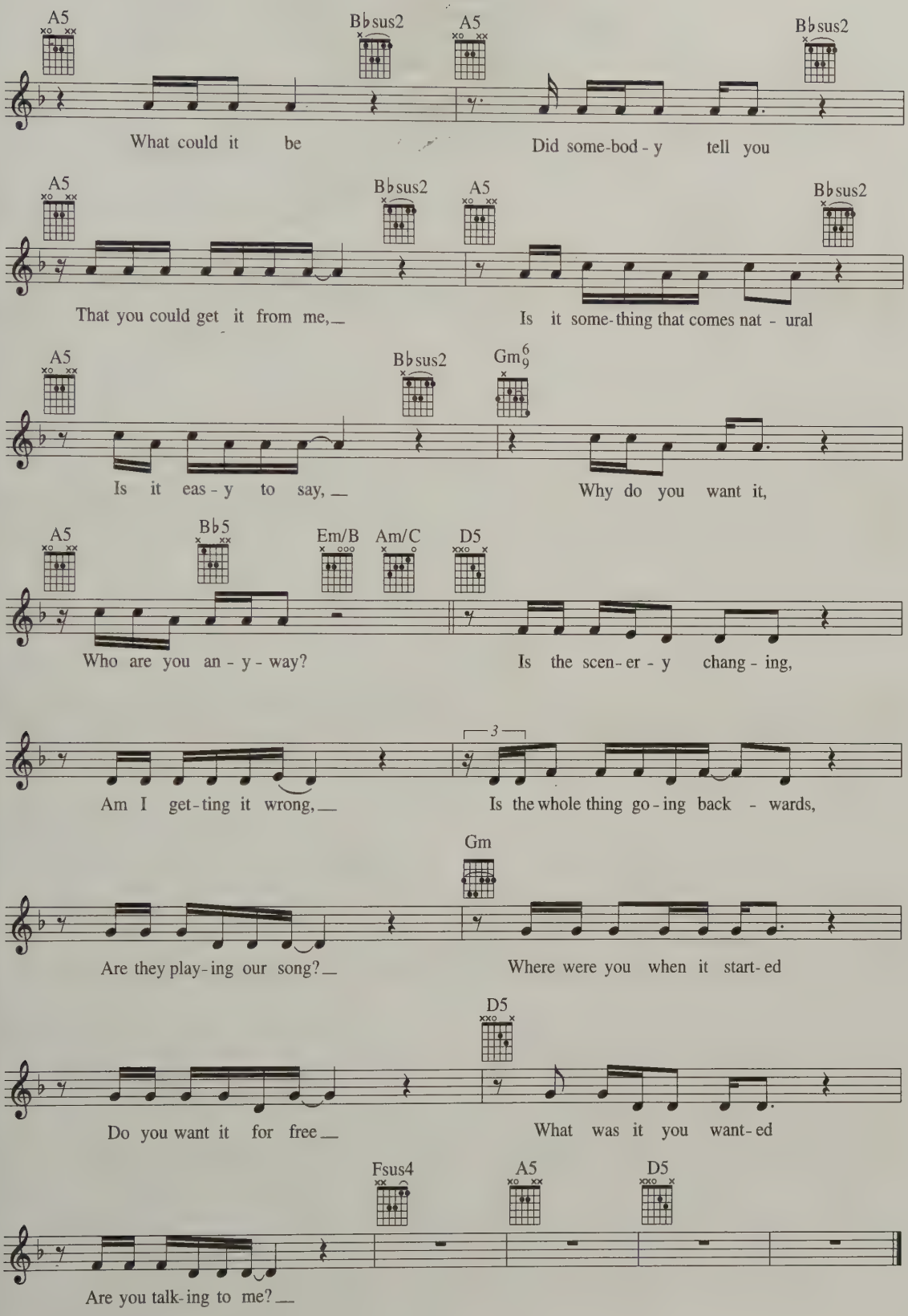
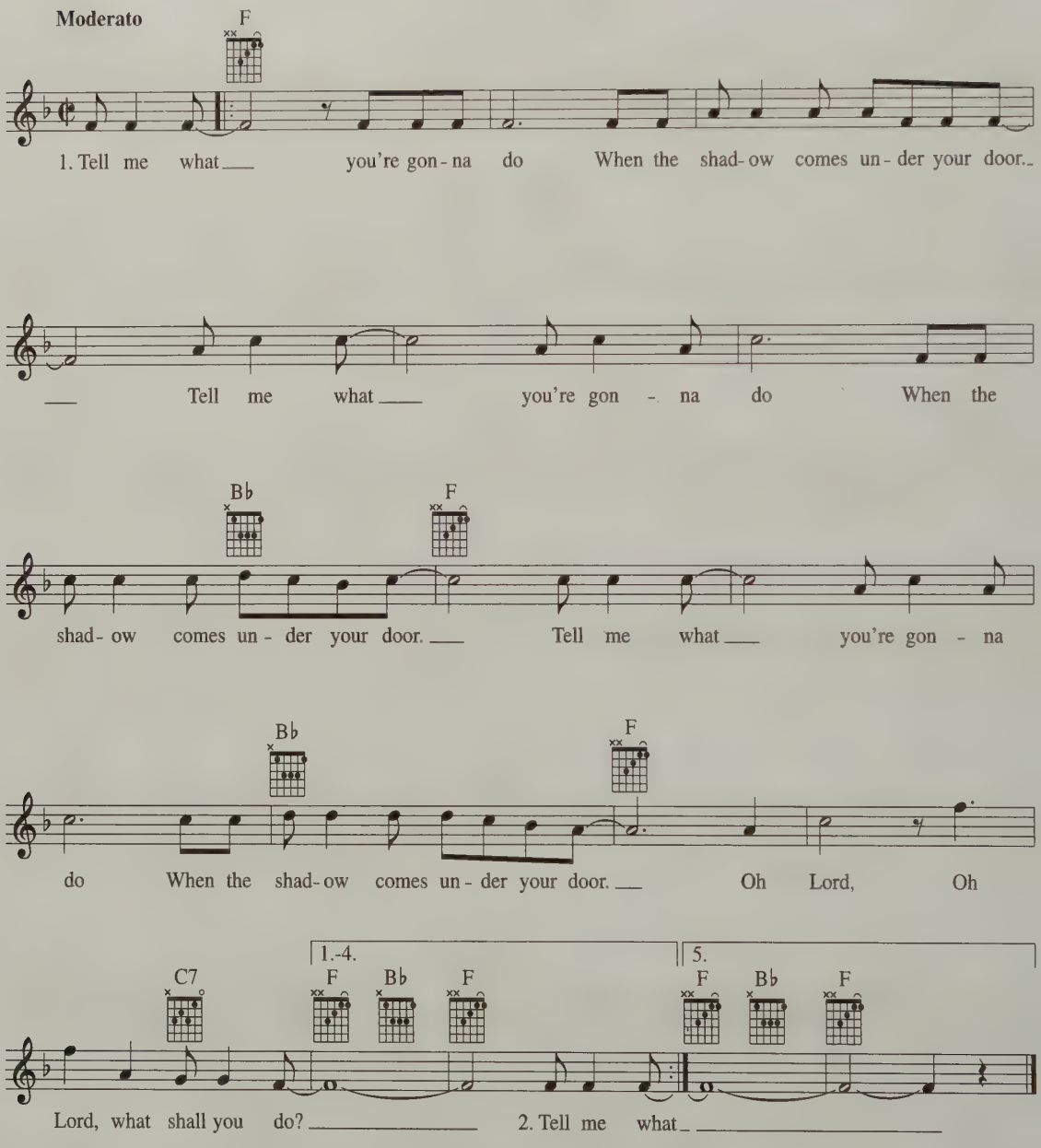

Gm
You got my at - ten - tion, _
Go a - head, speak.
D5
B♭5
What was it you want - ed
When you were kiss-ing my cheek?__
A5
D5
Was there some-bod-y look-ing
When you give me that kiss
Some-one there in the shad-ows
Gm
Some-one that I might have missed?_
Is there some-thing you need-ed,__
D5
Some-thing I don't un - der - stand. __
What was it you want-ed,
Fsus4
A5
D5
Do I have it here in my hand? ___
A5
B♭sus2
A5
B♭sus2
What-ev-er you want-ed
Slipped out of my mind,_


A5
B♭sus2
A5
B♭sus2
Would you re-mind me a-gain
If you'd be so kind.
A5
B♭sus2
A5
B♭sus2
Has the rec-ord been break-ing,
Did the nee-dle just skip,
Gm6/9
A5
B♭5
Em/B
Am/C
Is there some-bod-y wait-in',
Was there a slip of the lip?
D5
What was it you want-ed
I ain't keep-in' score
Are you the same per-son
That was here be-fore?
Gm
5
Is it some-thing im-por-tant?
May-be not.
D5
What was it you want-ed?
Tell me a-gain I for-got.
B♭5
A5
D5
A5
B♭sus2
What-ev-er you want-ed


A5
B♭sus2
A5
B♭sus2
What could it be
Did some-bod-y tell you
A5
B♭sus2
A5
B♭sus2
That you could get it from me,
Is it some-thing that comes nat-ural
A5
B♭sus2
Gm6/9
Is it eas-y to say,
Why do you want it,
A5
B♭5
Em/B
Am/C
D5
Who are you an-y-way?
Is the scen-er-y chang-ing,
3
Am I get-ting it wrong,
Is the whole thing go-ing back-wards,
Gm
Are they play-ing our song?
Where were you when it start-ed
D5
Do you want it for free
What was it you want-ed
Fsus4
A5
D5
Are you talk-ing to me?

Whatcha Gonna Do

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderato
F
1. Tell me what you're gon - na do When the shad - ow comes un - der your door.
Tell me what you're gon - na do When the
B♭
F
shad - ow comes un - der your door. Tell me what you're gon - na
B♭
F
do When the shad - ow comes un - der your door. Oh Lord, Oh
1.-4.
5.
C7
F
B♭
F
F
B♭
F
Lord, what shall you do? 2. Tell me what

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Additional lyrics

2. Tell me what you're gonna do
When the devil calls your cards.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When the devil calls your cards.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When the devil calls your cards.
O Lord, O Lord,
What shall you do?

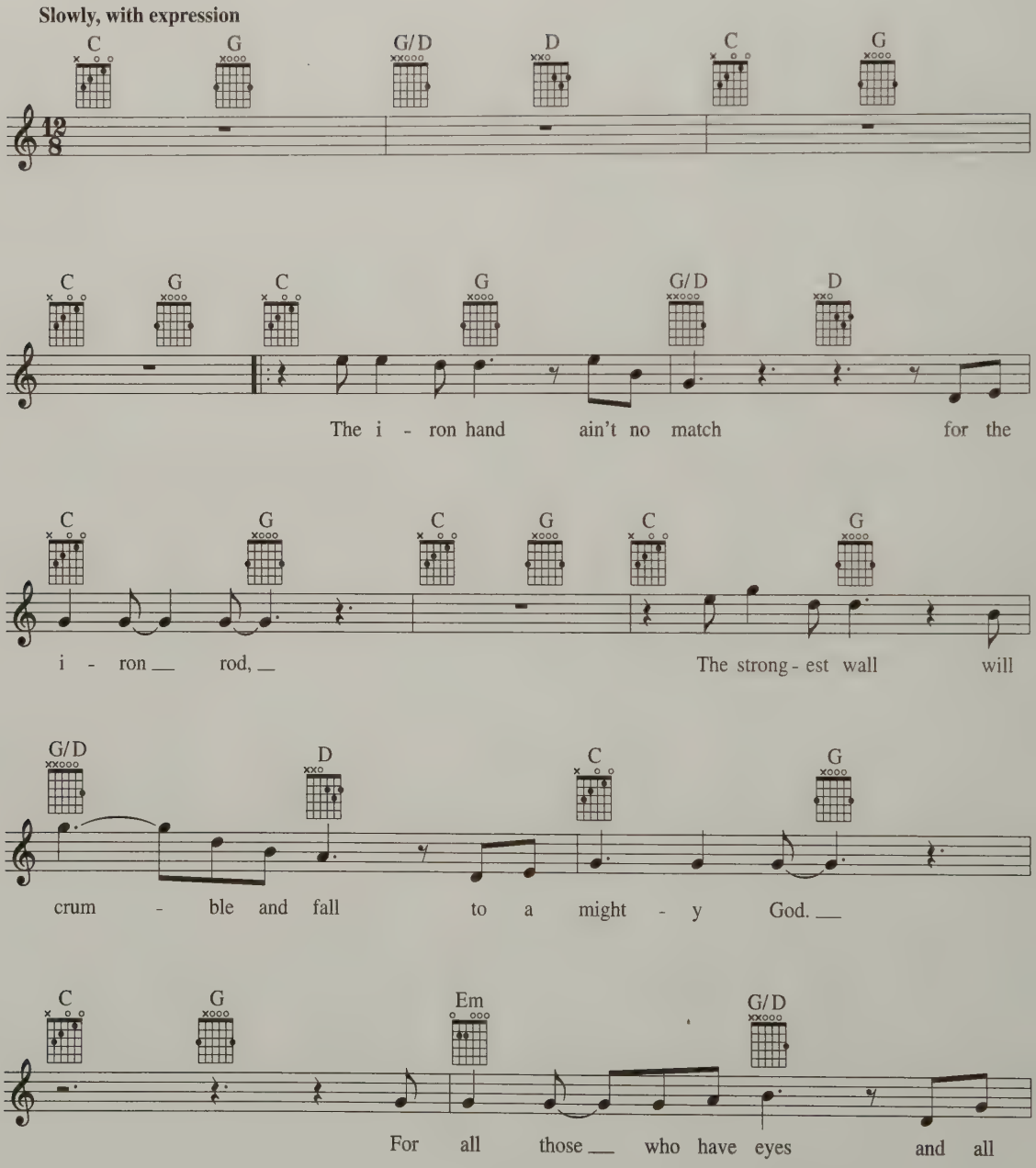
3. Tell me what you're gonna do
When your water turns to wine.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When your water turns to wine.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When your water turns to wine.
O Lord, O Lord,
What should you do?

4. Tell me what you're gonna do
When you can't play God no more.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When you can't play God no more.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When you can't play God no more.
O Lord, O Lord,
What shall you do?

5. Tell me what you're gonna do
When the shadow comes creepin' in your room.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When the shadow comes creepin' in your room.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When the shadow comes creepin' in your room.
O Lord, O Lord,
What should you do?

When He Returns

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly, with expression
C G G/D D C G
12/8
C G C G G/D D
The i - ron hand ain't no match for the
C G C G C G
i - ron rod, The strong - est wall will
G/D D C G
crum - ble and fall to a might - y God.
C G Em G/D
For all those who have eyes and all

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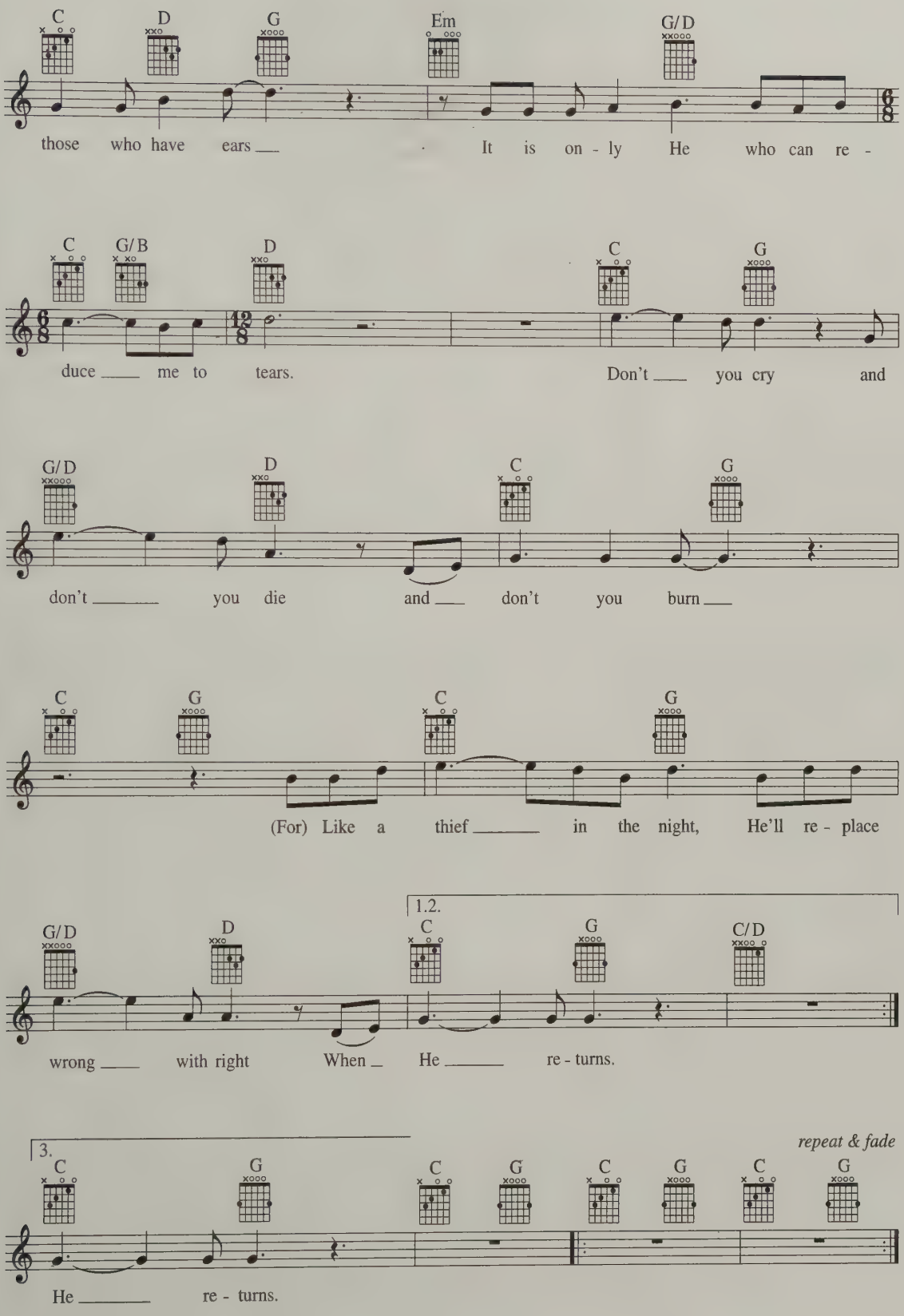

C D G Em G/D
those who have ears It is on - ly He who can re -
C G/B D C G
duce me to tears. Don't you cry and
G/D D C G
don't you die and don't you burn
C G C G
(For) Like a thief in the night, He'll re - place
1.2.
G/D D C G C/D
wrong with right When He re - turns.
3.
repeat & fade
C G C G C G C G
He re - turns.

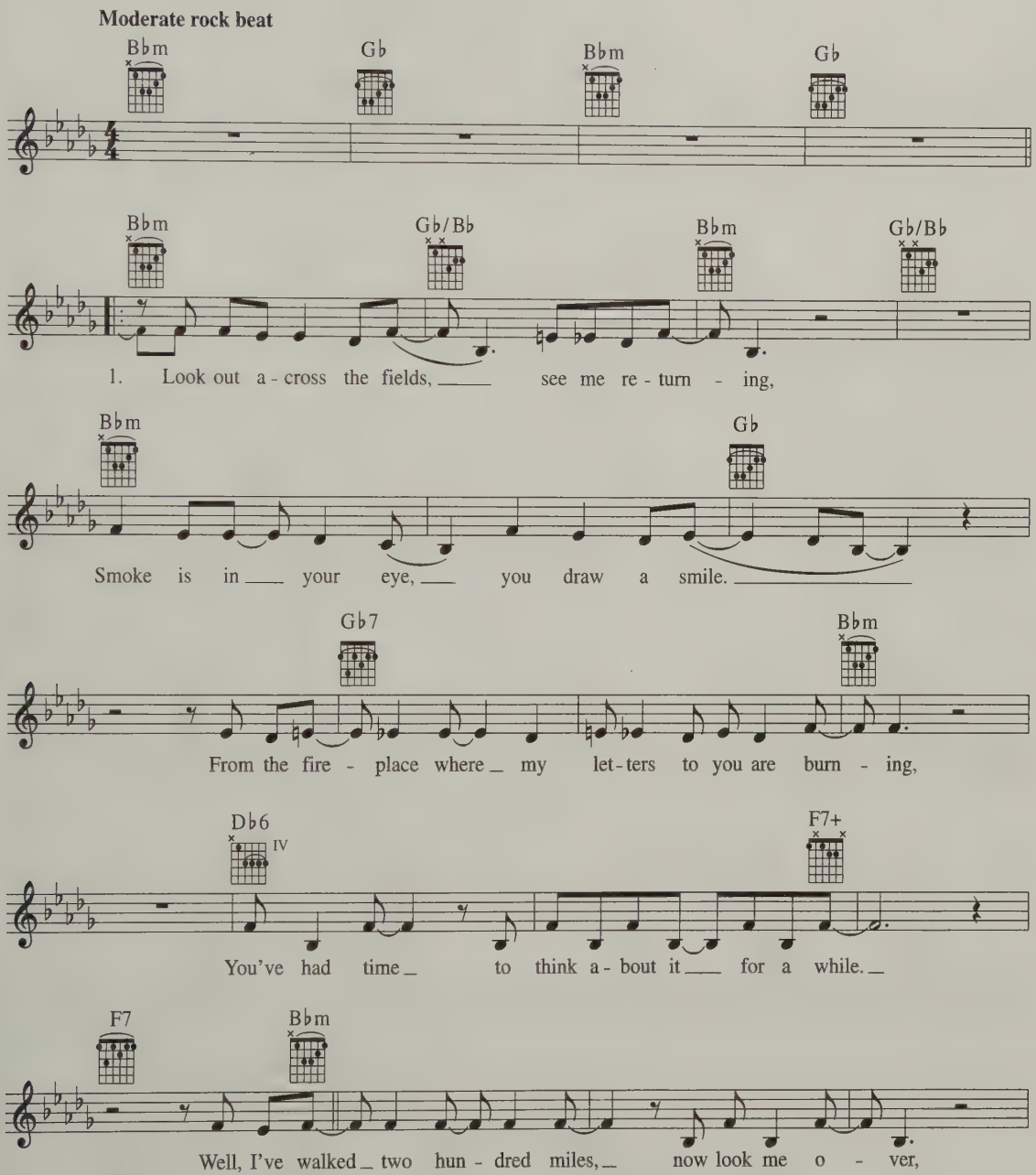
Additional lyrics

2. Truth is an arrow and the gate is narrow that it passes through,
   He unleashed His power at an unknown hour that no one knew.
   How long can I listen to the lies of prejudice?
   How long can I stay drunk on fear out in the wilderness?
   Can I cast it aside, all this loyalty and this pride?
   Will I ever learn that there'll be no peace, that the war won't cease
   Until He returns?

3. Surrender your crown on this blood-stained ground, take off your mask,
   He sees your deeds, He knows your needs even before you ask.
   How long can you falsify and deny what is real?
   How long can you hate yourself for the weakness you conceal?
   Of every earthly plan that be known to man, He is unconcerned,
   He's got plans of His own to set up His throne
   When He returns.

When the Night Comes Falling from the Sky

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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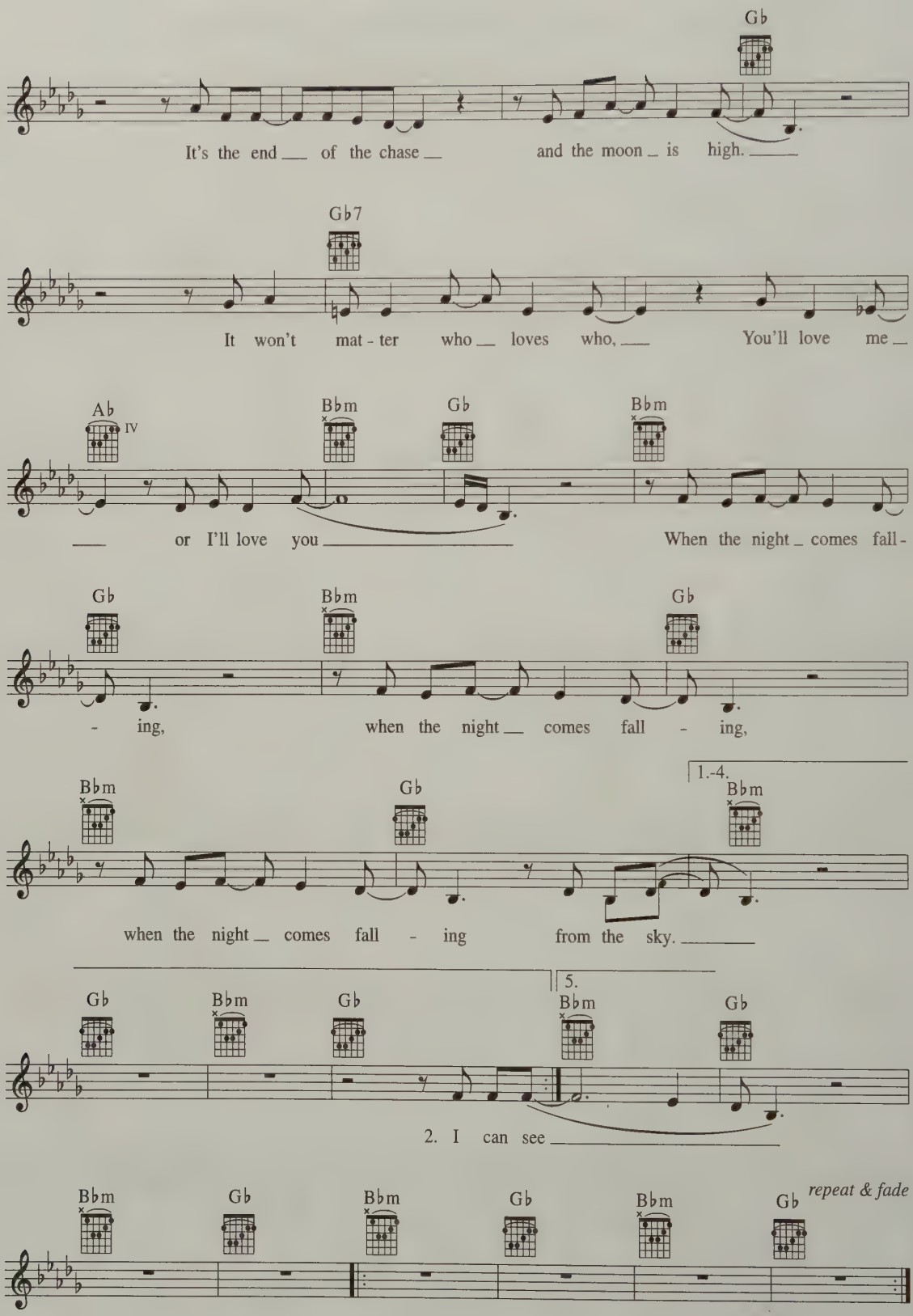

Gb
It's the end of the chase and the moon is high.
Gb7
It won't mat - ter who loves who, You'll love me
Ab
IV
Bbm
Gb
Bbm
or I'll love you When the night comes fall -
Gb
Bbm
Gb
- ing, when the night comes fall - ing,
1.-4.
Bbm
Gb
Bbm
when the night comes fall - ing from the sky.
5.
Gb
Bbm
Gb
Bbm
Gb
2. I can see
Bbm
Gb
Bbm
Gb
Bbm
Gb
repeat & fade

Additional lyrics

2. I can see through your walls and I know you're hurting,
Sorrow covers you up like a cape.
Only yesterday I know that you've been flirting
With disaster that you managed to escape.

I can't provide for you no easy answers,
Who are you that I should have to lie?
You'll know all about it, love,
It'll fit you like a glove
When the night comes falling from the sky.

3. I can hear your trembling heart beat like a river,
You must have been protecting someone last time I called.
I've never asked you for nothing you couldn't deliver,
I've never asked you to set yourself up for a fall.

I saw thousands who could have overcome the darkness,
For the love of a lousy buck, I've watched them die.
Stick around, baby, we're not through,
Don't look for me, I'll see you
When the night comes falling from the sky.

4. In your teardrops, I can see my own reflection,
It was on the northern border of Texas where I crossed the line.
I don't want to be a fool starving for affection,
I don't want to drown in someone else's wine.

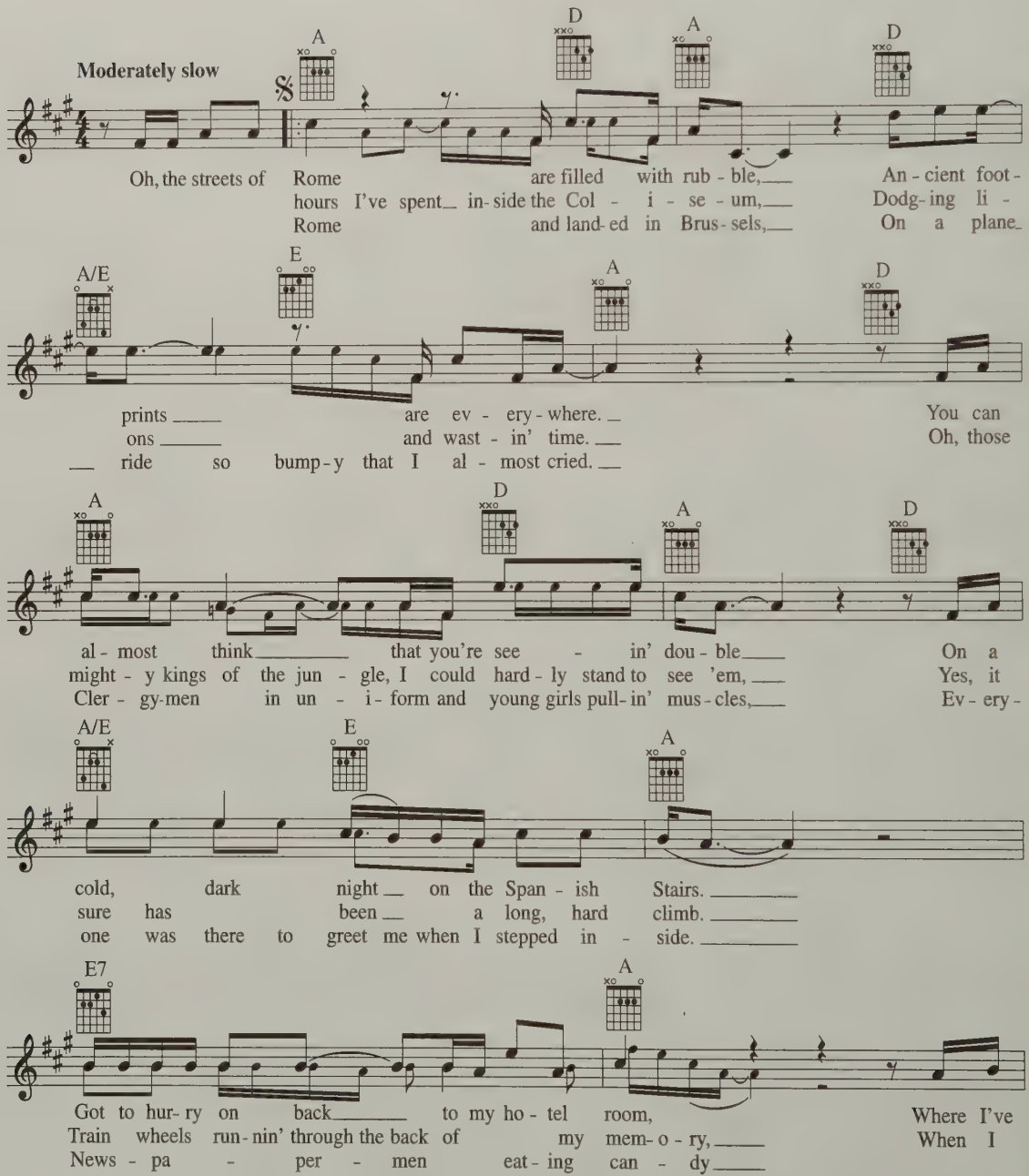
For all eternity I think I will remember
That icy wind that's howling in your eye.
You will seek me and you'll find me
In the wasteland of your mind
When the night comes falling from the sky.

5. Well, I sent you my feelings in a letter
But you were gambling for support,
This time tomorrow I'll know you better
When my memory is not so short.

This time I'm asking for freedom,
Freedom from a world which you deny.
And you'll give it to me now,
I'll take it anyhow
When the night comes falling from the sky.

When I Paint My Masterpiece

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately slow
A
D
A
D
Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rub - ble, An - cient foot -
hours I've spent in - side the Col - i - se - um, Dodg - ing li -
Rome and land - ed in Brus - sels, On a plane
A/E
E
A
D
prints are ev - ery - where. You can
ons and wast - in' time. Oh, those
ride so bump - y that I al - most cried.
A
D
A
D
al - most think that you're see - in' dou - ble On a
might - y kings of the jun - gle, I could hard - ly stand to see 'em, Yes, it
Cler - gy - men in un - i - form and young girls pull - in' mus - cles, Ev - ery -
A/E
E
A
cold, dark night on the Span - ish Stairs.
sure has been a long, hard climb.
one was there to greet me when I stepped in - side.
E7
A
Got to hur - ry on back to my ho - tel room, Where I've
Train wheels run - nin' through the back of my mem - o - ry, When I
News - pa - per - men eat - ing can - dy

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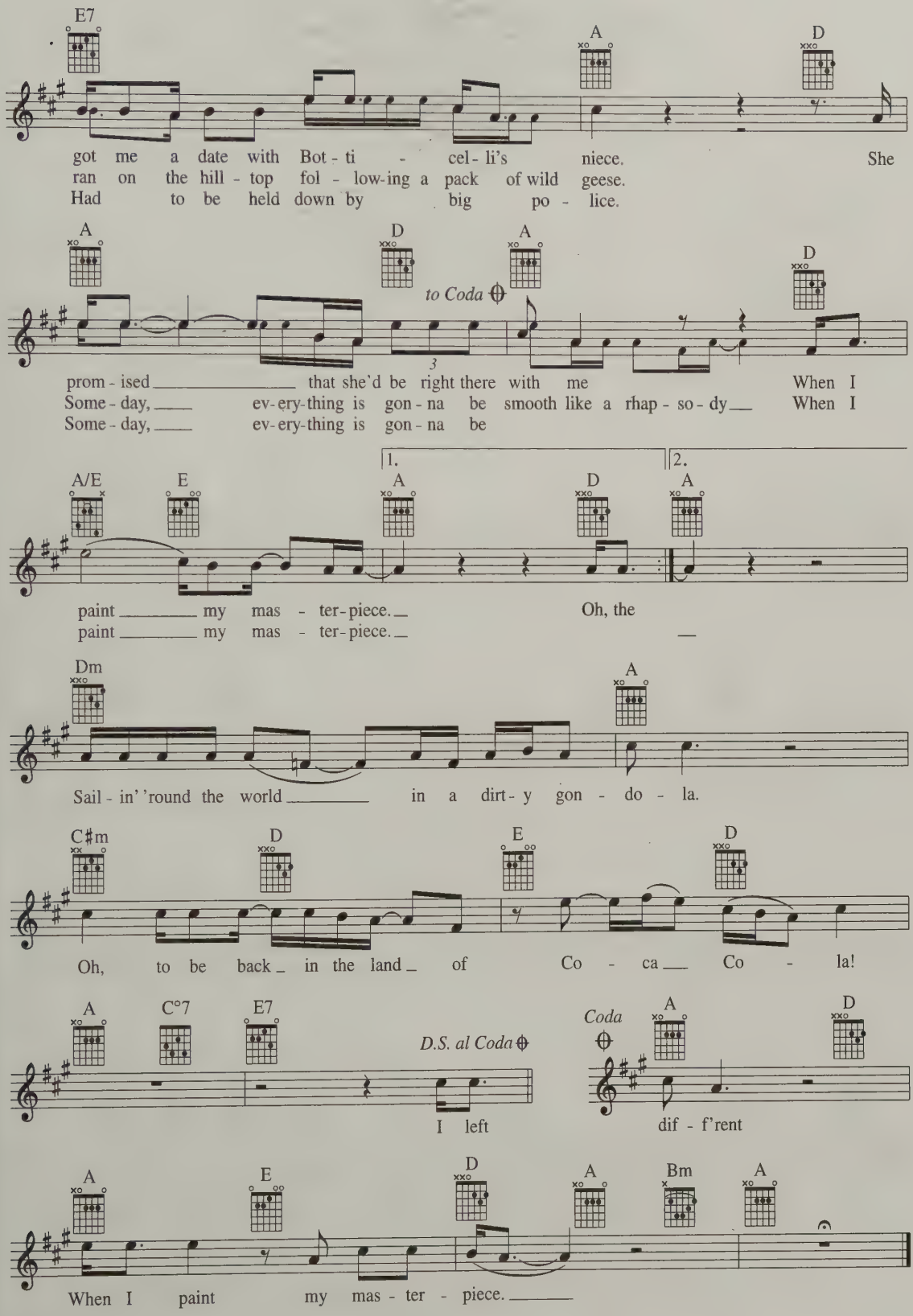
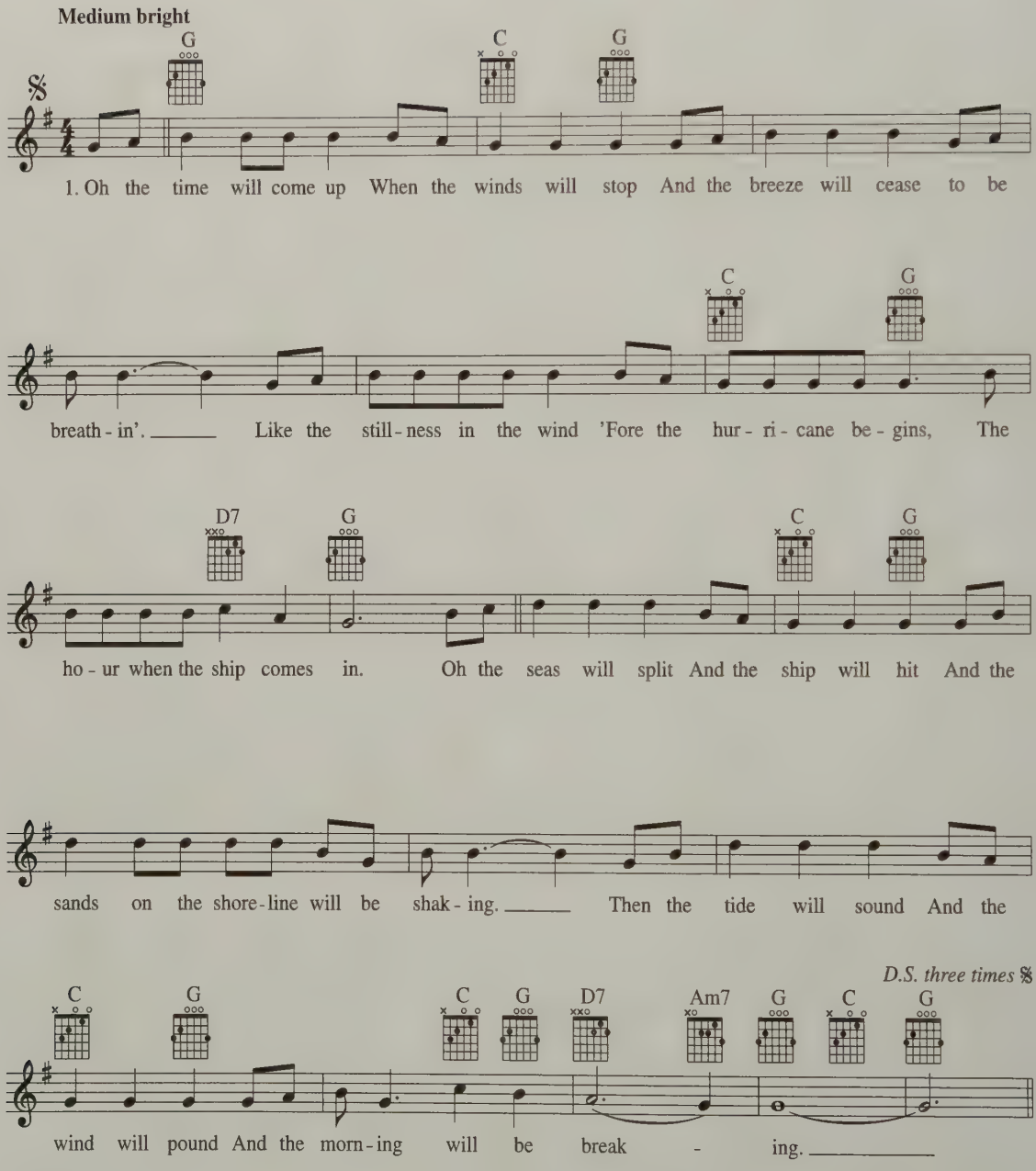

E7
A
D
got me a date with Bot - ti - cel - li's niece. She
ran on the hill - top fol - low-ing a pack of wild geese.
Had to be held down by big po - lice.
A
D
A
D
to Coda
3
prom - ised that she'd be right there with me When I
Some - day, ev-ery-thing is gon - na be smooth like a rhap - so - dy When I
Some - day, ev-ery-thing is gon - na be
1.
2.
A/E
E
A
D
A
paint my mas - ter-piece. Oh, the
paint my mas - ter-piece.
Dm
A
Sail - in' 'round the world in a dirt - y gon - do - la.
C♯m
D
E
D
Oh, to be back in the land of Co - ca Co - la!
A
C°7
E7
D.S. al Coda
I left
Coda
A
D
dif - f'rent
A
E
D
A
Bm
A
When I paint my mas - ter - piece.

When the Ship Comes In

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Medium bright
G
C
G
1. Oh the time will come up When the winds will stop And the breeze will cease to be
C
G
breath - in'. Like the still - ness in the wind 'Fore the hur - ri - cane be - gins, The
D7
G
C
G
ho - ur when the ship comes in. Oh the seas will split And the ship will hit And the
sands on the shore - line will be shak - ing. Then the tide will sound And the
D.S. three times
C
G
C
G
D7
Am7
G
C
G
wind will pound And the morn - ing will be break - ing.

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Additional lyrics

2. Oh the fishes will laugh
As they swim out of the path
And the seagulls they'll be smiling.
And the rocks on the sand
Will proudly stand,
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the words that are used
For to get the ship confused
Will not be understood as they're spoken.
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

3. A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline.
And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck,
The hour that the ship comes in.

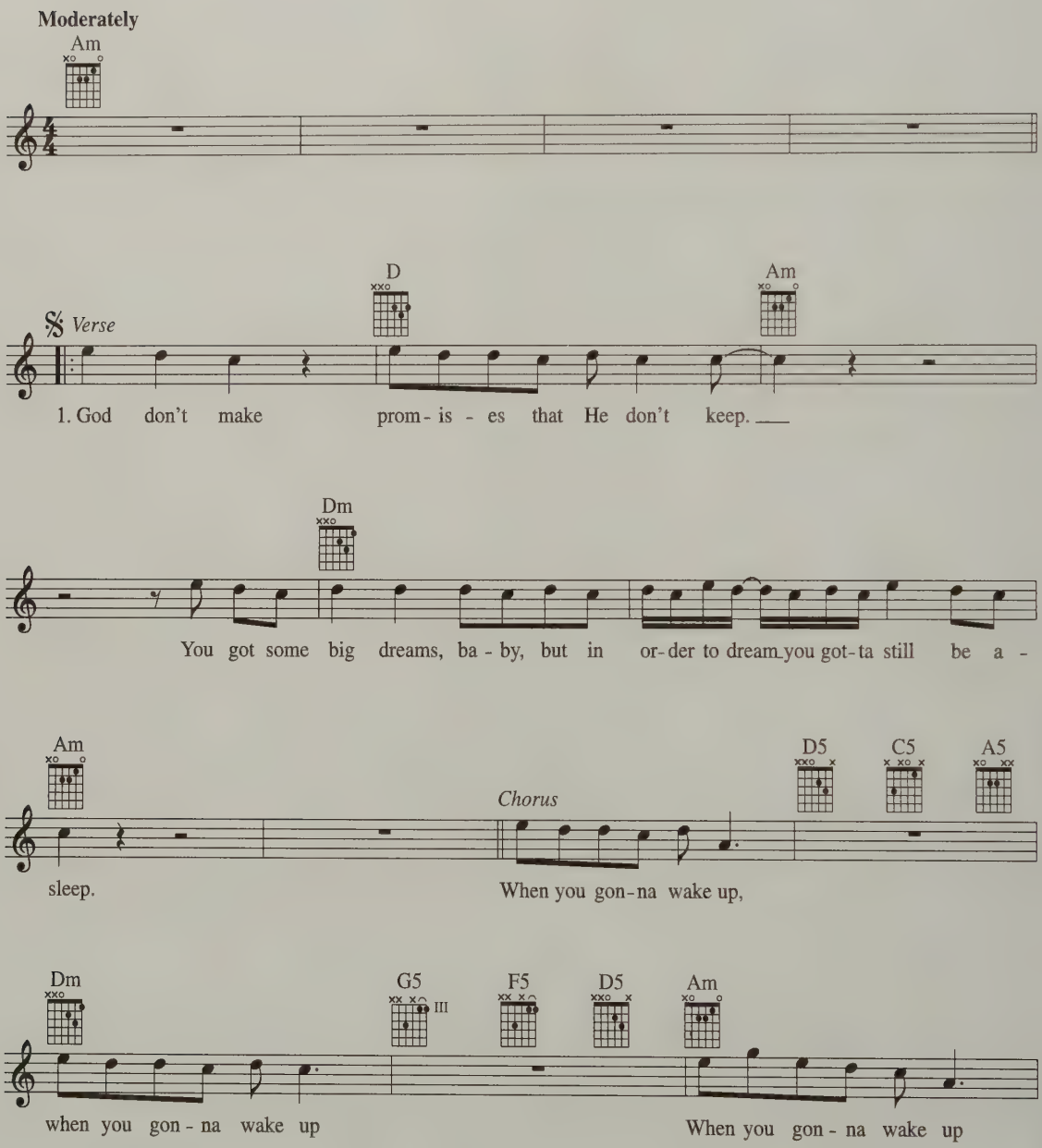
Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'.
And the ship's wise men
Will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watchin'.

4. Oh the foes will rise
With the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'.
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
And know that it's for real,
The hour when the ship comes in.

Then they'll raise their hands,
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands,
But we'll shout from the bow your days are numbered.
And like Pharaoh's tribe,
They'll be drownded in the tide,
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered.

When You Gonna Wake Up?

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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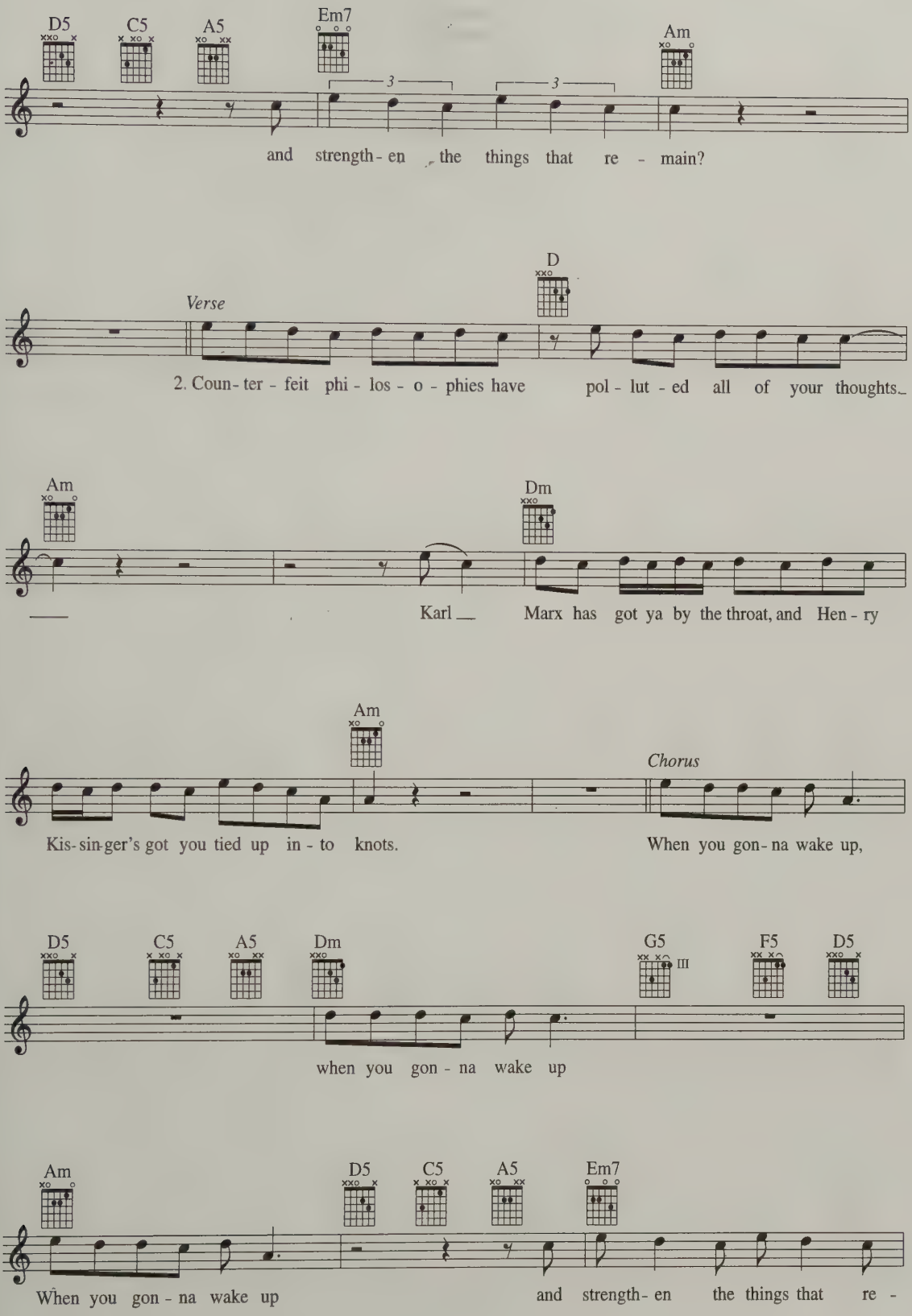
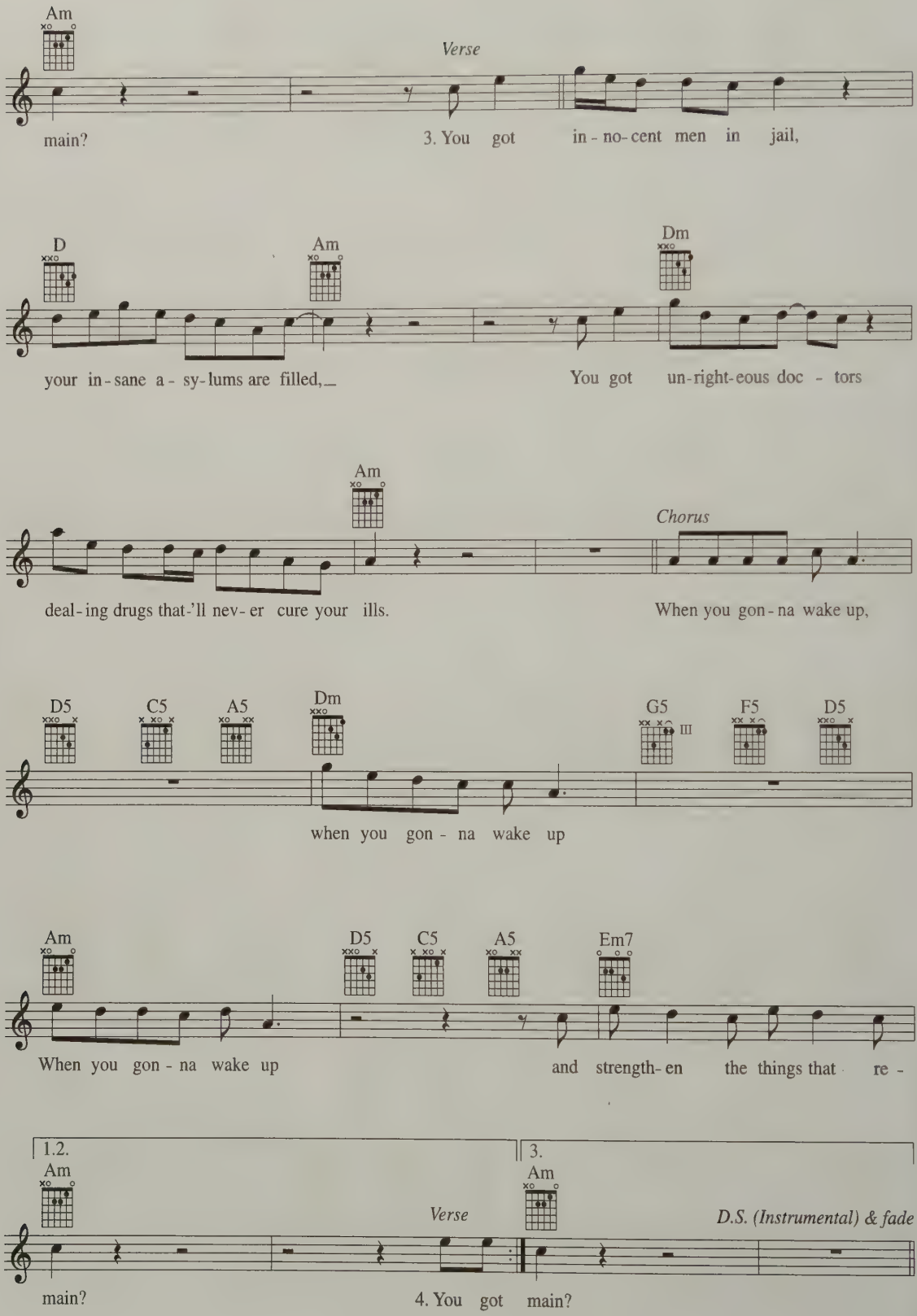

D5
C5
A5
Em7
Am
3
3
and strength - en the things that re - main?
Verse
D
2. Coun - ter - feit phi - los - o - phies have pol - lut - ed all of your thoughts
Am
Dm
Karl Marx has got ya by the throat, and Hen - ry
Am
Chorus
Kis - sin - ger's got you tied up in - to knots.
When you gon - na wake up,
D5
C5
A5
Dm
G5
III
F5
D5
when you gon - na wake up
Am
D5
C5
A5
Em7
When you gon - na wake up
and strength - en the things that re -


Am
Verse
main?
3. You got in - no - cent men in jail,
D
Am
Dm
your in - sane a - sy - lums are filled,_
You got un - right - eous doc - tors
Am
Chorus
deal - ing drugs that - 'll nev - er cure your ills.
When you gon - na wake up,
D5
C5
A5
Dm
G5
III
F5
D5
when you gon - na wake up
Am
D5
C5
A5
Em7
When you gon - na wake up
and strength - en the things that re -
1.2.
3.
Am
Am
Verse
D.S. (Instrumental) & fade
main?
4. You got main?

Additional lyrics

4. You got men who can't hold their peace and women who can't control their tongues,
   The rich seduce the poor and the old are seduced by the young.

   Chorus

5. Adulterers in churches and pornography in the schools,
   You got gangsters in power and lawbreakers making rules.

   Chorus

6. Spiritual advisors and gurus to guide your every move,
   Instant inner peace and every step you take has got to be approved.

   Chorus

7. Do you ever wonder just what God requires?
   You think He's just an errand boy to satisfy your wandering desires.

   Chorus

8. You can't take it with you and you know that it's too worthless to be sold,
   They tell you, "Time is money" as if your life was worth its weight in gold.

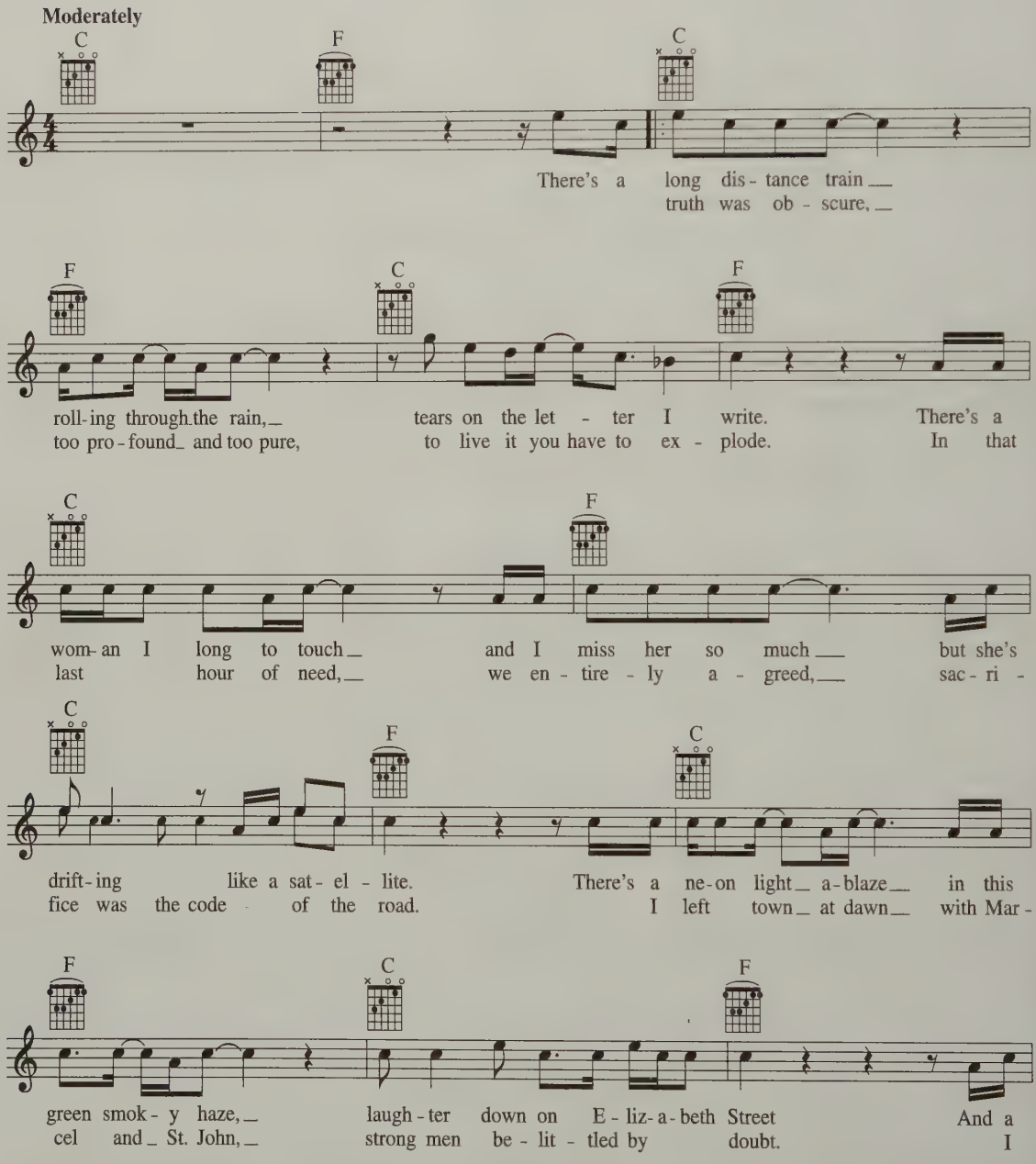
   Chorus

9. There's a Man up on a cross and He's been crucified.
   Do you have any idea why or for who He died?

   Chorus

Where Are You Tonight?

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
C F C
There's a long dis - tance train
truth was ob - scure,
F C F
roll - ing through the rain,
too pro - found and too pure,
tears on the let - ter I write.
to live it you have to ex - plode.
There's a
In that
C F
wom - an I long to touch
last hour of need,
and I miss her so much
we en - tire - ly a - greed,
but she's
sac - ri -
C F C
drift - ing like a sat - el - lite.
fice was the code of the road.
There's a ne - on light a - blaze
I left town at dawn
in this
with Mar -
F C F
green smok - y haze,
cel and St. John,
laugh - ter down on E - liz - a - beth Street
strong men be - lit - tled by doubt.
And a
I

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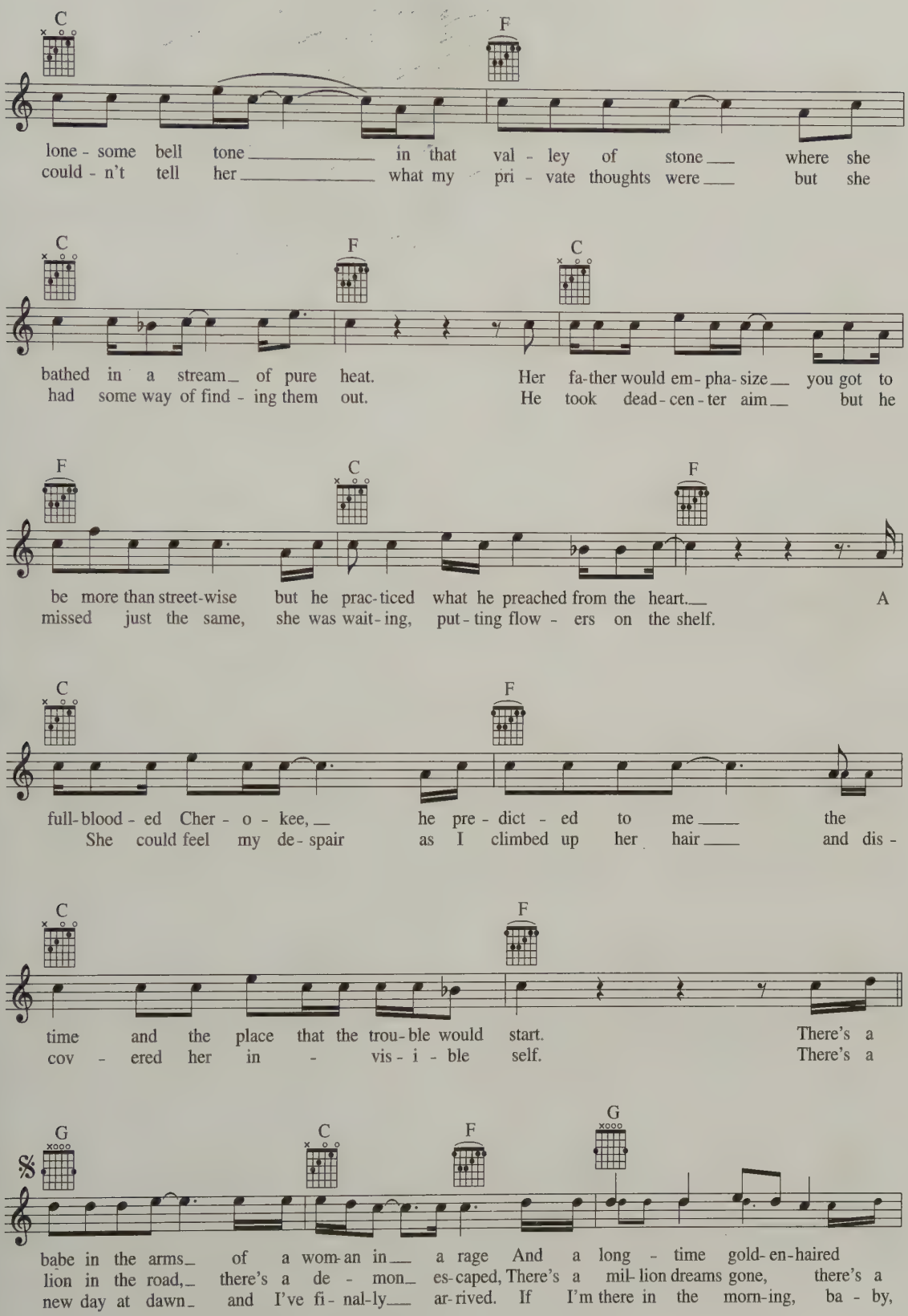
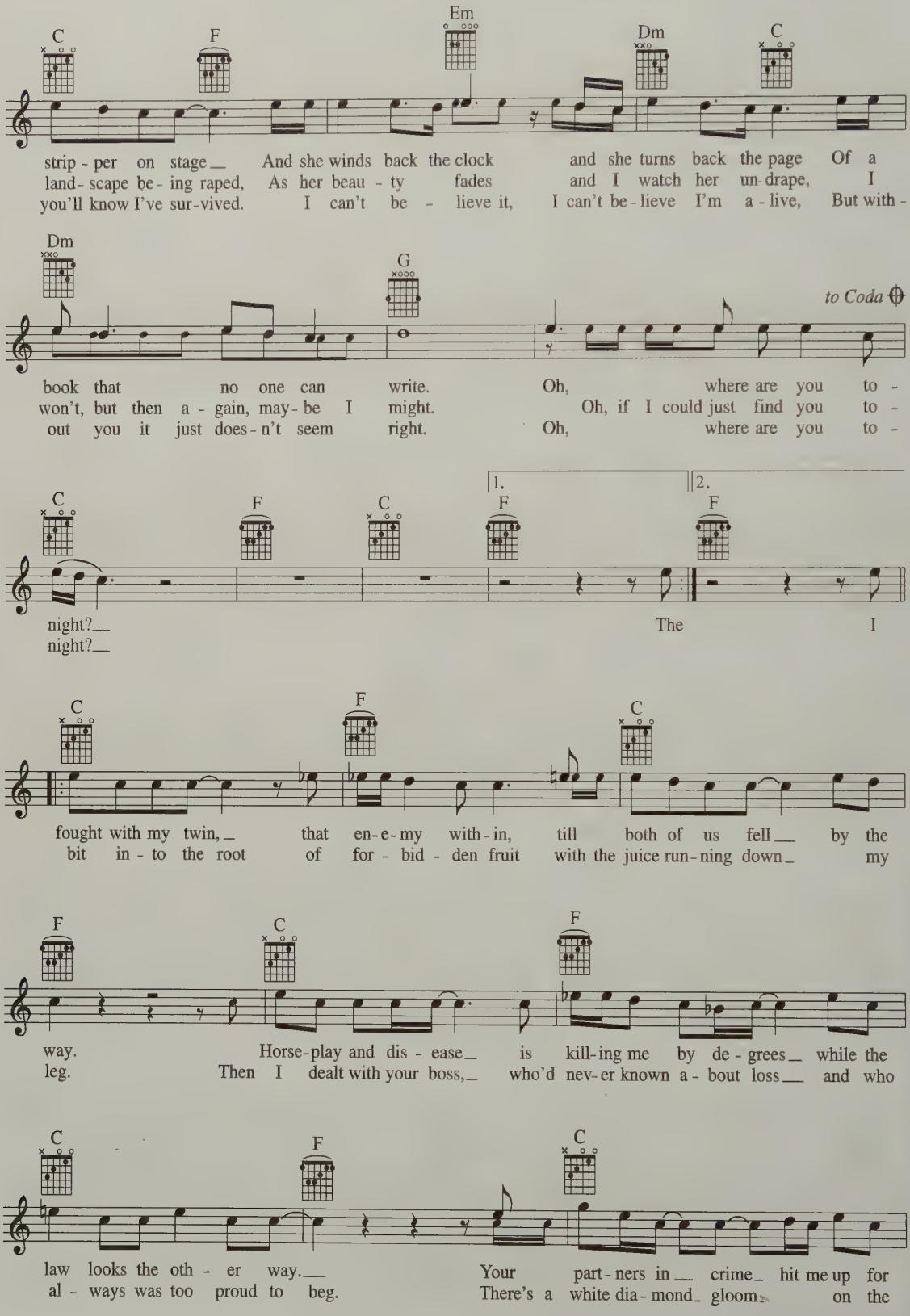
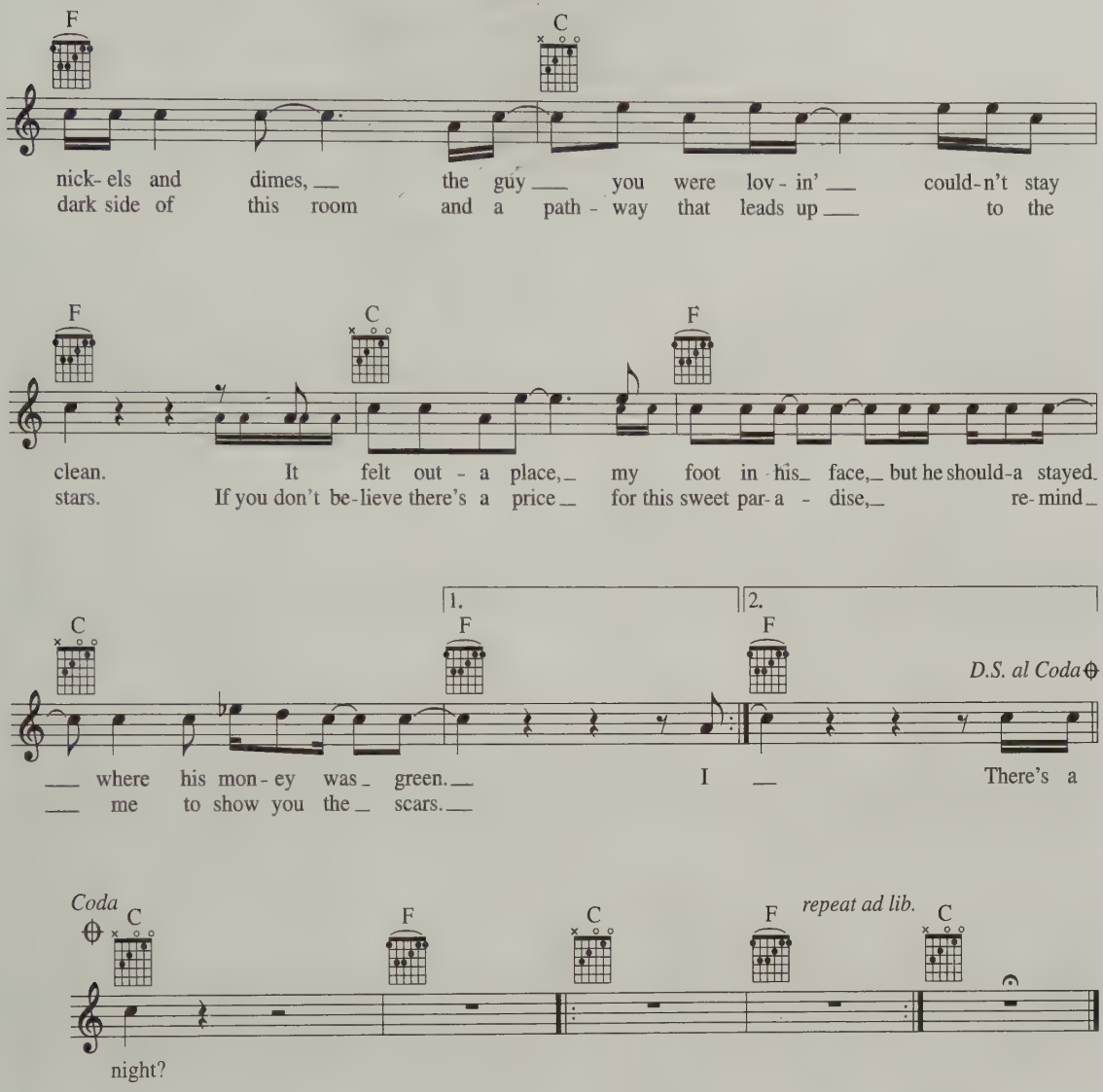
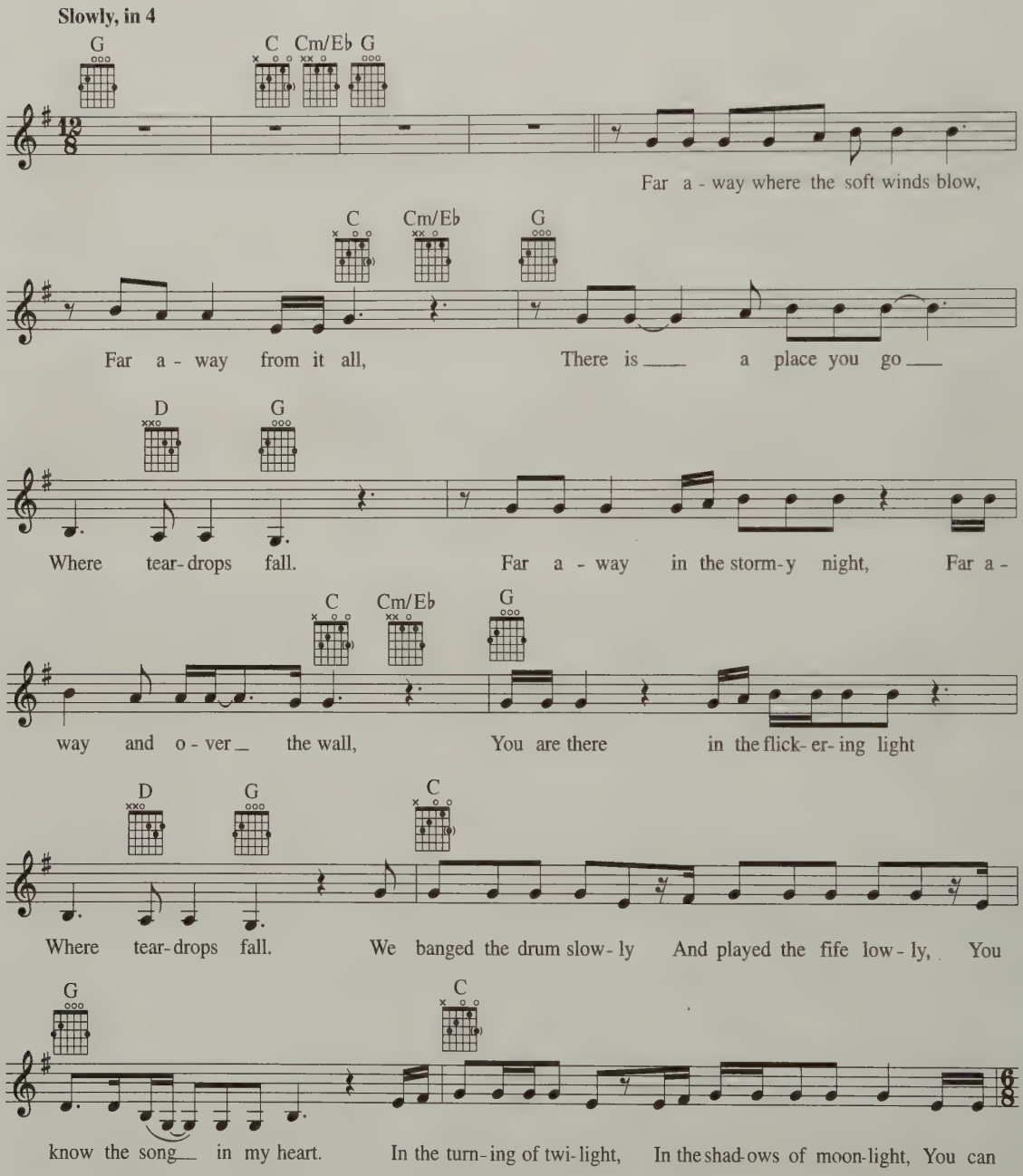

C F
lone - some bell tone in that val - ley of stone where she
could - n't tell her what my pri - vate thoughts were but she
C F C
bathed in a stream of pure heat. Her fa-ther would em-pha-size you got to
had some way of find - ing them out. He took dead-cen-ter aim but he
F C F
be more than street-wise but he prac-ticed what he preached from the heart. A
missed just the same, she was wait-ing, put-ting flow - ers on the shelf.
C F
full-blood - ed Cher - o - kee, he pre - dict - ed to me the
She could feel my de - spair as I climbed up her hair and dis -
C F
time and the place that the trou-ble would start. There's a
cov - ered her in - vis - i - ble self. There's a
G C F G
babe in the arms of a wom-an in a rage And a long - time gold-en-haired
lion in the road, there's a de - mon es-caped, There's a mil-lion dreams gone, there's a
new day at dawn and I've fi-nal-ly ar-rived. If I'm there in the morn-ing, ba - by,


C F Em Dm C
strip - per on stage And she winds back the clock and she turns back the page Of a
land - scape be - ing raped, As her beau - ty fades and I watch her un - drape, I
you'll know I've sur - vived. I can't be - lieve it, I can't be - lieve I'm a - live, But with -
Dm G
to Coda
book that no one can write. Oh, where are you to -
won't, but then a - gain, may - be I might. Oh, if I could just find you to -
out you it just does - n't seem right. Oh, where are you to -
C F C 1. F 2. F
night?
night?
The I
C F C
fought with my twin, that en - e - my with - in, till both of us fell by the
bit in - to the root of for - bid - den fruit with the juice run - ning down my
F C F
way. Horse - play and dis - ease is kill - ing me by de - grees while the
leg. Then I dealt with your boss, who'd nev - er known a - bout loss and who
C F C
law looks the oth - er way. Your part - ners in crime hit me up for
al - ways was too proud to beg. There's a white dia - mond gloom on the


F
C
nick- els and dimes, the guy you were lov - in' could-n't stay
dark side of this room and a path - way that leads up to the
F
C
F
clean. It felt out - a place, my foot in his face, but he should-a stayed.
stars. If you don't be-lieve there's a price for this sweet par-a - dise, re- mind
C
1.
F
2.
F
D.S. al Coda
where his mon - ey was green. I There's a
me to show you the scars.
Coda
C
F
C
F
repeat ad lib.
C
night?

Where Teardrops Fall

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly, in 4
G
C Cm/Eb G
Far a - way where the soft winds blow,
C Cm/Eb G
Far a - way from it all, There is a place you go
D G
Where tear-drops fall. Far a - way in the storm-y night, Far a -
C Cm/Eb G
way and o - ver the wall, You are there in the flick- er- ing light
D G C
Where tear-drops fall. We banged the drum slow- ly And played the fife low - ly, You
G C
know the song in my heart. In the turn- ing of twi- light, In the shad-ows of moon-light, You can

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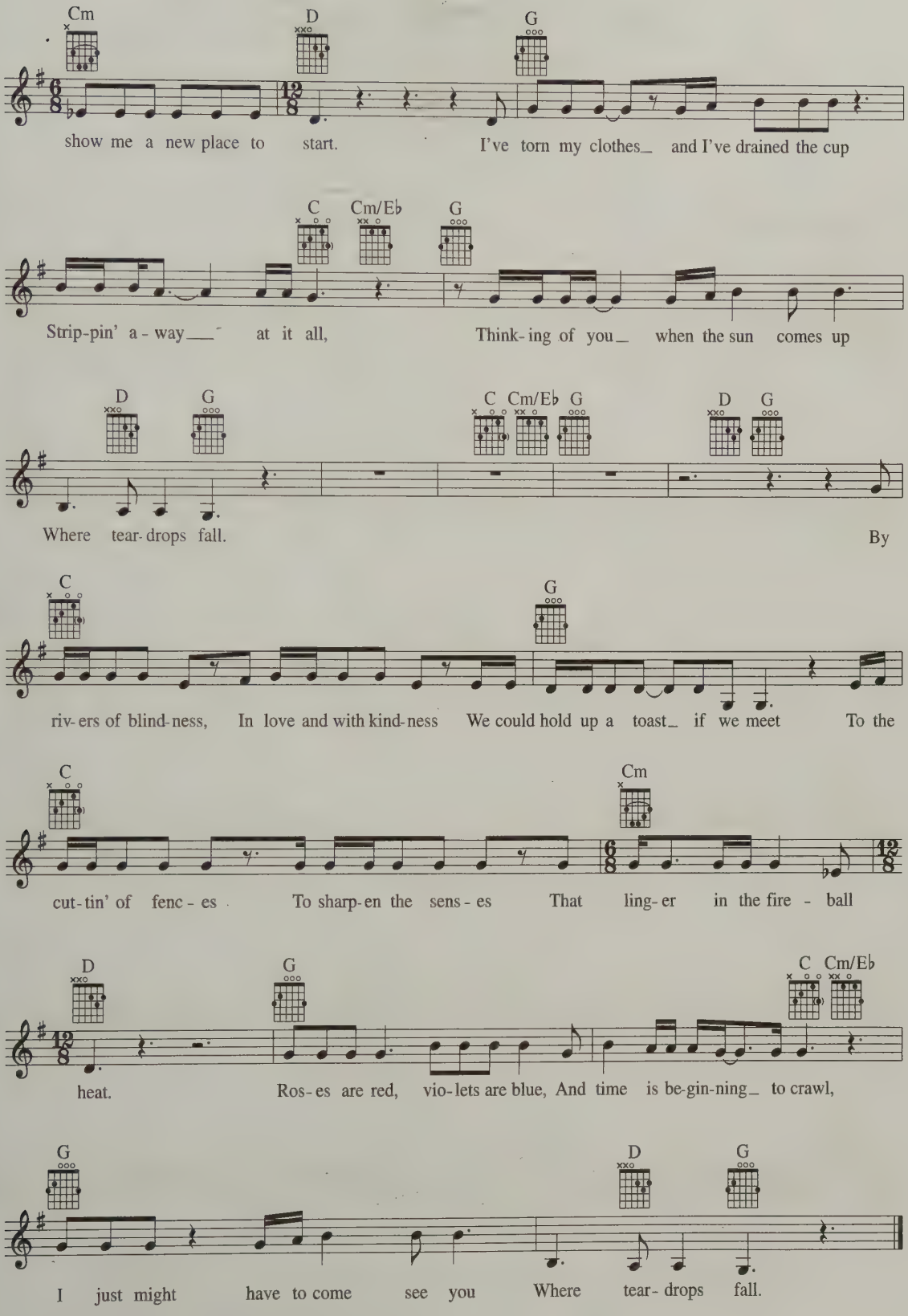
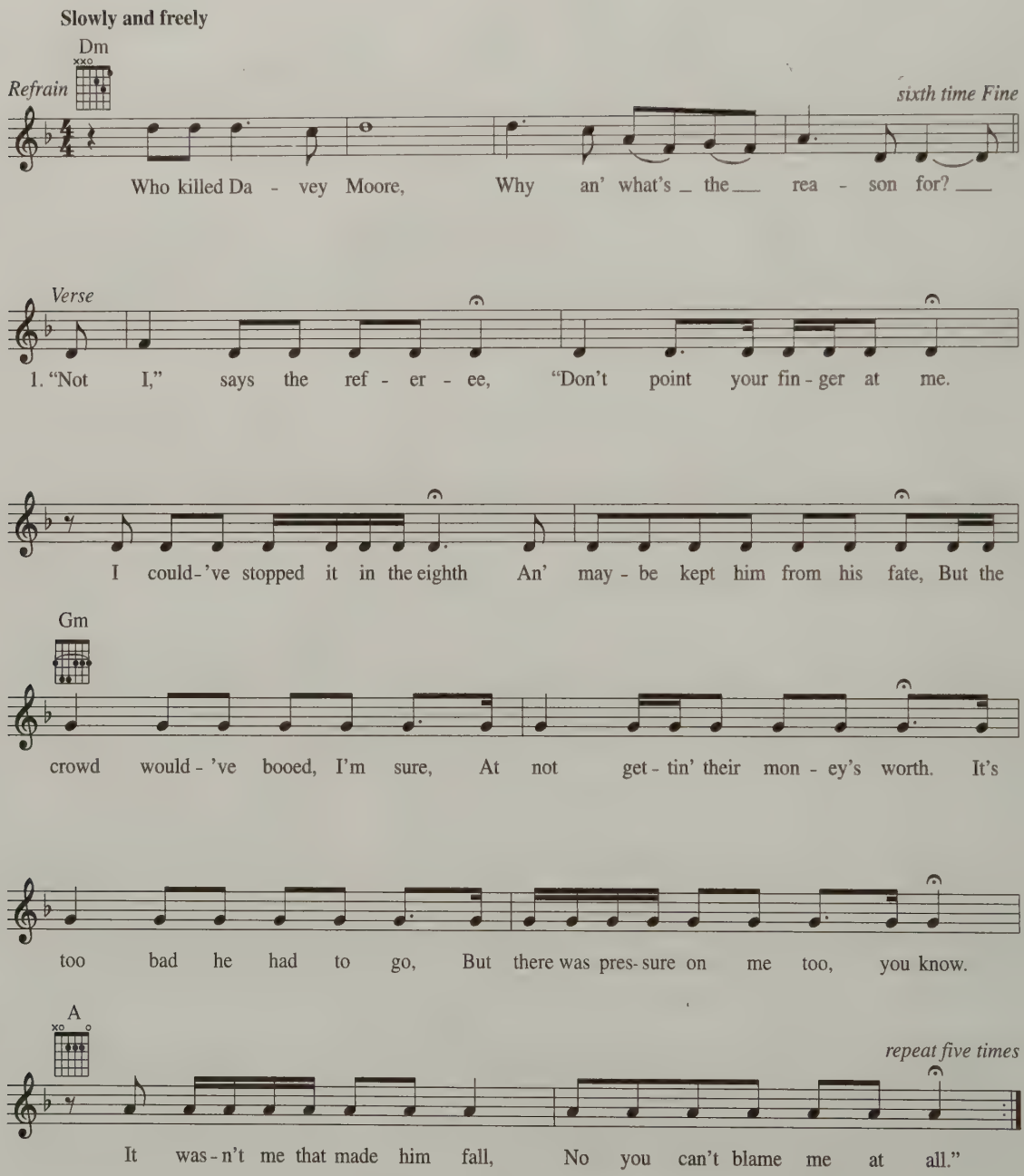

Cm D G
show me a new place to start. I've torn my clothes_ and I've drained the cup
C Cm/E♭ G
Strip-pin' a-way___ at it all, Think-ing of you_ when the sun comes up
D G C Cm/E♭ G D G
Where tear-drops fall. By
C G
riv-ers of blind-ness, In love and with kind-ness We could hold up a toast_ if we meet To the
C Cm
cut-tin' of fenc-es To sharp-en the sens-es That ling-er in the fire-ball
D G C Cm/E♭
heat. Ros-es are red, vio-lets are blue, And time is be-gin-ning_ to crawl,
G D G
I just might have to come see you Where tear-drops fall.

Who Killed Davey Moore?

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly and freely
Dm
Refrain
sixth time Fine
Who killed Da - vey Moore, Why an' what's the rea - son for?
Verse
1. "Not I," says the ref - er - ee, "Don't point your fin - ger at me.
I could-'ve stopped it in the eighth An' may - be kept him from his fate, But the
Gm
crowd would - 've booed, I'm sure, At not get - tin' their mon - ey's worth. It's
too bad he had to go, But there was pres- sure on me too, you know.
A
repeat five times
It was - n't me that made him fall, No you can't blame me at all."

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Additional lyrics

Refrain

2. "Not us," says the angry crowd,
Whose screams filled the arena loud.
"It's too bad he died that night
But we just like to see a fight.
We didn't mean for him t' meet his death,
We just meant to see some sweat,
There ain't nothing wrong in that.
It wasn't us that made him fall.
No, you can't blame us at all."

Refrain

3. "Not me," says his manager,
Puffing on a big cigar.
"It's hard to say, it's hard to tell,
I always thought that he was well.
It's too bad for his wife an' kids he's dead,
But if he was sick, he should've said.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Refrain

4. "Not me," says the gambling man,
With his ticket stub still in his hand.
"It wasn't me that knocked him down,
My hands never touched him none.
I didn't commit no ugly sin,
Anyway, I put money on him to win.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Refrain

5. "Not me," says the boxing writer,
Pounding print on his old typewriter,
Sayin', "Boxing ain't to blame,
There's just as much danger in a football game."
Sayin', "Fist fighting is here to stay,
It's just the old American way.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

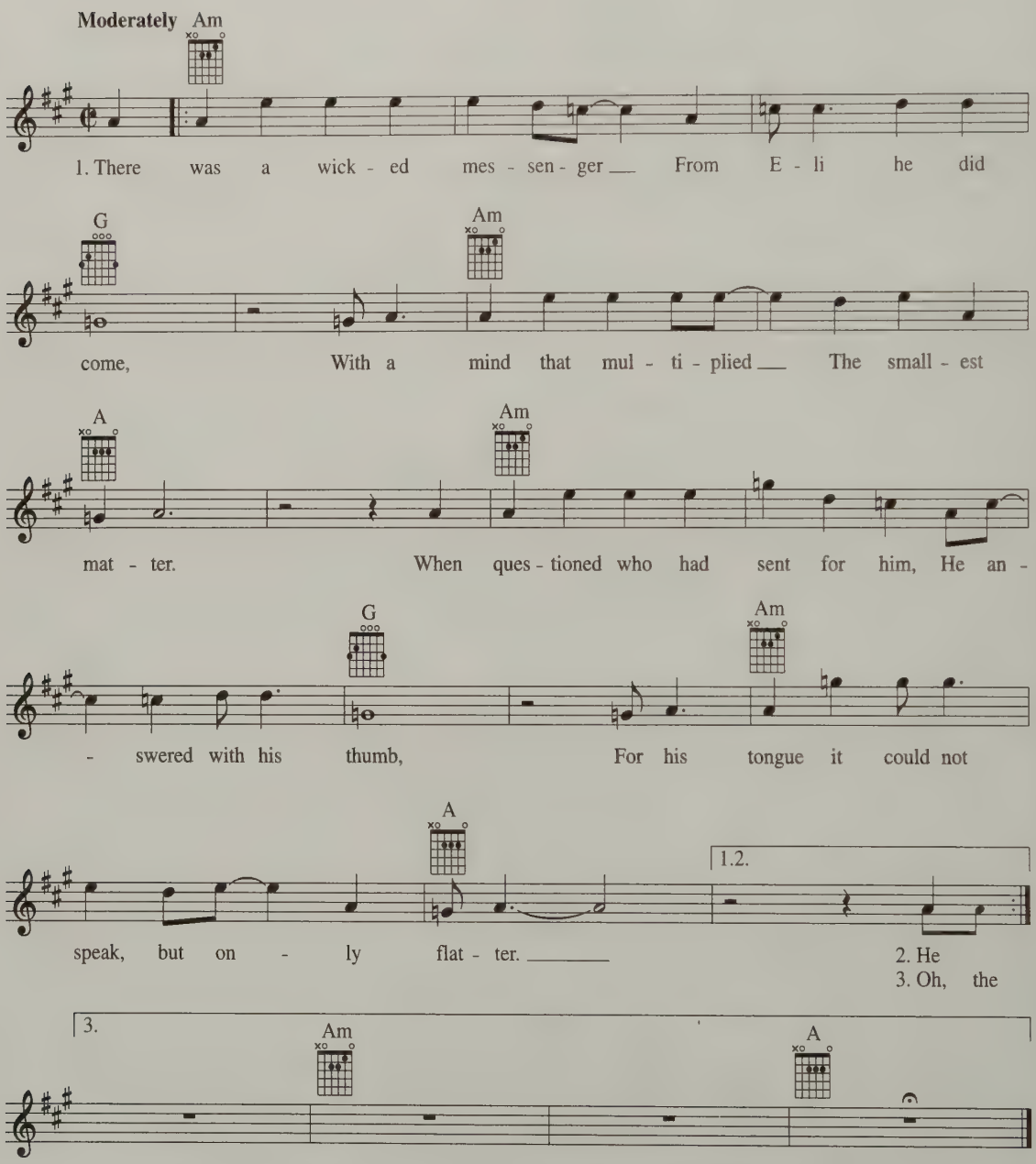
Refrain

6. "Not me," says the man whose fists
Laid him low in a cloud of mist,
Who came here from Cuba's door
Where boxing ain't allowed no more.
"I hit him, yes, it's true,
But that's what I am paid to do.
Don't say 'murder,' don't say 'kill.'
It was destiny, it was God's will."

Refrain

The Wicked Messenger

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
Am
1. There was a wick - ed mes - sen - ger From E - li he did
G
Am
come, With a mind that mul - ti - plied The small - est
A
Am
mat - ter. When ques - tioned who had sent for him, He an -
G
Am
- swered with his thumb, For his tongue it could not
A
1.2.
speak, but on - ly flat - ter.
2. He
3. Oh, the
3.
Am
A

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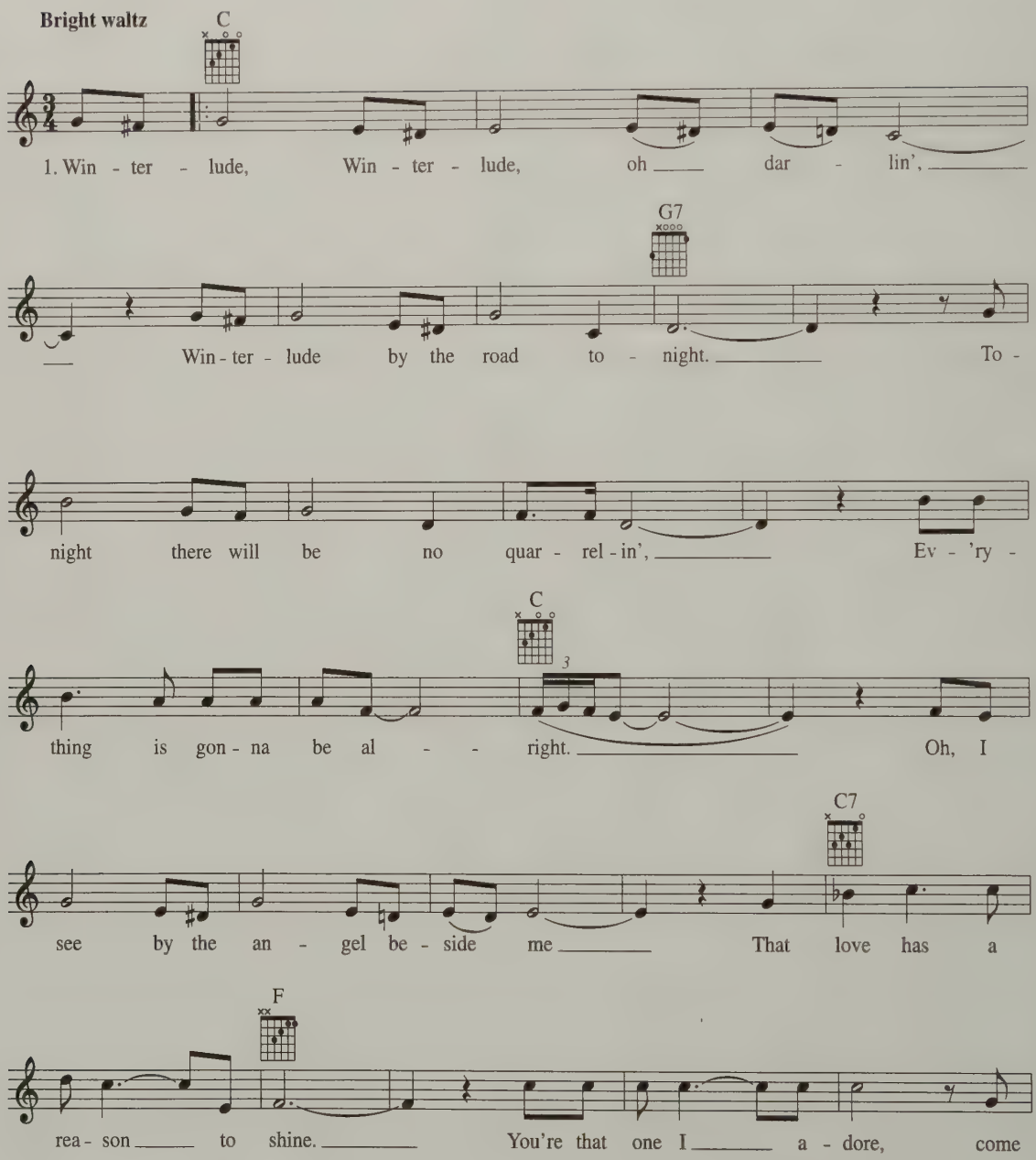
Additional lyrics

2. He stayed behind the assembly hall,
   It was there he made his bed,
   Oftentimes he could be seen returning.
   Until one day he just appeared
   With a note in his hand which read,
   "The soles of my feet, I swear they're burning."

3. Oh, the leaves began to fallin'
   And the seas began to part,
   And the people that confronted him were many.
   And he was told but these few words,
   Which opened up his heart,
   "If ye cannot bring good news, then don't bring any."

Winterlude

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Bright waltz
C
1. Win - ter - lude, Win - ter - lude, oh dar - lin',
G7
Win - ter - lude by the road to - night. To -
night there will be no quar - rel - in', Ev - 'ry -
C
3
thing is gon - na be al - - right. Oh, I
C7
see by the an - gel be - side me That love has a
F
rea - son to shine. You're that one I a - dore, come

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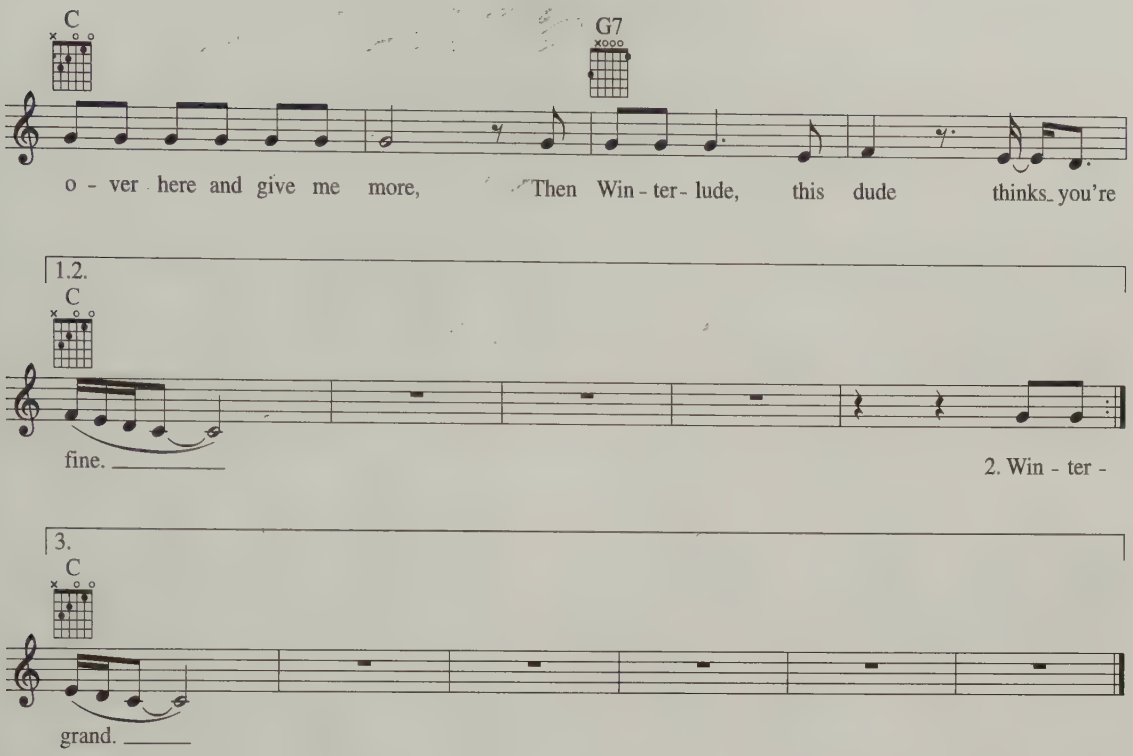
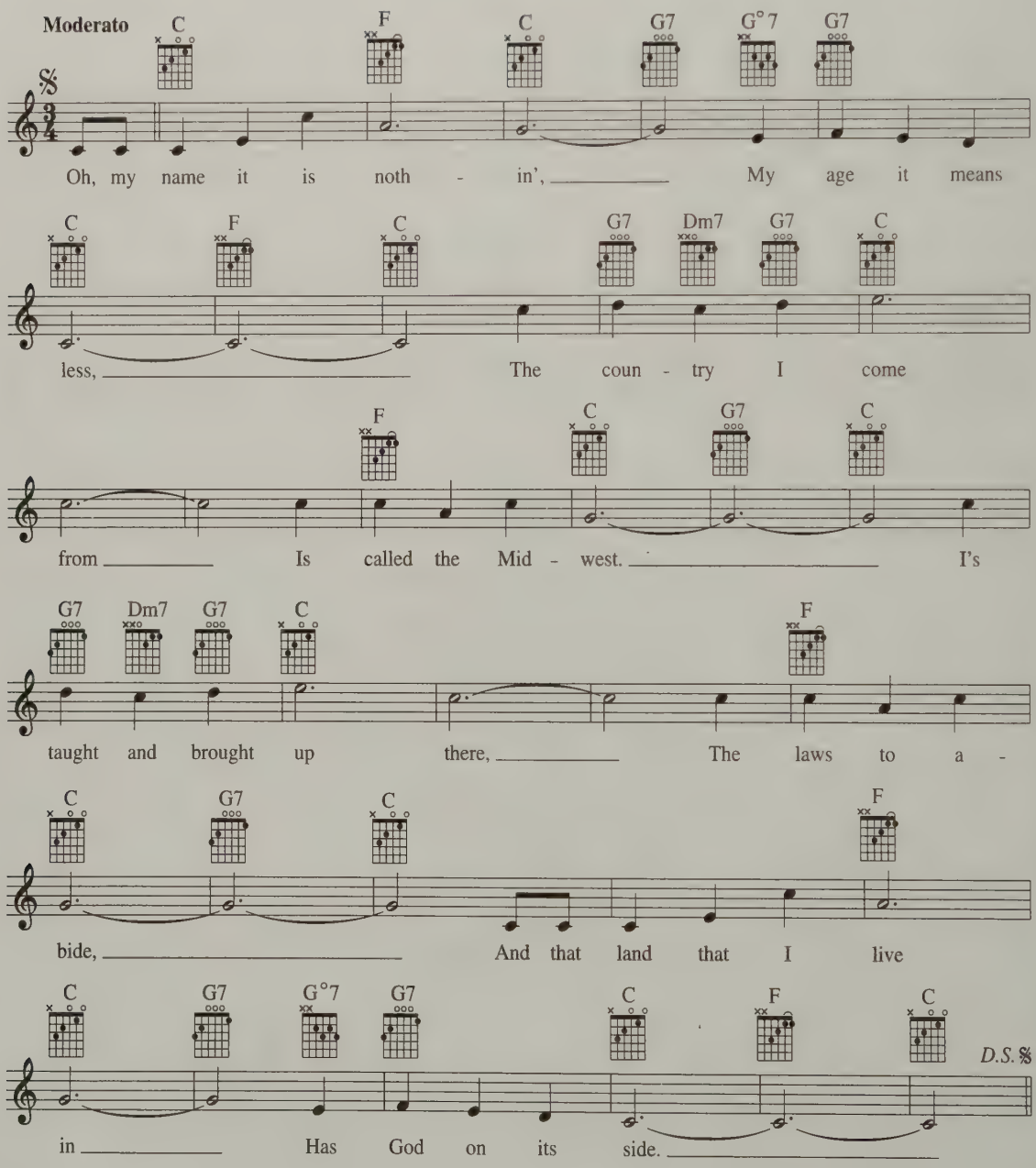


Additional lyrics

2. Winterlude, Winterlude, my little apple,
Winterlude by the corn in the field,
Winterlude, let's go down to the chapel,
Then come back and cook up a meal.
Well, come out when the skating rink glistens
By the sun, near the old crossroads sign.
The snow is so cold, but our love can be bold,
Winterlude, don't be rude, please be mine.

3. Winterlude, Winterlude, my little daisy,
Winterlude by the telephone wire,
Winterlude, it's makin' me lazy,
Come on, sit by the logs in the fire.
The moonlight reflects from the window
Where the snowflakes, they cover the sand.
Come out tonight, ev'rything will be tight,
Winterlude, this dude thinks you're grand.

With God on Our Side

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderato
C F C G7 G°7 G7
Oh, my name it is noth - in', My age it means
C F C G7 Dm7 G7 C
less, The coun - try I come
F C G7 C
from Is called the Mid - west. I's
G7 Dm7 G7 C F
taught and brought up there, The laws to a -
C G7 C F
bide, And that land that I live
C G7 G°7 G7 C F C
in Has God on its side.
D.S. 𝄋

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Additional lyrics

2. Oh the history books tell it
They tell it so well
The cavalries charged
The Indians fell
The cavalries charged
The Indians died
Oh the country was young
With God on its side.

3. Oh the Spanish-American
War had its day
And the Civil War too
Was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes
I's made to memorize
With guns in their hands
And God on their side.

4. Oh the First World War, boys
It closed out its fate
The reason for fighting
I never got straight
But I learned to accept it
Accept it with pride
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side.

5. When the Second World War
Came to an end
We forgave the Germans
And we were friends
Though they murdered six million
In the ovens they fried
The Germans now too
Have God on their side.

6. I've learned to hate Russians
All through my whole life
If another war starts
It's them we must fight
To hate them and fear them
To run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side.

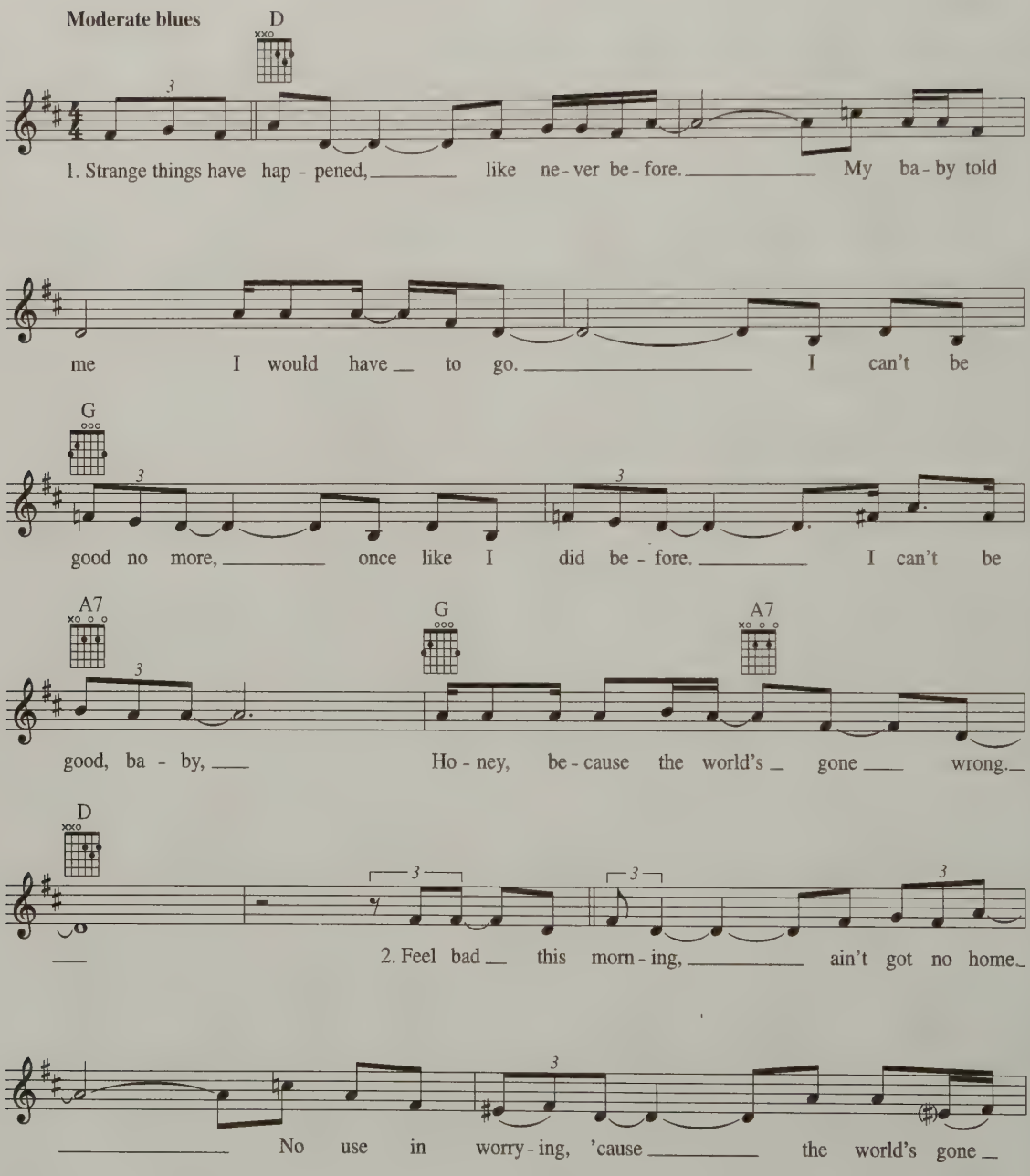
7. But now we got weapons
Of the chemical dust
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide
And you never ask questions
When God's on your side.

8. In a many dark hour
I've been thinkin' about this
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.

9. So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no tongue can tell
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.

World Gone Wrong

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderate blues
D
1. Strange things have hap - pened, like ne - ver be - fore. My ba - by told
me I would have to go. I can't be
G
good no more, once like I did be - fore. I can't be
A7
G
A7
good, ba - by, Ho - ney, be - cause the world's gone wrong.
D
2. Feel bad this morn - ing, ain't got no home
No use in worry - ing, 'cause the world's gone

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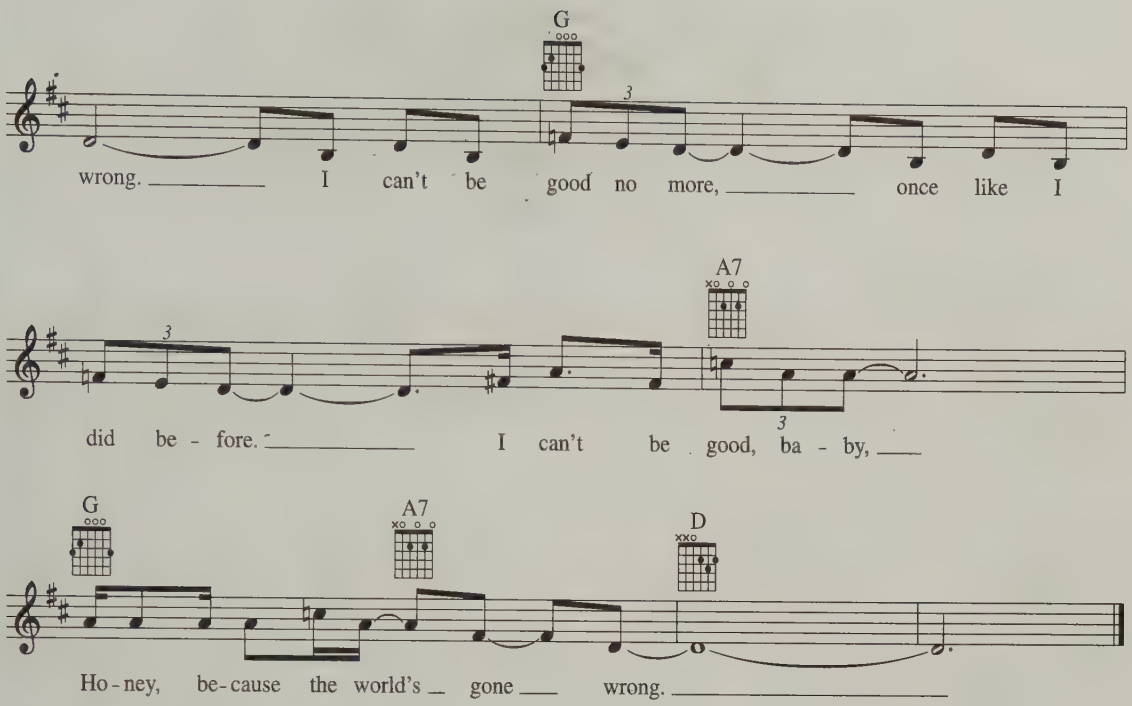


Additional lyrics

3. I told you, baby, right to your head,
   If I didn't leave you I would have to kill you dead.
   I can't be good no more, once like I did before.
   I can't be good, baby,
   Honey, because the world's gone wrong.

4. I tried to be loving and treat you kind,
   But it seems like you never right, you got no loyal mind.
   I can't be good no more, once like I did before.
   I can't be good, baby,
   Honey, because the world's gone wrong.

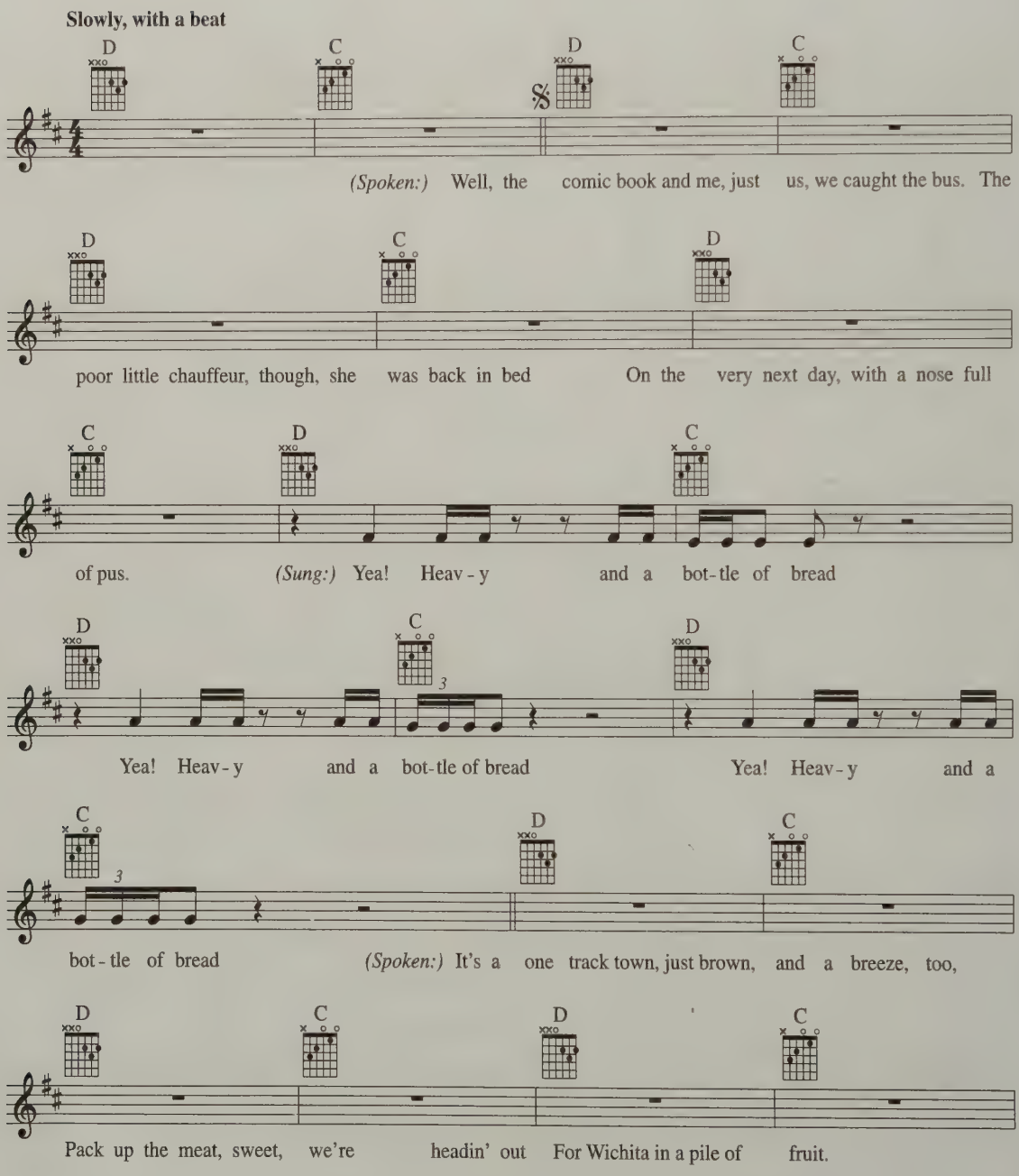
5. If you have a woman and she don't treat you kind,
   Praise the Good Lord to get her out of your mind.
   I can't be good no more, once like I did before.
   I can't be good, baby,
   Honey, because the world's gone wrong.

6. Said, when you been good now, can't do no more,
   Just tell her kindly, "There is the front door."
   I can't be good no more, once like I did before.
   I can't be good, baby,
   Honey, because the world's gone wrong.

7. Pack up my suitcase, give me my hat,
   No use to ask me, baby, 'cause I'll never be back.
   I can't be good no more, once like I did before.
   I can't be good, baby,
   Honey, because the world's gone wrong.

Yea! Heavy and a Bottle of Bread

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Slowly, with a beat
D C D C
(Spoken:) Well, the comic book and me, just us, we caught the bus. The
D C D
poor little chauffeur, though, she was back in bed On the very next day, with a nose full
C D C
of pus. (Sung:) Yea! Heav - y and a bot - tle of bread
D C D
Yea! Heav - y and a bot - tle of bread Yea! Heav - y and a
C D C
bot - tle of bread (Spoken:) It's a one track town, just brown, and a breeze, too,
D C D C
Pack up the meat, sweet, we're headin' out For Wichita in a pile of fruit.

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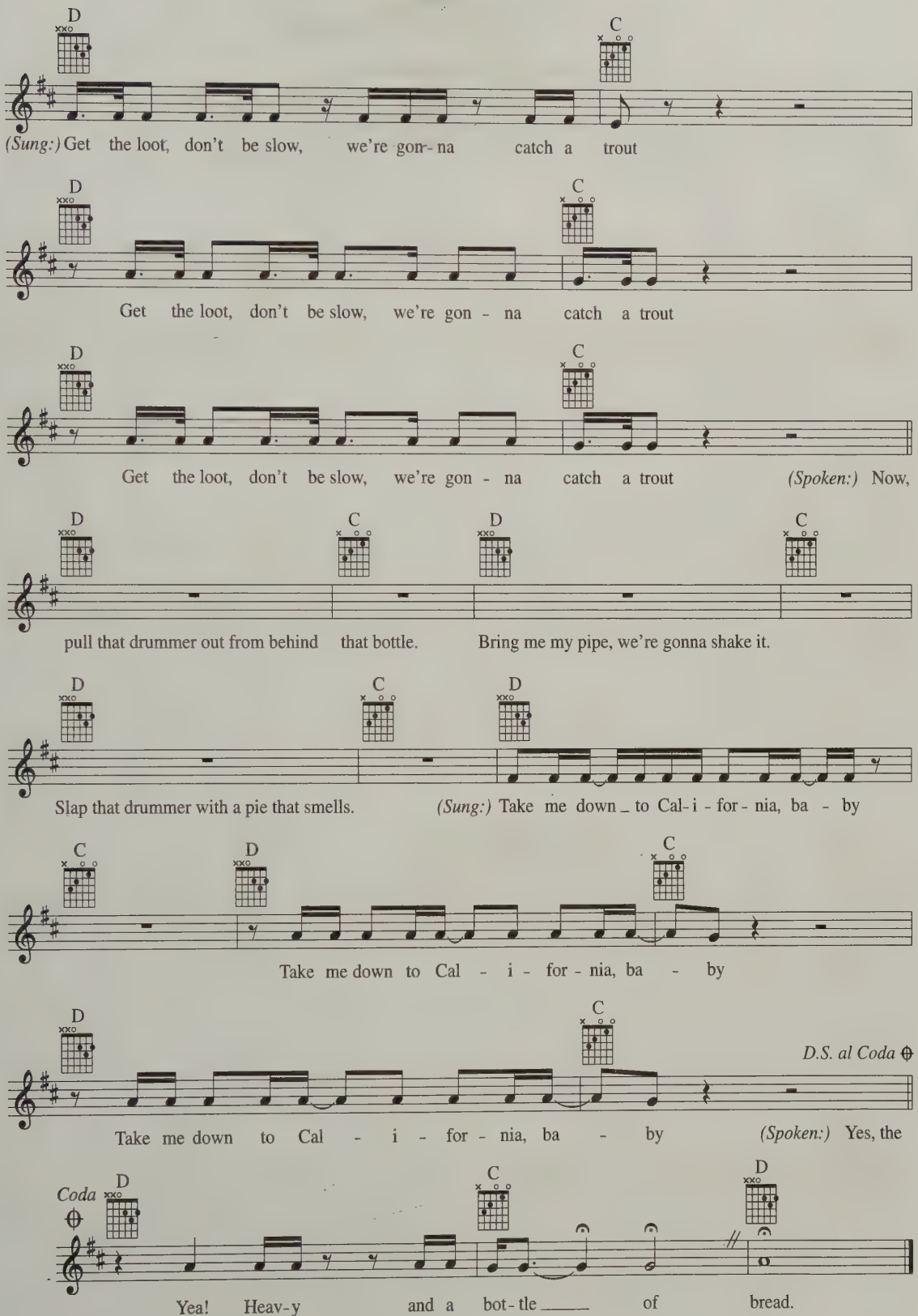
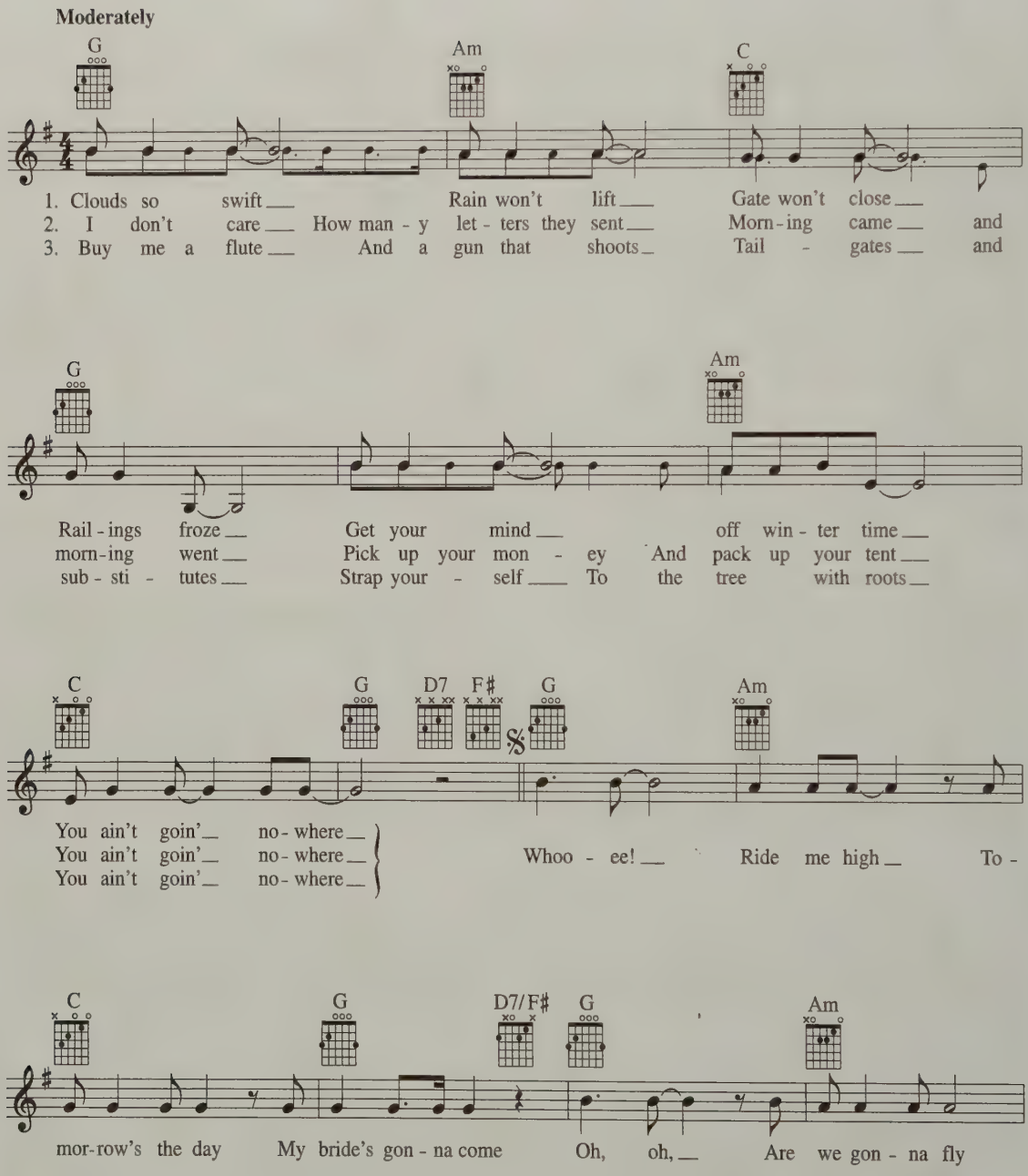

D
C
(Sung:) Get the loot, don't be slow, we're gon-na catch a trout
Get the loot, don't be slow, we're gon - na catch a trout
Get the loot, don't be slow, we're gon - na catch a trout (Spoken:) Now,
pull that drummer out from behind that bottle. Bring me my pipe, we're gonna shake it.
Slap that drummer with a pie that smells. (Sung:) Take me down to Cal-i - for - nia, ba - by
Take me down to Cal - i - for - nia, ba - by
D.S. al Coda
Take me down to Cal - i - for - nia, ba - by (Spoken:) Yes, the
Coda
Yea! Heav-y and a bot-tle of bread.

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately
G
Am
C
1. Clouds so swift Rain won't lift Gate won't close
2. I don't care How man - y let - ters they sent Morn - ing came and
3. Buy me a flute And a gun that shoots Tail - gates and
G
Am
Rail - ings froze Get your mind off win - ter time
morn - ing went Pick up your mon - ey And pack up your tent
sub - sti - tutes Strap your - self To the tree with roots
C
G
D7
F♯
G
Am
You ain't goin' no - where
You ain't goin' no - where
You ain't goin' no - where
Whoo - ee! Ride me high To -
C
G
D7/F♯
G
Am
mor - row's the day My bride's gon - na come Oh, oh, Are we gon - na fly

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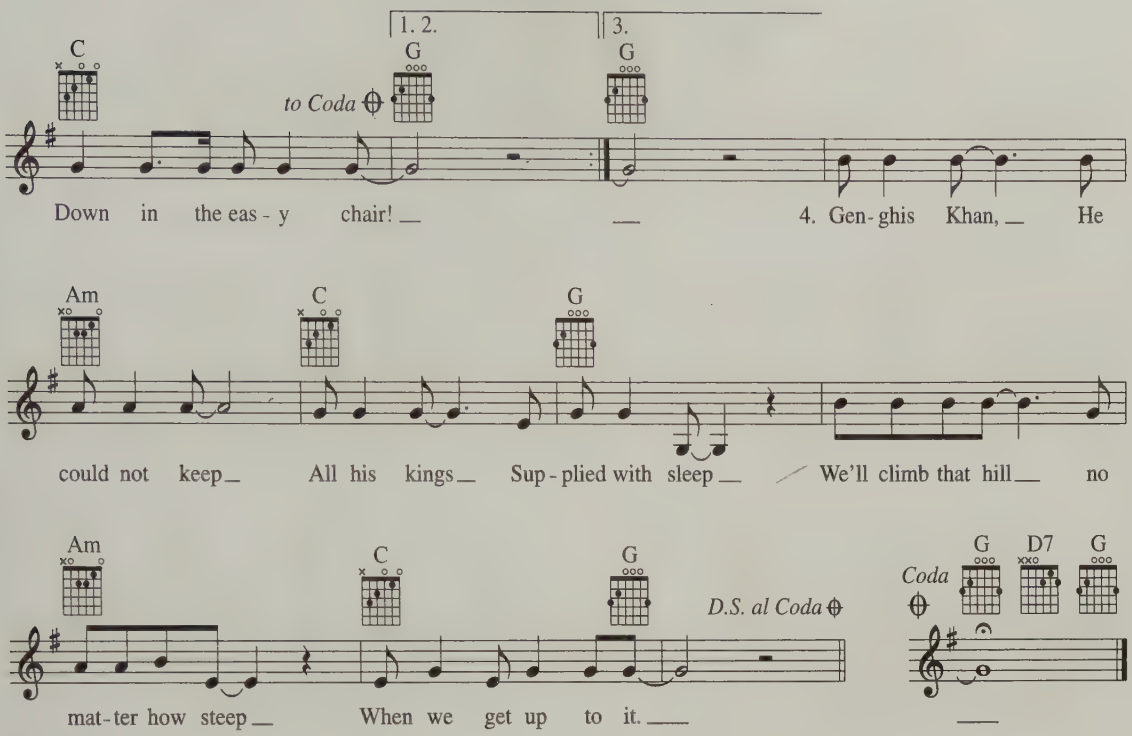
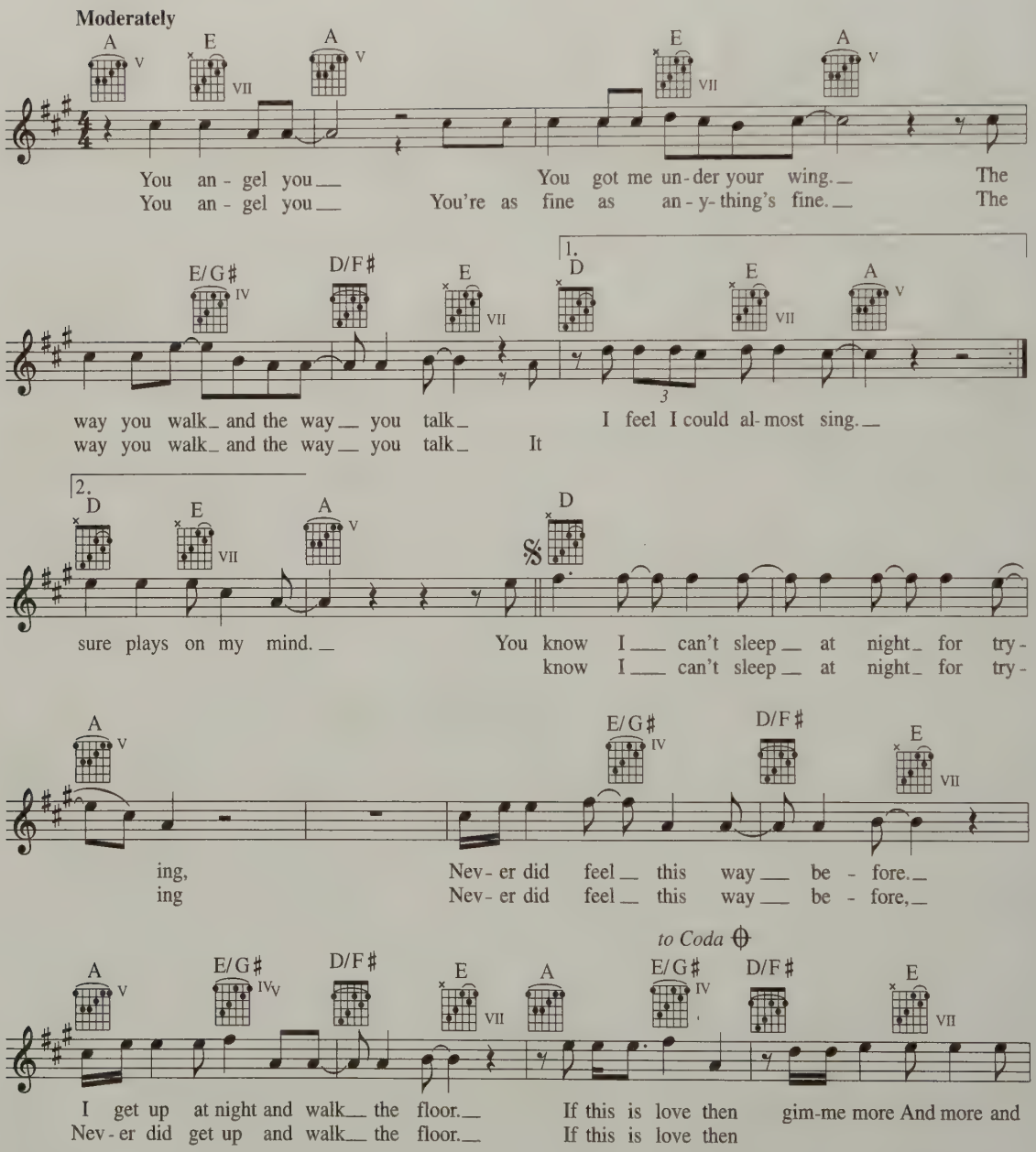

1. 2.
3.
C
G
G
to Coda
Down in the eas - y chair!
4. Gen - ghis Khan, He
Am
C
G
could not keep
All his kings
Sup - plied with sleep
We'll climb that hill
no
Am
C
G
D.S. al Coda
mat - ter how steep
When we get up to it.
Coda
G
D7
G

You Angel You

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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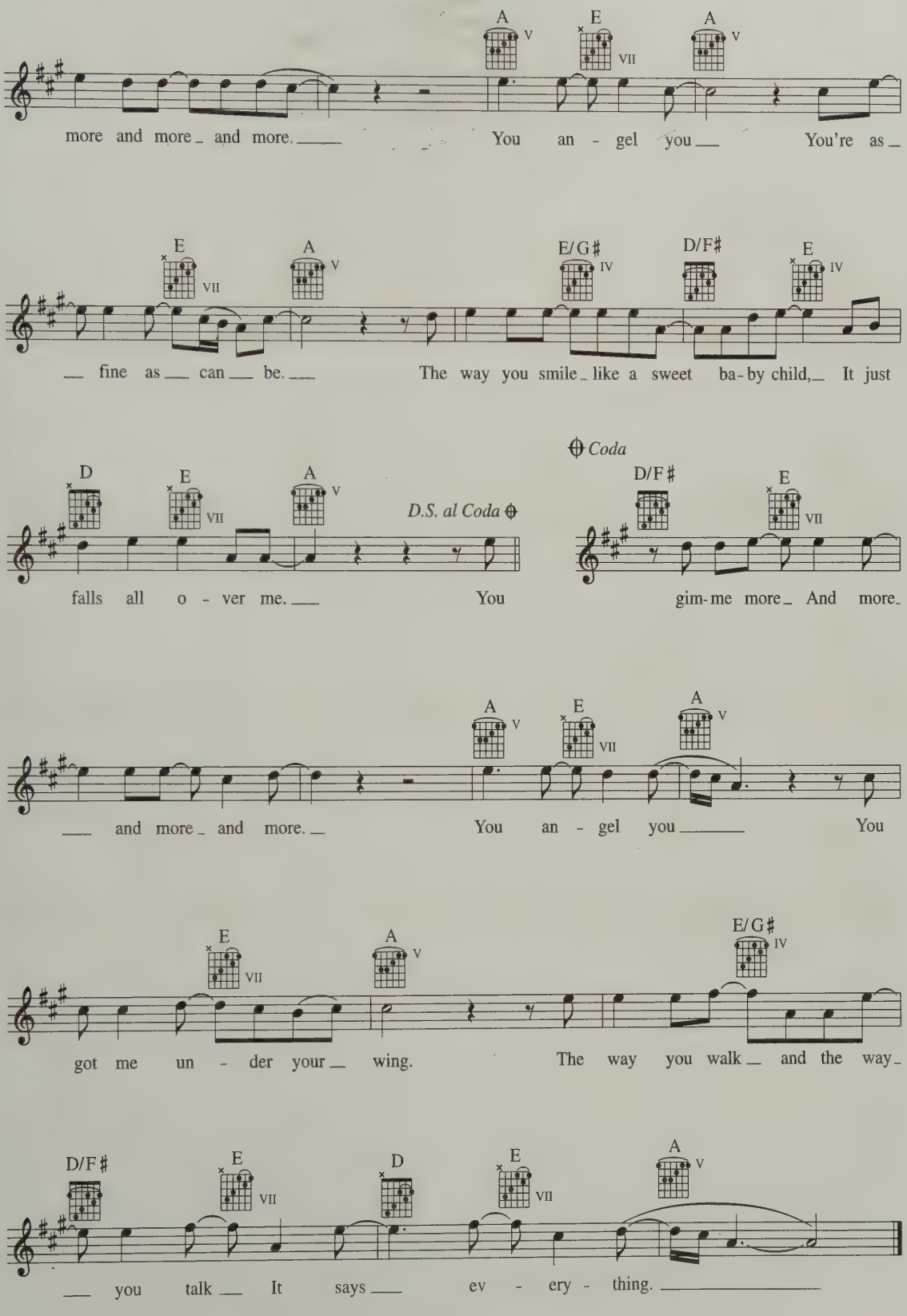
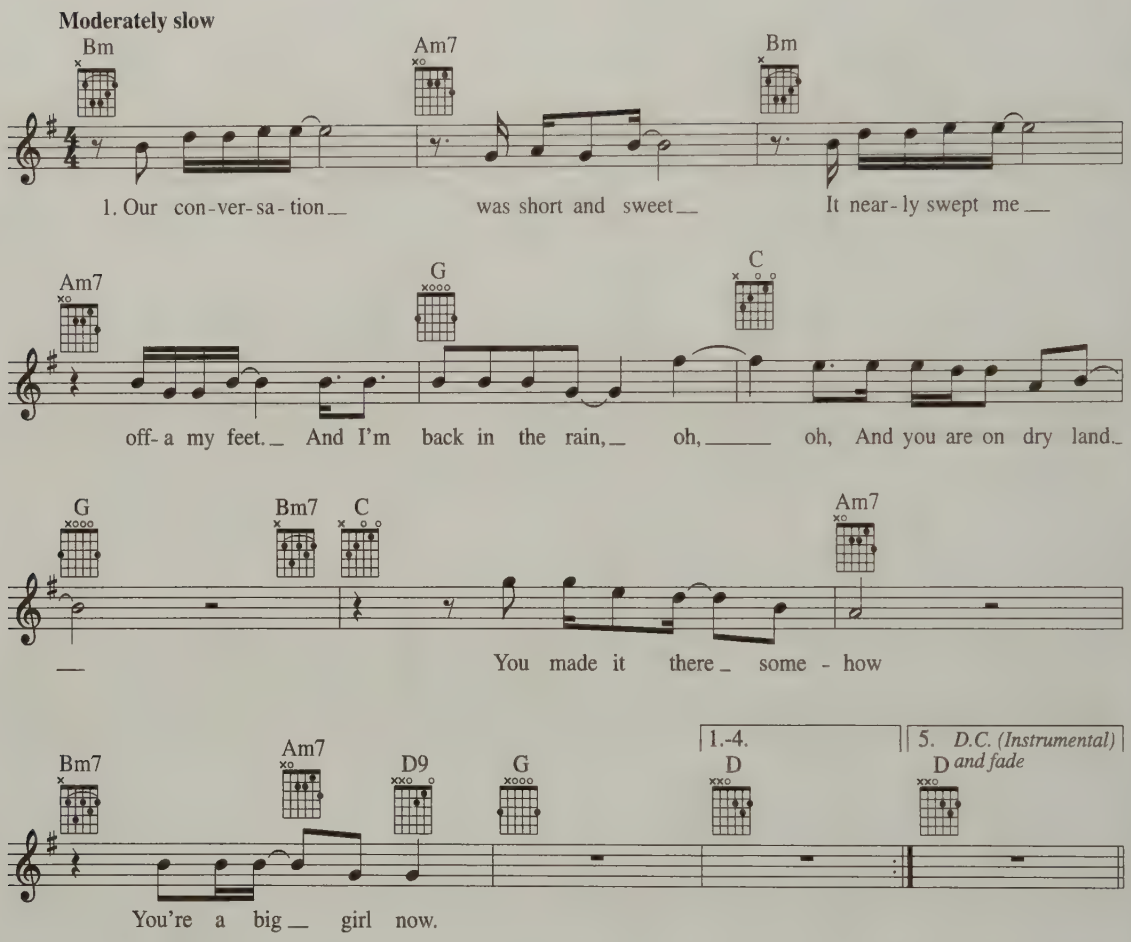

A V
E VII
A V
more and more_ and more.___ You an - gel you__ You're as_
E VII
A V
E/G♯ IV
D/F♯
E IV
__ fine as__ can__ be.__ The way you smile_ like a sweet ba-by child,_ It just
D
E VII
A V
D.S. al Coda
falls all o - ver me.__ You
Coda
D/F♯
E VII
gim-me more_ And more_
A V
E VII
A V
__ and more_ and more._ You an - gel you_____ You
E VII
A V
E/G♯ IV
got me un - der your_ wing. The way you walk_ and the way_
D/F♯
E VII
D
E VII
A V
__ you talk__ It says__ ev - ery - thing._____

You're a Big Girl Now

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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Additional lyrics

2. Bird on the horizon, sittin' on a fence,
He's singin' his song for me at his own expense.
And I'm just like that bird, oh, oh,
Singin' just for you.
I hope that you can hear,
Hear me singin' through these tears.

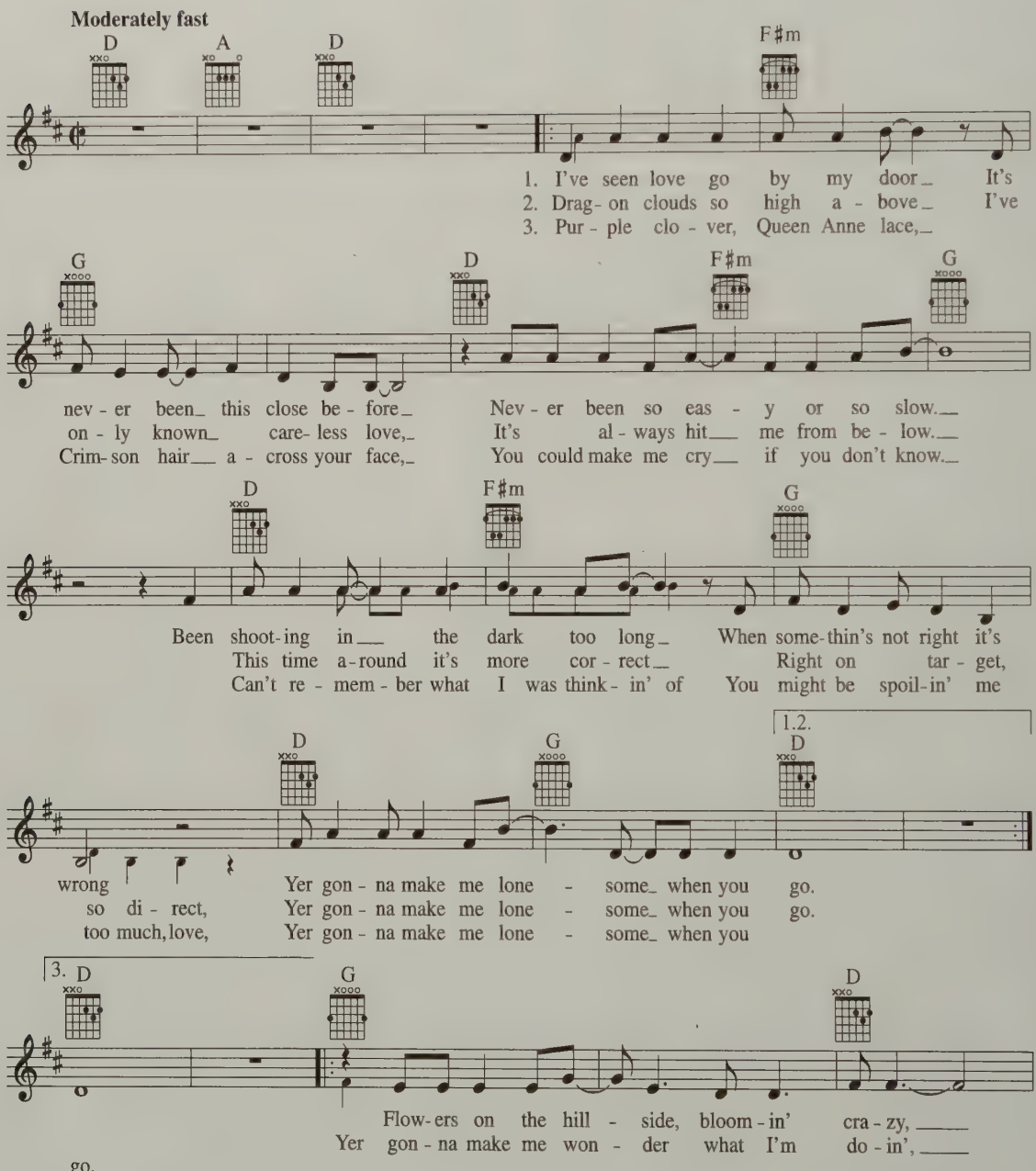
3. Time is a jet plane, it moves too fast
Oh, but what a shame if all we've shared can't last.
I can change, I swear, oh, oh,
See what you can do.
I can make it through,
You can make it too.

4. Love is so simple, to quote a phrase,
You've known it all the time, I'm learnin' it these days.
Oh, I know where I can find you, oh, oh,
In somebody's room.
It's a price I have to pay
You're a big girl all the way.

5. A change in the weather is known to be extreme
But what's the sense of changing horses in midstream?
I'm going out of my mind, oh, oh,
With a pain that stops and starts
Like a corkscrew to my heart
Ever since we've been apart.

You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go

Words and Music by Bob Dylan


Moderately fast
D A D F♯m
1. I've seen love go by my door_ It's
2. Drag-on clouds so high a-bove_ I've
3. Pur-ple clo-ver, Queen Anne lace,_
G D F♯m G
nev-er been_ this close be-fore_ Nev-er been so eas-y or so slow.__
on-ly known_ care-less love,_ It's al-ways hit__ me from be-low.__
Crim-son hair__ a-cross your face,_ You could make me cry__ if you don't know.__
D F♯m G
Been shoot-ing in__ the dark too long_ When some-thin's not right it's
This time a-round it's more cor-rect_ Right on tar-get,
Can't re-mem-ber what I was think-in' of You might be spoil-in' me
1.2.
D G D
wrong Yer gon-na make me lone-some_ when you go.
so di-rect, Yer gon-na make me lone-some_ when you go.
too much, love, Yer gon-na make me lone-some_ when you
3. D G D
Flow-ers on the hill-side, bloom-in' cra-zy,
Yer gon-na make me won-der what I'm do-in',
go.

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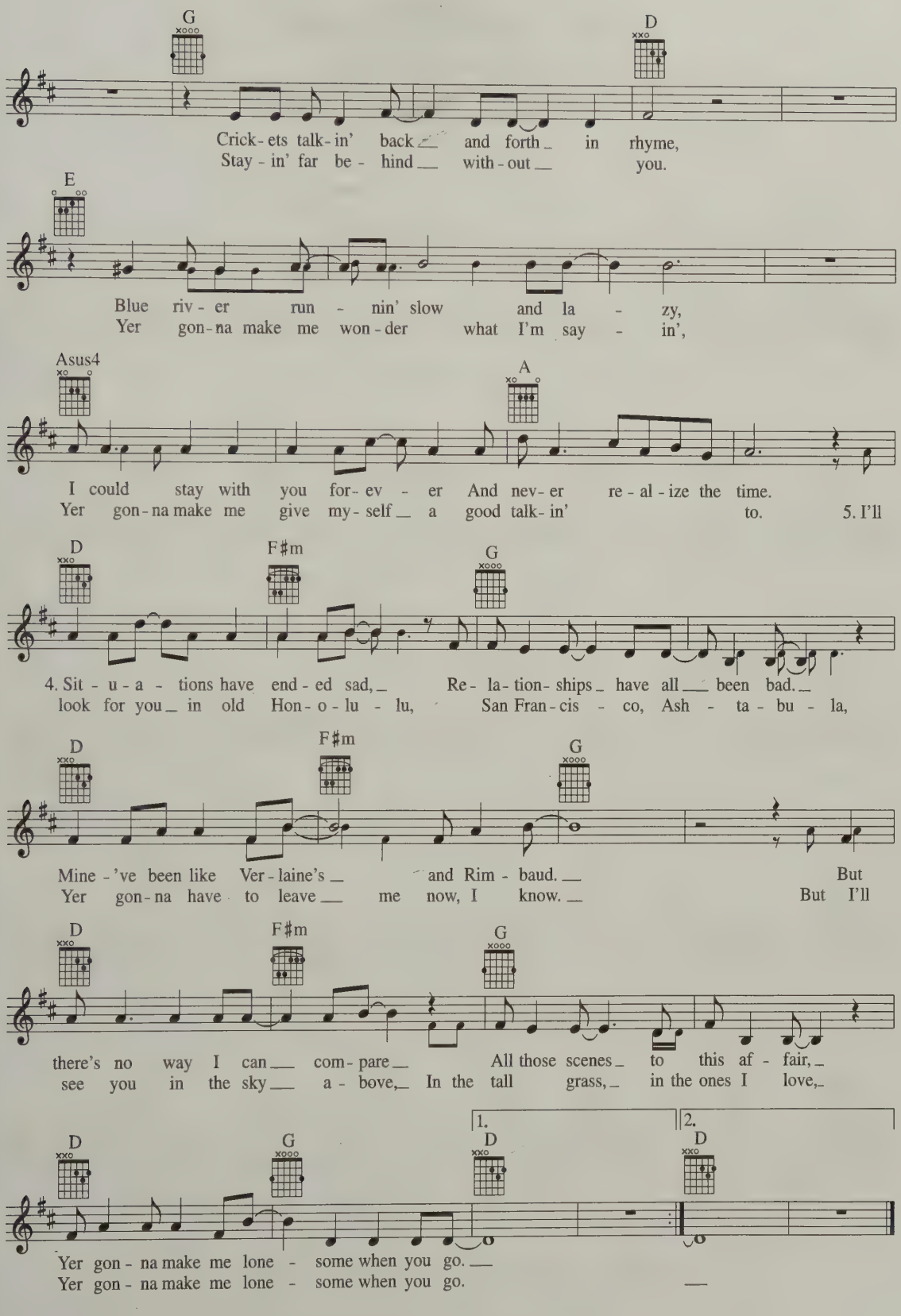
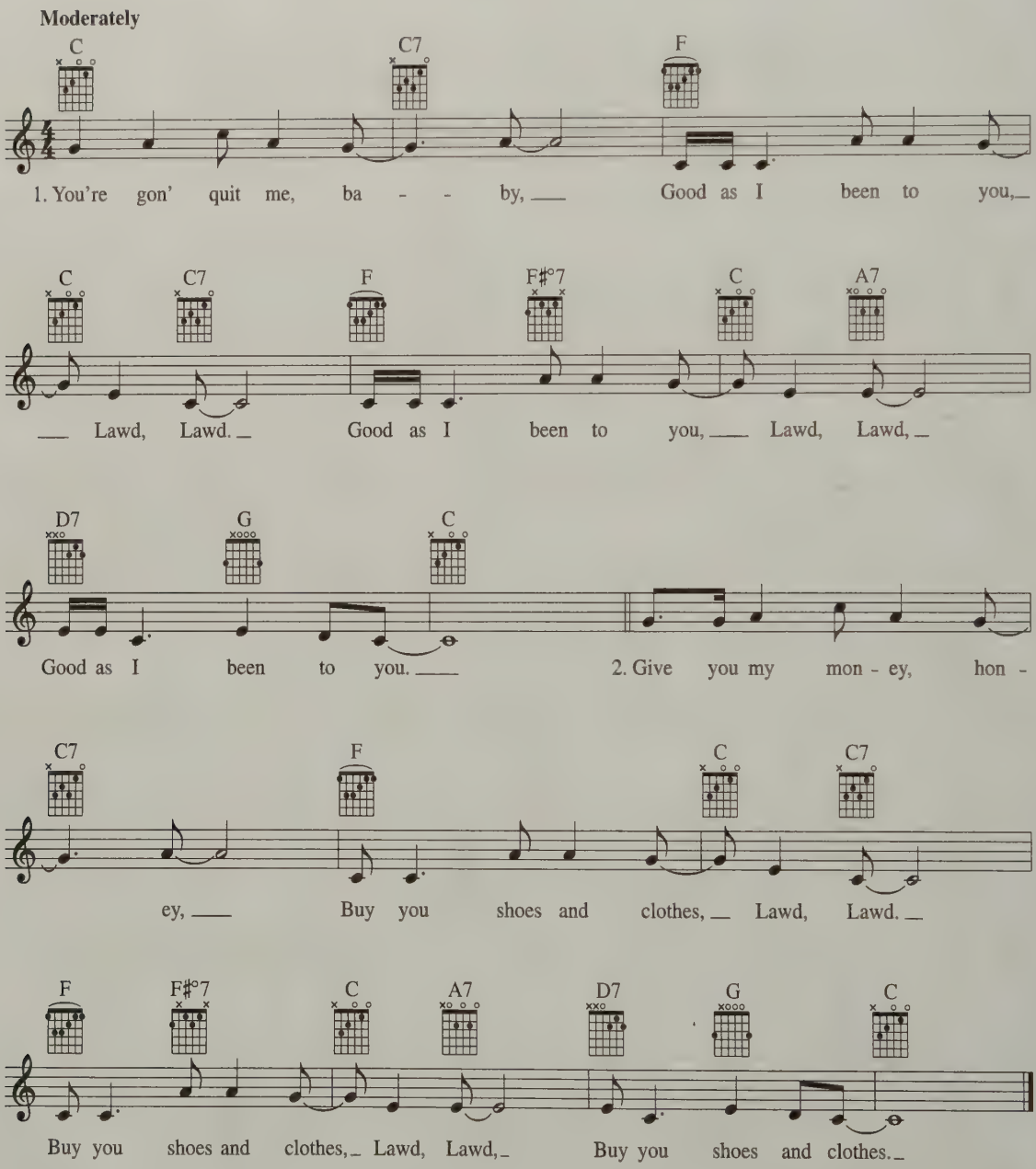

G
D
Crick-ets talk-in' back and forth in rhyme,
Stay-in' far be-hind with-out you.
E
Blue riv-er run-nin' slow and la-zy,
Yer gon-na make me won-der what I'm say-in',
Asus4
A
I could stay with you for-ev-er And nev-er re-al-ize the time.
Yer gon-na make me give my-self a good talk-in' to. 5. I'll
D
F♯m
G
4. Sit-u-a-tions have end-ed sad, Re-la-tion-ships have all been bad.
look for you in old Hon-o-lu-lu, San Fran-cis-co, Ash-ta-bu-la,
D
F♯m
G
Mine-'ve been like Ver-laine's and Rim-baud. But
Yer gon-na have to leave me now, I know. But I'll
D
F♯m
G
there's no way I can com-pare All those scenes to this af-fair,
see you in the sky a-bove, In the tall grass, in the ones I love,
1.
2.
D
G
D
D
Yer gon-na make me lone-some when you go.
Yer gon-na make me lone-some when you go.

You're Gonna Quit Me

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan


Moderately
C C7 F
1. You're gon' quit me, ba - - by, Good as I been to you,
C C7 F F♯°7 C A7
Lawd, Lawd. Good as I been to you, Lawd, Lawd,
D7 G C
Good as I been to you. 2. Give you my mon - ey, hon -
C7 F C C7
ey, Buy you shoes and clothes, Lawd, Lawd.
F F♯°7 C A7 D7 G C
Buy you shoes and clothes, Lawd, Lawd, Buy you shoes and clothes.

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Additional lyrics

3. You're gonna quit me, baby,
   Put me outta doors, Lawd, Lawd.

   Instrumental

4. Six months on the chain gang,
   Believe me, it ain't no fun, Lawd, Lawd.

5. Day you quit me, baby,
   That's the day you die, Lawd, Lawd.

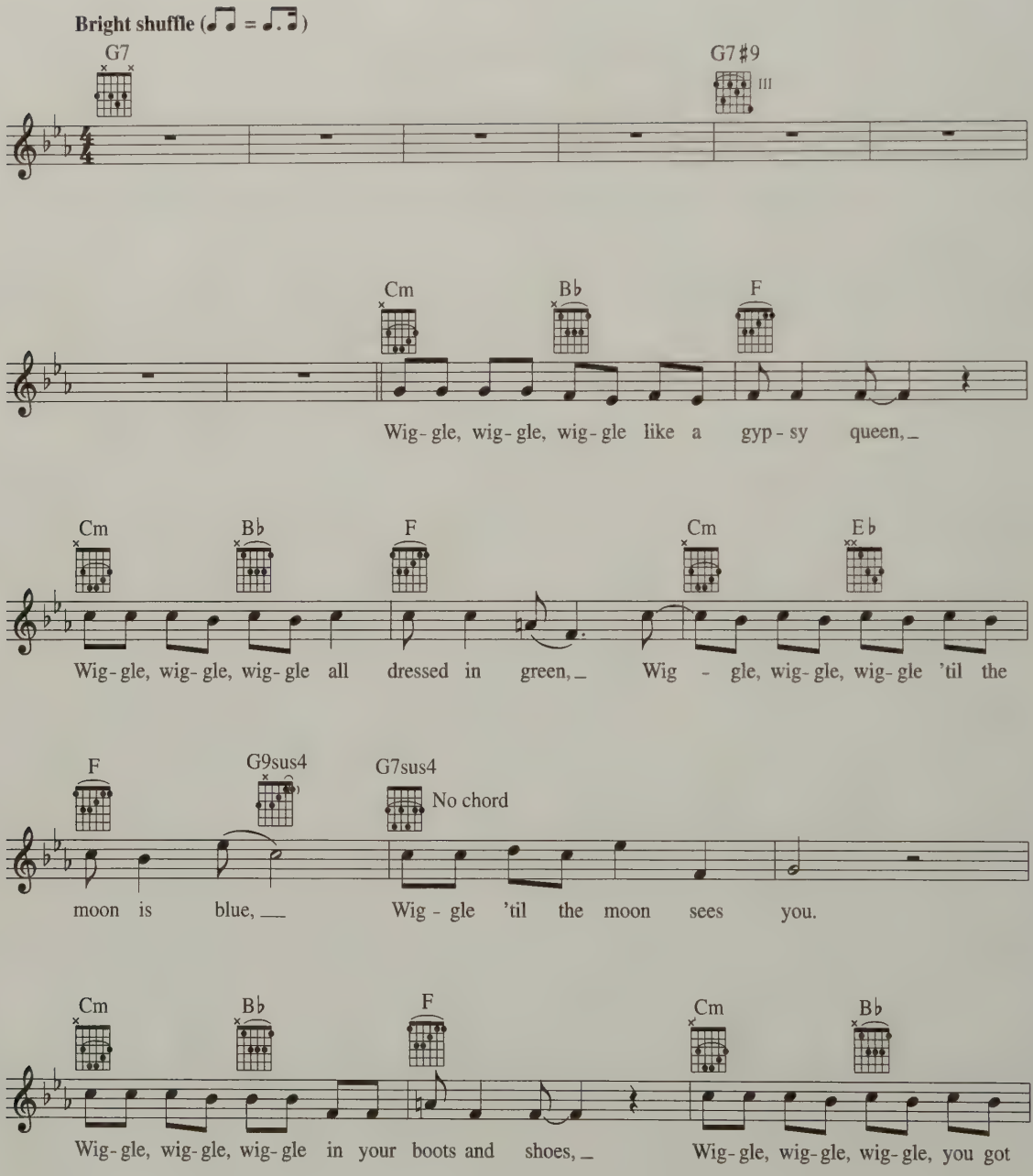
6. Jailhouse ain't no plaything,
   Believe me, ain't no lie, Lawd, Lawd.

7. Day you quit me, baby,
   That's the day you die, Lawd, Lawd.

   Instrumental

Wiggle Wiggle

Words and Music by Bob Dylan



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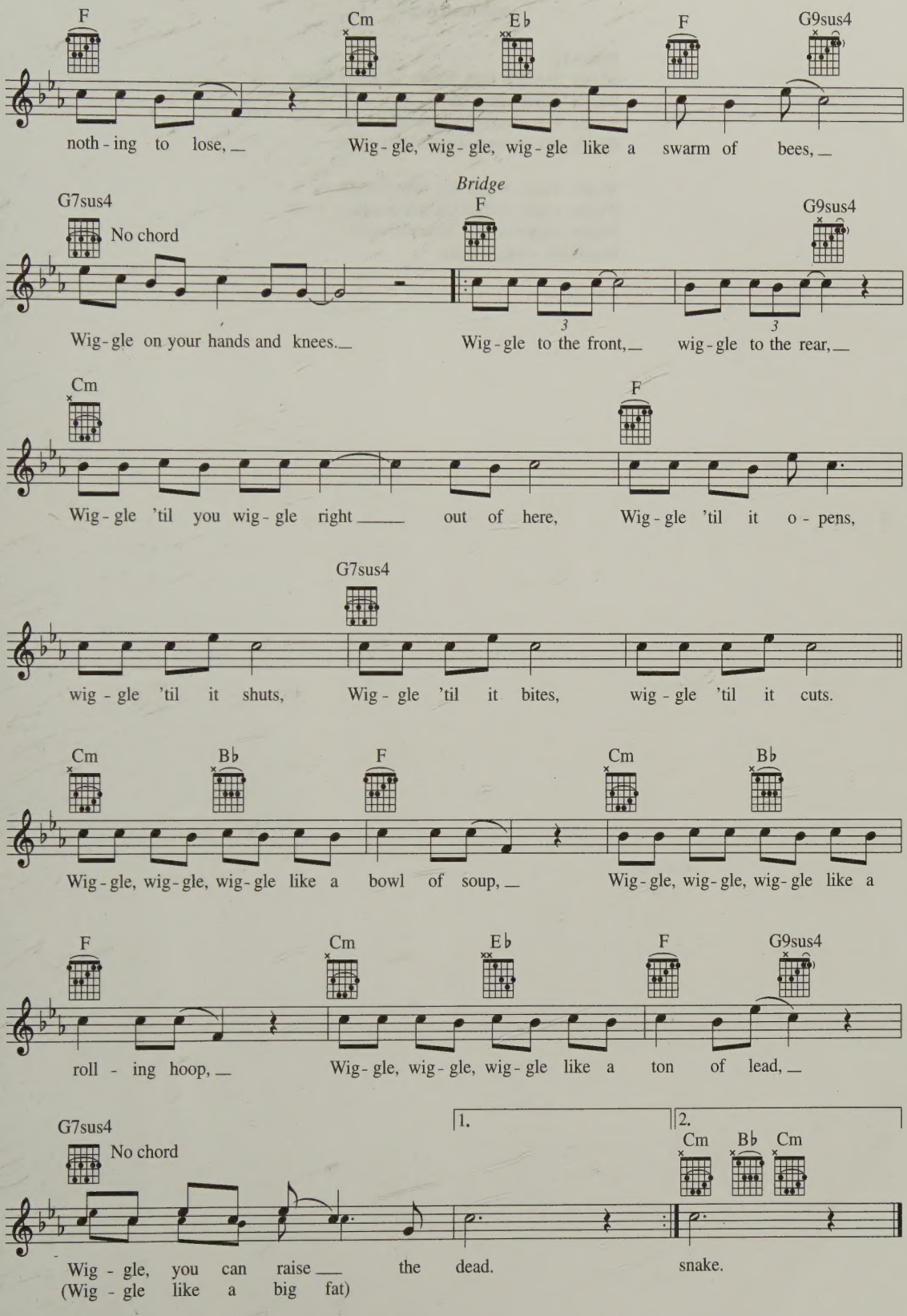
F
Cm
E♭
F
G9sus4
noth - ing to lose, _ Wig - gle, wig - gle, wig - gle like a swarm of bees, _
Bridge
G7sus4
No chord
F
G9sus4
Wig - gle on your hands and knees. _ Wig - gle to the front, _ wig - gle to the rear, _
Cm
F
Wig - gle 'til you wig - gle right _____ out of here, Wig - gle 'til it o - pens,
G7sus4
wig - gle 'til it shuts, Wig - gle 'til it bites, wig - gle 'til it cuts.
Cm
B♭
F
Cm
B♭
Wig - gle, wig - gle, wig - gle like a bowl of soup, _ Wig - gle, wig - gle, wig - gle like a
F
Cm
E♭
F
G9sus4
roll - ing hoop, _ Wig - gle, wig - gle, wig - gle like a ton of lead, _
G7sus4
No chord
1.
2.
Cm
B♭
Cm
Wig - gle, you can raise ___ the dead. snake.
(Wig - gle like a big fat)

Additional lyrics

Bridge #2:
Wiggle 'til you're high, wiggle 'til you're higher,
Wiggle 'til you vomit fire,
Wiggle 'til it whispers, wiggle 'til it hums,
Wiggle 'til it answers, wiggle 'til it comes.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like satin and silk,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like pail of milk,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, rattle and shake,
Wiggle like a big fat snake.

Selections include:
2x2
Abandoned Love
Absolutely Sweet Marie
Alberta #1
All Along the Watchtower
Are You Ready?
Arthur McBride
Baby, I'm in the Mood for You
Ballad of a Thin Man
The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest
Belle Isle
Billy
Blackjack Davey
Blood in My Eyes
Blowin' in the Wind
Bob Dylan's 115th Dream
Boots of Spanish Leather
Brownsville Girl
Buckets of Rain
Canadee-i-o
Changing of the Guards
Chimes of Freedom
Cold Irons Bound
Covenant Woman
Dark Eyes
Dead Man, Dead Man
The Death of Emmett Till
Delia
Desolation Row
Dignity
Dirt Road Blues
Disease of Conceit
Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
Down in the Flood
Drifter's Escape
Driftin' Too Far from Shore
Emotionally Yours
Everything Is Broken
Farewell Angelina
Father of Night
Forever Young
Frankie and Albert
From a Buick 6
Gates of Eden
Get Your Rocks Off!
God Knows
Gonna Change My Way of Thinking
Gotta Serve Somebody
Gypsy Lou
A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall
Heart of Mine
Highlands
Highway 61 Revisited
Hurricane
I and I
I Don't Believe You
I Shall Be Released
I Wanna Be Your Lover
I'll Be Your Baby Tonight
If Dogs Run Free
If Not for You
In Search of Little Sadie
Is Your Love in Vain?
It Ain't Me Babe
It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)
Jim Jones
John Wesley Harding
Jokerman
Just Like a Woman
Knockin' on Heaven's Door
Lay Lady Lay
Leopard-Skin Pillbox Hat
Like a Rollling Stone
Little Maggie
Living the Blues
The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll
Long Time Gone
Long-Distance Operator
Make You Feel My Love
Man in the Long Black Coat
Masters of War
Million Miles
Mixed Up Confusion
Motorpsycho Nightmare
Mr. Tambourine Man
My Back Pages
Never Say Goodbye
New Pony
Not Dark Yet
Nothing Was Delivered
Obviously Five Believers
One More Weekend
Only a Hobo
Open the Door, Homer
Outlaw Blues
Paths of Victory
Political World
Positively 4th Street
Precious Memories
Property of Jesus
Quinn the Eskimo (The Mighty Quinn)
Quit Your Lowdown Ways
Rainy Day Women #12 & 35
Ring Them Bells
Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands
Señor (Tales of Yankee Power)
Series of Dreams
Seven Days
She's Your Lover Now
Shelter from the Storm
Shot of Love
Silent Weekend
Silvio
Simple Twist of Fate
Something There Is About You
Spanish Harlem Incident
Subterranean Homesick Blues
T.V. Talkin' Song
Tangled Up in Blue
Tears of Rage
Temporary Like Achilles
Three Angels
'Till I Fell in Love With You
The Times They Are A-Changin'
Tombstone Blues
Too Much of Nothing
Trouble
True Love Tends to Forget
Tryin' to Get to Heaven
Ugliest Girl in the World
Under the Red Sky
Union Sundown
Visions of Johanna
Wallflower
Walls of Red Wing
Watching the River Flow
Went to See the Gypsy
What Good Am I?
Whatcha Gonna Do
When He Returns
When the Night Comes Falling from the Sky
Where Teardrops Fall
Who Killed Davey Moore?

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